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THE ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE,

AND

REVIEW;

FOR

The Year MDCCLXXXIX.

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E pluribus unum——*Prodesse & delectare.*

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THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

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To the EDITOR *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THAT you may have ſome idea of a perſon who is willing to contribute as much as lies in his power, to the advancement of your uſeful Miſcellany, permit me to inform you of a certain peculiarity in my character. So great is my modeſty and diſpoſition to ſilence, that I never open my mouth in company, but when I am particularly addreſſed. The conſequence of this is, that I am looked upon as a dull, ſtupid fellow, whom one muſt pity, if not deſpiſe. I confeſs this is not much to be wondered at, becauſe I am ſo very philoſophical in my way, that I ſhew the greateſt indifference about the common *chit chat* of moſt companies, tho' it is as important to them as a fine ſpeculation is to many of your correſpondents; and I am not ſo polite as to ſeem better pleaſed than I can be. The opinion which my intimate companions entertain of me, is perfectly the reverſe of that mentioned above. I was lately told by one of them, that I never failed to elevate and refreſh his mind. I hope, Sir, you will allow the opinion of thoſe who are beſt acquainted with me to be the moſt juſt. The reaſons of my giving this account of myſelf, Mr. Printer, you may perhaps, come to know afterwards; ſuffice at preſent to aſſure you, it does not proceed from vanity. In doing it, I only follow the example of my predeceſſors, the Spectators, Guardians, Tattlers, &c. &c.

Tho' I am indifferent about moſt converſations I have acceſs to hear, I cannot be inattentive. I appear, however, ſo very inattentive, that many think they may ſay or do whatever they pleaſe unobſerved by me. For this reaſon, I have frequently ſeen very curious ſcenes paſs before me—This I conſider as an advantage of my behaviour in company. Another advantage, and what I reckon the principal one, is, that I get a knowledge of characters, their particular predominant foibles and paſſions, which it would be impoſſible otherwiſe to get. For while every perſon in the company is at pains to gratify their own particular paſſion, I am at leiſure to diſcover

what that paſſion is, and to attend to the various methods which they fall upon to do ſo. And as I am poſſeſſed of conſiderable acuteneſs, I ſeldom miſtake the deſign for which *an abſent perſon* is commended or found fault with, and why ſuch a remark is made *on ſuch a family, their mode of life &c. &c.* and the temper from which thoſe reflections proceed. Hence I diſcover the character of the ſpeaker. I am ſorry to have it in my power to ſay that I know ſome who ſeldom ſpeak, but with a view, either to gratify their own vanity, or to derogate from the fame or merit of others.

It is an obſervation which none who know any thing of the world will diſpute, that a knowledge of characters is to be had, rather by attending to the moſt trifling things they ſay or do, than by obſerving the moſt important parts of their conduct. The reaſon of this I take to be, that perſons know the eyes of the world are upon every part of their conduct which is of any conſequence, and therefore they are at pains in theſe caſes to acquit themſelves with honour and applauſe: but in little matters, they are under no ſuch reſtraint, but allow the real character to appear, never imagining that any thing can be inferred from ſuch circumſtances. But it is upon thoſe very occaſions that perſons are better known to others than to themſelves. Then it is, that the veil which conceals them in the more conſpicuous ſcenes of life is drawn aſide, and the real character appears open and uncovered. This, Sir, was ſuggeſted to me a few nights ago by the following expreſſion—"O they have a ſplendid Equipage!"

The manner in which a thing is ſaid very often ſhews more of the character than the mere words. The beſt way therefore to give you a view of the character of the perſon who exclaimed as above, is, to make a paraphraſe upon the words, which from the air and tone with which they were ſpoken, I can aſſure you is implied in the text. "O 'tis charming to go in ſuch a ſtyle from place to place, admired by all who ſee them; their equipage diſplays their riches and honours, every one reſpects them, offers them their humbleſt ſervices, and acknowledges their moſt ſervile dependence upon their favour. Surely they are happy, and I am an unhappy creature! How can I be happy when I am deſtitute of what I ſee gains ſo much honour and reſpect to others? O how unkind fortune has been to me! How are my hopes and expectations which I once entertained diſappointed! The diſpoſal of Fortune is really partial and injudicious; my way of life is not equal to my ſpirit. I ſurely ought to have it in my power to go about in a ſtyle that would dazzle the vulgar. What ſhall I do? Give me ſuch an equipage, elſe I will die." But leſt you imagine me to be a divine of the laſt century, I proceed no further, tho' I aſſure you I have not ſtretched my text too far. If this ſpecimen meets with your approbation, I ſhall ſend you from time to time what knowledge of any character I can collect from ſuch trifling circumſtances as the above.

Yours, &c. &c.

E Valle, 12th *Dec.* 1788. } SPECTATOR.

THE FRIAR'S TALE.

(Concluded from page 808.)

'HOW ſhall I deſcribe (ſaid the good old Monk) the contraſt betwixt the looks of our unhappy youth at this moment, and on the preceding morning when he left us! —Then, innocence faintly enlightened

ened by a gleam of hope, ſmiled in his features, as he cheerfully bid us adieu, and ſaid, "perhaps I may again hear tidings of *Matilda*, ſhould the will of Heaven deny me happineſs with her, I will come back reſigned, and dedicate my future life to holy meditation void of guilt." But now, he returned breathleſs and pale, his hands beſmeared with blood, his limbs trembling; he could only utter, in faultering words, Save me, reverend Fathers! ſave me from juſtice, from myſelf, if poſſible; Behold a murderer!"

'Some hours elapſed before we could collect from him, the circumſtances of a crime, which had produced this extreme degree of horror and compunction in a mind ſo virtuous and innocent as that of *Albert*; and having heard the whole, in which he took all the blame to his own haſty conduct, we promiſed him protection; and endeavoured, though in vain, for two whole days to ſpeak comfort to his troubled mind, and to inſpire confidence in the boundleſs mercy of his God. On the third day we were diverted from this arduous taſk, by the return and behaviour of one of our dogs; the poor animal, who had been out all day, was reſtleſs, and ſhewed evident marks of a deſire that we ſhould accompany him to the relief of ſome poor wretch, who was unable to reach our convent.

'Father Jerome and I reſolved to follow him; and we proceeded about half a mile when we turned from the beaten track, guided by our dog, to a retired glen where human feet had hardly ever trod before.—Here, on a rock, which projected over a dreadful precipice, ſat an unhappy half-diſtracted object; I need not tell you, it was *Matilda*.—She had crept with wondrous difficulty up a ſteep aſcent to a ledge of rock which overhung a fearful chaſm (the very recollection of the place freezes my blood!) when we firſt diſcovered her ſhe was eagerly clinging to a branch of yew which grew from a fiſſure in the rock above, and which half ſhaded her melancholy figure.

'The dog followed her ſteps; but *Jerome* and I, unable to aſcend a path ſo dangerous, ſtood unobſerved by her, at a little diſtance on the oppoſite ſide the glen.

'When *Matilda* firſt perceived the dog, ſhe looked with wildneſs round her; then fixing her eyes with tenderneſs on the animal, ſhe ſaid, "Are you returned to me again? and are you now my friend? Fie, fie upon it! Shall even dogs ſeduce the helpleſs!—Perhaps you repent of what you would have done—You look piteouſly. Alas! *Matilda* can forgive you!—Poor brute, you know I followed you all the day long, and would have followed you for ever, but that you led me to a deteſted convent!———Thither *Matilda* will not go——Why ſhould you lead me to a priſon? a dog cannot plead Religion in excuſe for treachery!" She pauſed; then taking a roſary of pearls from her ſide, ſhe fantaſtically wound it about the dog's neck, ſaying, "I have a boon to aſk, and thus I bribe you, theſe precious beads are yours: now guide me to the top of this high mountain, that I may look about me, and ſee all the world.——Then I ſhall know whether my *Albert* ſtill be living—Ah, no! it cannot be! for then *Matilda* would be happy! and that can never, never be!" She then burſt into a flood of tears, which ſeemed to give her ſome relief.

'When I thought ſhe was ſufficiently compoſed, *Jerome* and I diſcovered ourſelves. On this ſhe ſhrieked, and hid her face; but cal-

ing to her, I ſaid, "*Albert* is ſtill alive." She looked at us, till by degrees ſhe had wildly examined us from head to foot; then turning to the dog, ſhe ſeized him by the throat, and would have daſhed him down the precipice, ſaying, "Ah, traitor! is it thus that thou haſt betrayed me!"——But the animal ſtruggled and got from her. She then firmly looked at us, and cried, "Here I am ſafe, deceitful monſters! ſafe from the tyranny of your religious perſecution; for, if you approach one ſingle ſtep, I plunge into this yawning gulph, and ſo eſcape your power.—Ha! ha! ha!"—Then recovering from a frantic laugh, ſhe ſaid, "Yet tell me, did you not ſay that *Albert* lives? Oh! that ſuch words had come from any lips but thoſe of a falſe monk!——I know your arts; with *you* ſuch falſehoods are religious frauds; this is a pious lie, to enſnare a poor helpleſs linnet to its cage: but I tell you, cunning prieſts! here I defy you; nor will I ever quit this rock, till *Albert*'s voice aſſures me I may do it ſafely."

'You will eaſily imagine (continued the monk) the ſituation of *Jerome* and myſelf. Ignorant then of the manner in which *Matilda* had eſcaped, we could only know from her words and actions that it was ſhe herſelf, and that her ſenſes were impaired; perplexed how to entice her from this perilous retreat, and knowing that one falſe ſtep would daſh her headlong down the dreadful chaſm that parted us, at length I ſaid, "Gentle maid, be comforted; *Albert* and *Matilda* may yet be happy." Then leaving *Jerome* concealed among the buſhes to watch the poor lunatic, I haſtened to the convent, to relate what I had ſeen.

'Meanwhile, *Matilda* looking with vacant ſtare around her, from time to time repeated my words, "*Albert and Matilda may yet be happy;*" then pauſing, ſhe ſeemed delighted with the ſound re-echoed from the rocks, again repeating, "*Albert and Matilda may yet be happy;*" ſtill varying the modulation of her voice, as joy, grief, doubt, deſpair or hope alternately prevailed in her diſordered mind.'

I will not long detain you (reſumed the Reverend Friar) with the effect my narrative had on the dejected *Albert*, how he at firſt exclaimed, "Can there be comfort for a guilty wretch like *Albert?*" and eagerly ran towards the place; then moved more calmly on my repreſenting how fatal might be a ſurpriſe to one in ſo dangerous a ſituation; and at length ſhrinking back, as he approached the ſpot, and turning to me, he ſaid, "Father, I will go no further! Heaven has ordained, as a puniſhment for the murder I have committed, that I ſhould become a witneſs to the ſhocking death of the poor loſt *Matilda;* at my approach, in frantic extaſy ſhe will quit her hold, and periſh before my ſight." I urged him to proceed, but it was in vain, he ſat down on a bank, and was ſilently wrapt in an agony of irreſolution, when he heard, at a little diſtance, the well known voice of the poor lunatic, ſtill repeating my words; "*Albert and Matilda may yet be happy.*" Rouſed by the ſound, he ſtarted up, and cautiouſly advancing, he exclaimed; "Juſt Heaven! fulfil thoſe words, and let them, indeed, be happy!"

'*Matilda* knew the voice, and carefully treading a path, which would have ſeemed impracticable to one poſſeſſed of reaſon, ſhe deſcended from the ledge on which ſhe ſat, and approached with cautious ſteps; but, at the ſight of *Albert*, ſhe flew impetuouſly forward, till ſeeing me, ſhe as ſuddenly ran back, and would have again retreated to the rock, ſhriek-

ſhrieking, "It is all illuſion! prieſt-craft! it is no real *Albert*, and I am betrayed." We purſued, and caught her; then finding my religious garb augmented the diſorder of her mind, I withdrew, leaving only *Albert* to calm her needleſs fears.

'But no perſuaſion, even from him, could induce her to come within view of the convent gates; I provided, therefore, accommodations for her in the cottage of a labourer, at ſome little diſtance; where, for many days, her delirium continued, while a fever threatned a ſpeedy diſſolution. During this period, *Albert* was labouring under all the anxiety which his ſituation could inſpire; the deed he had committed ſat heavy on his ſoul, and he dared not hope for an event, which his own guilty thoughts reproached him with having not deſerved.

'At length the criſis of the fever ſhewed ſigns of a recovery, and now his joy was without bounds; even the blood of *Conrad* ſeemed a venial crime, and he triumphed in the anticipation of reward for all he had ſuffered: but this happineſs was of ſhort duration, for at that time I received a letter from the Abbeſs *Thereſa*, demanding back the fugitive, whoſe retreat ſhe had diſcovered. This requiſition I knew I muſt obey; and giving the letter to *Albert*, I was going to explain the neceſſity of my compliance, when he burſt out in bitter execrations againſt this and all *religious houſes*; curſing their eſtabliſhment as a violation of the firſt law of nature, which commands an intercourſe betwixt the ſexes.

'Having heard, with a mixture of patience, pity, and reſentment, all that his rage or diſappointment could ſuggeſt, I anſwered nearly in theſe words, beginning calmly, but by degrees aſſuming all the authority the caſe required; "My ſon blame not the pious inſtitutions of our holy church, ſanctified by the obſervance of many ages; nor impiouſly arraign the myſterious decrees of Providence, which often produce good from evil. This ſacred Edifice has been conſecrated, like many others, by our pious anceſtors, for purpoſes honourable to Heaven, and uſeful to mankind; theſe hoſpitable doors are ever open to diſtreſs; and the chief object of our care is, to diſcover and relieve it. This holy manſion has long been an aſylum againſt the oppreſſion of human laws, which drove *thee* from thine home; and, but a few days ſince, *thou* thyſelf bleſſed an inſtitution which ſaved the wretched *Matilda*, periſhing with madneſs. Nay, at this very moment, its mercy ſhelters from the hands of juſtice, a murderer! yet thy preſumption dares deny its general uſe, from thine own ſenſe of partial inconvenience, and execrate monaſtic inſtitutions, becauſe by a ſeparation of the ſexes, lewdneſs and ſenſuality are checked: but know, ſhort ſighted youth, that the world will not remain unpeopled, becauſe a few of its members conſecrate their lives to *holy meditation;* nor ſhall the human ſpecies become extinct, becauſe *Albert* and *Matilda* cannot be united, to propagate a race of infidels and murderers." I ſtopped, for I perceived the gentle *Albert* was touched with my rebuke; and falling on his knees, he cried in the pathetic words of Scripture, "Father! I have ſinned againſt Heaven, and in thy ſight." "It is enough, my ſon, (I replied), and now I will compaſſionate your ſituation; I will do more, for tho' I cannot detain *Matilda* longer than till ſhe is well enough to be removed; yet in that time (if Heaven approve my endeavours) I may contribute to your happineſs, by interceeding with her father,

ther, and ſhould I fail in the attempt, this roof, which thy haſty paſſion has profaned, ſhall yet be a refuge to thee from deſpair; and I will ſtrive to raiſe thy thoughts above the trifling diſappointments of a tranſitory world."

'I could not wait the reply of *Albert*, (ſaid the Prior) being at this time called out to welcome the arrival of a ſtranger, who they ſaid was dangerouſly ill; this proved to be no other than the wounded *Conrad*. He, in few words, explained the motive of his viſit, telling me that immediately after the rencounter, dreading *that awful preſence in which no ſecret is concealed*, and to which he apprehended he was ſummoned by his own ſword in the injured hand of *Albert*, he had vowed (if Heaven would grant him life) to repair the wrongs he had committed. He had already executed a deed, reſigning all the fortune of her father in favour of *Matilda;* he had declared his guilty commerce with *Thereſa*, that ſhe might repent, or ſuffer puniſhment; he had paid all the debts of *Albert*, and juſtified his character to the world; and, finally, he had reſolved to implore the prayers of myſelf, and the venerable fathers of this houſe, to make him worthy of becoming one of our holy order; that if he lived, he might be uſeful; or if he died, he might be happy.'

The Prior then concluded this intereſting narrative, by ſaying, that *Albert* and *Matilda* were united, and are ſtill bleſſed in each other's virtues, improved by difficulties thus ſurmounted; that *Thereſa* had too far profaned the laws of Heaven to have any confidence in religion, and died by her own hands; but that *Conrad* recovered ſlowly from his wound, and, after living many years an honour to the order he profeſſed, he died in peace: the faithful dog (he ſaid) was the favourite companion of *Albert* and *Matilda*, who had begged him from the convent, and encouraged him to purſue his taſk of diſcovering travellers who had loſt their way, but whom he now brought to the hoſpitable manſion of this virtuous pair.

He then briefly hinted arguments in favour of monaſtic inſtitutions; yet liberally allowing that the religion of his country might in certain points be wrong, and knowing me to be a Proteſtant, I ſuppoſe he acknowledged more than I ought in juſtice to his candour to relate. For this reaſon I have purpoſely ſuppreſſed the name and ſituation of his convent; but I ſhall ever remember theſe words, with which he finiſhed: "True Religion (ſaid he) howſoever it may vary in outward ceremonies, or articles of faith, will always teach you to do good, to love and help each other; it will teach you, that no ſin, however ſecret, can long remain concealed; and that when the world and all its vanities have palled the ſated appetite, you muſt ſeek refuge in conſcious innocence, or a ſincere repentance. Then, no matter whether you chuſe a *convent* for retirement, or *commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be ſtil.*"

On the BENEFIT *of cultivating* PARSNIPS, *and the* METHOD *of* CULTURE.

A Writer, in the Collection of Papers of the Bath Agriculture Society, under the ſignature of 'A Lover of Georgical Purſuits,' recommends the cultivation of the Parſnip; which root, he obſerves, is held in high eſteem as a food, particularly for cattle and ſwine, in France, and our adjoining iſlands; that in Brittany, eſpecially, they mention it as little

little inferior in value to wheat; that milch cows, fed with it in winter, give as good milk, which yields as well-flavoured butter, as milk in May or June, and in as great abundance; that it is much commended for ſwine, which rear young pigs; and that it alſo proves very uſeful in fattening ſwine.

He adds, that ſome judgment may be formed of the comparative value of plants as food, from the proportion of mucilage they contain, or yield in decoction ſtrained, and, when a pound weight, for inſtance, of parſnips, carrots, potatoes, &c. were boiled ſeparately, in a quart of water, the decoction ſtrained, and, when cold, compared, he is of opinion, that the parſnips would be found the moſt mucilaginous, or the moſt thickened.

Such being the great benefits to be derived from Parſnips, we think the following directions for the culture of that excellent root, will be acceptable to ſuch of our readers, who are likewiſe 'Lovers of Georgical Purſuits.' They were ſent in a letter to the Bath Agriculture Society, by Mr. J. Hazard, of Littleton Houſe.

'To cultivate this root,' ſays Mr. Hazard, 'ſo as to make it prove advantageous to the farmer, it will be right to ſow the ſeed in the autumn, immediately after it is ripe, or come to perfection; by which means the plants will appear early the following ſpring, and will get ſtrong before the weeds can grow to injure them. Froſts never affect the ſeed, nor do the young plants ever materially ſuffer through the ſeverity of the ſeaſons. Not only on this account, but for many other reaſons, the autumn is preferable to the ſpring ſowing, as the weeds at this time will keep pace with the parſnips; and often when they are hoed or cleaned, great part of the crop is pulled up, cut out, or otherwiſe deſtroyed, as they are (when ſown in the ſpring) ſo ſmall when they firſt appear, as not eaſily to be diſtinguiſhed from the weeds; and if no rains fall at that ſeaſon, ſome of the ſeed will not vegetate till late in the ſummer, and the few plants that do appear, will ſcarce pay the expence of cleaning them; beſides, they will never grow to any ſize, but be ſticky or cankered, and conſequently will be deſtitute of nutrimental juice; while on the contrary, thoſe that are ſown in the autumn will be large, free from the defects of the others, and fully anſwer the expectation of the cultivator.

The beſt ſoil for parſnips is, a rich deep loam; next to this is ſand, or they will thrive well in a black gritty ſoil; but will never pay for cultivating in ſtone braſh, gravel, or clay ſoils; and they always are the largeſt where the earth is the deepeſt. Dry light land is pleaſing to them, but wet, ſtiff, or hide-bound land is deſtructive. If the ſoil is proper, they do not require much manure. The writer hath obtained a very good crop for three ſucceſſive years, from the ſame land, without uſing any; but when he laid at the rate of about forty cart-loads of ſand per acre upon a very ſtiff loam, and ploughed it in, he found it anſwered very well; from which he concludes that a mixture of ſoils may be proper for this root.

It is moſt adviſeable to ſow the ſeed in drills at about 18 inches diſtant from each other, that the plants may be the more conveniently hand or horſe-hoed; and they will be more luxuriant if they undergo a ſecond hoeing, and are careſully earthed ſo as not to cover the leaves.

Thoſe who have not ground to ſpare, or cannot get it in proper condition to receive the ſeed in the autumn, may at that time ſow a plot in their garden, or the corner of ſome field, and may tranſplant from thence the latter end of the month of April,

or

or early in the May following. The plants muſt be carefully drawn from the ſeed plot, and the land that is to receive them ſhould be well pulverized by harrowing and rolling; and when it is thus ordered, a furrow ſhould be opened with the plough about ſix or eight inches deep, in which the plants ſhould be regularly laid at about the diſtance of ten inches from each other, taking care not to let the root be bent, but for the plant to ſtand perpendicular after the earth is cloſed about it, which ſhould be immediately done by means of perſons who ſhould for this purpoſe follow the planter with a hoe; and he muſt not forget that the plants will be injured if the leaves are covered. Another furrow muſt be opened about 18 inches from the laſt, in the ſame direction, and planted as before; and ſo in like manner till all the plants are depoſited, or the field is completely cropped; and when the weeds appear, hoeing will be neceſſary, and it will be right afterwards to earth them.

There is no doubt but many may diſapprove of the method of tranſplanting parſnips, yet ſome may be induced to try the experiment, when they conſider that they may perform it at a time when there is little beſide to be done in a farm, and that their crop will be more certain; for if they are planted after rain, they will not be checked by the removal, nor will they be injured by weeds, or the ground ſuffer ſo much by being thus planted, as otherwiſe it would do, if the ſeed were ſown in the autumn.

It is wrong to plant parſnips by means of dibbling, as the ground thereby becomes ſo bound as ſeldom to admit the ſmall lateral fibres (with which theſe plants abound) to fix or work in the earth, on which account they are prevented from expanding themſelves, and never attain their proper ſize.

If people would in general be attentive to the ſoil, the ſeaſon for ſowing, the cleaning and earthing the plants, and raiſing their ſeed from the largeſt and beſt parſnips, (which ſhould be ſelected and tranſplanted for this purpoſe) there is no doubt but ſuch a crop would anſwer much better than a crop of carrots; they are equal if not ſuperior for fattening pigs, as they make their fleſh whiter, and they eat them with more ſatisfaction. When they are clean waſhed and ſliced among bran, horſes eat them greedily and thrive therewith; nor do they heat them, or like corn fill them with diſorders.

A Curious ANECDOTE *reſpecting* CATHERINE, *the firſt* EMPRESS *of* RUSSIA.

IT is well known, that the birth of this celebrated woman was ſo obſcure, that ſhe did not even know who were the authors of her exiſtence. She remembered only that ſhe had a brother; but ſhe was entirely ignorant where or in what ſituation he was. She at laſt became the wife of Peter the Great, after having for a time been his miſtreſs: but ſcarcely was ſhe raiſed to this ſupreme dignity, when the following circumſtance happened, which is ſo little known, that it will no doubt afford conſiderable entertainment to the curious reader*.

An envoy extraordinary of the

* It is taken from a ſmall work printed in 1780, entitled, *Anecdotes Secrettes de la Cour de Czar Pierre-le grand*, &c. tranſlated from a Ruſſian manuſcript, and put, as it is ſaid, into the hands of Voltaire, a little while before his death. It is ſo little known, that it was very difficult to procure a copy of it.

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king of Poland to the court of Ruſſia, returning to Dreſden, ſtopped at an inn in Courland, where he was witneſs to a very intereſting quarrel between one of the hoſtlers and ſeveral of his comrades, who had got drunk. One of them ſwore loudly, and threatened in a low tone of voice, that with one ſingle word he could make his antagoniſts repent of their inſolence, as he had relations ſufficiently powerful to puniſh them.

The miniſter, ſurprized at the deciſive manner in which the domeſtick ſpoke, enquired his name, and paſt condition. He was told that he was an unfortunate Polander, named Charles Scorowſki, whoſe father was ſuppoſed to have been a gentleman of Lithuania, who, dying early, had left his ſon in a miſerable ſituation, together with a daughter, who had been for ſome time loſt.

This anſwer excited the curioſity of the attentive miniſter, who imagined he perceived in the ruſtic features of this hoſtler ſome reſemblance to thoſe of Catherine; which, however, were ſo nobly formed, according to report, that no painter ever ſucceeded in copying the whole of her beautiful countenance.

This adventure, which might appear like a ſcene in a romance, were it not well authenticated, ſtruck the miniſter of king Auguſtus ſo much, that he wrote an account of it, but in a jocular manner, to a friend who reſided at the court of Ruſſia.

It is not known how this letter fell into the hands of the Czar; but it is certain that he took a memorandum of it in a ſmall book, which he always carried to aſſiſt his memory; and, in conſequence, ſent an order to Prince Repnin, governor of Riga, to diſcover Charles Scorowſki: to entice him to Riga under ſome fair pretence; to ſeize him, without offering him the ſmalleſt inſult: and to ſend him under a ſtrong guard to the Chamber of Police, which he had ordered to reviſe a decree paſſed againſt this ſuppoſed priſoner.

This order, which appeared like an enigma to the governor, was punctually executed; Charles was brought priſoner, and the Chamber pretended to proceed againſt him, with all the forms of law, as againſt a quarreller, and a promoter of ſtrife. He was afterwards ſent to court, under a guard, with the ſuppoſed informations which ſubſtantiated the offence of which he had been accuſed.

Scorowſki, under great apprehenſion for his fate, though he believed himſelf to be perfectly innocent, was preſented to the judge, who lengthened out the proceſs, in order that he might more eaſily examine the priſoner, whom he had orders to ſound thoroughly. The better to ſucceed in this deſign, he kept ſpies around him, to catch any word that might eſcape from him; and private inquiries were made in Courland, which evidently proved, that this domeſtic was the undoubted brother of the Empreſs Catherine.

When the Czar was convinced of the truth of this circumſtance, he cauſed it to be intimated to Scorowſki, that as the judge was not diſpoſed to treat him with much indulgence, he could do nothing better than preſent a petition to his Sovereign, and that the means of doing this would be rendered eaſy to him, as not only acceſs to the throne would be procured for him, but alſo protectors ſufficiently powerful to enſure the ſucceſs of his requeſt. Peter, who had artfully contrived every thing for a ſcene as amuſing to him, as it was humiliating for the pride and haughtineſs which Catherine had for ſome time affected, ſent word, that on a certain day, which he named, he would go incognito to dine with Chapelow, the ſteward of his houſe-

hold, and that after dinner he would give an audience to Scorowſki.

This ruſtic did not appear intimidated at the Majeſty of the monarch; he preſented his petition very boldly, to which the Czar paid much leſs attention than he did to the examining of his figure and appearance.—The Czar aſked him a number of queſtions, to which, notwithſtanding his embarraſſment, he replied with ſo much preciſion, that it evidently appeared that Catherine was his ſiſter: Nevertheleſs, to remove all ſuſpicion, the Czar left him abruptly, deſiring him to return next morning at the ſame hour, and this order was accompanied with a promiſe, that in all probability he would have no cauſe to be diſpleaſed with the ſentence which would be pronounced. The ſame evening the Czar, when ſupping with the Empreſs, ſaid to her, "I dined to-day with Chapelow, "and made a moſt excellent repaſt; "I muſt carry you thither ſome "day." "Why not to-morrow?" replied ſhe. "But," rejoined the Czar, "we muſt do as I did to-day; "we muſt ſurpriſe him at the very "moment when he is about to ſit "down to dinner, and we muſt pay "our viſit without any attendants." Next day, while Peter and Catherine were at dinner with Chapelow, Scorowſki was introduced, who approached the Emperor with more timidity than he had ſhewn before; the Czar then, affecting not to recollect the ſubject of his petition, repeated the queſtions of the preceding day, to which Scorowſki returned the ſame anſwers.

This conference took place in the preſence of Catherine, who, reclining on a ſopha, liſtened with the greateſt attention, and ſeemed not to loſe a ſingle word of what paſſed; every phraſe of Scorowſki ſtruck her ears, and the Czar ſtill more arouſed her attention, by ſaying to her with an air which ſeemed to indicate that he was not a little intereſted in the converſation, "Catherine, attend to "that; don't you comprehend?" Catherine upon this changed colour, her voice faultered, and ſhe could ſcarcely reply. "But," added the Czar, with emotion, "if you don't "comprehend, I do. In a word, this "man is your brother."

"Come," ſaid he to Charles, "kiſs the border of her robe, and her "hand, in quality of Empreſs; "after which, embrace her as thy "ſiſter." Upon theſe words, Catherine grew pale; the power of ſpeech entirely forſook her, and ſhe remained for ſome time in a ſtate of inſenſibility. As ſoon as ſhe had recovered, Peter ſaid in an affectionate tone, "What great harm then, is "there in this adventure?—Well, I "have found a brother-in-law.—If "he is a man of merit, and has any "abilities, we ſhall make ſomething "of him.—Conſole yourſelf, then, I "beg of you; for I ſee nothing in "all this that ought to give you a "moment's uneaſineſs.—We are now "informed of an affair which has "coſt us many enquiries.—Let us "depart."

Catherine, in riſing up, requeſted permiſſion to embrace her brother, and begged the Czar to continue his kindneſs both to him, and to his ſiſter. It is not thoroughly known by what ſingular accident this Scorowſki diſcovered that his ſiſter had riſen to the throne. The Emperor aſſigned him a houſe and a penſion, and nothing more was required from him, than to keep himſelf as quiet as poſſible, and to enjoy his fortune in private. His ſiſter, who, without doubt, was ſatisfied with the event, was not too much pleaſed, however, with the circumſtances which had conducted to it; ſhe felt herſelf internally humbled, by a diſcovery which pride and ſelf-love would have wiſhed to bring about in a manner leſs offenſive to her delicacy.

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This woman, who had risen from meanness and obscurity to the height of grandeur and glory, could not see without being hurt, an Emperor who was entirely devoted to her, made acquainted with the lowness of her extraction; but the attention of the Czar upon this occasion, seemed to be more engaged with the singularity of the adventure, than with the frivolous prejudices of female vanity. He was so little surprised to find himself the brother-in-law of a menial domestick, that he received him in the manner already mentioned, and his love for Catherine appeared not to have suffered the least diminution. The genius of this singular woman had so rivetted his esteem, that nothing was capable of destroying it.

The HOROSCOPE: *An Oriental Tale.*

IBRAHIM was universally celebrated for his riches and magnificence. His armies were formidable, his victories splendid, and his treasury inexhaustible. He enjoyed, moreover, what was ten thousand times more solid and more valuable than riches—the love and veneration of his subjects; and he had a beautiful young wife, in whose endearing tenderness alone he could find happiness, if happiness could be found on earth. All these advantages entitled Ibrahim to the appellation of the Solomon of his age; and yet Ibrahim was not happy. A son was wanting to his felicity. In vain did a heart, formed for all 'the charities' of the wedded state, endeavour to supply the refusal of Nature, by the adoption of a son. In vain did gratitude endeavour to deceive his heart, by caresses, which any other would have thought to be the natural effusions of filial sensibility, of filial piety and affection. That heart incessantly perceived a solitude within itself. Even the consolatory visions of Hope began to grow less frequent, when Heaven at last heard his prayers. Alas! in the very instant that Fortune gratifies our fondest wishes, she often betrays us; and her smiles are a thousand times more fatal than her frowns. The birth of the prince was celebrated throughout the empire by the customary public demonstrations of joy. The felicity of Ibrahim was complete. He was perpetually revolving in his mind the sentiments and hopes which the nation would form of the royal infant. Scarce was he born, when paternal solicitude embraced, as it were, his whole life. Impatient to know his destiny, that solicitude plunged into futurity, determined, if possible, to wrest from Time, the secrets of which he was the hoary headed guardian.

In his dominions were some sages particularly honoured with the confidence of Heaven. Ibrahim commanded them to consult the stars, and to report their answer. 'Tremble,' said the sages: 'thou unfortunate father, tremble. Never before have the skies presented such inauspicious omens. Let him fly, let this son, too dear to you, fly, let him avoid, if possible, the meeting with any savage beasts. His seventh year is the fatal one; and if he should happen then, to escape the misfortune that hangs over him, ah! do not wish him to live. His father, his very father will not be able to escape from the hand of a parricide.'

This answer threw the sultan into the greatest consternation. He did not sink, however, into absolute despair: his courage soon revived. He determined to take all the precautions which paternal tenderness could suggest, to defeat the prediction of the astrologers. He, therefore, caused a kind of subterranean palace to be made on the summit of a lofty mountain. The labour and expence of the excavation

vation was prodigious. Extenſive walks were formed, with a variety of apartments, in which every thing was provided that could contribute to the conveniencies, and even the luxuries of life. In this magnificent cavern, Ibrahim, as it were, inhumed his ſon alive, together with his governeſs, of whoſe care and fidelity he had no queſtion. Proviſions were conſtantly brought thither at ſtated periods. The king forgot not a ſingle day to viſit the mountain that contained his beloved treaſure, and to be ſatisfied of his ſafety with his own eyes. With what delight did he behold the growing beauties of his ſon! With what pleaſure 'rear the tender thought, and teach the young idea how to ſhoot!' With what rapture did he liſten to his ſprightly ſallies, his ſmart repartees, and thoſe pretty *nothings*, which a father, in particular, is fond to recollect and to repeat; at which the moſt innocent gravity may ſmile; and which are worth all the underſtanding of riper years. He was perpetually counting the hours and minutes that he did not ſpend with his ſon; and he inceſſantly reproached himſelf for not ſeeing him often enough.

Schah Abbas at length reached his ſeventh year; that fatal year, which Ibrahim would fain have delayed even at the expence of his crown. He would never leave his ſon a moment. But, alas! is it poſſible to eſcape our deſtiny! Summoned one day to his palace by affairs of the moſt preſſing exigency, he left the mountain with extreme reluctance. Never had Schah Abbas appeared more amiable in his father's eyes: never had Ibrahim appeared more affectionate to his ſon. Each was tormented by an uneaſy ſenſation, an unaccountable foreboding that they were to meet there no more.

Some robbers were hunting wild beaſts: the ardour of purſuit had brought them to this mountain. A lion, that fled from them, perceived the ſubterraneous paſſage, and took refuge in it. The robbers, who durſt not follow him, waited, however, for the ſequel of this adventure. On a ſudden, they heard a violent ſcream, and preſently all was ſilent. This ſilence ſuggeſted to them, that the cavern now contained not a living creature but the lion. They threw down a quantity of ſtones, which ſoon put an end to the exiſtence of the formidable animal. They then deſcended into the cavern, ſecuring themſelves from all further danger from the lion, by cutting off his head. Wandering through every part of this ſubterraneous palace, they were aſtoniſhed at the prodigious riches which they beheld. They perceived a ſlaughtered woman: this was the prince's governeſs. By her ſide was a child covered with blood, who ſhewed, however, ſome ſigns of life. They examined his wounds: they found not one of them dangerous. The captain of theſe banditti, after ſtripping the cavern of its valuable contents, dreſſed his wounds himſelf, and effected a cure. The growing qualities of Schah Abbas endeared him to the Chief, who adopted him as his ſon, and diſtinguiſhed him as ſuch by all the tenderneſs of a paternal heart.

Some years had elapſed ſince Ibrahim had firſt deplored the loſs of a ſon, who, having been conſtantly ignorant of the name and titles of his father, had been unable to explain his origin to the robbers of whoſe fortune he partook. The ſon of a king, brought up by robbers, was ſoon to become their chief. Such were the unaccountable caprices of fortune, which led to the completion of a prophecy, that had deſtined him to be one day a parricide.

Ibrahim was often wont to divert his grief by the pleaſures of the chaſe;

chaſe; and this exerciſe ſoon became almoſt his only occupation. One evening, that he had ſtrayed, with a very ſlender eſcort, in the defiles of a ſolitary mountain, a troop of robbers ruſhed upon him. The combat, for ſome time, was furious. An arrow pierced the king; it excited the ſpirit of vengeance in his attendants, and they fought, determined to conquer or to die. They were ſoon victorious. The murderer was taken, and conducted to the metropolis, that he might undergo the puniſhment due to his crime.

Ibrahim, on the bed of death, ſummoned the aſtrologers to attend him, and thus addreſſed them: 'I was to have periſhed, you told me, by the hand of a ſon; but it is the hand of a robber that has inflicted the blow.'—'Sire,' anſwered the ſages, 'forbear to ſeek an explanation. The robber' - - - - They proceed no further. The young robber appears, and relates his hiſtory. Ibrahim, while he bowed in ſubmiſſion to God, and adored his inſcrutable decrees, bleſſed him alſo for having reſtored his ſon; and the tears which he ſaw flow from the eyes of Schah Abbas, were a conſolation in his dying moments.

Abſtract of an Account of the Life, Writings, and Character, of the late Dr. John Hope, *Profeſſor of Botany in the Univerſity of Edinburgh: by* Andrew Duncan, M. D. F. R. & A. S. Edinburgh.

DR Hope was born at Edinburgh on the 10th of May 1725. He was the ſon of Mr Robert Hope, a reſpectable ſurgeon, whoſe father, Lord Rankeilar, made a diſtinguiſhed figure as one of the Senators of the College of Juſtice, in the kingdom of Scotland. After finiſhing the uſual courſe of ſchool education, with no inconſiderable degree of approbation, he entered to the Univerſity of Edinburgh; and having, as it were, an hereditary predilection for the healing art, his attention was ſoon particularly directed to that branch of ſcience.

Having finiſhed his academical education at Edinburgh, he viſited other medical ſchools; and he had thus an opportunity of ſtudying botany: a branch of medical ſcience to whichhe had ſhown an early propenſity, and to which he had always beſtowed no inconſiderable degree of attention, under Bernard Juſſieu, Profeſſor at Paris, at that time one of the moſt celebrated botaniſts in the world.

Upon his return to his native country, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine, from the Univerſity of Glaſgow, in the beginning of the year 1750. A few months after that, he was admitted a member of the Royal College of Phyſicians in Edinburgh, and entered upon the practice of medicine in this city. After he had continued about ten years in practice, diſcharging the duties of his profeſſion, with a degree of judgement, of attention, and of humanity, which did him great honour; by the death of Dr Alſton, the botanical chair in the Univerſity became vacant. Dr Hope's early attachment and ſteady partiality to that branch of ſcience, naturally pointed him out as a ſucceſſor, into whoſe hands the credit of the Univerſity might ſafely be entruſted, and by whoſe exertions, its fame might not only be ſupported, but extended. Accordingly by a commiſſion from his Sovereign, dated the 13th of April 1761, he was appointed King's botaniſt for Scotland, and ſuperintendant of the royal garden at Edinburgh. A few weeks after this, he was elected by the Town-Council of Edinburgh, as the ſucceſſor of Dr Alſton in the profeſſorſhips both of botany and materia medica; and thus he became one of the members of the faculty of medicine in the Univerſity. After he had continued

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for about ſix years to give regular courſes of lectures on theſe ſubjects, with no leſs credit to himſelf than benefit to his hearers, teaching the one branch during the Summer, and the other during the Winter months, he found that his health was conſiderably impaired; which was aſcribed, and probably not without juſtice, to his unwearied and conſtant exertions as a teacher. From this he was led to form the reſolution of reſigning the materia medica, and of afterwards ſolely confining his labours as a teacher, to his favourite ſcience of botany. This reſolution he carried into effect in the year 1768; and by a new commiſſion from his Majeſty, dated the 8th of May, he was nominated Regius Profeſſor of Medicine and Botany in the Univerſity, and had the offices of King's botaniſt and ſuperintendant of the royal garden conferred upon him for life, which till that time had been always granted during pleaſure only.

While he thus continued to enjoy the ſmiles of fortune at home; while he received the moſt flattering marks of eſteem from the learned abroad, having been elected a member not only of the Royal Society of London, but alſo of ſeveral celebrated foreign ſocieties, and having been enrolled in the firſt claſs of Botaniſts even by the great Linnæus, who denominated a beautiful ſhrub by the name of Hopea; and at a time when he might be juſtly conſidered as at the very head of his profeſſion in Edinburgh, holding the diſtinguiſhed office of Preſident of the Royal College of Phyſicians; he was ſeized with an alarming illneſs, which in the ſpace of a few days, put a period to his valuable life, on the 10th of November 1786, in the 62d year of his age.

Dr Hope's predeceſſor, although a learned and worthy man, could never obtain ſufficient public funds, for the eſtabliſhment of a proper botanical garden at Edinburgh; and from the ſituation, as well as the extent of the garden at that time, joined to the ſmallneſs of its conſervatories for plants, it could boaſt of no riches in the way of exotics. The only field for improvement, therefore, to the botanical ſtudent, was the environs of Edinburgh, to which it muſt indeed be allowed, that nature has been uncommonly liberal, in affording a very great variety of indigenous vegetables. In this ſituation, the eſtabliſhment of a new garden naturally ſuggeſted itſelf, as a grand and important object; and in the accompliſhment of this, Dr Hope exerted that degree of induſtry and judgment which will ſeldom fail of ſucceſs, where the object, whatever its magnitude may be, is rational and proper. The attachment which the Earl of Bute is well known to have had for botanical ſtudies, and the great expence he had incurred for the engravings of the vegetable ſyſtem, publiſhed under the name of Sir John Hill, naturally pointed out his adminiſtration as a proper period for making application for public aid to this undertaking. It was peculiarly fortunate for this application, that Lord Bute was at that time the miniſter to a King, no leſs regarded at home as the father of his people, than celebrated over the world as a patron of ſcience. In conſequence of a judicious memorial, the wiſhed for aſſiſtance was obtained. But the procuring ſufficient funds for that purpoſe was not the only difficulty that Dr Hope had to combat. Money alone cannot create a botanical garden; and, in ſuch an undertaking, it is a much eaſier matter to miſpend money, than to employ it to the beſt advantage. Dr Hope fixed upon a ſpot for the ſituation of his garden, which, while it was of leſs intrinſic value than almoſt any other he could have ſelected, poſſeſſed many local advantages. While in the vicinity of the city, it was yet removed from the influence of its ſmoke, and it afforded

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a very conſiderable variety both of ſoil and expoſure. Although the greater part of it conſiſted either of barren ſand or uſeleſs moraſs, and could therefore be purchaſed at an eaſy rate, Dr Hope well knew, that by proper culture, theſe would be highly conducive both to the beauty and utility of the garden; and the uncommon attention which he beſtowed on that culture, could only be equalled by the judgment with which it was conducted. His unwearied exertions, in procuring for the garden the vegetable productions of every climate, could not be exceeded. His endeavours were conſtantly directed in adding, not to the ſhow, but to the riches of the garden; and they were employed with ſuch ſucceſs, that, in a very ſhort time, the intelligent botaniſt might gratify his curioſity, in contemplating the rareſt plants of every country, which has yet been explored, on a ſpot which, but a few years before, could be conſidered as little better than a barren waſte, hardly producing even a pile of uſeful graſs. A ſtriking proof of the power of human induſtry, when aſſiduouſly and judiciouſly directed to an important object.

But while theſe exertions were able to make ſuch progreſs, Dr Hope had yet reaſon to regret, that his endeavours, as well as his wiſhes, were much limited, by the ſcantineſs of his annual allowance. He could hardly, however, expect, that, during an expenſive and unnatural war, thoſe who were then the King's miniſters, would beſtow much attention on objects of ſcience. But no ſooner were the bleſſings of peace reſtored, and the Duke of Portland placed at the head of his Majeſty's councils, than Dr Hope ſaw that a moſt favourable opportunity was offered for ſupporting and increaſing the riches of his garden, by obtaining a proper addition to its funds. He had then acceſs to his Sovereign, by means of a Nobleman uniformly diſtinguiſhed by the moſt amiable virtues; a Nobleman who had an hereditary claim to be the patron and protector of botany; a Nobleman, whoſe mother, then alive, but whoſe death Science may now ſincerely deplore, was at once the ornament of her ſex, and one of the greateſt encouragers of botanical ſtudies in the known world. The application for additional aid was no ſooner made, than it met with the attention it deſerved; and the readineſs with which it was granted, at once demonſtrated the views of the Miniſter, and the diſpoſition of the Man. This interpoſition was no effect of borough politics, or election manœuvres. It was ſo far ſpontaneous, that the application was unknown, even to the Town-Council, the Patrons of the Univerſity, till the requeſt was granted.

A permanent fund for the ſupport of the botanical garden at this place was eſtabliſhed, which may render it not inferior to any in Europe. To Dr Hope, who was the firſt mover in every thing reſpecting that garden, his Country in particular, and Science in general, are indebted, for all the advantages reſulting from that eſtabliſhment.

Dr Hope's induſtrious exertions were no leſs aſſiduouſly beſtowed in forming and enriching the garden, than in cheriſhing and promoting a zeal for botanical ſtudies. From but a very ſmall number of lectures, which were all that his predeceſſor ever gave, he gradually prolonged the courſe, till it became as complete as any one delivered at this place; and during all this extended courſe, he taught in ſuch a manner, as clearly demonſtrated a degree of ardour and enthuſiaſm in himſelf, which could hardly fail to inſpire ſimilar emotions in others. But even ſuch precept, and ſuch example, were not the only means he employed for directing the attention of the induſtrious, ingenious, and laudably ambitious

bitious ſtudent, to this branch of ſcience. By beſtowing, entirely at his own expence, an annual gold medal, as a teſtimony of ſuperior merit, he gave a ſpur to exertion, from which the toils of ſtudy were alleviated by the love of fame, and the labours of induſtry converted into the pleaſures of emulation.

Dr Hope will long be remembered, by thoſe writings on botanical ſubjects which he has bequeathed to poſterity. In theſe his principal object ſeems to have been, to make botany ſubſervient to the arts more immediately uſeful in life, and particularly to medicine. Of the truth of this aſſertion, beſides ſeveral publications intended to facilitate the ſtudy of botany, which, though they could not be eſteemed original works, were yet highly uſeful to his pupils, the papers which he publiſhed in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, on the Rheum palmatum, and the Ferula aſſafœtida, afford incontrovertible evidence. While he was one of the firſt, who, in conjunction with the late worthy Sir Alexander Dick, turned his attention to the practical cultivation of rhubarb in Britain; by the publication to which we allude, he communicated the important truth, of its luxuriant growth in this Iſland, to other botaniſts; and he demonſtrated the facility with which it might be multiplied. He lived to ſee it cultivated in ſuch abundance, that the Britiſh market was no longer under any neceſſity of depending upon foreign climates for this valuable, and once expenſive medicine. The cultivation of the aſſafœtida plant, has not hitherto indeed made an equal progreſs; But Dr Hope has clearly ſhown, that, by proper attention, it not only bears the viciſſitudes of our climate, but grows in ſuch a vigorous and healthful ſtate, as to be fully impregnated with its active gum. There is therefore reaſon to hope, that, by the exertions of future induſtry, the ſhop of the apothecary may be ſupplied with this article alſo from his own garden.

THE TRIFLER,

Number XXVII.

Thurſday January 14, 1789.

QUOD LICET, INGRATUM EST: QUOD NON LICET, ACRIUS URIT. *Ovid.*

THE DESIRE OF THINGS DIFFICULT—PURPOSE OF SUCH DESIRES—LOVE A WARFARE—EVASION OF LAWS—AVARICE—VALUE OF MONEY——A HINT ON EDUCATION——A CHARACTER—MR NEM. CON.—CONCLUSION ADMONITORY.

IT is one of the moſt ſingular characteriſtics of human kind, to deſire that which is forbidden, and to loath that which is eaſily acceſſible. Hence it is that the qualities of certain things are determined by the eaſe or difficulty with which they may be obtained. And hence likewiſe ariſes that periſhable nature of things, which are determined according to deſire or ſatiety. What is very difficult to be obtained, we eagerly deſire; when that difficulty encreaſes, we double our activity, as our deſires are doubly heightened; but the object once obtained, and the exultation of victory over, the value of our acquiſition decreaſes, and a deſire which was apparently to laſte for ever, in a very ſhort time ſinks into ſatiety, and the object is remembered no more.

It would be happy for mankind in general, if this love for things difficult appeared only in a generous emulation to extend ſome art hitherto involved in error and obſcurity; ſuch appears to be the purpoſe for which providence implanted in us this degree of fortitude and enterprizing ſpirit. It

muſt be a ſuperior mind only, however, who can thus uſe the gifts of heaven as they were deſigned. Vulgar minds are ever finding out devices which tend to no uſeful purpoſe, and are ever encountering difficulties, the conqueſt over which is neither honourable nor beneficial.

Writers of comedies, whoſe lack of wit is often more to be noticed than their abundance, have generally ſuppoſed *Love* to be a ſpecies of *Warfare*;———and hence, from the firſt act of a Comedy, or the firſt volume of a Novel, to the laſt, we find them raiſing imaginary difficulties, and ideal obſtructions. The freedom of our country not being ſuitable to the nature of the ſeverities that are to be deſcribed, they fix the ſcene of operation in ſome deſpotic country, where bolts, bars and *duennas* are common inſtruments in the hands of hardhearted fathers and uncles, and where love is carried on, like war, by ſiege, ſtorm, and ſtratagem. Theſe difficulties in the way of the Lover are calculated to heighten his love, the writer having ſo much knowledge of mankind as to be ſenſible that difficulty enhances every acquiſition, and that we value thoſe things moſt which have coſt us moſt.

But the moſt common operation of this deſire to do what is difficult, this ardour after forbidden fruit, with vulgar minds, is viſible in their endeavours to break through ſuch good and wholeſome laws as have been made for the benefit of ſociety. Hence the many ingenious ways that have been found out to evade a well known law; hence the many perjuries that are daily committed for the ſame purpoſe: and that general diſpoſition there is in certain men, whenever they hear of a new law enacted, to ſit down and contrive how it may be rendered of no effect. The various tricks of perſons dealing in contraband goods are a remarkable inſtance in point. Hence invention has been tortured to find out expedients; nay, the wiſdom of a Senate, aided by the penetration of the deepeſt legiſlators, has often been baffled by the contrivance of ſome poor rogue who perhaps could neither read nor write.

This ſame paſſion, or rather perverſity of mind, is the ſource of many thouſand feeble attempts and ſubſequent diſappointments in common life. The deſire of pomp, ſplendor and riches, ariſes only from that aſpiring turn of mind which directs us upwards in the ſcale of life, and not from any conviction, ſurely not from any experience, that ſuch things tend to encreaſe our happineſs or our wiſdom. The caſe of the avaricious man is applicable here. He covets riches, not becauſe they will make him happier, for riches not uſed, are a non-entity in the creation; yet he covets riches—Why? I conſider this queſtion as not eaſily anſwered, becauſe I conſider avarice as a ſpecies of Lunacy, concerning which we cannot reaſon, which we can't reſolve into no known principles, and which, therefore, muſt remain, as it is, *Lunacy*.

The very value we place on certain things, ſuch as gold, ſilver, precious ſtones, &c. ariſes from their ſcarcity, that is, the difficulty of procuring them. Their value ceaſes when we come to conſider them as they are intrinſically; in ſociety they are uſeful as the medium of ſocial advantages between man and man; they ceaſe to have any value when they are not in circulation. Of what uſe would the celebrated diamond of Governor Pitt have been to Baron Trenck, loaded with chains in a deteſtable dungeon in Pruſſia? In ſome ſavage nations at this day, of how much more value is a crooked nail, a ruſty ſpike, or the blade of a knife, than a bank of coined gold and

ſilver? Theſe conſiderations may ſeem trifling, but they lead us in ſome degree to value money only as uſeful for the purpoſes of doing good to ſociety.

The deſire of doing that which is forbidden, appears in children at a very early period, and, indeed, it is to correct that, which all education is or ought to be adapted. This will ſucceed where pains are taken to inform the *mind* as well as chaſten the *body*, but mere chaſtiſement will not produce a laſting effect. The child that is chaſtened for doing what the parent has prohibited, and who is not at the ſame time told the reaſon of that prohibition, will offend again and again, if he has any hopes or opportunity of concealing the crime—a caſe which, if we may judge from the ſame diſpoſition prevailing in grown perſons, is too frequent.

There are ſome perſons of temper ſo peculiar and perverſe, that the only way to prevail on them to do any thing, is to forbid or adviſe them againſt it, like the man who had a very ſtubborn horſe, and was adviſed to begin his ride on the very oppoſite road from that he meant to travel, becauſe the horſe would be ſure to go contrary. In ſome men there is even an *affectation* of this temper of mind: but I confeſs I ſee nothing ſo amiable or endearing in it, that it ſhould be added to the liſt of coquetries. In converſation this temper appears in another ſhape, but intrinſically the ſame; in a habit of contradicting and diſputing. I know a man who ſeemed to have made a vow that no other perſon in the world ſhould ever be of the ſame opinion with him. If he contradicted you, there was no remedy in going over to his opinion, for if you did, he would change it directly. In this way I have heard him contradict himſelf twenty times in an hour. If he ſaid the *weather was fine*, and you agreed, he would not quit the ſubject until he had compleated a *ſtorm*. It may be obſerved, that in all ſuch tempers as this, wherever *intereſt* is concerned, whim gives way; for men will do that for intereſt which they will not do for virtue or ſociety;—ſo much more powerful is ſelf-love than ſocial love. This character, who among his acquaintances was called *Old Nem. Con.* never contradicted any man who paid him his bill in full, and never diſputed the goodneſs of a bargain by which he gained *thirty per cent.*

Since therefore, there ſeems to be in men a diſpoſition to acquire that which is difficult to obtain, let us turn this propenſity into its proper channels. The difficulty of conquering pride and paſſion, of reſiſting the ridicule of the idle and the frivolous, of ſubduing the avarice of riches and the ambition of power, is univerſally acknowledged. Let the conteſt then be, to gain the victory over theſe, in a word to gain the victory over ourſelves. The whole world is at his feet who has conquered himſelf.—And as no warrior will go to battle, or to ſiege, without ſome knowledge of the enemy, let our knowledge be to know ourſelves, to examine our ſtrongholds and our faſtneſſes, and to make the attack there where the victory may be moſt ſecure. Let us leave to vulgar minds the groveling and impotent deſires after things that contribute neither to wiſdom nor happineſs. The fewer deſires we entertain, the fewer will our diſappointments be. To attain perfection is as impoſſible, as to deſire it impatiently is vain; but in the road to perfection we may be continually travelling with eaſe and ſatisfaction; every proſpect will be enlivening: every way will be pleaſant, and every path, peace.

To

To the EDITOR *of the* PUBLIC LEDGER.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH it may appear very ſtrange, that any one ſhould write and publiſh his own panegyric in a newſpaper, remarkable as the age is for puffing, yet I have always conſidered myſelf of ſo much importance in the world, that I have always ſaid, and always will maintain, that men can never proſper in this life if they neglect ME, eſpecially if they affect to deſpiſe, and make improper uſes of me, whether in public or private. And I am convinced, Sir, that it will be very much for the advantage of your paper, if every perſon concerned in it makes as much of me as poſſible.

You know I am of very ancient origin; I was ſpoken of even at the creation of the world, and in the common acceptation of things, it was ſuppoſed I was born then. But, however that may be, I find no decay of faculties. I am ſtill ſufficient for thoſe who know how to employ me well, and, as to others, they will find the loſs of me when it will not be in their power to recall me.

Men of buſineſs are my beſt friends, in one ſenſe; they furniſh me with conſtant employment, and, although ſometimes they uſe me ill, yet it is from their miſtaken ideas; for they find me of the moſt ſervice, when they have moſt buſineſs on hands. I could wiſh, indeed, that on all occaſions they would employ me in what is honourable and uſeful, rather than turn all my parts to getting money, and growing rich. But it is one *trait* of my character "to be all things to all men"—and if I cannot help myſelf for the preſent, I generally have my revenge in the long run.

Your young, high-ſpirited fellows, uſe me in the ſtrangeſt way imaginable, in drinking, wenching, riding, hunting, &c. ſo much, that I very ſoon become tired of their company, and leave them before they have learned the value of me.

Studious men know not always how to uſe me to the beſt advantage; ſometimes they employ me in claſſical learning, ſometimes in dull theological diſputes, ſometimes in writing travels of people who never left London in their lives, and ſometimes in compiling books on all ſubjects—divinity, hiſtory, novels, blaſphemy, &c. &c. and politics. In ſome of theſe I think I cannot be worſe employed. However, they are after fame, or money, and they imagine they cannot employ me better than in procuring theſe any how.

Men will at time, do any thing that their tyrants oblige them to. The ſlave has no reſource. He muſt obey; but then his maſter will never conſpire againſt his life. My caſe, however, is ſo very unfortunate, that there are ſome hundreds of men and women of quality, who are racking human invention to find out ways to *murder* me! Nay, ſtart not at the word—It is true, I aſſure you—They will even write cards inviting one another to meet in a body at aſſembly-rooms, drawing-rooms, and ſuch places, on purpoſe to *kill* me—How cruel! Do ſuch people deſerve my favours? What is the reaſon they uſe me thus? I'll tell you, Sir—I am the greateſt torment they have. I am always with them, and when they know not what to do with me, they endeavour to *murder* me. Now the truth is, that thoſe who either uſe me ill, or not uſe me at all, do find that I am a very diſagreeable companion; I own it—I am one of the moſt horrid things in nature—but then, on the other hand, I muſt ſay, that they who uſe me well are ſo far from complaining of me, that they give me the very beſt character, and are always telling how agreeably I paſſed on ſuch a day, and for ever deſiring more of my company.

One ſet of miſcreants there is, who it is true are always employing me, but always employing me ill—It is incredible what ſcenes of wickedneſs I have been engaged in. But "why will you," you may ſay, be employ- "ed in ſuch buſineſs?" The reaſon is this. With all my years, my pride and independence, I am neither more nor leſs than common property. Every man may uſe me or abuſe me, juſt as he pleaſes. It is ſo appointed with regard to me—I am ſilent, quiet, and paſs on for the moſt part without being obſerved. They that ſeek me, indeed, find me; but if they think not of me, I ſeldom remind them of their neglect, until I am about to part with them, and then, to ſpeak in common language, I have my complete revenge; and am moſt obdurate, for neither prayers nor tears are of any avail to make me ſtay. I wait for no man.

From what I have ſaid, you may, perhaps, ſuſpect that I am rather uncertain in my nature; and you are right in this conjecture. I muſt confeſs that there is nothing ſo little to be depended on. Men know when they have me, but they never can form any idea of when they are to loſe me. This is what, however, is more in my favour, than you would be ready to ſuppoſe at firſt hearing. For, you may be aſſured of it, that if men knew that they had a perfect hold of me, they never would employ me well; therefore, I ſtill keep this check in my own hand: I find the advantage of it; for all prudent men uſe me the better for not knowing when they are to loſe me.

Another particular relative to my family I wiſh to mention, before I cloſe my letter, which is, that I have an elder brother, one born before me, and who will aſſuredly ſurvive me for many ages—one whom I am but preparing men for, as, according to their uſing me well or ill, they will ſpend their time agreeably with him. To him all muſt go when they have done with me; and I thought it might not be improper to give theſe few hints in your Paper, juſt on having diſmiſſed one of my ſervants, who lived *twelve months* with me, and left my ſervice on Wedneſday night at twelve o'clock. I have only to add, that my elder brother's name is ETERNITY—and mine is,

At your ſervice,

T I M E.

Chronological Arrangement of Remarkable Events in

MDCCLXXXVIII.

January.

1. HOSTILITIES commenced by the Emperor againſt the Turks, and Belgrade inveſted by a large army.

8. Intelligence received of the demolition of the famous Cones at Cherbourg.

— Died, the Right Rev. John Harley, Biſhop of Hereford.

9. Accounts arrived of a moſt violent Hurricane at Honduras, and other parts of the Weſt Indies, which had happened on the firſt of September, 1787.

10. Election came on at Edinburgh for a Scots Peer—Dumfries againſt Cathcart—the latter choſen by a majority of one.

12. An Edict regiſtered at Paris in favour of Proteſtants.

—Mr. Gallini, the Manager of the Opera-houſe, created a Knight by his Holineſs the Pope of Rome.

15. Account of the Earl of Dunmore's arrival at Naſſau, on the 27th of October, as Governor of the Bahama Iſlands.

18. The Queen's Birth-day celebrated with extraordinary ſplendor.

27. His

27. His Royal Highneſs the Duke of York viſited the Goal of Newgate.

30. Hubbard examined at Bow-ſtreet, for attempting to defraud the Duke of York of 40l.

— The Houſe of Lords met purſuant to adjournment.

31. Died at Rome, Charles Edward Lewis Caſſimir Stuart, commonly called the Pretender.

FEBRUARY.

1 and 4. Petitions preſented to the Houſe of Commons againſt the Slave Trade.

4. Sir Elijah Impey appeared at the Bar of the Commons, to make his defence.

5. On a Debate in the Houſe of Lords reſpecting the election of a Scots Peer, the Prince of Wales divided with the minority.

10. Formal declaration of War made at Vienna, againſt the Turks.

12. The Trial of Warren Haſtings, Eſq; for high crimes and miſdemeanors, commenced before the High Court of Parliament in Weſtminſter hall.

— Accounts received of diſputes between the Emperor of Germany and the Univerſity of Louvain.

28. Lord George Gordon received ſentence from the Court of King's Bench to be impriſoned five years in Newgate; pay a fine of 500l. and find ſureties for his good behaviour for fourteen years, under the penalty of 60,000l.

MARCH.

5th and 7th. Debates in the Houſe of Commons on the Declaratory Act.

8. General Carpenter threw himſelf into the Serpentine River, and was drowned.

10. Proteſt in the Houſe of Lords againſt the Declaratory Act.

15. Spirited Remonſtrance preſented by the Parliament of Paris to the French King.

20. The Declaratory Act paſſed.

30. Shocking murder of Mr M'Intoſh, at Hermitage-bridge.

31. Died, the celebrated Lady Viſcounteſs Vane.

APRIL.

8. The Duke of Northumberland inveſted with the Order of the Garter.

14. The King inſpected a new temporary Military Hoſpital erected on the terrace of Somerſet-houſe.

— Account received of the deſtruction of Coringa, in the Eaſt Indies.

— Particulars brought over of the loſs of the Ganges Eaſt Indiaman, Capt Frazer, on the 23d of May, 1787

14. Treaty of Alliance ratified between the King of Pruſſia and the States of Holland.

18. Debate in the Commons on the promotion of Flag officers.

— Kleriſk, a frontier fortreſs of European Turkey, taken by the Emperor.——Several ſkirmiſhes between the Turks and Auſtrians.

29. Treaty of Defenſive Alliance ratified between his Britannic Majeſty and the States General.

— The Emperor of Morocco threatened a declaration of war againſt Great Britain.

31. Several capital houſes in the cotton branch ſtopped payment to the amount of nearly one million.

MAY.

9. Debates on the Impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey.

12. Died, Duke Louis of Brunſwick, in the 70th year of his age.

15. The Emperor of Morocco's declaration of war announced.

16. Singular Proceedings on holding a bed of Juſtice at Verſailles.

19. Grand Inſtallation of Knights of the Order of the Bath.

23. De-

23. Debate in the Houſe of Lords on the Inſolvent Debtors Bill.

27. Inſtallation Supper and Ball, held at the Pantheon.

28. Violent Diſſentions in France reſpecting the aſſembling of their Parliaments.

31. Spang, a hair-dreſſer, got clandeſtinely into the Queen's Palace, with a deſign of making love to the Princeſs Elizabeth: for which he was confined in Bedlam.

JUNE.

3. Mr Sheridan made his celebrated ſpeech on Haſtings' trial.

— Lord Mansfield reſigned the ſtation of Chief Juſtice of the Court of King's Bench, after holding it thirty-two years.

— The Ambaſſadors from Tippoo Saib arrive at Paris.

5. Sir Lloyd Kenyon reſigned the Maſterſhip of the Rolls, and was made Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench, in the room of Lord Mansfield.

— Proteſt preſented from the Princes of the Blood of France, to his Majeſty at Verſailles.

9. Rebellion in the French Provinces, particularly Britanny.

11. The fleet of the Empreſs of Ruſſia gained a complete victory over the Captain Pacha (the Turkiſh commander), whoſe fleet was either burnt, taken, or fled:——two of the line were taken, together with the Pacha's flag, and 4 or 5000 priſoners.

13. Mr Sheridan concluded his celebrated ſpecch on Haſtings' trial.

16. A ſmart rencontre near Belgrade between the Imperialiſts and Turks, in which the former was ſucceſsful.

19. Remonſtrance from the Parliament of Britanny to the French King.

23. Account of hoſtilities having been commenced between the Swedes and Ruſſians.

— The King of Sweden ſet out from his capital, to embark on board the fleet deſtined againſt the Ruſſians.

28. A violent ſtorm of thunder, rain, &c. by which part of the Tower-wall was deſtroyed, and much other damage ſuſtained in various parts of the town.

— A dreadful fire at Bere Regis, in Dorſet, which burnt down forty-two houſes.

JULY.

1. Several ſkirmiſhes at Grenoble in France, between the people and the military.

2. Advice of a battle between the Auſtrians and Turks, near Bender, in which the latter loſt near 12,000 men.

4. The Prince, a new ſhip of ninety guns, launched at Woolwich.

— The Citizens of Philadelphia celebrated the eſtabliſhment of their new conſtitution in a moſt ſplendid manner.

6. Thomas Cradock, a baker, threw himſelf from the top of the monument.

11. Parliament prorogued.

12. At half paſt ſix in the morning, their Majeſties, accompanied by the Princeſſes, ſet off on their journey to Cheltenham, where they arrived about five in the evening.

—Te Deum ſung at Peterſburgh, on account of the victory over the Turks.

14. Act of Guaranty for preſerving the Stadtholderian form of government in Holland, entered into by the States of Holland.

— Definitive Treaty concluded between Great Britain and Pruſſia.

17. Action between the armies in Tranſylvania, in which the Turks were defeated with much loſs.

21. Admiral Gower returned to Cauſand, after a cruiſe of three weeks, with Prince William Henry; immediate-

mediately after which his Highneſs ſailed for Halifax, on board the Andromache.

22. The Imperial and Ruſſian troops made a bold but unſucceſsful attack upon Choczim.

24. His Majeſty viſited the city of Glouceſter.

28. The Baron de Breteuil reſigned, and a general change took place in the French Miniſtry.

AUGUST.

2. Died, the celebrated Mr Gainſborough, the painter.

3. Four Peers of France, who had been impriſoned in the Baſtile, releaſed by order of his Majeſty.

4. Inſurrection at Brabant, in conſequence of the Emperor's ſeverity.

5. Declaration of the Empreſs of Ruſſia againſt the Swedes.

16. The Royal Family quitted Cheltenham, and arrived at Windſor the ſame evening.

18. The Turkiſh army marched into the Bannat of Temeſwar.

21. Firſt Court Day after their Majeſties' return.

— Arret publiſhed by the French King, ſtating the deplorable ſituation of the nation's finances.

25. The fortreſs of Duicza taken by the Auſtrians.

29. A change in the French Miniſtry; the Archbiſhop of Sens diſgraced, and Mr. Necker appointed Miniſter and Director General of the Finances.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Intelligence from Sweden of great diſſention prevailing in the army.

— A large encampment formed at St Omers.

2. Died, his Grace the Duke of Mancheſter.

5. The Rev Mr Ely tried in Dublin for forgery, and found guilty.

6. Various engagements at ſea between the Turks and Ruſſians.

16. A ceſſation of arms between Ruſſia and Sweden.

— Inſurrections in Britanny.

19. The Turkiſh garriſon of Choczim ſurrendered to the imperial arms.

20. The Emperor retreated from Illova, but was purſued and ſeverely harraſſed by the Turks.

OCTOBER.

1. Brodie executed at Edinburgh.

2. Definitive Treaty of Alliance between Great Britain and Pruſſia ratified.

11. The Archbiſhop of Canterbury's palace robbed of a conſiderable quantity of plate.

24. Died, Right Hon. Lord Dudley and Ward.

NOVEMBER.

4. Being the century of King William's landing at Torbay, was celebrated through moſt parts of Great Britain, and particularly by the WHIG CLUB in London, with every demonſtration of joy.

6. His Majeſty, who had been indiſpoſed for ſome time, was attacked by a change in his diſorder, attended with the moſt unfavourable ſymptoms.

13. A Form of Prayer ordered for his Majeſty's recovery.

20. A general ſcarcity of water throughout England, from the uncommon long drought.

DECEMBER.

3. The Houſe of Lords met purſuant to adjournment, and a Committee was appointed to examine his Majeſty's Phyſicians reſpecting his diſorder.

5 &c. Strong debates in both Houſes of Parliament on the ſubject of the Regency.

Re-

Review.

A General Deſcription of China, containing the Topography of the Fifteen Provinces which compoſe this vaſt Empire, that of Tartary, the Iſles, and other tributary Countries, &c. &c. &c. Illuſtrated by a New and Correct Map of China, and other Copperplates. Tranſlated from the French of L' Abbe Groſier. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.

WE ſhall ſelect a few of the moſt valuable and entertaining articles.

The following is a curious and intereſting detail of the ceremonies obſerved by the Tonquineſe, ſubject to China, in their viſits and entertainments.

" The perſon who pays the viſit, ſtops at the gate, and gives the porter a few looſe leaves of paper containing eight or ten pages, on which are written in large characters his name and titles, together with the intention of his viſit. Theſe leaves are white, and generally covered with red paper; but the Tonquineſe have them of different ſorts and colours, according to the rank and quality of the perſon whom they viſit. If the maſter of the houſe is abſent, they leave the paper to the care of the porter, and the viſit is conſidered as paid and received. A magiſtrate, when he pays a viſit, muſt be clothed in a robe of ceremony proper to his employment; thoſe who have ſome diſtinction among the people, though they hold no public office, have alſo particular viſiting-dreſſes; and they cannot diſpenſe with the uſe of them, without tranſgreſſing the eſtabliſhed rules of civility.

" The Tonquineſe who is the object of the viſits, receives at the door the perſon who pays it: they join hands when they accoſt one another, and, without ſpeaking, by their geſtures alone, ſhew a thouſand marks of politeneſs. The maſter of the houſe invites his viſitor to enter by pointing to the door: if ſeveral people happen to be in the hall, the moſt conſiderable, either by dignity or age, always takes the moſt honourable place, but gives it up in favour of the ſtranger. The firſt place, contrary to our cuſtoms, is that which is neareſt to the door. As ſoon as every one is ſeated, the perſon who pays the viſit, again tells the motive which brought him thither: the maſter of the houſe liſtens with much gravity, and from time to time inclines his body, according to the rules of politeneſs. Servants afterwards, clothed in dreſſes of ceremony, bring a triangular table, upon which are placed twice as many cups of tea as there are people in company, together with two boxes of betel, ſome pipes and tobacco.

" When the viſit is ended, the maſter of the houſe re-conducts his gueſt to the middle of the ſtreet, where they renew their reverences, bows, elevation of hands, and other compliments: laſtly, when the ſtranger is departed, and already advanced a good way, the maſter of the houſe ſends a footman after him to pay him a freſh compliment; and ſome time after, the viſitor, in his turn, ſends back another to thank him, which terminates the viſit.

" It is not only in viſits, that this troubleſome politeneſs is diſplayed; it appears alſo in all their actions which have any relation to ſociety. The Tonquineſe often eat in company; and it is generally then that they talk on buſineſs. Inſtead of forks they uſe ſmall ſticks made of ebony or ivory, the extremities of which are ornamented with gold or ſilver; they never touch any thing with their fingers; and, on this account, they neither waſh their hands before nor after meat. The Tonquineſe,

neſe, when at table, may be juſtly compared to a band of muſicians: they appear to eat in time; and the motion of their hands and jaw-bones ſeems to depend on ſome particular rules. They never uſe napkins, nor are their tables covered with a cloth; they are only ſurrounded with long embroidered carpets, which hang down to the floor. Every perſon has a table for himſelf, unleſs too great a number of gueſts obliges two to ſit together: all the tables are covered with the ſame diſhes, and at the ſame inſtant, and the entertainment generally conſiſts in dainties; for the Tonquineſe prefer variety to ſumptuous and ſuperfluous abundance.

"The following ceremonies are generally obſerved at their entertainments.—The perſon who invites, ſends, the evening before, to his intended gueſt, a few leaves of invitation, in which is contained a kind of bill of fare. Father Horta ſays that he ſaw one, the words of which were as follow: *Chao ting has prepared a repaſt of ſome herbs, cleaned his glaſſes and arranged his houſe, in order that Se-tong may come and recreate him with the charms of his converſation, and the eloquence of his learning; he therefore begs, that he will not deny him that divine pleaſure.* On the firſt leaf of the paper is written, by way of addreſs, the moſt honourable name of the perſon invited, and titles are given him ſuitable to his rank. The ſame formalities are uſed towards all the reſt whom they intend to invite.

"On the day appointed for the entertainment, the maſter of the houſe ſends early in the morning, a paper like the former, to remind the gueſts of their invitation. When the hour of the repaſt approaches, he ſends them a third paper, with a ſervant to conduct them, and to acquaint them how impatient he is to ſee them. After the company are aſſembled, and when they are about to ſit down to table, the maſter of the houſe takes a cup of gold or ſilver, and, lifting it up with both his hands, ſalutes that perſon, who of all the company holds the greateſt rank on account of his employment: he then leaves the hall, and proceeds to the outer court, where, after having turned himſelf towards the ſouth, and offered wine to the tutelary ſpirits who preſide over the houſe, he pours it out in form of a libation. After this ceremony, every one approaches the table deſtined for him. The gueſts, before they ſit down, waſte above an hour in paying compliments; and the maſter of the houſe has no ſooner done with one than he begins with another.—Have they occaſion to drink, compliments muſt begin afreſh; the perſon of greateſt diſtinction drinks firſt; the reſt, afterwards; and all ſalute the maſter of the houſe. Although their cups are very ſmall, and ſcarce deeper than the ſhell of a walnut, they however drink a great deal, but ſlowly, and at ſeveral times. When they begin to grow merry, they diſcuſs various topics; and they ſometimes play at ſmall games, in which thoſe who loſe are condemned to drink.

"Comedies and farces are often repreſented during theſe repaſts; but they are always intermixed with the moſt wretched and frightful muſic. Their inſtruments are baſons, either of braſs or iron, the ſound of which is harſh and ſhrill; drums made of a buffalo's hide, which they beat ſometimes with the foot, and ſometimes with ſticks; and flutes, that have a moſt melancholy and plaintive ſound: the voices of the muſicians have nearly the ſame harmony. The actors in theſe domeſtic comedies, are boys between the age of twelve and fifteen. Their manager conducts them from province to province; and they are every where conſidered as the dregs of the people. Theſe

youths have moſt aſtoniſhing memories; they know by heart forty or fifty comedies, the ſhorteſt of which generally laſts five hours. They carry their theatrical apparatus along with them, together with a volume, containing their comedies, which they preſent; and when a piece has been fixed on, they can immediately perform it without any preparation.

"About the middle of the entertainment, one of the performers goes round to all the tables, and begs ſome ſmall reward from each of the gueſts; and the ſervants of the houſe do the ſame, and carry to their maſters whatever money they receive: a new repaſt is then diſplayed before the company, which is deſtined for their domeſtics.

"The end of theſe entertainments is generally ſuited to the beginning. The gueſts praiſe in detail the excellence of the diſhes, and the politeneſs and generoſity of their hoſt, who, on his part, makes a number of excuſes, and begs pardon, with many low bows, for not having treated them according to their merit."

With the following account of the preparing the TEA, we ſhall, for the preſent, diſmiſs this article.

"When the tea leaves have been collected, they are expoſed to the ſteam of boiling water; after which, they are put upon plates of copper, and held over the fire, until they become dry and ſhrivelled, and appear ſuch as we have them in Europe.

"According to the teſtimony of Kœmpfer, tea is prepared in the ſame manner in the iſles of Japan. "There are to ſeen there," ſays this traveller, "public buildings erected for the purpoſe of preparing the freſh-gathered tea. Every private perſon who has not ſuitable conveniences, or who is unacquainted with the operation, may carry his leaves thither as they dry. Theſe buildings contain a great number of ſmall ſtoves raiſed about three feet high, each of which has a broad plate of iron fixed over its mouth. The workmen are ſeated round a large table covered with mats, and are employed in rolling the tea-leaves which are ſpread out upon them. When the iron plates are heated to a certain degree by the fire, they cover them with a few pounds of freſh-gathered leaves, which, being green and full of ſap, crackle as ſoon as they touch the plate. It is then the buſineſs of the workman to ſtir them with his naked hands, as quickly as poſſible, until they become ſo warm, that he cannot eaſily endure the heat. He then takes off the leaves with a kind of ſhovel, and lays them upon mats. The people who are employed in mixing them, take a ſmall quantity at a time, roll them in their hands always in the ſame direction, while others keep continually ſtirring them, in order that they may cool ſooner, and preſerve their ſhrivelled figure the longer. This proceſs is repeated two or three times, and even oftener, before the tea is depoſited in the warehouſes. Theſe precautions are neceſſary to extract all the moiſture from the leaves.

"The people in the country beſtow much leſs labour on the preparation of their tea. They are contented with drying the leaves in earthen veſſels, which are held over the fire. This operation, being much ſimpler, is attended with leſs trouble and expence, and enables them to ſell their tea at a much lower price.

"Common tea is preſerved in narrow-mouthed earthen veſſels; but that uſed by the emperor and grandees is incloſed in porcelain vaſes, or in leaden and tin caniſters covered with fine mats made of bamboo.

"The Chineſe and people of Japan generally keep their tea a year before they uſe it, becauſe, as they pretend, when quite new, it poſſeſſes

a narcotic quality which hurts the brain.

"The Chineſe pour warm water over their tea, and leave it to infuſe, as we do in Europe; but they drink it without any mixture, and even without ſugar. The people of Japan reduce theirs to a fine powder, which they dilute with warm water, until it has acquired the conſiſtence of thin ſoup. Their manner of ſerving tea is as follows. They place before the company the tea equipage, and the box in which this powder is contained; they fill the cups with warm water; and, taking from the box as much powder as the point of a knife can contain, throw it into each of the cups, and ſtir it with a toothpick until the liquor begins to foam; it is then preſented to the company, who ſip it while it is warm. According to F. du Halde, this method is not peculiar to the Japaneſe; it is alſo uſed in ſome of the provinces of China."

Directions to thoſe whom they may concern.

1. *To Boarding-School Miſtreſſes.*

SHOULD you happen to have a ſprig of nobility in your houſe, be ſure to call upon the name of lady Suſan, or lady ſuch a one, on every occaſion. To have it made known that you have under your charge perſons of rank, will raiſe the reputation of your Seminary. No offenſive alluſion is hereby meant to the antiquated art of ſewing, or ſeaming.

If you have imported from France,—whether from Paris or Picardy is immaterial,——a French governeſs, whatever company may be preſent, let yourſelf and madam, or *Madamoiſelle*, engroſs all the converſation. By this means, your learning will aſtoniſh all thoſe who, having been *brought up*, not *educated*, in the Hebrides, in Ardnamurchan, or in ſome ſuch outlandiſh place, have been debarred from the opportunity of acquiring this eſſential accompliſhment.

As to poor Madamoiſelle, the more you keep her in the dark regarding the Engliſh, the more light the Miſſes will receive from her pure French.

2. *To Gentlemen Street-Walkers.*

Contrary to eſtabliſhed practice, ſhould miſhap doom you to walk with a woman of character, and ſhould you meet a *demirep*, or even a notorious proſtitute, give her a ſignificant nod, which is as much as ſaying, that you *know what*;——or you may mutter, audibly enough, however, to be heard by the modeſt woman, "How do you do Peg?" The modeſt woman ſurely cannot prize your company the leſs, that you thus give her to underſtand you might, had you choſen, been engaged *elſewhere*.

You are alſo particularly to obſerve, that the cuſtom of giving any lady the *wall*, is quite exploded. In getting out of your way, ſhould it be neceſſary for her to ſtep over a dirty kennel, ſhe has an opportunity of diſplaying a fine ancle. Of the ſenſation of pleaſure, ariſing in the breaſts of men, from this diſplay, the fair ſex have a pretty competent idea.

3. *To walking Ladies.*

Should the impetuoſity of a hackney coachman, the joſtlings of a loaded porter, or the ſtaggerings of a careleſs buck, drive you into the mud, on no earthly conſideration accept of the aid, or arm of a ſtranger: tho' he ſhould appear to be a perfect gentleman, he may be one whom *nobody knows*.

To the decorum of the inhabitants, both male and female, of the city of

Edinburgh, be it remembered, that, deviating from the levity of the Pariſian, and of the inhabitants of all other large cities, they alone, in their perambulations for health, pleaſure, or otherwiſe, obſerve a moſt profound diſtance.

4, *To Frequenters of the Theatre.*

Of you, of the maſculine gender, the preſence before the end of the 3d act would infallibly bring down upon your heads the odious ſtigma of vulgarity. To be ſuppoſed to have ſitten down, before you had poured into your ſtomachs leſs than the contents of three or four bottles, would amount to an impeachment of your characters as men of faſhion. A rouzed countenance, diſhevelled hair, and ſtained ruffles, now-a-days, are the paſſports into *all* ſorts of genteel company. A pragmatic old fellow, or a poor relation from the country, only appear dreſt!

For an example of good behaviour there, and of the cut of your coat, whether velvet or camlet,——and for the ſize of your bludgeon, conſult ——.

In eſcorting the ladies to their chairs, let the preference be invariably given to the handſomeſt of the girls, whether ſhe be the eldeſt or not, and *to them all* before their mothers. When young, the mothers, doubtleſs, have ſhone, and been attended to. The reign of beauty is but of ſhort duration.

As to you, ye Fair, ——.

Cætera, pro tempore, deſunt.

TRAP.

——*Coffee-houſe 26th Nov.* 1788.

[Edin. Mag.

Memorable Things that happened in NOVEMBER.

THE month of *November* is not only remarkable for its happy occurrences reſpecting theſe nations, but it is diſtinguiſhed for a ſeries of uncommon events, at different periods of time, and in different parts of the world. The following ſhort catalogue may amuſe ſome of our readers; the items are from the beſt hiſtorical authority.

The General Deluge, calculated from the moſt probable data, began Nov. 25, in the year of the world 1656, i. e. 2348 years before Chriſt.

79, The cities of Herculaneum, and Pompeium totally overwhelmed by an earthquake.

1047, The Duke of Orleans aſſaſſinated at Paris, by order of the Duke of Burgoyne.—Nov. 23.

1318, The greateſt earthquake ever known in England.—Nov. 14.

1530, Cardinal Wolſey was baniſhed the court and city.—Nov, 4.

1542. The battle of Solway.—Nov. 24.

1605, Gunpowder plot diſcovered.—Nov. 5.

1630, The alliance between King Charles the Firſt, and Philip the Fourth of Spain.—Nov. 5.

1650. King William the Third was born.——Nov. 4.

1677. King William the Third married to the Princeſs Mary of England.—Nov. 18.

1678, The Houſe of Commons committed a Secretary of State to the Tower.—Nov. 18.

1688, King William the Third arrived in Torbay.——Nov. 4 or 5.

1694, The bill paſſed for triennial parliaments.—Nov. 12.

1709, Dr. Sacheverell preached his ſeditious ſermon at St. Paul's.

1711, The bandbox plot diſcovered.—Nov. 4.

1712, The Duke of Hamilton, and Lord Mohun, killed in a duel in Hyde park.—Nov. 15.

1740, Mr. Juſtice Howard aſſaſſinated in Weſtminſter hall—Nov. 21.

1746, Earthquake at Lima, which deſ-

deſtroyed that city, and 4000 perſons loſt their lives.—Nov. 20.

1755, Earthquake at Oporto in Portugal, Seville in Spain, and at Liſbon, where, in about eight minutes, moſt of the houſes, and 50,000 inhabitants were deſtroyed; it extended about five thouſand miles.——Nov. 1.

1757, the battle of Roſbach.——Nov. 5.

1759, Sardinian Ambaſſador's chapel, near Lincoln's-inn-fields, burnt.——Nov. 30.

1772, An exploſion of gunpowder at Cheſter, which deſtroyed many people aſſembled at a puppet-ſhew, and did conſiderable damage to ſeveral houſes.——Nov. 5.

1773, Abbeville in France nearly deſtroyed by an exploſion of Gunpowder, when 150 inhabitants periſhed, and 1000 houſes were deſtroyed.—Nov. 4.

Poetry.

SONG.

To our ain LAIRD.

(Original.)

Tune, *Caul kail in Aberdeen, &c.*

NAE langer ſyne na juſt yeſtreen,
A quorum blythe and vogie,
Met in a kiln-barn ſwyppet clean,
To try your reel o' bogie:
A pyper lad well kent in teen,
And a' the laſſes dreſt and keen,
He gotna time to clear his een,
Till he plaid the reel o' bogie.

II.

The word went out and rais'd a rout,
The lads a' left the fiddle;
It brought 'em as clean in about,
As load-ſtane wou'd a needle;
A candle fir ſtack i' the wa,'
Shaw'd a' the laſſes white as ſnaw,
They ca'd the ſpring, the reel o'er a,'
The bonny reel o' bogie.

III.

Syne but and ben they binner'd fine,
The ale was in a cogie,
They drank to him, an' a' his kine,
That likes the reel o' bogie:
He's prie our mou, gin that wud pleaſe 'm,
Sae laithe as we wud be to teaſe 'm
As lang's we live, ſae fair's we'll reeſe 'm
That likes the reel o' bogie.

IV.

A winſome ſpark, a highland Grant,
Said till a laſs afore him,
Whilk ſpring, dear *Eppy*, do ye want,
The Grants, or Tullochgorum;
Uiſt quo' ſhe, they hae had their time,
We lik'd them gaily ſhortlins ſyne,
But now they winna pleaſe our mind,
Play up the reel o' bogie.

V.

Syne i'the morning near cock crawin,'
For fear auld maidens might them blame
(The lads had clear'd the pyper-lawin',)
Sae ilk' laſs ſkipt blythly hame;
Attended kindly by her ſwain,
Some prigged, deary, be my ain,
They parted, but to meet again,
To dance the reel o' bogie.

Stra'bogie. PEGGY.

VERSES,

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY, WHO WAS SEDUCED, AND DESERTED BY HER LOVER.

WHERE now is that ſun of repoſe,
Which once uſed to ſhine on my breaſt,

Which

With the morn that ſo genially roſe,
And at night ſet ſo kindly to reſt ?

Withdrawn now, alas! from my ſight,
On the morning no longer it beams!
And inſtead of contentment at night,
Now horror embitters my dreams.

O! Belmour, why e'er did I hear
What I knew muſt be death to believe;
Or drink up a ſtrain in my ear,
When I knew it was meant to deceive ?

In vain the dark grove do I try,
Some reſpite from ſorrow to find,
For ah! from the world I may fly,
But cannot eſcape from my mind.

In the thickeſt receſs of the ſhade,
My conſcience cries, ah! guilty fair!
What a wretch a fond father you've made,
What a mother you've plung'd in deſpair.

The Zephyrs' ſoft innocent gale
Now ſeems at my conduct to roar,
And the ſtream, as it winds through the vale,
Cries, Flavia is ſpotleſs no more.

At church, in the moment of pray'r,
Remorſe lifts her terrible rod,
And harrows my ſoul with deſpair,
Tho' I kneel at the throne of my God.

'Tis juſt, but I cannot complain,
For Belmour ſtill dwells in my eye;
And this boſom ſo baſely betray'd,
Still heaves with too tender a ſigh.

In ſpite of Religion's pure breath,
The ſofteſt ideas will riſe;
And I doat on deſtruction and death,
While I labour to hate and deſpiſe.

Come, grave, then, thou beſt of reliefs,
Regardleſs of ſeaſon or time,
At once put an end to my griefs,
And throw a dark veil o'er my crime.

Yet ceaſe not, ye tears, ſtill to flow
From the fount of contrition and love;
For exceſs of ſorrow below
A pardon may purchaſe above.

On Sunday morning, Sept. 28, 1788, died the Rev. JOSEPH HOSKINS, Preacher of the Goſpel at the Independent Meeting in Caſtle-green, in Briſtol, who as a paſtor was indefatigable, and to the poor a great friend and benefactor. His worth and character were teſtified by the numerous friends of both ſexes who attended his funeral, and will be a laſting monument of the eſteem he was held in as a miniſter. Upwards of five hundred people of his own congregation followed the corpſe to the burial-ground, where was ſuppoſed to be ſeven or eight thouſand more aſſembled.

The Sabbath-Day preceding his death he preached a Sermon from St. Mathew, chapter xiii. verſe 43. "Then ſhall the Righteous ſhine forth as the Sun in the kingdom of their Father;" after which he delivered the following remarkable

HYMN,

OF HIS OWN COMPOSITION;

I.

WHATE'ER the Wicked think or ſay,
A ſolemn ſcene is near;
For God hath fix'd the Judgment Day,
And we muſt all appear.

II.

Before JEHOVAH'S awful bar
Sinners muſt quickly ſtand:
How will they tremble and deſpair
When plac'd at CHRIST'S left hand!

III.

But Saints ſhall all their ſuff'rings end,

And

And ev'ry ſorrow here,
When they behold their Judge and Friend
In yonder clouds appear.

IV.

Soon will the joyful ſeaſon come
When we ſhall hence remove
To Heaven, our everlaſting home,—
To JESUS whom we love.

V.

Soon will the ſtorms of life be o'er,
Soon will the wicked ceaſe;
And we ſhall reach the bliſsful ſhore
Of everlaſting Peace.

VI.

Then will the Lord his children own,
Then ſhall the Righteous ſhine
In glory bright as yonder ſun,
In radiancy divine.

VII.

Then will our GOD his ſaints confeſs
Before the world around;
And then proclaim their righteouſneſs,
The wicked to confound.

VIII.

Then let the Righteous patient wait
'Till they from earth remove,
'Till GOD ſhall change their preſent ſtate
To perfect bliſs above!

AN ODE.

THE APPARITION.

I.

RECLIN'D I lay on graſſy bed,
Spring ſcatter'd odours o'er my head;
On her alone I mus'd, who of my ſoul
Alike by day and night fills and inſpires the whole.

II.

The falling beam, dew-dropping ſkies,
And lulling zephyrs, clos'd my eyes,
Juſt as the ſpangled evening 'gan appear,
And Philomela's notes died on my ſlumbering ear.

III.

When lo! a form, celeſtial bright,
In viſion broke upon my ſight:
The gleam of Heſp'rus in her eyes I view'd,
Her heavenly ſmiling lips exhal'd beatitude.

IV.

Like waves by Veſper ting'd with gold,
Her robe in many a roſy fold
Flow'd o'er her limbs light-gliding o'er the ground,
While clouds of fragrance ſhed ambroſia all around.

V.

"Thou knew'ſt me once," with accent mild;
She ſaid, while every feature ſmil'd;
"Thou knew'ſt me once," the heavenly form purſu'd,
And with a nectar-drop my trembling lips bedew'd.

VI.

"Joy is my name; with endleſs flower
"In realms immortal blooms my bower:
"Yet ſtoops my pinion ev'n to earth below,
"And with my nectar-drops I ſweeten
"mortal woe.

VII.

"I love thee; come, to me devote
"Thy beating heart, thy trembling
"note:
"O come, and baniſh her who of thy
"ſoul
"Alike by day and night fills and inſpires the whole."

VIII.

'Goddeſs!' I cry'd, 'the mortal
'race
'Inceſſant ſigh to ſee thy face;
'In thee immortals find their higheſt
'bliſs;
'I love thee too; but oh! ſpare if I
'judge amiſs.

IX.

'Lo! to attend thee I forbear:
'Yet ſpare the mortal, Laura
'ſpare,
'How can I baniſh her, who of my
'ſoul

'Alike

'Alike by day and night fills and in-
'ſpires the whole?'

X.

As lightning quick ſhe fled, and I
Awoke as quick: my heart beat high;
Yet ſtill it beat for her, who of my ſoul
Alike by day and night fills and inſpires the whole. J. S.

SPRING.

By FRANCIS KNIGHT, *Jun.*

I.

O SPRING, relenting maid! appear,
Unbind again the frozen ground,
In beauty deck the ſmiling year,
And ſcatter vernal roſes round.
O come; and with thy radiant hand
In purple paint the weſtern ſky;
O come! and let thy chearful band
Remove th' obſtructing clouds, and bid pale Winter fly.

II.

By wanton Zephyrs fann'd, the roſe
In pride ſurveys its opening bloom;
The violets every charm diſcloſe,
And fill the air with rich perfume:
All nature is with beauty crown'd,
The trees reſume their varied hues,
The richeſt verdure dyes the ground,
And every charm appears, to court the rural Muſe.

III.

O thou! by whoſe divine command
Each low'ring tempeſt left our iſle,
Thy bleſſings deal with liberal hand,
And bid thy toiling ſervants ſmile:
Let Winter turn his gloomy car,
And yield to ſpring's delightful ſway,
Fly with his ſhivering train afar,
Nor with tempeſtuous clouds deform the roſy May.

IV.

Unclouded in the azure ſky,
Let the bright ſun his orb diſplay,
Each ſtorm and threat'ning blaſt defy,
And chear us with his genial ray.
Let blooming Spring unrival'd reign,
An earneſt of the grateful ſtore
Which Autumn ſheds on every plain,
And man thy praiſe ſhall ſing, and thy great power adore.

SONG.

By Mr H. Walpole.

AS the Mole's ſilent ſtream crept penſive along,
And the winds murmur'd ſolemn the willows among,
On the green turf complaining a ſwain lay reclin'd,
And wept to the river, and ſigh'd to the wind.
In vain, he cry'd, Nature has waken'd the ſpring,
In vain blooms the violet, the nightingales ſing;
To a heart full of ſorrow no beauties appear,
Each zephyr's a ſigh, each dew-drop's a tear.
In vain my Sophia has graces to move
The faireſt to envy, the wiſeſt to love;
Her preſence no longer gives joy to my eye,
Since without her to live, is more pain than to die.
Oh that Slumber his pinions would over me ſpread,
And paint but her image in dreams in her ſtead;
The beautiful viſion would ſoften my pain,
But ſleep's a relief I ſolicit in vain.
The wretch thus like me, his heart wounded with care,
Is deluded by Hope, and undone by Deſpair;
His pains ever working deny him repoſe,
And the moments but vary to vary his woes.

THE

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To the EDITOR *of the* PUBLIC LEDGER.

—"TO LOVE, CHERISH, AND TO OBEY."

Matrimonial Service, Common Prayer.

SIR,

I HAPPENED to be lately in company with a few ſelect and agreeable friends, who met on a holiday occaſion, when, near the hour of parting, the converſation happened to turn on the matrimonial ſervice, appointed by the church; how the ſubject was ſtarted I do not now recollect; but it ſoon ſeemed to take this turn, that the word OBEY, in the promiſe or vow to be made by the *woman*, was very improper, and ought not to be. It was ſtrenuouſly contended, by a very amiable lady preſent, that the obliging women to make a *vow* to *obey* their huſbands, was in a manner obliging them to perjure themſelves; as a thouſand inſtances might occur, in which her obedience would be exceedingly improper.

I need not tell you, that a ſubject of this kind, ſtarted in a company, conſiſting partly of married perſons, and partly ſingle, would occaſion a good deal of debate. The lady, however, who gave the opinion above mentioned, evidently had the advantage; and it is in defence of that opinion, that I now addreſs a few words to you.

I object to the word *obey* in the marriage ſervice, (and I dare ſay many ladies have objected to it on the ſame account) becauſe it is a general word, without limitation, or definition. My Dictionary tells me what it is *to obey*, and the word in our marriage ſervice admits of no exceptions. It is *obey* in its fulleſt ſenſe. The bride, who ſhould pronounce the word, *obey*, with mental reſervations, would certainly deceive herſelf, if ſhe ſhould ſuppoſe ſhe would not be guilty of a ſpecies of perjury; for where I have ſworn, or even promiſed to *obey* any man, I muſt in honour conſider myſelf as having ſworn, or promiſed to obey him in all things and at all times. In a word, I have bound myſelf by word or oath to be his ſlave, until he is pleaſed to releaſe me, which in the matrimonial ſtate, is an occurrence that I believe but ſeldom happens. And in doing this,

I think it will not be denied that I am a ſlave to all intents and purpoſes; intents in which I have no deſign, and purpoſes in which I have neither intereſt nor happineſs.

But we are not uſed, in this liberal age, to conſider the marriage engagement as a contract of this kind. Why, therefore, is the word *obey* ſtill preſerved in our ſervice, when it would be ſo eaſy to leave it out; and when, in fact, it is virtually left out by nine out of ten who enter into that holy ſtate? You may ſay, perhaps, that the word *obey*, only means that the wife is to obey in all things lawful—Yes. But can you prove that *obey*, as it appears in our ſervice, will admit of this reſtrictive interpretation?——Can you alſo prove that huſbands in general will admit of the very favourable conſtruction you are pleaſed to put upon it? I am afraid not—and on theſe accounts, I repeat it, I could wiſh that the words "love and cheriſh" remained alone, and the word *obey* ſhould be omitted, and underſtood to be implied, as far as proper, in the preceding words.

Obedience in all other caſes is underſtood with certain limitations. Children are bound to obey their parents, becauſe children when young cannot be ſuppoſed to have acquired any will of their own, that is founded upon judgement, upon experience, upon the nice knowledge of right and wrong. But when children grow up to youth, although they are ſtill equally bound to obey their parents, yet that is always underſtood with certain reſtrictions. For if my child is old enough to know right from wrong, and well-educated children will learn to know that very ſoon; if in this caſe I order my ſon to do an action that is unjuſt, he is not bound to obey me; it would be unreaſonable to expect it. I ſuppoſe, in this caſe, that the action I order him to perform, is one, the injuſtice of which cannot be called in queſtion, and which it needs no great judgment to tell him that it is unjuſt.

Again, we are to render obedience to the laws of our country; here the wiſdom of our conſtitution has provided that we have no laws to obey but what are juſt and good, and for the welfare of ſociety. But if ever it ſhould happen a law were enacted, ordering me to deſpoil my neighbour of his property, to turn him out of his houſe, and take from him all his comforts, I know, that according to the ſpirit of that bleſſed conſtitution under which I live, I am not bound by, and may reſiſt ſuch a law.

In one other inſtance, and the only one I ſhall mention, in the caſe of maſter and ſervant, I am certainly bound to obey my maſter; I am bound to perform whatever menial ſervices belong to my ſituation; but if that maſter orders me to ſteal from his neighbour, orders me to what muſt inevitably endanger my own life, or, in ſhort, orders me to perform any act which the law may take hold of, which is in itſelf unjuſt, I am then releaſed from my obedience. He may diſmiſs me from his ſervice, but no law will enable him to enforce obedience to what is unlawful.

In all the caſes I have put, it is underſtood that obedience is expected, but that obedience is at the ſame time underſtand with proper limitation; otherwiſe, indeed, we ſhould be a nation of ſlaves, and not freemen. Why, then, ſhould the partners of our cares, and our ſorrows, why ſhould our *wives* only be bound by a promiſe, in which no limitations are *expreſſed?* If thoſe limitations are *underſtood*, then there is no longer occaſion for the word *obey*; for in a company of friends it is always underſtood that mutual obedience is a duty, but that duty it would be abſurd to expreſs in words by any previous agreement.

The

The obedience between man and wife, I conceive, is or ought to be mutual—it ought to be mutual for the ſake of their intereſt, inaſmuch as two free opinions conjoined are more likely to produce a wiſe deciſion than one; and it ought to be mutual for the ſake of their happineſs—for I believe it will be acknowledged, with conviction on all hands, that whatever miſeries ariſe in the married ſtate, ariſe from the aſſumption on one ſide or other of abſolute power. Marriage ought never to be conſidered as a contract between a ſuperior and inferior, but a reciprocal union of intereſts, an implied partnerſhip of intereſts, where our differences are accommodated in conference, and where the deciſion admits of no retroſpect. Separate privileges there may be on both ſides—but like the Houſes of Lords and Commons, tenacious as they are of their diſtinct privileges, they ſhould, in all diſputed points, meet each other half way, and like thoſe Houſes too, when a queſtion of privilege occurs, always clear the galleries, that there may be no witneſſes of the diſpute.

If the huſband amicably agrees to obey the wife, and the wife to obey the huſband, it may perhaps be ſaid, there can be nothing at all done, or that this is abſurd in terms: for where there is no command there can be no obedience. Abſurd, however, as this may appear in the theory, it is perfectly reconcileable, and daily practiſed in ſome of the happieſt—nay, in all the happy families of this kingdom. A thouſand little incidents will ariſe, wherein obedience may be manifeſted from the huſband to the wife, and from the wife to the huſband—founded too on the beſt of all poſſible foundations for obedience, on gratitude—for what is mutual obedience, but the gratitude of each party reciprocally for the former obedience, each on ſome former occaſion.

To inforce obedience by a promiſe before marriage from one party, does not ſeem to be very juſt; it certainly will produce no good effect—and to perſiſt in exacting that obedience after marriage, can only produce the very worſt effects.—Suppoſe we leave out of our conſideration the many women of ſuperior judgement of our acquaintance, it will ſtill be allowed that there is no woman born to be a ſlave, and no woman whoſe underſtanding is ſo very barren, but what ſhe may at ſome times take the lead in command with better effect than her huſband. In a word, Sir, begging pardon for detaining you ſo long, let men take care that they do not marry women for beauty or riches only, and they may in this world find it not difficult to procure a wife whoſe love will alleviate their cares, whoſe advice will promote their intereſt, and whoſe underſtanding they may be proud to conſult. Your's,

A MATRIMONIAL REPUBLICAN.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE VARNISH TREE.

AN opinion long prevailed in Europe, that the celebrated varniſh of the Chineſe was only a particular compoſition, which theſe people had the art of making It is now known, that they are indebted to nature and their climate only, for this precious liquor, which gives ſo much luſtre and beauty to many of their manufactures. The Chineſe varniſh is indeed nothing elſe than a reddiſh gum which diſtils from certain trees called *tſi-chu*. Theſe trees grow in the provinces of *Kiang ſi* and *Se tchuen*; but thoſe which are found in the territories of *Can tcheou*, one of the moſt ſoutherly cities of *Kiang-ſi*, produce the moſt valuable varniſh.

We are aſſured, that the *tſi chu*, the

bark and leaves of which have great reſemblance to thoſe of the aſh, bear neither fruit nor flowers. It ſeldom exceeds fifteen feet in height; and the circumference of its trunk, when largeſt, is about two feet, or two feet and a half. The Chineſe take the following method of propagating this tree.—In ſpring, they chooſe a vigorous ſhoot, about a foot in length, which proceeds immediately from the trunk, and coat over the lower part, by which it adheres to the tree, with a kind of yellow earth, at leaſt three inches in thickneſs. This coat is carefully covered with a mat, to defend it from rain and the injuries of the air. Towards the autumnal equinox, they detach a little of the earth, to obſerve in what condition the ſmall roots are, which begin to ſpring forth from the ſhoot. If they find that the filaments which compoſe them, are of a reddiſh colour, they judge it is time to make an amputation; but they defer it, if the roots are white, becauſe this colour ſhews that they are yet too tender. They then cloſe up the coat again, and wait till the ſpring following. When the ſhoot is ſeparated from the trunk of the tree, it is put into the earth; but, in whatever ſeaſon it is planted, whether in ſpring or autumn, great care muſt be taken to put plenty of cinders into the hole prepared for it; without this precaution, the ants would deſtroy the yet tender roots, or at leaſt deprive them of all their moiſture, and cauſe them to decay.

The Chineſe do not procure varniſh from the *tſi-chu* until its trunk is nearly five inches in diameter, which ſize it ſeldom attains to before ſeven or eight years. Varniſh extracted from a tree ſmaller, or of leſs age, would not have the ſame body and ſplendor. This liquor diſtils only in the night time, and during the ſummer ſeaſon; it does not flow in winter; and the varniſh produced by the tree in ſpring or autumn, is always mixed with a great deal of water.

To cauſe the gum to flow, they make ſeveral rows of inciſions round the trunk, the number of which is proportioned to the vigour of the tree. The firſt row is ſeven inches from the earth, and the reſt are at the ſame diſtance one from the other, and continue to the top of the trunk, and even ſometimes on the boughs, which are of a ſufficient ſtrength and ſize. The Chineſe uſe a crooked iron for making theſe inciſions, which muſt run a little obliquely, and be equal in depth to the thickneſs of the bark; they make them with one hand, and with the other hold a ſhell, the edges of which they inſert into the opening, where it remains without any ſupport. Theſe inciſions are made towards evening; and next morning, they collect the varniſh that has fallen into the ſhells; the following evening, they are again inſerted; and this operation is continued until the end of the ſummer. A thouſand trees yield almoſt, in one night, twenty pounds of varniſh.

This varniſh, for the moſt part, is not extracted by the proprietors of thoſe trees, but by merchants, who purchaſe them for the ſeaſon, at the rate of 3d. per foot. Theſe merchants afterwards hire workmen, to whom they give an ounce of ſilver per month, both for their labour and maintenance. One workman is ſufficient for fifty feet of timber.

While the varniſh diſtils, it exhales a malignant vapour, the bad effects of which can only be prevented by preſervatives and great precaution. The merchant who employs theſe workmen, is obliged to keep by him a large vaſe filled with rape-oil, in which a certain quantity of thoſe fleſhy filaments have been boiled that are found in hog's lard, and which do not melt. When the workmen are going to fix the ſhells to the trees, they

they carry ſome of this oil along with them, and rub their face and hands with it, which they do with greater care, when they collect in the morning the varniſh that has diſtilled during night. After eating, they waſh their whole bodies with warm water in which the bark of the cheſtnut-tree, fir-wood, cryſtallized ſalpetre, and ſome other drugs, have been boiled. When they are at work near the trees, they put upon their heads a ſmall cloth bag, in which there are two holes, and cover the fore part of their bodies with a kind of apron made of doe-ſkin, which is ſuſpended from their necks with ſtrings, and tied round them with a girdle. They alſo wear boots, and have coverings on their arms, made of the ſame kind of ſkin. The labourer who ſhould attempt to collect varniſh, without uſing this precaution, would ſoon be puniſhed for his raſhneſs; and the moſt dreadful effects would enſue. The diſorder ſhews itſelf by tetters, which become of a bright red color, and ſpread in a very ſhort time; the body afterwards ſwells, and the ſkin burſts, and appears covered with an univerſal leproſy. The unhappy wretch could not long endure the excruciating pains which he feels, did he not find a ſpeedy remedy in thoſe preſervatives which are uſed againſt the malignant and noxious exhalations of the varniſh.

When the labourers go to collect this gum, they carry, ſuſpended from their girdles, a kind of veſſel, made of leather; with one hand they detach the ſhells, and ſcrape them with a ſmall iron inſtrument, which they hold in the other, in order that they may loſe none of the varniſh. It is then carried to the merchant's houſe, where it is purified, by ſtraining it through a cloth; and the dregs are ſold to the druggiſts, who employ them for certain purpoſes in medicine.

The ſeaſon of collecting varniſh being ended, the merchant puts it into ſmall caſks, cloſely ſtopped. A pound of it, newly made, coſts him about one ſhilling and eight-pence ſterling; but he gains cent. per cent. upon it, and ſometimes more, according to the diſtance of the place to which he tranſports it.

Beſides the luſtre and beauty that varniſh gives to many of the Chineſe manufactures, it has alſo the property of preſerving the wood upon which it is laid, eſpecially if no other matter be mixed with it. It prevents it from being hurt, either by dampneſs or worms.

Every workman has a particular art and method of uſing varniſh. This work requires not only much ſkill and dexterity, but alſo great attention, to obſerve the proper degree of fluidity which the gum ought to have, as it muſt be neither too thick nor too liquid when it is laid on. Patience, above all, is neceſſary in thoſe who wiſh to ſucceed. To be properly varniſhed, a work muſt be done at leiſure; and a whole ſummer is ſcarcely ſufficient to bring it to perfection. It is therefore rare to ſee any of thoſe cabinets which are imported to us from Canton, ſo beautiful and durable as thoſe manufactured in Japan, Tong-king, and Nang-king, the capital of the province of Kiangnan: not that the artiſts do not employ the ſame varniſh; but, as they work for Europeans, who are more eaſily pleaſed, they do not take the trouble of giving the pieces which come from their hands, all the poliſh they are capable of receiving.

Miscellaneous Anecdotes.

MR. Vaillant, the celebrated antiquarian, having embarked at Marſeilles, with ſeveral other French gentle-

gentlemen, in a veſſel belonging to Leghorn, in order to go to Rome, was taken the ſecond day after his departure by an Algerine corſair. As the King of France was not then at war with the Dey, Mr. Vaillant and his companions flattered themſelves that the Algerines would ſet them at liberty, and put them again on ſhore, as had been done upon ſeveral recent occaſions; but the Captain excuſed himſelf, by pretending that he was too far from the French coaſt, and that he had no proviſions but what were abſolutely neceſſary for his return. The Algerines, therefore, ſtripped him as well as the reſt, crying out, *bona pace Franceſi*, and carried them to Algiers, where they were treated as ſlaves. The French Conſul requeſted that they might be ſet at liberty, but in vain. The Dey inſiſted upon detaining them, in the room of eight Algerines, who he ſaid were in the king's gallies, and whoſe liberty he could not obtain. However, after being four months and a half in this diſagreeable ſituation, Mr. Vaillant was permitted to return to France. Twenty gold medals, which had been taken from him were reſtored, and he embarked in a ſmall veſſel, bound for Marſeilles. After ſailing two days, with a favourable wind, the captain ſpied a Sallee rover advancing towards them by the help of its oars, and though he uſed every manœuvre, in order to eſcape, the pirate ſoon got within cannon ſhot. Mr. Vaillant, who was much alarmed for the medals he had recovered at Algiers, ſwallowed them without heſitation; but a briſk wind ſpringing up, ſoon carried him clear of the pirate, and drove the veſſel upon the coaſt of Catalonia, where it was in danger of being loſt. After this, the French captain entagled himſelf among the ſhoals and ſand banks at the mouth of the Rhone, where he loſt his anchors, and Mr. Vaillant having got into the boat, with ſome difficulty reached the neighbouring ſhore. The medals which he had ſwallowed, and which weighed about four or five ounces, incommoded him much. He conſulted two phyſicians what method he ought to purſue, in order to recover them. The caſe appeared ſingular; and, as they did not agree in opinion, Mr. Vaillant took no medicine. Nature, however, gave him relief from time to time, and he had recovered the half of his treaſure when he arrived at Lyons. In that city he went to viſit a virtuoſo, who was one of his friends, to whom he related his adventures; and he did not forget to mention the circumſtance of the medals. He ſhewed him thoſe which he had recovered, and deſcribed thoſe which he expected. Among the latter was an Otho, which his friend was very deſirous of having. He requeſted Mr. Vaillant to part with it for a certain ſum. Mr. Vaillant complied, on account of the ſingularity of the circumſtance, and very luckily he was that day enabled to fulfil his engagement*.

People generally retain, to the laſt moment of their lives, that ruling paſſion which influenced their actions during life. Mr. De Lagny, of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, who was a great calculator, having become inſenſible in his laſt illneſs, Mr. Maupertuis approached his bed, and endeavoured to rouſe him a little, by calling out, "Mr. Lagny, what is the "ſquare of twelve?" "An hundred "and forty-four," replied Mr. Lagny, and ſoon after expired.

Francis I. obtained a brief from the Pope, by which all the clergy of France were obliged to ſhave, or to pay a certain ſum for having the right of wearing a beard. The bi-

* This ſingular anecdote is taken from the Hiſtory of the Academy of Inſcriptions.

ſhops

ſhops and beneficed clergy readily paid the tax, but the poor eccleſiaſtics were reduced to the neceſſity of parting with this ornament of the chin; however, according to the ſtatutes of ſome churches, the biſhop himſelf could not perform ſervice without laying aſide his beard, and of this Duprat was a remarkable example. This prelate, ſon of the chancellor of the ſame name, had one of the moſt beautiful beards in the kingdom; he had juſt returned, full of glory, from the Council of Trent, where he had diſplayed his eloquence, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his writings, when he was appointed to the biſhoprick of Clermont. On Eaſter Sunday he came to take poſſeſſion; but when he appeared at the cathedral, with a deſign of performing ſervice, he found the doors ſhut. Three dignitaries of the Chapter were waiting for him at the entrance, one of whom held a razor, another a pair of ſciſſars, and the third a book, containing the ancient ſtatutes of the church, in which he pointed out with his finger theſe words, *barbis raſis*, no beards. Duprat in vain repreſented, that it was not proper to do any work upon ſo ſolemn a day; two of theſe gentlemen held their weapons in a threatening poſture; to ſave his beard, therefore, the biſhop was obliged to take to his heels, and to abandon his ſee, and grief ſoon after put an end to his days.

TEN PRECEPTS, *which* WILLIAM *Lord* BURLEIGH, *Lord High Treaſurer of* England, *gave his ſecond Son*, ROBERT CECIL, *afterwards Earl of* SALISBURY.

SON ROBERT,

THE virtuous inclinations of thy matchleſs mother, by whoſe tender and godly care thy infancy was governed, together with thy education under ſo zealous and excellent a tutor, puts me in rather aſſurance than hope that thou art not ignorant of that *ſummum bonum*, which is only able to make thee happy as well in thy death as life; I mean the true knowledge and worſhip of thy Creator and Redeemer, without which all other things are vain and miſerable. So that thy youth being guided by ſo ſufficient a teacher, I make no doubt but he will furniſh thy life with divine and moral documents. Yet, that I may not caſt off the care beſeeming a parent toward his child; or that thou ſhouldſt have cauſe to derive thy whole felicity and welfare rather from others than from whence thou received thy breath and being; I think it fit and agreeable to the affection I bear thee, to help thee with ſuch rules and advertiſements for the ſquaring of thy life, as are rather gained by experience than by much reading; to the end that, entering into this exorbitant age, thou mayeſt be the better prepared to ſhun thoſe ſcandalous courſes whereunto the world and the lack of experience may eaſily draw thee. And, becauſe I will not confound thy memory, I have reduced them into ten Precepts, and, next unto Moſes' Tables, if thou imprint them in thy mind, thou ſhalt reap the benefit, and I the content. And they are theſe following:

I. When it ſhall pleaſe God to bring thee to man's eſtate, uſe great providence and circumſpection in chuſing thy wife; for from thence will ſpring all thy future good or evil; and it is an action of life, like unto a ſtratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. If thy ſtate be good, match near home and at leiſure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her diſpoſition, and how her parents have been inclined in her youth. Let her not be poor, how generous, well-born ſoever; for a man can buy nothing in the

the market with gentility; nor chuſe a baſe and uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cauſe contempt in others, and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf, or a fool; for by the one thou ſhalt beget a race of pigmies; the other will be thy continual diſgrace, and it will irk thee to hear her talk: for thou ſhalt find it to thy grief that there is nothing more fulſome than a ſhe-fool.

And, touching the guiding of thy houſe, let thy hoſpitality be moderate; and, according to the means of thy eſtate, rather plentiful than ſparing, but not coſtly: for I never knew any man grow poor, by keeping an orderly table. But ſome conſume themſelves through ſecret vices, and their hoſpitality bears the blame. But baniſh ſwiniſh drunkards out of thine houſe, which is a vice impairing health, conſuming much, and makes no ſhow. I never heard praiſe aſcribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink, which is a better commendation for a brewer's horſe or a draymaſi, than for either a gentleman or a ſerving man. Beware thou ſpend not above three or four parts of thy revenues; nor above a third of that in thy houſe; for the other two parts will do more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always ſurmount the ordinary by much; otherwiſe thou ſhalt live, like a rich beggar, in continual want. And the needy man can never live happily or contentedly. For every diſaſter makes him ready to mortgage or ſell. And that gentleman that ſells an acre of land ſells an ounce of credit. For gentility is nothing elſe but ancient riches; ſo that if the foundation ſhall at any time ſink, the building muſt needs follow.

II. Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward auſterity.—Praiſe them openly, reprehend them ſecretly; give them good countenance and convenient maintenance according to thy ability; otherwiſe thy life will ſeem their bondage, and what portion thou ſhalt leave them at thy death, they will thank death for it, and not thee.—And I am perſuaded that the fooliſh cockering of ſome parents, and the over-ſtern carriage of others, cauſeth more men and women to take to ill courſes, than their own vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, leſt they marry themſelves. And ſuffer not thy ſons to paſs the Alps; for they ſhall learn nothing there but pride, blaſphemy, and atheiſm.—And if by travel they get a few broken languages, that ſhall profit them nothing more than to have meat ſerved in diverſe diſhes. Neither, by my conſent, ſhalt thou train them up in wars; for he that ſets up his reſt to live by that profeſſion, can hardly be an honeſt man or a good chriſtian. Beſides, it is a ſcience no longer in requeſt than uſe. For ſoldiers in peace are like chimnies in ſummer.

III. Live not in the country without corn and cattle about thee. For he that putteth his hand to the purſe for every expence of the houſehold, is like him that keepeth water in a ſieve. And what proviſion thou ſhalt want, learn to buy it at the beſt hand. For there is one penny ſaved in four, between buying in thy need, and when the markets and ſeaſons ſerve fitteſt for it. Be not ſerved with kinſmen or friends, or men intreated to ſtay; for they expect much and do little; nor with ſuch as are amorous, for their heads are intoxicated. And keep rather too few than one too many. Feed them well, and pay them with the moſt; and thou mayeſt boldly require ſervice at their hands.

IV. Let thy kindred and allies be welcome to thy houſe and table; grace them with thy countenance, and

and father them in all honeſt actions. For by this means thou ſhalt ſo double the band of nature, as thou ſhalt find them ſo many advocates to plead an apology for thee behind thy back. But ſhake off thoſe glow-worms, I mean paraſites and ſycophants, who will feed and fawn upon thee in the ſummer of proſperity; but, in an adverſe ſtorm, they will ſhelter thee no more than an arbour in winter.

V. Beware of ſuretyſhip for thy beſt friends. He that payeth another man's debts, ſeeketh his own decay. But if thou canſt not otherwiſe chooſe, rather lend thy money upon good bonds, although thou borrow it. So ſhalt thou ſecure thyſelf, and pleaſure thy friends. Neither borrow money of a neighbour or a friend, but of a ſtranger; where paying for it, thou ſhalt hear no more of it. Otherwiſe thou ſhalt eclipſe thy credit, loſe thy freedom, and yet pay as dear as to another. But in borrowing money be precious of thy word; for he that hath care of keeping days of payment is lord of another man's purſe.

VI. Undertake no ſuit againſt a poor man, without receiving much wrong. For, beſide that thou make him thy compeer, it is a baſe conqueſt to triumph where there is ſmall reſiſtance. Neither attempt law againſt any man, before thou be fully reſolved that thou haſt right on thy ſide; and then ſpare not for either money or pains. For a cauſe or two ſo followed or obtained will free thee from ſuits a great part of thy life.

VII. Be ſure to keep ſome great man thy friend, but trouble him not for trifles. Compliment him often with many, yet ſmall gifts, and with little charge. And if thou haſt cauſe to beſtow any great gratuity, let it be ſomething which may be daily in ſight. Otherwiſe, in this ambitious age, thou ſhalt remain like a hop without a pole, live in obſcurity and be made a foot-ball for every inſulting companion to ſpurn at.

VIII. Toward thy ſuperiors be humble, yet generous. With thine equals familiar, yet reſpectful. Toward thy inferiors ſhew much humanity and ſome familiarity; as to bow the body, ſtretch forth the hand, and to uncover the head; with ſuch like popular compliments. The firſt prepareth thy way to advancement. The ſecond makes thee known for a man well bred. The third gains a good report; which, once got, is eaſily kept. For right humanity takes ſuch deep root in the minds of the multitude, as they are more eaſily gained by unprofitable courteſies than by churliſh benefits. Yet I adviſe thee not to affect or neglect popularity too much. Seek not to be Eſſex, ſhun to be Raleigh.

IX. Truſt not any man with thy life, credit, or eſtate. For it is mere folly for a man to enthrall himſelf to his friend, as though, occaſion being offered, he ſhould not dare to become thine enemy.

X. Be not ſcurrilous in converſation, nor ſatirical in thy jeſts. The one will make thee unwelcome to all company; the other pull on quarrels, and get the hatred of thy beſt friends. For ſuſpicious jeſts (when any of them ſavour of truth) leave a bitterneſs in the minds of thoſe who are touched. And albeit, I have already pointed at this incluſively, yet I think it neceſſary to leave it to thee a ſpecial caution; becauſe I have ſeen ſo many prone to quip and gird, as they would rather loſe their friend than jeſt. And if perchance their boiling brain yield a quaint ſcoff, they will travail to be delivered of it as a woman with child. Theſe nimble fancies are but the froth of wit.

A Short SKETCH of the LIFE and CHARACTER of the late Duke of BRUNSWIC, FIELD MARSHAL in the Service of the STATES-GENERAL.

DUKE Lewis of Brunswic Lunenberg, Field-Marſhal of the Empire, was born on the 25th of September 1718. That great General and conſummate Stateſman made three campaigns againſt the Turks in the years 1737, 38, and 39, during which time he commanded the regiment of Brunſwic Wolfenbuttle, in the Imperial ſervice; he afterwards went to Peterſburgh, at which Court he was in high favour, and was choſen Duke of Courland, in 1741; but the revolution which took place ſoon after, and by which the Empreſs was dethroned, deprived him likewiſe of the Dukedom. He left Ruſſia in the ſpring of 1742, and remained at Brunſwic till the ſpring of 1743: he ſerved that campaign in the rank of Lieutenant-General, and was preſent in the battle of Dettingen. In 1744, he made the campaign under Prince Charles of Lorraine, and was ſeverely wounded in the battle of Sorr; but he was ſo well recovered in 1746, as to be able to ſerve again under Prince Charles, in the Low Countries. The Allied army being encamped in the lines near Breda, he commanded, as General, the Corps de Reſerve of that army. He was at the battle of Rocou, and after that defeat, covered the beaten army through Maeſtricht In 1747, he again commanded the ſame Corps de Reſerve, which, till the unfortunate battle of La Feldt, formed the van, and ſometimes the rear of that army. In October, 1747, we find him at the head of this Corps, the army being then encamped near Oudenboſch; and was appointed that winter, Commander in Chief of the troops deſtined to cover the frontiers of the Republic, from the river Enndraght to near Nimeguen.

Prince William IV. of Orange, Stadtholder and Captain General of the United Provinces, was then at Oudenboſch; and having conceived the higheſt opinion of the Duke of Brunſwic's talents, both as a Stateſman and a Soldier (as they had frequently been together in council,) he at that time began to form the idea of getting him to enter into the ſervice of the Republic, as Field-Marſhal. His Highneſs met with many difficulties in the accompliſhment of this object, in which, however, he ſucceeded towards the end of the year 1750; but the ungrateful return which his ſervices afterwards met with, one would imagine, had been foreſeen by Duke Lewis, from the great reluctance which he ſhewed in accepting the Prince's offers.

After his admiſſion into the ſervice of the Republic, he proved at once an able Counſellor, and a ſteady friend to the Prince; he aſſiſted at all conferences and councils with his Highneſs, and the Miniſters of the Republic; and acquitted himſelf in ſuch a manner, as to gain the eſteem and reſpect of all, excepting thoſe of the Anti-Orange party. On the Prince's death, which happened in October 1751, he remained in the ſame degree of confidence with her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Orange, and with the Miniſters of the Republic; and on the death of her Royal Highneſs, in 1759, he was made tutor to the young Prince, and to his ſiſter the Princeſs Caroline; and was alſo appointed to repreſent the young Prince, as Captain General; ſo that he poſſeſſed the higheſt offices and employments which the Republic could give him. It is needleſs to add how well he diſcharged the great and important truſts which were veſted in him. All who are acquainted with the affairs of the Republic muſt know,

know, that it never enjoyed more peaceable and flouriſhing times, than during his adminiſtration. When the Prince of Orange came of age, in March 1766, and Duke Lewis reſigned the reins of government, which he had ſo long and ſo ſkilfully held, the public ſatisfaction with his conduct during the minority, was expreſſed in the warmeſt and the moſt flattering terms; as may be ſeen in the Reſolutions of the ſeveral Provinces, who ſeemed to vie with one another in their encomiums on his conduct and character, and their thanks for his ſervices.

The Anti-Orange party, however, ſtill ſubſiſted; and the diſputes of Great Britain with her American Colonies, and with the French, which were greatly fomented by that party, gave them continually freſh ground and confidence; and at length they carried matters to ſuch a height, as to occaſion a rupture betwixt the Republic and her old ally, Great-Britain.

Duke Lewis had been very ſucceſsful during his adminiſtration, in keeping down the Anti-Orange party; but the aſcendancy which they had by this time obtained, was ſo powerful, that they openly accuſed the Duke of having been the author of the war, of having miſled the Prince, and of having made him ſign an act binding himſelf to aſk, and to follow no other councils than thoſe of the Duke. He deſpiſed all their accuſations, and met all the malice and calumny of his enemies with that ſtrength of mind for which he was ſo eminently conſpicuous. He was, however, induced, in hopes of doing ſervice to the Prince, to quit the Hague, and to retire to his government of Bois le Duc, which happened in the year 1782. His enemies took great advange of his abſence, and aſperſed both the Prince and the Duke in a manner which, had the latter remained at the Hague, they never would have dared to think of. When the Duke entered into the ſervice of the Republic, he had reſerved to himſelf the power of taking his diſmiſſion, whenever it might be agreeable to him; and after his departure from the Hague, his enemies carried matters to ſuch a height, as to oblige that great man to reſign his employments, which happened on the 15th of October 1784. How affairs went on after his departure from Holland, and how far his enemies, or rather thoſe of the Prince of Orange prevailed, are as well known as the happy and unexpected revolution which took place in September 1787, when every one looked for the cleareſt juſtification of the Duke: but alas! all in vain! that great man departed this life on the 14th of May 1788, without having received that ſatisfaction to which he was ſo juſtly entitled; but which has been ſince, in ſome meaſure, given him by a Reſolution of the States-General. But this is far from being adequate to the claims of injured merit; for unleſs they annul the unjuſt Reſolutions taken againſt the Duke by every particular Province, and eſpecially by Holland, it cannot be conſidered as a complete juſtification. We cannot conclude this narrative without laying before the Reader a very ſtriking teſtimony, both of Duke Lewis's attachment to the Republic, and of the ſenſe they entertained of him.

In the year 1756, the command of the Allied army was offered to him by George the Second, which, at the requeſt of the States-General and the Princeſs of Orange, he refuſed. Thus he nobly ſacrificed to the good of the Republic, the opportunity which was offered to him, of reaping thoſe unfading laurels which were gained by Prince Ferdinand of Brunſwic.

N. B. The audacious attempt upon the Duke after his departure

from Holland, at Aix-la-Chapelle, at the head of which was the infamous Rhyngrave of Salm, is a ſtain upon that country, which can never be wiped off; eſpecially as there is reaſon to think, that the States of Holland had a ſhare in it, from their refuſing to promote an enquiry, which had been inſtituted by the Magiſtrates of Aix la-Chapelle for the diſcovery of the conſpirators.

Approach, Batavians! Brunſwick's duſt lies here,
His awful tomb claims a repentant tear;
The heroic Lewis, whoſe illuſtrious name
Will ſhine for ever in the books of fame;
The faithful guardian of your Prince's youth,
Who form'd his mind to knowledge, virtue, truth;
In riper age, his friend, and his right hand,
At once the pride and darling of your land,
Till forc'd by deſp'rate faction and cabal,
He left your ſtate, which *Patriots* would enthral!
Bluſh then, Batavians! bluſh with conſcious ſhame,
The hiſtoric page will to the world proclaim
The following truths, which time ſhall ne'er efface,
Brunſwick's great worth and undeſerv'd diſgrace,
And your ingratitude moſt vile and baſe.

Review.

Travels through Italy, in a Series of Letters; written in the Year 1785. *Tranſlated from the French of the Abbe Dupaty.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

PUBLIC curioſity has been of late years ſo frequently impoſed upon by *works* under the denomination of Travels thro' France, Spain, Italy, and the ſeveral other parts of modern Europe, *whoſe authors*, as it afterwards appeared, had ſcarcely ever ſeen the margin of their native ſhores, that a title-page of the preſent deſcription is apt, upon the firſt view, to excite ſome little jealouſy as to the authenticity of the ſubject to which it is prefixed. But the tranſlator of the very ſenſible publication now under our review, aſſures his readers, that "theſe Letters are not to "be conſidered merely as letters "written in the cloſet, or remarks "on what may be found in other "authors, but as *obſervations made* "*in the country itſelf during actual* "*travels through it*;" and we perfectly coincide with him in opinion, that they are "far from being written in the dull ſtile of methodical compilation, and bear every mark of being immediately dictated by the objects they deſcribe." This philoſophic and very entertaining traveller opens his correſpondence at *Avignon*, and proceeds from thence through *Toulon*, *Nice*, *Genoa*, *Piſa*, *Lucca*, *Florence*, *Rome*, and *Naples*, giving an account of the manners, and conſtitution of each place, in a manner extremely ſingular and novel, but which evidently diſcovers him to poſſeſs very warm feelings, refined ſenſibility, accurate obſervation, and profound judgment. But let the author ſpeak for himſelf.—Condemning the extraordinary power which the *Vice-legate* (who was juſt then promoted to the office of *Candle-bearer* in the Pope's Chapel) poſſeſſes in the adminiſtration of criminal juſtice, he ſays,

"I ſaw a man yeſterday who has come out of the gallies, to which this candle-bearer had very unjuſtly and very ridiculouſly condemned him for five years, *as convicted of murder.*

This

This unhappy man named Lorenzo, has ſuffered his puniſhment, notwithſtanding all the endeavours of the Intendant of Toulon to procure his releaſe, and every remonſtrance in his favour.

His innocence appeared in the following extraordinary manner:

[I had theſe particulars from the Intendant of Toulon, a man of great ſenſe and humanity.]

As he was going along, one day, in the arſenal of Toulon, another galley ſlave ſaid to one of his comrades—There is a wretch I cannot bear the ſight of.—Why ſo? replied the other—That man is here for having murdered ſuch a one, and it was I who committed the crime.—Lorenzo overheard him: What muſt he not have felt! He went up to the galley ſlave, entreating and conjuring him to reveal, and properly atteſt, as ſoon as poſſible, the ſecret of his innocence. But the ſoul of the wretch was already ſhut to pity, and awake only to terror. Lorenzo, with the permiſſion of his ſuperiors, had the patience and reſolution to attach himſelf, for two years ſucceſſively, to this man, from whom he hoped the proofs of his innocence. He obtained leave to be faſtened to the ſame chain. He accompanied him to the hoſpital. What perſuaſions did he not uſe to move him, both night and day, and every day? But all without effect. At length, at the end of two years, by dint of prayers and tears, he ſucceeded ſo far as to ſoften once more the villain's heart, and, by awakening remorſe, draw from him a ſecond time the important ſecret. Witneſſes were ſtationed for the purpoſe. A narrative was drawn up and carried to the Intendant, who inſtantly threw the criminal into a dungeon. A ſeverity highly imprudent, as the guilty man immediately retracted.

The five years are at length expired, and Lorenzo is releaſed.

On what ground, then, had he been condemned? On a circumſtance!——On the very ſlighteſt circumſtance!—The murdered man had nine louis in his pocket; three men, of which number was Lorenzo, were taken up; on each of whom were found three louis. Here, ſaid the judge, are nine louis, and conſequently three murderers: And theſe three men were doomed to the gallies. Two of them died there.—It is the hiſtory of l'Anglade; the hiſtory of circumſtantial proof; the hiſtory of all criminal tribunals, except thoſe of England. The laws of England are cautious of condemning; the laws in France fearful of acquitting.

This unhappy man is going to Rome to throw himſelf at the feet of the pope, to obtain a reviſion of his trial. The pope is ſaid to be humane.

I have remarked that humane men, that is to ſay, *men* are more difficult in their belief of crimes, and are leſs frequently deceived. Humanity is the ſureſt guide in the diſcovering of truth."

The Abbe Dupaty proceeds to *Toulon*, where he ſeems to have paid particular attention to the adminiſtration of the *Gallies*.

"The galley ſlaves," ſays he, "are not treated ill at Toulon; they work and are paid for it. How affecting the reflection! There are ten millions of men perhaps in France who would be happy to be at the gallies, were they not condemned to them.

Formerly, the term of the galley ſlaves was ſcarcely expired before they returned; but of late, the tribunals that furniſh Toulon, inſtead of ſending back thoſe who relapſe, hang them.

The number of galley ſlaves is nearly the ſame every year, that is to ſay, nearly the ſame number of crimes

are

are committed yearly. The ſame quantity of water enters in like manner daily into a ſhip, and the labour of the pump is equal; but were the veſſel better, were the planks more cloſely joined, and more carefully attended to, the veſſel would daily make much leſs water.

I looked over the regiſter of the gallies. Liſten.—Children of *thirteen years of age* ſentenced to the gallies *for having been found with their fathers convicted of ſmuggling!!* Yes, thus I read—*for having been found with their fathers!* If they had *not* been found with them, they would have been ſent to the houſe of correction *(Bicetre)*. Such is the fiſcal code; ſuch the indulgence to the financial ſyſtem: Innocent blood is ſold to it by government, and the nation is ſilent!

I ſaw many of theſe children, and tears guſhed into my eyes, and my breaſt burſt with indignation; nor could I appeaſe my feelings, but with the hope of not dying before I had expoſed all the crimes of our criminal legiſlation. Alas! may I but be able to contribute to deliver theſe young and innocent hands from thoſe abominable chains!— I hope I ſhall.

I read alſo in the regiſter—*for the crime of cheating, and vehemently ſuſpected of murder; to the gallies for life.*

I read alſo—*for knavery, and cheating a number of honeſt people* (the very words); *to the gallies for one hundred years.* This is a ſentence of the tribunal of Deux Ponts (*not* in France). France lends her puniſhments to ſeveral of the German ſovereigns.

I alſo read—*vehemently ſuſpected of a murder and burglary; to the gallies for life.*

I would give a conſiderable ſum for a duplicate of the regiſters of the gallies. What information they contain! They would enable us to aſcertain the numbers annually ſacrificed in France, by the exterminating hand of criminal juſtice, in the different tribunals.

A ſingular event plunged the galley ſlaves, ſome time ago, into profound deſpair. The Intendant of the marine received orders to ſeparate the deſerters, the ſmugglers and malefactors, into three claſſes. One would have imagined ſmugglers and deſerters ſhould have bleſſed this ſeparation. But their deſpair was extreme.

All the galley ſlaves, in fact, look on each other in the ſame light; for misfortune, like death, reduces all men to a level. They are all equally ſo many wretched beings, ſo many of the weak vanquiſhed by the ſtrong. Far from bluſhing at the atrocity of their crimes, they make a boaſt of them. One has done more harm to the enemy, or has been more adroit or courageous than the other. The deſerters and ſmugglers therefore by no means deſpiſe the criminals; and, by the ſeparation then ordered, they loſt ſeveral advantages. One was deprived of a robuſt companion; another, of the comrade whoſe voice he was accuſtomed to hear, and whoſe looks he was familiarized to meet; while this, again, loſt the man who ſympathized with him in wretchedneſs. Many bitter tears, tears of the heart, flowed in abundance at the thought of this ſeparation. The Intendant of the marine however has granted many of theſe galley ſlaves the favour of living together at the ſame chain.

What a ſubject for meditation! How wonderful are the yet unexplored receſſes of the human heart!

Obſervations on the Treatment of the Negroes in the Iſland of Jamaica; *including ſome Account of their Temper and Character: with Remarks*

on

on the Importation of Slaves from the Coaſt of Africa. *In a Letter to a Phyſician in* England, *from* 8*vo*.

MR. M'NEILL left Britain in the ſpring, under the impreſſion of "certain publications which "tended to rouſe the indignation, "and excite the pity of the publick:" after a tour of the iſland, by the windward coaſt, he has been enabled to give a very different account of the ſituation of the Negroes, and their character, from what he ſaw during his former reſidence in the windward iſlands, 20 years ago. He is enabled to pronounce, that the happineſs or miſery of the Negroes in Jamaica depends almoſt totally on themſelves. They have comfortable habitations, with gardens; and each eſtate has a tract of land called Negro-grounds, wherein each ſlave is allowed as much as he can cultivate for his own uſe; for which purpoſe he is allowed, beſides Sunday, one day in a fortnight, for eight months: and near their habitations they have pigs, poultry, and from 15 to 40 head of cattle. Planters have found it their intereſt to treat their ſlaves well, and to be careful of their health and life; and ſeveral machines have been invented to ſave or eaſe their labour.—The *conſolidated ſlave act*, juſt paſſed by the Aſſembly, enacting, that, if any perſon, whether owner or ſuperintendant of ſlaves, ſhall be convicted of having, by any act of paſſion or cruelty, occaſioned the death of any Negro, it ſhall be capital for the firſt offence; and every ſurgeon or doctor belonging to each eſtate is to ſwear, to the beſt of his knowlege and belief, to the cauſe of the death of each Negro; and every owner or overſeer cauſing to be buried a Negro dying without having been ſeen by the doctor, is liable to proſecution. The proviſion for the Negroes in ſickneſs and old age is more comfortable than for the labouring poor in Britain; not to mention that they frequently accumulate money conſiderably, and have a power of bequeathing their property by will.

Mr. M. however he diſapproves the traffick in Negroes, proceeds to ſhew the impoſſibility of effecting ſuch a change, and pointedly argues the incompetency of the Legiſlature at home to meliorate their condition, compared with perſons on the ſpot; and that liberty would be thrown away on the Negroes, who were not born to it, and never taſted it in their own country—He controverts the idea that the African wars are carried on for the ſole purpoſe of the ſlave trade; and ſtates, from travellers of good credit, how ill they deſerve the character given them of improvement and cultivation. He ſhews that the puniſhments inflicted on the Negroes in Jamaica are not ſo ſevere as in England, particularly whipping.—That three principal tribes which people the Weſt India iſlands are, the *Coromantees*, the moſt ſavage of the three; of a haughty, cruel, unforgiving, revengeful temper: the *Eboes*, perfidious, deceitful, and notorious thieves, void of natural affection: the *Mundingoes* have a character leſs marked, rather harmleſs than warlike, and accounted faithful, good Negroes. The character of the *Creole* may be conſidered as the general character of the Negro, compoſed of all three; yet he poſſeſſes many of the negative virtues, and ſome of the poſitive. The *bad* Negroes are the moſt incorrigible beings of the human race.

Mr. M. thus ſums up the general character.

"The Negro is poſſeſſed of paſſions not only ſtrong but ungovernable; a mind dauntleſs, warlike, and unmerciful; a temper extremely iraſcible; a diſpoſition indolent, ſelfiſh, and deceitful; fond of joyous ſociality, riotous mirth, and extravagant ſhew.

ſhew. He has certain portions of kindneſs for his friends, generoſity and friendſhip for his favourites, and affection for his connections; but they are as ſparks which emit a glimmering light through the thick gloom that ſurrounds them, and which, in every ebullition of anger or revenge, inſtantly diſappear. Furious in his love as in his hate; at beſt but a terrible huſband, a harſh father, and a precarious friend. A ſtrong and unalterable affection for his countrymen and fellow paſſengers, in particular, ſeems to be the moſt amiable paſſion in the Negro breaſt: and it affords no ſmall pleaſure to the philoſophic mind to perceive, amidſt the general rigidity and tenſion of the finer chords of Nature, which invariably yields the ſame tone on the ſmalleſt touch, and continues to vibrate till death. As to all the other fine feelings of the ſoul, the Negro, as far as I have been able to perceive, is nearly deprived of them; and this I think is evident from the general treatment of the afflicted, helpleſs, and unhappy of his own ſpecies; but more particularly from the barbarity and conſtitutional want of humanity, ſhewn to all the brute creation. A cordial and unalterable attachment is not to be expected from a Negro; and were he poſſeſſed of power over his own ſpecies, nothing would exceed his tyranny. With ſuch people how difficult would be the taſk to draw the line between ſeverity and over-indulgence! and how unſafe to throw the reins of government entirely on their neck!"

Mr. M's anſwers to the arguments for the abolition of the ſlave trade are, the decreaſe of Negroes in the iſlands from various cauſes not to be repaired by increaſed population alone:—the conſtitution of the Negro, and the nature of labour in that climate, are inſeparable.

Characteriſtic MEMOIRS *of the Count de* MAUREPAS, *a late celebrated* Miniſter *of* France.

[From the Annual Regiſter for 1786.]

THE celebrated count de Maurepas died at the caſtle of Verſailles in the month of November 1781, and in the 81ſt year of his age; holding, at that very advanced period of life, in a ſeaſon of great national exertion, and of a very perilous and hard-fought foreign war, which extended its action to every quarter of the world, the great and arduous office of prime miniſter of France. This great man was not more admired for his abilities as a miniſter, and talents as a ſtateſman, than he was revered and beloved for his humanity, benevolence, and other excellent qualities of the heart.

When, under the auſpices of cardinal Fleury, and in his own happier days, his great and numerous offices ſeemed to render him at laſt the third if not the ſecond in adminiſtration, he was one of the few miniſters who introduced ſcience and philoſophy into the conduct of public affairs; but was at the ſame time ſo regulated in their indulgence, as entirely to reject their uſeleſs or frivolous parts, however ſplendid or pleaſing; as if he diſdained to apply the public money to any other purpoſes than thoſe ſolid ones of public utility. Though conſiderably cramped in many of his public deſigns and exertions under the pacific and œconomical ſyſtem of the cardinal, yet he not only in a great meaſure recovered the French marine from that proſtrate ſtate to which it had long ſeemed irretrievably condemned, but he laid the foundations for all that greatneſs to which it has ſince arrived, or which it is ſtill capable of attaining. To him France is particularly indebted for that ſuperiority, which ſhe is ſaid

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(and it is to be feared too evidently) to poſſeſs in ſhip building; eſpecially in the conſtruction of ſhips of war: for he it was who firſt reſcued naval architecture from mere mechanical hands, from the habitual and unexamined prejudices of vulgar error; and placing it in the rank which it deſerved to hold, it ſoon roſe, under his influence and protection, to be conſidered as a diſtinct and profound ſcience; and was accordingly ſtudied and reduced to practice upon thoſe principles by men of the firſt parts and learning. Such eminent and permanent national ſervices, which in time diffuſe themſelves into common benefits to mankind, are frequently little thought of at the moment, and the ingenious author or inventor is ſoon forgotten; while he who applies his genius or invention, with a vain-glorious ſplendour, to the deſtruction of his fellow-creatures, although not even the partial benefits of his ſucceſs may ſurvive the year in which it takes place, ſhall have his name handed down with applauſe and admiration to futurity.

Although cardinal Fleury poſſeſſed at the time the oſtenſible praiſe, it was to Maurepas only that ſcience is indebted for that grand deſign and arduous undertaking of aſcertaining the real figure of the earth, by ſending the French academicians and aſtronomers to meaſure degrees of the meridian under the equator, and in the northern polar circle. The unexpected difficulties which they experienced, and the extraordinary hardſhips and difficulties they encountered, are too well known to be repeated.

When the cabals of the court had, in the year 1748, baniſhed Maurepas far from its vortex (an evil of all others the moſt intolerable to a Frenchman) he exhibited an inſtance, almoſt ſingular in that country, of bearing his fall from a ſituation of greatneſs, in which he had been nurtured from his earlieſt youth, with the dignity of a man, and the temper of a philoſopher. He adorned his long exile, as he had done his poſſeſſion of power, by continued acts of beneficence, and the practice of every private virtue.

When at length, in the 74th year of his age, the long-forgotten ſtateſman was moſt honourably recalled to court, in order to become the Mentor and guide of his young ſovereign in the yet untrodden paths of government, neither this ſudden and unexpected exaltation, nor his long abſence from the world, produced any change in the temper and character of Maurepas. In the changes which neceſſarily took place at court, and in the adminiſtration, none of the diſmiſſed miniſters were (according to the eſtabliſhed *etiquette*) ſent into exile, nor did they ſuffer any other degradation or inconvenience, than what proceeded merely from the loſs of their places; no mean jealouſy appeared, no act of ſeverity or reſentment took place, no ancient animoſity was revived, nor preſent hatred gratified, to ſully the luſtre of his triumph on returning to power. A ſimilar magnanimity ſeemed to be the principle of the enſuing adminiſtration. He had the courage to burſt at once through thoſe narrow political fetters, which, originating partly in pride, and partly in bigotry, were now ſo riveted by time, as to be conſidered and received as fundamental maxims of government. The pride of the nobility confined the great offices of ſtate to their own families; and the profeſſion of the law, whoſe credit in France is great, and perhaps exceſſive, had in a manner appropriated to itſelf the financial department: while both leaned hard upon the commercial intereſt, national and religious prejudices cooperated in the excluſion of foreign-

ers, and of all thoſe of a different perſuaſion in religious matters, however eminent their abilities, from rendering any ſervice to the ſtate. Maurepas induced his young ſovereign, in a ſingle inſtance, to ſet at naught theſe maxims, and to violate all theſe prejudices, by calling in to be his aſſiſtant, as director-general of the finances, M. Necker, a merchant, a foreigner, and a proteſtant.—Such was Maurepas!

THE TRIFLER,

Number XXVIII.

Thurſday January 29, 1789.

On Avarice.

MY readers are not to expect that I am always to draw on my own fund to contribute towards their entertainment. Men of buſineſs know that there are times when *borrowing* may be practiſed, and yet not be a ſymptom of penury. Such a time is the preſent with me, and I have drawn for a ſmall ſum on the ſtock of an entertaining and lively French writer, whoſe Conſiderations on Wit and Morals have been juſt publiſhed.

Metals, ſays my author, are the repreſentations of enjoyments, and muſt naturally inflame the imagination of Man. He therein pleaſingly contemplates the inſtrument of his happineſs; upon their ſurface the imperious man ſees engraved the ſlavery he means to impoſe: and the haughty diſcover in them the greateſt diſtinctions. The voluptuous man previouſly ſmiles at the beauties which ſeem to ſolicit his favour, and he who is ambitious removes in his imagination every obſtacle to fame, purchaſes ſuffrages, and fills up every interval. The differences which exiſt in the kind of love men have for riches are eſtabliſhed by age and character. A taſte for pleaſure, or an inclination to voluptuouſneſs, may produce avidity, but not an attachment to money; a deſire of ſatisfying the paſſions, but not a wiſh to preſerve it. An inquietude for the future is the reigning ſentiment of weak and puſillanimous characters: they are leſs affected by an enjoyment than by the fear of want: from this ſituation of mind comes avarice. In deſpotic governments, where the exceſs of power renders every kind of poſſeſſion precarious, fear acts upon men more forcibly than any other ſentiment. In this ſituation, they are more inclined to avarice than in moſt others: they wiſh to be continually inſured from want, for which purpoſe they collect their property into a narrow compaſs, and hide their gold; according to age, or the ſtrength of their paſſions, they are deſirous of riches, as a powerful vehicle or a ſafe port where they may brave all the revolutions of fortune. Paſſions which acquire their force from that of the ſoul, inſpire the ardour of acquiring treaſures for the purpoſe of diſtributing them, and the confuſed idea of power inſeparably attached to riches, renders them ſtill more valuable to the man of ambition. It was from this motive that Sylla, Pompey and Cæſar amaſſed immenſe treaſures, they had recourſe to their aſſiſtance to place themſelves in a ſituation, which, by nature, they ſeemed deſtined to fill.

Youth is the ſeaſon of lively inclinations, tumultuous deſires, and ardent paſſions, and the period of life when avarice has the leaſt power over the mind. The deſire of enjoyments is too ſtrong in youth to be ſatisfied with their repreſentative ſigns; this would reſemble thoſe blind politicians who make the proſperity

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of nations to consist in the possession of specie. The idea of speedy means is in youth always attached to that of money, and the pressing necessity of making a continued use of it, is inimical to accumulation.

In considering the impatient ardour of the passions in youth, we might be led to suppose that life was to last but for a day; but the precautions of the aged seem to be such as if it were to be eternal. This happens because desire is extreme in youth, and fear without bounds in age. For these reasons, strong minds, and youth which is the age of strength, are eager to enjoy, and unacquainted with avarice. The decline of the sensations, and that of the machine, whence they derive their principle, renders the mind restless and fearful. This is the epocha when avarice gains possession of the hearts of most men. It outlives the passions, establishes its throne upon their ruins, and seems to increase as strength declines. Human life is divided between hope and fear. The heart and mind are successively agitated by their powerful influence. The man far advanced in years is enslaved by fear. He seems to live but in the past, at the epocha of his strength, which has long left him, and in the tender remembrance of the happiness by the loss of which he is afflicted. He seems to lose sight of every thing. The affinity between him and others seems daily to diminish, and his connexions with society become less numerous. In this state of solitude he perceives his existence to be troublesome to others, and that his heirs impatiently count every moment of it. His languishing days no longer offer that distant perspective to which others are attached by the hopes of a happy change. Life is uninteresting to him. He then becomes sorrowful in the contemplation of his nothingness. Alarmed by his weakness, and irritated by the neglect of others, he seeks a support in his abandoned state, and his fortune offers him a certain resource. His happiness appears to depend upon the preservation and increase of his property. Sad experience has taught an old man the instability of friendship, and convinced him that interest, the only indissoluble bond of attachment, wholly governs mankind. He feels not the restraints he imposes on himself; he knows that the possession only of riches is sufficient to save him from the contempt inseparable from poverty. As fear, the child of weakness, continually torments his imagination, nothing but the presence of his only support can remove it; his fortune must be ever before his eyes: it must be portable, and his faithful companion wherever he goes. Nothing but his gold can give him chearfulness, and he frequently contemplates it as the object of his tendereſt affection. He sees in his fortune both power and independence; the means of corrupting women, which replace those of pleasing them, the comfort of his afflictions, the instrument of his vengence against ingratitude, and the most powerful attraction offered to respectful cares and attention. Those facts prove that the EXCESSIVE LOVE OF RICHES ARISES FROM WEAKNESS AND THE LOSS OF FACULTIES, AND IS SATISFIED IN THE CONTEMPLATION OF THAT WHICH IT IS AFRAID TO ENJOY.

Poetry.

An EPITAPH *on an* HONEST TAYLOR, *lately deceased.*

IT has been said, and some believe,
That ev'ry Taylor is a knave;
But one is laid below this sod,

Who paths of juſtice always trod;—
Who would do nothing mean, or
ſordid—
Reader,—be ſuch of you recorded;
Let it be ſaid, when you're in duſt,
You was, like *Miller*, good and juſt.

Edin. Nov. 29, 1788. } G. L. y.

To the EDITORS of the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

If the incloſed attempt is thought worthy a place in your uſeful miſcellany, the inſertion will oblige ſeveral of your Readers.

It is the production of a youth "untutor'd in the ſchools," nor has it received the corrections of the Scholar.

I am, your humble Servant.

Aberdeen, 21 January 1789. } T.

TOLLO HILL.

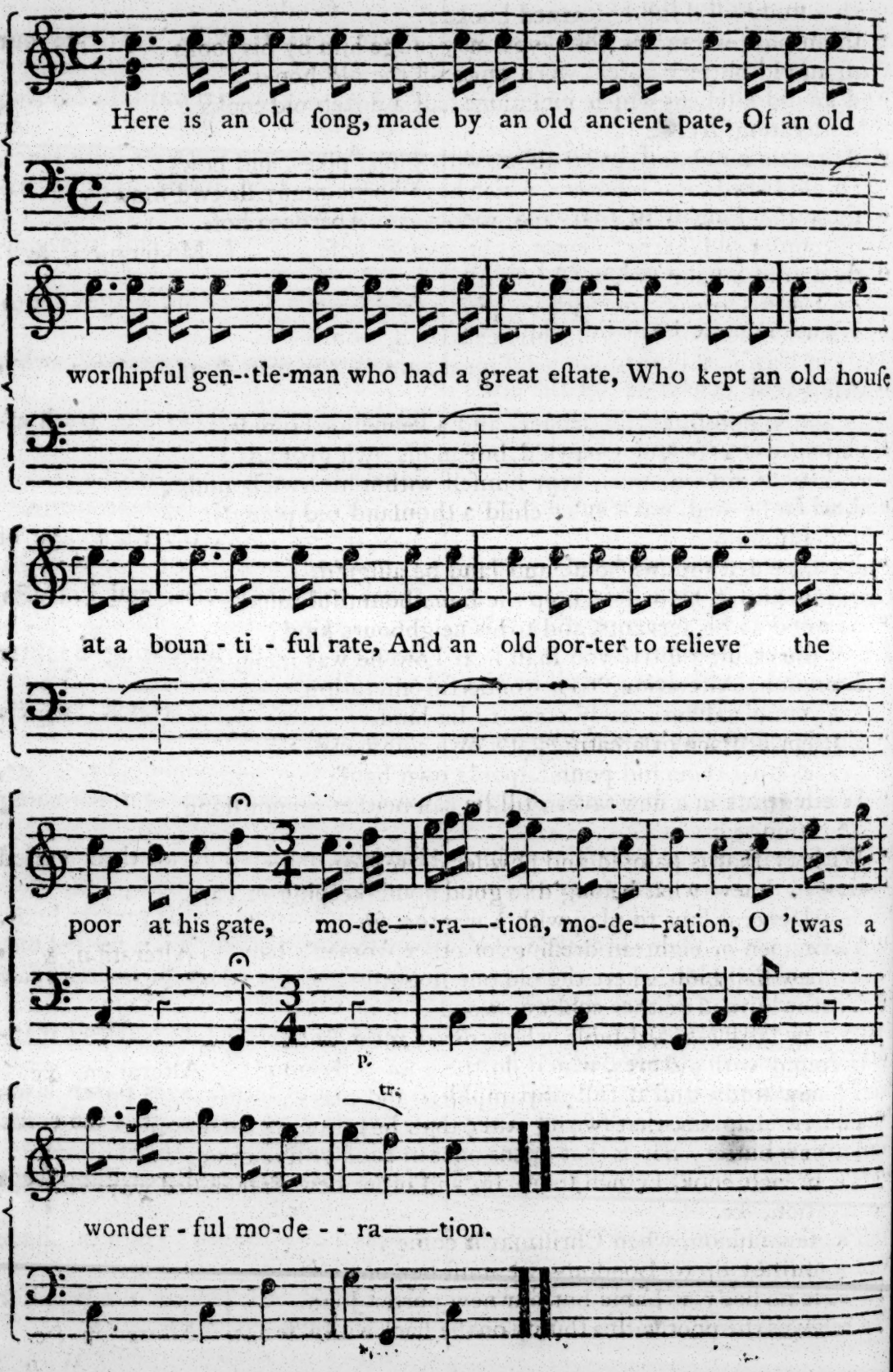
OFT will a youthful muſe dare to engage
(Made by ambition's mad'ning power warm)
With ſubjects fit for a maturer age,
And graſp at things beyond her feeble arm.
Should I, unſkill'd in the poetic art,
Indulge humanity's perſuaſive pow'r,
And vend the feelings of a thoughtful heart,
In mild reflection in the lonely hour;
Forgive the weak attempt, not urg'd by pride,
The vain man's glory, and the rich man's boaſt,
Whoſe prompting influence extends ſo wide
O'er ev'ry nation and o'er ev'ry coaſt.
The proſpect brightens—Phæbus' chearing ray
Exerts its influence o'er the barren heath,
Gives animation to the new born day,
And reſcues drooping vegetives from death.
But ſmall its influence on thy barren brow,
Derided Tollo, whoſe reluctant ſoil
Nor minds the labour of the furrowing plough,
The ox's efforts, or the farmer's toil.
Yet bounteous nature deals her gifts abroad,
To neighb'ring hills with an unſparing hand,
Shades the gay valleys with a laviſh load,
But leaves thee unadorned, an arid land.
But ſee the genius of this poor abode,
His hoary brow diſplays a length of years,
Sadden'd he ſits beneath ſome heavy load
Of inward woe that draws that flood of tears.
And hark, the accents of his voice are heard,
The ſolemn ſounds his inward thoughts convey;
And too true ſeem the bodings that I heard,
When lonely firſt I ſaw him on the way.
" Here, O what ſcenes of miſery have I view'd!
" And yet, alas! I fear muſt ſee again,
" Oh! that theſe ſorrows ſhould be yet renew'd,
" And I for mankind feel again ſuch pain!
" Oft have I ſeen, within that darkened wood,
" The nightly thief ly lurking for his prey,
" Amaz'd, confus'd, the paſſing traveller ſtood,
" And knew not which to fly, or which to ſtay.

" Till

" Till reſolute, and bold, as oft before,
" The daring wretch applies the blood ſtain'd knife
" To's throbbing boſom, and demands the ſtore
" Of treaſur'd wealth, the forfeit of his life——
" With nimble footſteps, and with ghaſtly face,
" I've ſeen the ruin'd bankrupt ſtalk along,
" Forc'd by deſpair to leave his native place,
" And mingle in an unknown foreign throng.
" While nought but wild confuſion reign'd at home,
" All ſeiz'd confiſcate by the law's command,
" A helpleſs wife and offspring ſent to roam,
" And beg ſubſiſtence from the ſparing hand.
" Fired with his country's glory, have I known
" The youthful warrior this way leave his home,
" Left all that's dear, or all he e'er could own,
" But backward ne'er, alas! again to come.
" While parents, brothers, ſiſters, mourn his fate,
" With tears bedew their ſolitary lot,
" Bewail at dawn of day and ev'ning late,
" Their ſon's, their brother's, ſad unhappy lot.
" Theſe woes, tho' yet ſincere, are not like thine,
" Unhappy maid, once deſtin'd happy bride,
" For his dear image did you long repine,
" Then wandered ghaſtly to the Stygian tide."
The Genius ſaid, and wept; then full of woe
He on his hand reclin'd his aged head,
To think what miſeries are felt below,
Then ſtarting from his ſtupor, wild he fled.
Yet Tollo, ſweet the proſpect round thee lies,
That raiſe ſenſations pleaſing to the mind,
There does the villa captivate our eyes,
And waving fields reward the lab'ring hind.
See Aberdonia rears its lofty fanes,
Where learning dwells as if her native home,
There buſy commerce ſtill triumphant reigns,
And treaſures wealth for ages yet to come.
There dwells a C——ll, who, benignant ſage,
'Gainſt daring infidels the truth aſſerts,
Repels the torrent of a ſinful age,
And ſtrenuouſly its ſad fate averts.
A B——e, too, the champion of our faith,
There woes the muſes, and inſtructs our youth,
Beneath his feet the daring doubter lieth,
And even the ſceptic wretch reſpects the truth.
D——r, too, with philoſophy ſedate,
And eye replete with ever ſearching pow'r,
Reviews mankind in all their varied ſtate,
From rudeſt ages to the preſent hour.
Nor ſhall the lib'ral E——n be behind,
Whoſe patriot heart in liberty's fair cauſe
Exerts its influence, to befriend mankind,
And gain to future ages purer laws.
But now no farther goes the ruſtic muſe,
Her feeble nerves her willing ſteps retard,
Tired ſhe withdraws into a ſhade recluſe,
Not bleſs'd with powers of a Windſor Bard.

MODERATION AND ALTERATION.

As ſung by Mr WILSON, at the Theatre.



With an old lady, whoſe anger good words aſſuages,
Who ev'ry quarter pays her old ſervants their wages,
Who never knew what belongs to coachmen, footmen, or pages:
But kept twenty or thirty old fellows with blue clothes and badges:
Moderation, &c.
With a ſtudy fill'd full of learned books;
With an old rev'rend parſon—you may judge him by his looks;
With an old buttery-hatch, worn quite off the old hooks;
And an old kitchen, which maintains half a dozen old cooks:
Moderation, &c.
With an old hall hung round about with guns, pikes, and bows;
With old ſwords and bucklers, which have borne many ſhrewd blows;
With an old homeſpun coat, and good warm Aberdeen hoſe,
And a cup of old ſherry to comfort his copper noſe: Moderation, &c.
With an old faſhion, when Chriſtmas is come,
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum;
And good cheer enough to furniſh every old room;
And old liquor, able to make a cat ſpeak, and a wiſe man dumb:
Moderation, &c.
With an old huntſman, a falconer, and a kennel of hounds,
Which never hunted, nor hawk'd, but in his own grounds;
Who, like an old wiſe man, kept himſelf within his own bounds;
And, when he died, gave ev'ry child a thouſand old pounds:
Moderation, &c.
But to his eldeſt ſon his houſe and land he aſſign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the ſame bountiful mind;
To be good to his ſervants, and to his neighbours kind;
But, in the enſuing ditty, you ſhall hear how he was inclin'd;
Alteration, Alteration, 'tis a wonderful alteration.
Like a young gallant, newly come to his land,
That keeps a brace of creatures at's own command,
And takes up a thouſand pound upon's own hand,
And lieth drunk in a new tavern till he can neither go nor ſtand:
Alteration, &c.
With a lady that is painted and powder'd freſh and fair,
Who never knew what belong'd to good houſe-keeping or care,
But buys ſeveral fans to play with a wanton air,
And ſeventeen or eighteen dreſſings of other women's hair: Alteration, &c.
With a new hall built where the old one ſtood,
Wherein is burned neither coal nor wood;
And a new ſhuffle-board-table where never meat ſtood,
Hung round with pictures, which do the poor little good! Alteration, &c.
With a new ſtudy ſtuff'd full of pamphlets and plays;
With a new chaplain, that ſwears faſter than he prays;
With a new buttery hatch that opens once in four or five days;
With a French cook, French footman, and other new Frenchified ways:
Alteration, &c.
With a new faſhion, when Chriſtmas is come;
With a journey up to London—we muſt be gone,
And leave no body at home but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a ſtone: Alteration. &c.

With

With a gentleman-uſher whoſe carriage is complete;
With a footman, a coachman, and a page to carry meat;
With a waiting gentlewoman whoſe dreſſing is very neat,
Who, when the maſter has din'd, gives the ſervants little meat: Alteration, &c.
With a new honour bought with his father's old gold;
That many of his father's old manors hath ſold;
And this is the occaſion that moſt men do hold
That good houſe keeping is now a days grown ſo cold. Alteration, &c.

ELEGY,

On the departed Year 1788.

FOR lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born:
But Oh! prodigious to reflect!
A TOWMON, Sirs, is gane to wreck!
O EIGHTY-EIGHT, in thy ſma' ſpace,
What dire events hae taken place!
Of what enjoyments haſt thou reft us,
In what a pickle haſt thou left us!
The Spaniſh empire's tint a head;
And my auld teethleſs Bautie's dead:
The tulzie's teuch 'tween PITT and FOX,
And our gudewife's wee birdy cocks;
The tane is game, a bludie devil,
But to the *hen birds* unco civil;
The tither's dour, has nae ſic breedin,
But better ſtuff ne'er claw'd a midden.
Ye *Miniſters*, come mount the pupit,
And cry till ye be haerſe, and rupet;
For EIGHTY-EIGHT, he wiſh'd you weel,
And gied you a'baith gear and meal;
E'en mony a plack and mony a peck,
Ye ken yourſels, for little feck.
Ye *bonnie laſſes*, dight your een,
For ſome o'you hae tint a frien';
In EIGHTY-EIGHT, ye ken, was taen,
What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again.
Obſerve the vera nowt and ſheep,
How dowf and dowielie they creep;
Nay even the yirth itſelf does cry,
For *Embrugh* wells are grutten dry.
O EIGHTY-NINE, thou'ſe but a bairn,
And no o'er auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardleſs boy, I pray tak care;
Thou now has got thy *Daddie's* chair;
Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, ſhackl'd *Regent*,
But like himſel, a full free agent,
Be ſure ye follow out the plan,
Nae war than he did—honeſt man!
As better muckle as you can.

JANUARY 1, 1789. THOMAS A LINN.

On CONSTANCY.

WHEN kindred hearts together join,
And like the oak and ivy twine,
How bleſt the happy pair!
But, ſhould the oak receive a wound,
Is not the tendril ivy found
To feel an equal ſhare?
By union hearts with every feeling glow,
And "turning tremble at, or joy or woe."

The SIMILE.

The oak is man, in firmneſs dreſt,
With ſtrength of fondneſs in his breaſt,
Delighting in the tie:—
The ivy is the gentle wife,
That clings around his happy life
With deathleſs conſtancy.
In life—ſhe does her folding joys impart;
In death—ſhe withers round the ſapleſs heart.

Eight pages of this Number being filled up with the Title page and Index to Volume I. the monthly Chronicle is deferred.

THE

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LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

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ANECDOTES *of the* MOORS.

(From CHENIER'S Hiſtory of Morocco, *juſt publiſhed.*)

THE Moors are excellent horſemen; they ride ſhort like the ancient Parthians and the modern huſſars. Their ſaddles have peaks before and behind; their ſtirrups are placed far back. They level and fire on full ſpeed, hold the bridle between their teeth, and turn their horſes as they wiſh, by the preſſure of their knees and the equipoize of their bodies. It is an opinion among them, that the Chriſtians have no horſes, in which they are confirmed by the eagerneſs of Europeans to purchaſe and export the horſes of Barbary. According to Braithwaite, to ride on a mare is a token of poverty and meanneſs. This people ſeem as careful of their horſes as they are negligent of themſelves. Such horſes as have been at Mecca are held to be Saints; they work no more, nor would the Emperor himſelf dare to mount them. Their necks are adorned by roſaries and relics, like the tombs of their Saints. The ſtables of theſe holy horſes are ſanctuaries for criminals. Muley Iſhmael had a quadruped Saint of this ſpecies, which he uſed to viſit occaſionally, and whoſe feet and tail he would in reverence kiſs. After drinking himſelf, and giving drink to his Saint, he would ſometimes permit his favourites to drink out of the ſame bowl.

Excluſive of their horſes, the Moors hold various other animals in reſpect. Their dogs are numerous, almoſt to incredibility, for they think it ſinful to deſtroy them. Their barking is ſo inceſſant that a ſtranger unaccuſtomed to this noiſe, is incapable of ſleeping. M. Saint Olon ſays, the ſtorks at Alcaſſar were more numerous than the inhabitants; and the reaſon he gives for the averſion the Moors have to killing of them is, that, they believe God, at the interceſſion of Mahomet, metamorphoſed a troop of Arabs, who robbed the pilgrims that were journeying to Mecca, into ſtorks.

Muley Iſhmael had two ſnow-white dromedaries that were daily waſhed with ſoap. He likewiſe

kept forty cats, which he diſtinguiſhed each by its name, and fed plentifully himſelf. One day, making a parade of his juſtice, being told that one of his cats had eaten a rabbit, he was determined to inflict an exemplary puniſhment on this wicked cat. Accordingly he commanded an executioner to ſeize the cat, drag her through the ſtreets of Mequinez, with a cord round her neck, whip her ſeverely, and cry aloud—"Thus does my maſter treat ſcoundrel cats!" After this the criminal was to be beheaded; all which was punctually executed.

One of this Emperor's pleaſures was to ſee dogs, wolves, and lions, fight: and, when any one of them was in danger of being devoured by the other, he would command his ſlaves to ſnatch the victim from the jaws of the lions, which ſervice ſeldom was performed without the loſs of a limb. He would himſelf encounter lions, taking care firſt to ſhoot them, and afterward, entering their park with his attendants, would complete his eaſy victory with his ſpear. Chriſtian captives, by his orders, were often obliged to combat lions, for the diverſion of his wives. One of theſe captives, being commanded to fight a lion, had the preſence of mind to retire, ſabre in hand, toward a ditch full of water, into which, pretending his foot ſlipped, he fell, knowing the lion would not follow him thither. His ſtratagem, by good fortune, pleaſed the tyrant, and the ſlave eſcaped.

In their public proceſſions, when attending their Baſhaws, the Moors are tumultuous, but dextrous. They ſingle out each other to tilt, and will put aſide the thruſt of a ſpear, though made at their backs; will dart their lances into the air, and catch them again, their horſes all the while on full ſpeed. They are exceedingly fond of the exploſion of gunpowder. To honour Mr Ruſſel, the Engliſh ambaſſador, the Baſhaw gave them a barrel, which they fired as faſt as they could; loading, not with cartridges, but with looſe powder. M. St Olon, the French Ambaſſador, relates that Muley Iſhmael commanded him to be ſeated on the top of a high wall, without chair, covering, or carpet, there to be a ſpectator of a review of ten thouſand horſe, and two thouſand foot. Their manœuvres were all diſorderly, and their onſets began by cries and ſhouts; they afterwards all filed off beſide the wall, and that they might do honour to M. St Olon, each man diſcharged his firelock in his face; this being the mode in which they ſhew reſpect to their own chiefs. In their tilting matches they, however, are frequently unhorſed, but their tilting lances are not pointed with iron. Their military muſic conſiſts of drums, fifes, and hautbois, the mingled noiſe of which is ſo diſcordant, that De la Faye remarks it flayed his ears.

Boar-hunting is one of their amuſements, the ſpears for which are made of a heavy and tough wood, with blades about half a yard in length, and very thick, that they may not break againſt the hide of the boar. They rouſe the game by hideous yells and ſhouts; and, ſhould a ſingle Moor happen to find himſelf in the way of the boar, holding it diſgraceful to recede, he ſtands firm, and receives the boar upon his ſpear. The animal gores himſelf to the extremity of the blade, where there is a croſs bar to prevent the farther inſertion of the ſpear, and the hunter from being wounded by the tuſks of the enraged boar. The Moor then either quits the ſpear, or if ſtrong enough, keeps his prey at bay, till his companions arrive to his aid.

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The Moors, if equals, salute by a quick motion of joining hands, and each kissing his own. Inferiors kiss the hand, and often the head, of superiors. The Alcaid is saluted by kissing his feet, if on horseback; otherwise his hand, cloaths, or if sitting, his knees.

Windus affirms, the climate of Morocco is delicious, the soil generous and fertile beyond imagination; that the Moors imitate the Spanish mode of agriculture; that judicious people informed him not a hundredth part of the lands were tilled, and that yet so bountiful was nature, the Emperor was supposed to have corn enough in his matamores to supply the country for five years; that the land would produce a hundred fold more than the consumption of the empire, were the inhabitants protected in the peaceful enjoyment of the fruits of their labour; but that, should the poor husbandman acquire a pair of oxen and a plough, he would not only be liable to be robbed of them by the next petty mercenary governor, but obliged to sell his corn to pay an arbitrary tribute; that therefore there were no proprietors of land beyond two or three leagues round each town, and, if by chance some scattered huts were seen, they certainly belonged to an Alcaid, and were inhabited by his servants, who were treated like the beasts that aided them to plough the ground.

According to Braithwaite, the northern part of the empire will yield all the essential products of Europe, and the southern whatever is grown in the West Indies, which sufficiently speaks the native riches of the country.

The rains are sometimes heavy. Braithwaite, in his journal, says, returning to Tangiers, he rode all day in the most severe wind and rain he ever knew, of so long a continuance, that the ice was sometimes an inch thick at Mequinez; and that the cold was so piercing that he and his companions were one night obliged to dismount and walk. It ought, however, to be observed, that the human body feels a small degree of cold, after excessive heat, much more sensibly than a far greater, when the change is less sudden.

The Moors have an opinion similar to that of the Christians, that—"The kingdom of heaven suffereth "violence, and the violent take it "by force." They think importunity will oblige God to grant their requests. In the time of heavy rains the children all day run about the streets, and bawl for fair weather, and in the time of drought, for rain, making a hideous noise. They sometimes continue this practice for more than a week. Should God not listen to the children, they are joined by the Saints and Talbes, who proceed all together into the fields and call for rain. If this still proves ineffectual, they go barefoot in a body, and meanly cloathed, to pray at the tombs of their Saints for rain, to which pious practice the Emperor himself occasionally conforms. Should all these efforts fail, they at last drive the Jews out of the town, and forbid them to return without rain—"For," say they, "altho' God will not grant "rain to our prayers, he will to "those of the Jews, to rid himself "of their importunity, and the "stinking odour of their breath and "feet." This, adds Windus, was done some time ago at Tangiers.

When the Moors happen to be caught in the rain, on their journies or in the fields, they strip themselves naked, bundle up their apparel, and seat themselves on the packet till the shower is over: after which they dress themselves, and proceed on their way.

The bread of Morocco, is very excellent; the corn and the flour of Fez is remarkably ſweet and white. Their cheeſe is little better than curd; yet, though four in five or ſix hours, is kept and eaten when old. They do not ſkim their milk to make butter, but take it from the cow and ſhake it in a ſkin; it is ſour, and kept in plaſtered holes in the ground, or buried in earthen jars. Inſtead of butter, the poor uſe beef, mutton, and goat. When eating, the Moors place their diſhes on a large piece of greaſy leather ſpread upon the ground, which is a ſubſtitute for both table and cloth, and round this they ſeat themſelves croſs legged. Buſnot informs us that Muley Iſhmael eat in this manner, without cloth, napkin, knife, or fork, and out of an earthen or wooden platter.

(To be continued.)

The FAMILY WATCH.

Mr. Editor,

THE practice of picking pockets cannot be praiſed in a Court of Juſtice, but in the Court of Genius, the addreſs with which pockets are ſometimes picked, is to be admired. The dexterity with which many a nimble-fingered, undeſerving, member of the Community, raiſe themſelves in the world by the removal of our property in various modes of ſeparation, is really amazing; and we are naturally induced to wiſh, when their felonies are diſcovered, that they had employed their ingenuity in making a better uſe of their talents.

A gentleman going to the play one night with a valuable family watch in his pocket, was determined to keep his hand upon it during his ſtay in the houſe, and not to have it unguarded the whole evening. Such was his reſolution when he took his ſeat in the pit, without any apprehenſions about the loſs of it.

After having been highly entertained by the Comedy of the night, he went home not a little ſatisfied with his cautious proceedings: but in a very ſhort time after his arrival, he was almoſt petrified with aſtoniſhment—there no watch in his fob. For ſome moments he ſtood in a ſtupified ſtate; but rouſing himſelf at laſt, he diſpatched advertiſements to all the papers, offering a very handſome reward, as he ſet a particular value on his watch. In conſequence of this proceeding, the watch was in a few hours, after his advertiſements appeared, reſtored to his hands, and the promiſed reward was cheerfully given. However when he had paid the promiſed ſum, he could not help aſking the *gentleman* who brought his watch, in what manner it was taken out of his pocket; he had his hand the whole evening, he thought, upon it, and was totally at a loſs to account for its removal.

Why, Sir, replied the *gentleman pickpocket*, if you will promiſe, upon your honour, not to betray me, I will inform you.

In conſequence of a very ſatisfactory anſwer, he proceeded in the following manner:

"When you was going into the pit, I was cloſe behind you, and obſerving the ſituation of your hand, concluded that you had a valuable watch under your care, and therefore determined to get at it. Accordingly I followed you into the pit, ſat down by your *right* ſide, and from the moment ſtudied how to carry my deſign into execution. Many were the attempts I made to divert your attention, in ſuch a way as to make you draw your hand from your pocket which it guard-

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ed, but to no purpoſe. I trod upon your toes, I kicked your ſhins, I pinched your legs, but all in vain. At laſt taking a play-bill out of my pocket, I twiſted it into a point, and while you were heartily laughing at a comic ſcene, highly performed, tickled your ear with it. At that inſtant the hand which I wiſhed to be ſo employed, was immediately directed to the *itching* part, and I then immediately *jerking* the watch out of *your* pocket, ſlipped it into my own. Such were the methods I made uſe of to obtain it, and ſuch at length was my ſucceſs; but I muſt at the ſame time freely own, that I never had ſo much trouble about a watch in my life. I was full *two hours* in getting it into my power.

To the EDITOR *of the* PUBLIC LEDGER.

SIR,

THE following humorous letter has never appeared in its preſent ſhape, and I think will afford ſome amuſement to your readers, in theſe gloomy times. It is a tranſlation from the German, but is written in the perſon of a Frenchman.

I am, Sir, your's,

COLLECTOR.

SIR,

IT is indeed a phenomenon to ſee a FARRIER an author; but a diſpoſition and aptitude for learning, are gifts not limited to any particular age, or country, or rank. *Poot* the Dutchman, has ſhewn the utmoſt imagination, ſoftneſs, and grandeur in his ſentiments, and equal force and elegance in his expreſſions, and yet he was but a *gardener*, and died ſo. The Engliſh Stephen Duck, whoſe genius has turned to better account, was ſtill lower—no more than a *threſher*. Cato, in his 80th year, took it into his head to learn Greek; as Plutarch, when pretty near the ſame age, did the Latin. Fairfax, after commanding the troops of the parliament of England, was admitted Doctor of Laws at Oxford, ſword in hand. And our celebrated Colbert, when almoſt ſixty, and in a poſt where it is excuſeable to forget both, returned to Law and Latin.

Beſides the inward pleaſure reſulting from knowledge, if any thing were worth being proud of, I might be ſo, to ſee my ſtall become a kind of academy, where perſons of ſome figure condeſcend to lay their doubts before me. It is not long ſince, being ſuppoſed, forſooth, to know every thing, that I was aſked, what I underſtood by the famous *four-four* of Pythagoras, mentioned by Lucian in his *Philopatris*. I, who had never read Pythagoras, and who only knew from Ovid, that this celebrated philoſopher, by the ſublimity of his mind, penetrated into the ſecrets of the gods, and ſaw with the eyes of the ſoul, what the weakneſs of nature had concealed from thoſe of the body, confeſſed my ignorance; but an anſwer being inſiſted on, in order to get rid of ſuch importunities, I told the perſon that this myſterious number, FOUR, was a part of no inconſiderable circumſtances, and epochas of my life. There are *twice four* letters in my name. I was born the *fourth* day of the *fourth* month of the year. After a very ſevere apprenticeſhip, I ſet up for myſelf, at the age of *ſix times four*, on the *fourth* of *June*, on the year when one reckons *four* times *four* hundred and thirty-two; I have *four* times twenty *four* horſes to ſhoe, and the aukward hand of a quack has already deprived me of *four* of my teeth. Now let me tell you, that this numerical conformity, with ſome particulars of my ſtation, is become a freſh matter of wonder to our village. I have further found

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in this number *four*, a great many anſwers to queſtions, ſomething more important than the above.

For inſtance; it is aſked what things are not to be acquired by money, and are yet the higheſt delights of life? I anſwer, they are *four*: liberty, knowledge, health, and virtue. Theſe are invaluable advantages: liberty rejoicing the heart, knowledge enriching the underſtanding, health giving the reliſh to life, and virtue being the glory of the ſoul.

If it is aſked what thoſe things are, which deceive and ruin a man? They are *four*: a deſire of having much, an eagerneſs to know much, preſumption on one's own worth, and hope of a long life; great riches producing luxury, an immoderate fondneſs of knowing, often diſordering the mind, pride expoſes to contempt, and the hope of a long life begets ſupineneſs and forgetfulneſs of one's ſelf.

What are the requiſites of a Good Judge? *Four*, to hear with patience, to anſwer with prudence, to judge with equity, and to execute with mercy; a Judge who is impatient on trials, haughty in his anſwers, partial in his decrees, and mercileſs in the execution, himſelf deſerves to have juſtice done upon him, inſtead of pronouncing it upon others.

What are the things which a man thinks he has, and often is without? *Four*; many friends, much wiſdom, much knowledge, and great power; yet none are without ſecret enemies; every one commits ſome egregious faults; who is not ignorant of a multitude of things, and theſe often the moſt neceſſary? And who is he that has not met with his match? Therefore have we fewer friends, and leſs learning than we conceit. Our power is ſhort of our eſtimate, and we are perſonally leſs than we give ourſelves out to be.

How many things ſhould a huſband obſerve, to live quietly with his wife? *Four*: to love her alone, often to counſel her, ſeldom to reprove her, and never to ſtrike her. A huſband dividing his heart, neglecting his wife, reproving her every minute, and abuſing her, turns a ſtate deſigned for felicity, into confuſion and wretchedneſs.

What does a woman moſt paſſionately deſire? *Four* things: dreſs, beauty, eſteem, and liberty; all is well with them, when well dreſſed, when toaſted as beauties, when all they ſay is believed, and they gad about wherever they pleaſe.

Who are they who moſt eaſily gain and loſe friends? *Four* ſorts of people: the rich, the young, the powerful, and the favourites, are ſurrounded with friends; but when the rich become poor, the young old, the powerful are reduced to privacy, and the favourite diſgraced, they are left like a whale on the ſhore.

What ſhould be the diſpoſition of a giver? He ſhould conſider *four* things: what, to what, to whom, why, and when he gives; he ſhould not give too little; he ſhould give to him whoſe wants and merits are greateſt; he ſhould give from a rational motive, and give without any long delay.

If this letter be ſomething too prolix, it is becauſe ſhoeing my cattle would not allow me time for conciſeneſs.

I am, &c.

SOME PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

THE Ruſſian gentlemen have almoſt adopted the ſame manner of living as that of the other nations of Europe. The citizens being, for the moſt part, ſlaves who have been made

made free, retain, in a great meaſure, the manners of their primitive ſtate, and are very few in number. It is amongſt the peaſants, therefore, that we muſt look for the true national character of the Ruſſians. Some of them are ſlaves of the crown, and the reſt, who form the greater number, are ſlaves to the great lords, who have every power over them, except that of life and death. The Ruſſian peaſants were originally free; but about the middle of the ſixteenth century, they were made part of every eſtate, in order to prevent emigration. Since that period a cuſtom has prevailed of treating them entirely as ſerfs, of ſelling and buying them, and of transferring them as property in any other manner. Their yoke, however, is much eaſier than that of the peaſants of Livonia, becauſe the Livonian gentlemen conſider theirs as procured by conqueſt, while the Ruſſian peaſants have the ſame origin as their maſters.

The ordinary food of the Ruſſian peaſants, beſides bread, is the *ſchutſchi*, that is to ſay, a kind of ſoup made of cabbage, rendered ſour by fermentation, and haſhed very ſmall: this ſoup is, for the moſt part, accompanied with a piece of boiled meat. Their drink is *kivas*; a ſort of ſour yellowiſh ſmall beer, which they brew themſelves in large earthen pans. Their dreſs conſiſts of a ſhirt, always very neat, which hangs over their breeches, a linen frock, a ſurtout ſhaped like their frock, and made of coarſe woollen cloth; the whole deſcends as low as their knees, and is faſtened to the body with a girdle. In winter, inſtead of a ſurtout, they wear a cloak of ſheep's ſkin, their heads are bare in ſummer, and in winter covered with a cap.

They wear no covering to their necks either winter or ſummer; their legs are wrapt up in bandages of cloth, but they uſe ſhoes, or rather a kind of ſlippers, made of the rind of trees, cut into ſlips, which are interwoven together. The women are dreſſed almoſt in the ſame manner as the men; but their exterior garments are looſe, and not faſtened with a girdle; they are alſo very long, and reach down to their feet.

Their wooden huts have all a perfect reſemblance one to another. They are built in villages, bordering the highway, are placed parallel to it, and are covered with boards. Nothing is ſeen but a wall formed of planks, having two or three holes in it, which ſerve as windows. Theſe windows are only large enough for one to put the head through them. They are ſeldom filled with ſquares of glaſs: but in the inſide there is a piece of wood to ſhut them during the night, or in the time of bad weather. On one ſide of the hut is a ſmall gate, which conducts to a yard, the greater part of which is covered with wooden planks, to ſhelter their carts, hay, &c. From the yard you enter the houſe by a back-door, to which you go up by a few ſteps, and when you have opened the door, you find in the firſt corner, towards the right hand, a ſtove conſtructed of bricks, which ſerves them for culinary purpoſes, and to warm the apartment. Around the ſtove, and on a level with its top, runs a circular projection upon which the family ſleep, and take a forenoon nap, as well as on the ſtove itſelf, however warm it may be; for they are remarkably fond of exceſſive heat. In the corner oppoſite to the ſtove, in a diagonal direction, that is to ſay, in the corner on the left, ſtands a ſmall wooden ſhelf, at about the height of a man, containing a few images of their ſaints, ranged in order, and ſurrounded by ſmall wax candles or lamps, which are lighted on certain feſtivals; the drapery of theſe ſaints is emboſſed, and formed of tin plate or of copper, gilt; but the viſage, the

the hands, the feet, and in general all the naked parts, are only painted. The Ruſſians pretend that they are authoriſed to have painted images, but none of carved work, becauſe the commandment ſays, "Thou ſhalt "not make unto thee any gra- "ven image." All around the hut is a large wooden bench, made for ſitting or ſleeping upon. Nearer the door than the ſaints, and to the left as you enter, there is a long table, formed of two boards, joined together lengthwiſe, and before it, on one ſide, the bench already mentioned, and on the other a portable-bench much narrower. The reſt of the furniture conſiſts of a wooden baſon, ſuſpended from the roof, on one ſide of the ſtove, in order to waſh their hands whenever cleanlineſs requires it; a wooden platter, two or three wooden diſhes, and a few wooden ſpoons.

As the hut forms only one apartment, all mix together without any diſtinction: one may ſee ſleeping on the earth, on the bench, or on the top of the ſtove, the maſter of the houſe, the miſtreſs, the children, and ſervants, both male and female, and all without any ſcandal. In ſome huts, however, there is a particular corner for the maſter and miſtreſs, but it is ſeparated from the reſt only by a curtain, ſuſpended from a pole placed in an horizontal direction. Theſe huts have no chimneys; the ſmoke therefore, renders them exceedingly black in the inſide. If they are entered at the time when the miſtreſs of the family is preparing dinner, the ſmoke and the ſmell of the onions, which they uſe in all their diſhes, do not fail to make thoſe ſick who are not accuſtomed to them. When the ſmoke becomes too powerful to be reſiſted, they open a ſmall wicket, which is a little higher than the window, in order to give it vent; but theſe peaſants do this with reluctance, as they fear that part of the heat may eſcape at the ſame time; they are fond of being, as it were, roaſted in their huts.

Theſe peaſants ſupply all their own wants; they make their own ſhoes, benches, tables, wooden diſhes, and conſtruct their own ſtoves and huts. The females alſo weave a kind of cloth, which reſembles a very broad ribband: they have occaſion, therefore, to buy only a little woollen cloth or ſheeps ſkins to cover them; their girdles, which they conſider as objects of great luxury, and the iron they employ for their implements of huſbandry.

The Ruſſian peaſants are temperate in eating, but not in drinking: they are extremely fond of ſtrong liquors, and often get intoxicated, eſpecially on their feſtivals. They think they would not ſhew their reſpect for their ſaints, did they not honour them by getting drunk; and they have a word to expreſs the ſtate in which one finds one's ſelf next day. They call this ſtate, between health and ſickneſs, *ſpoklimelie;* the women are addicted to drinking as well as the men. They cannot be accuſed of lazineſs; but they conſider labour as a neceſſary evil, and never execute any piece of work thoroughly, contenting themſelves with finiſhing it in a very imperfect manner; for this reaſon, therefore, they ſcratch up the ground, inſtead of tilling it. They are fond of keeping their perſons neat: however dirty their upper garments may be, their ſhirts are always clean: they have warm or vaporated baths, into which the men and women, boys and girls, without diſtinction, plunge themſelves two or three times a week. An order has lately been made, forbidding different ſexes to mix together promiſcuouſly in theſe baths; but this order is very little obſerved.

They marry when very young, and often even at the command of their ma-

maſters. Paternal authority among them is very great, and it continues during the lives of their children; a father may give a blow with a ſtick to his ſon, of whatever age or condition he may be. We are told, that an old peaſant having gone to viſit his ſon, who had made a fortune in the army, and who enjoyed a conſiderable rank, the latter was ſo proud of his promotion, that he ordered his domeſticks to ſend the old man about his buſineſs. The father, however, having found means to enter the houſe when none of the ſervants were in the way, took a large cudgel, and gave his ſon a ſound beating; nor did the ſon, ſo powerful was parental authority, dare to defend himſelf, or to call out for aſſiſtance.

The people in Ruſſia are very hoſpitable. A Ruſſian peaſant, when on a journey, enters whatever houſe he chooſes, makes the ſign of the croſs before an image, ſalutes the company, and lays down his knapſack without any ceremony. If he finds the family at table, he ſays *bread and ſalt*, upon which the maſter of the houſe replies, *eat my bread*, and the ſtranger immediately places himſelf among the company. If he happens to arrive when the people are not at meals, he ſits down among the reſt without any formality at the proper time. If it be in the evening, he ſleeps in the hut, and the next morning departs very early without ſaying a word: if the family are up, he ſays, I thank you for bread and ſalt. A ſtranger who is travelling, meets with almoſt the ſame hoſpitality, if he can be ſatisfied with the uſual fare of theſe peaſants; if he cannot, he muſt pay the full price for every thing extraordinary; he pays alſo for the hay which his horſes have eat; but the price is always moderate.

Whatever little money theſe peaſants acquire, they place it behind their images, and commit it to their care. Robbery is never heard of among them, although the doors of their huts are always open, and often left without any perſon to guard them. However diſintereſted the Ruſſians may be naturally, they ſoon become fond of money, eſpecially when they begin to trade; they have then a perfect reſemblance to the Jews; they are as exorbitant in the prices which they aſk, and equally ready to take every advantage; but at the ſame time, they are equally diſpoſed to ſell, with a ſmall profit, when they cannot get rid of their goods in any other way.

Theſe peaſants are not ſullen, like thoſe of Germany; they ſpeak much, are very polite, and even ſometimes to exceſs. Their mode of ſaluting is by ſhaking one another by the hand, and by bowing. Their equals they call brothers, and their ſuperiors they call fathers. Before their lords, and before thoſe from whom they aſk a favour, they proſtrate themſelves, that is to ſay, ſtretch themſelves out at their length on the ground. Theſe Ruſſians have very little ambition. If you ſpeak to them with mildneſs, you may obtain from them whatever you deſire; and they will not be offended when you call them knaves and cheats, and even much worſe. They are very honeſt; but when they ceaſe to be ſo, one cannot uſe too much precaution not to be a dupe to their promiſes. Their minds receive very little cultivation, for they can neither read nor write; all their learning conſiſts in a few proverbs, which they tranſmit from father to ſon. They are fond of vocal muſick, and are always ſinging. The labourer ſings behind his plow, the coachman on his box, and the carpenter on the roof of the hut where he is at work; their ſongs are generally upon love, and their muſic is very monotonous.

The religion of the Ruſſians is that of the Greek church; that of theſe peaſants conſiſts in going to hear

maſs, in proſtrating themſelves evening and morning before their images, ſaying *ghoſpodi pomiloni*, Lord have pity upon me! in making the ſign of the croſs before and after meals, or when paſſing a church, and laſtly, in obſerving Lent.

This laſt article is abſolutely indiſpenſible; a Ruſſian peaſant is firmly perſuaded that God would ſooner pardon murder than a violation of Lent. Their prieſts are equally ignorant as themſelves; all their learning conſiſts in knowing their ritual pretty well, and in being able to give a benediction, even in the ſtreets, to thoſe who aſk it, gratis, or for the value of a penny, or a halfpenny.

One village has ſometimes more than one church, and churches are in general very numerous in Ruſſia, becauſe it is a work of great merit to found one. The ringing of bells is here almoſt continual, as it is thought to be a part of religious ſervice. Beſides churches, one finds on the highways ſmall chapels, images covered by little wooden houſes, and ſprings of water accounted ſacred or miraculous, which have generally ſmall chapels in their neighbourhood. The preſent Empreſs has formed a plan for gradually inſtructing theſe people, by ſending ſchoolmaſters among them, and prieſts to enlarge their ideas with reſpect to religion.

THE TRIFLER,

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Thurſday February 29, 1789.

LETTER FROM A SPORTSMAN EXTRAORDINARY—PREFERENCE OF ODDITY HUNTING—LONDON THE BEST PLACE FOR THIS SPORT—REASONS FOR THAT OPINION—MASTER GUBBINS INTRODUCED—THE TRIFLER SPEAKETH FOR HIMSELF.

To the AUTHOR *of the* TRIFLER.

SIR,

IN your laſt paper but one, you gave us a few traits or outlines of the character of a *Man of Contradiction*, one whom you call by the name of *Mr Nem. Con:* by this character, I perceive you are or have been one of the ſect of ODDITY-HUNTERS, a very reſpectable kind of Sportſmen, who firſt ſtarted game in the days of the Spectator (a *ſtaunch pointer* in that way) and have ſince more or leſs followed the ſame amuſement. I profeſs myſelf to be one of this Hunt, and have had ſome good ſport in my day, although I am rather too buſy now to purſue it with the keenneſs of my younger and more idle days.

There is this difference between *Oddity*-Hunting and all other kinds of Hunting, that *Oddity-hunting* is more ſucceſsfully followed in towns, and the larger the town the better—whereas it is well known that the *country* is the only place for game of other kinds. An *Oddity hunter* too runs no riſks either of breaking his neck, or impairing his fortune by an expenſive Dog-kennel. He can hunt likewiſe in all weathers, fair or foul, winter or ſummer, by day or by night. Indeed, I have generally found *winter*, and *evening*, the times when game moſtly abounds. In Oddity-hunting alſo there is this peculiar circumſtance, that your game as often comes to you as you go to it, and I well remember to have often had ſome excellent ſport at home, when laid up with the gout from ſports of every other kind.

Hunting the hare, the deer, &c. it is well known, is not an amuſement reliſhed by every perſon; ſome think it cruel, others idle and unprofitable, and

and not a few have found it deſtructive, both to purſe and perſon—Neither, Sir, is *Oddity-hunting* pleaſant to all. It requires tempers of a very peculiar caſt to reliſh the amuſement; and it requires a fine ſcent, a nice eye, &c. for in oddity-hunting I hope it is neceſſary to tell you that a man muſt be his own *pointer*, his own whipper-in, &c. in ſhort, he muſt be both man and beaſt in the amuſement, ſtart his game, run it down, and then, like other ſportſmen, ſend preſents of it to his friends, as I intend to do in future to you, if I find, by your inſertion of this letter, that you are fond of *game*.

In advertiſements reſpecting eſtates to be ſold, the Auctioneer takes frequent opportunities to tell us that ſuch an eſtate lies in a *fine ſporting county, abounding with game*, &c. Now, Sir, of all places abounding with Oddities, I know of none nor do I believe that in the whole world there can be found a place equal to London. In that place I reſided ſome years ago, and, being an Oddity-Hunter from birth, for all our family have been ſtaunch, I found ample amuſement, whenever I choſe to *turn out*. If I had a fit of the ſpleen, or of the diſorder called *Dont-know-howiſhneſs*, it was "Hark away!" to ſome Coffeehouſe, or ſome of thoſe conviv,al Clubs with which London abounds—and there "in the joys of the chaſe" after an oddity, I diſſipated all ill humours, and became chearful and merry.

Why London of all places is moſt abounding in game of this kind, it requires but a ſlight conſideration of the nature of the place and its inhabitants to determine. London is the largeſt and moſt populous city perhaps in Europe; in the greater number of people there is conſequently the greater chance of ſtarting an *Oddity*.

Secondly; As *Oddities* are a ſpecies of beings which "like to have their own way," there is no place where a man, be his peculiarities what they may, can enjoy himſelf ſo much at his eaſe, as in London, unleſs occaſionally diſturbed by us Sportſmen, who, by the bye, to ſay the truth, may hunt down our game and make ſport, but we never kill it, for that (the glory of all other hunting) would be deſtruction to our own amuſement. No. When we have ſcented our game, we lay faſt hold of it, and feed it for future diverſion.

Thirdly, The univerſal congregation of all nations, languages and tongues in London, opens a wide field of ſport for *Oddity-Hunters*. The mixtures and intermarriages between Scotch, Engliſh, Iriſh, Welch, Germans, French, Italians, Spaniards, &c. &c. &c. muſt occaſion a pleaſant compoſition of national tempers and habits, each, like acid and alcali, contending for the ſuperiority, until they arrive at that perfect *ſaturation*, a *NEUTRAL*, a body partaking of the qualities of both, but ſo altered as to be a diſtinct and new ſubſtance, applicable to purpoſes for which the ingredients ſeparately would have been unfit.

Another remark to be made on this ſubject is, that there are in that great Metropolis, a certain number of perſons who live nobody knows how, have ſomething *ſnug* to live upon, and think themſelves at a certain time of life releaſed from the common forms of ſociety. Here the game I ſpeak of breeds very faſt. The very great number of people, too, who may be ſaid to live in coffeehouſes, &c. and frequent clubs every evening of their lives, acquire certain habits very ſtrongly; for, being hereby relieved from the neceſſity of attending to the ceremonies and modes which throw an air of uniformity over companies in private

houſes, they give full bend to their diſpoſitions, and it is their boaſt that they can be as whimſical as they pleaſe, and no man has a right to diſturb them, as "*they pay for what they call for!*"

Are not here glorious ſources of ſport! Ah! poor old *Gubbins*, thou art gone! A pleaſant fellow, Sir, and a prodigious fine politician. Poor Tom! He frequented the Red Lion for five and thirty years, without miſſing a day; I think I ſee him now in his evening chair, cloſe by the fire, a place which he held indiſputably by preſcription; his Welch rabbit on the table, his pint of wine, his newſpaper, and a large ſlice of bread—whenever the wine began to warm his imagination, *Tom* entered on the ſtate of the nation, and before twelve o'clock, the uſual hour of departure, I have heard him diſcuſs the merits of the American War—the ſuperiority of wine to punch—the philoſophy of froſt—the high price of tallow—the beauties of Pope's Homer, Triſtram Shandy, Hume's Hiſtory, Joſeph Andrews, and other favourite works—the declivity of Holborn Hill—the change of the Miniſtry—the fall of the ſtocks, and the new Drop—In all which ſubjects he ſhowed ſuch an equal ſkill and judgement, that ſtrangers were puzzled to find out, whether he was a Poet or a Paſtry Cook—an Hiſtorian or a haberdaſher—a ſtone maſon, or a ſtoic Philoſopher—but he is gone! Many is the evening of ſport I have had with *Tom;* the very laſt night he was at the Club, he took great pains to inform us that Charles the II. was grandſon to William the III. and that Don Quixote was a real character.

After this long preface, Sir, I find it will not ſuit my bounds, to preſent you with any game by this poſt: But if you are diſpoſed to entertain your readers with ſports of this kind, I ſhall be very happy to ſend you ſome when I have leiſure, and am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,
A SPORTSMAN.

To this correſpondent I have only to ſay, that I ſhall be very happy to receive a *brace* of Oddities, when he can ſpare them from his engagements to his other friends, as I have no doubt that one ſo ſucceſsful in the ſport muſt have many friends to oblige. The *hunting of Oddities* was always a favourite ſport with me, and if my correſpondent will favour me with his addreſs, I ſhall be very proud to take a day's ſport with him, and beat the buſh for freſh game.

Remarkable Inſtance of FRIENDSHIP *in a* SAVAGE.

IT has been obſerved, that the friendſhips of the Indians of North America are ſtrong, and faithful to the laſt extremity. A remarkable inſtance of this appeared in the caſe of the late colonel Byrd, who was ſent to the Cherokee nation to tranſact ſome buſineſs with them. It happened that ſome of our diſorderly people had juſt killed one or two of that nation. It was therefore propoſed in the council of the Cherokees, that colonel Byrd ſhould be put to death in revenge for the loſs of their countrymen. Among them was a chief called *Silouee*, who, on ſome former occaſion, had contracted an acquaintance and friendſhip with colonel Byrd. He came to him every night in his tent, and told him not to be afraid, they ſhould not kill him. After many days deliberation, however, the determination was, contrary to Silouee's expectation, that Byrd ſhould be put to death, and ſome war-

warriors were dispatched as executioners. Silouee attended them; and when they entered the tent, he threw himself between them and Byrd, and said to the warriors, 'This man is my friend: before you get at him, you must kill me.' On which they returned; and the council respected the principle so much as to recede from a determination, which the colonel himself had thought irrevocable.

*Letter written by a French Gentleman at Edinburgh, containing the Characters of some of the Scotch Literati.**

FEBRUARY 7, 1786.

SIR,

I Would have returned an answer to your kind letter much sooner, had I not been desirous of acquiring ampler information, respecting the different questions which you ask me; but notwithstanding all my endeavours, I can only give you a faint sketch of what you wish to know. I hope, however, to be able to finish it during my residence here; and when that season arrives, in which men of letters will be less engaged, and more accessible.

I have been introduced to Dr. Adam Smith, by Dr. Black, one of his intimate friends; the latter has the character of Fontaine, united to the genius of Stahl ‡. I mentioned your proposal to Dr. Smith; he received it with much politeness and attention: but unluckily the plan of his History of Morality and Legislation, is as yet in its infancy. He does not know when his civil occupations, for he is a commissioner of the customs, will permit him to finish it. I believe it will not be before four or five years; with regard to his History of Poetry, Eloquence, Philosophy, and several other sciences, it may, perhaps appear in the course of two.

To have access to the company of celebrated men in this city, is not so easy as you may imagine. It is very true, that to great talents, and cultivated minds, they all unite an amiable character, with much politeness; they are even hospitable, and affable to a certain degree; but whether it be owing to pride, timidity, ignorance of their own merit, or to that kind of reserve, and love of liberty, which are the usual effects of study and solitude, or lastly, to all these causes combined, they are for the most part incommunicative; they appear astonished at the freedom with which a stranger attempts to see them, and it is only after a long acquaintance that one can hope to insinuate one's self into their familiarity. Besides this, the greater part of them are really much engaged during seven months of the year, when the classes are open, and they take advantage of the five months vacancy to retire into the country. It is that time, as I have been told, that one must choose for forming an intimate connection with those who remain in town; in general I have found great difference between the manner in which our literati, and those of other parts of Europe, receive strangers, and that in which they are received by men of letters in England. The latter seem to pay little attention to any thing foreign to the heart, and would prefer the conver-

* The Editors will not be answerable for the justness of the sentiments, nor the exactness of the observations contained in this letter. It is translated from the French, as well as the notes which accompany it, and they give it to the public as they found it.

‡ A celebrated physician of Berlin, author of the Sublime Theory of Phlogiston.

verſation of a worthy man with whom they are acquainted to that of a Franklin, or a Buffon; whilſt the former, who are accuſtomed to receive ſtrangers, rank amongſt the firſt virtues this univerſal hoſpitality, and endeavour to reward a foreigner for the fatigues of his journey, by a cordial and free intercourſe. In a viſit which I made in my way to Dr. Prieſtly, his firſt words were, "I have not the ho-" nour of knowing you; are you ac-" quainted with any of my friends?" Upon our replying, that we could not paſs without ſhewing ſome mark of our eſteem, for one who ſo juſtly deſerved it, he remained confuſed, without uttering a ſingle ſyllable, and it was not till the end of a quarter of an hour that we ſaw the gentleman, and the man of letters. The Scotch, it is true, are much more acceſſible, without being at bottom more communicative.

You ſee, Sir, that I can only give you a very imperfect picture of theſe great men. This ſummer I ſhall attempt to become more intimately acquainted with them, without offending their modeſty, or intruding upon their ſolitude. In the mean time, the following are the particulars I have been able to learn, either by my own obſervation, or from their moſt intimate friends.

Dr. Ferguſon* is at preſent very old and infirm; he ſees no company, but through politeneſs; a paralytical diſorder has deprived him of part of his bodily and intellectual faculties: he purpoſes, however, to publiſh his courſe of lectures this year. Dr Blair† has alſo reſigned his profeſſor's chair, in order to enjoy the remainder of his old age amidſt a very ſmall circle of friends. Both theſe gentlemen have been ſucceeded by young men of great merit, who will probably ſurpaſs their maſters. I have already begun to form a connection with them, and I hope, next year, to inform you more particularly of their characters. The celebrated Dr. Robertſon‡ is the moſt reſerved of the whole; he was, formerly, as you know, miniſter of a country pariſh: his Hiſtory of Scotland procured him a living in Edinburgh; and ſoon after, ſome ſermons of great merit raiſed him to be principal of the univerſity, and profeſſor of hiſtory: he read lectures only for two years, and has obtained permiſſion to give himſelf up entirely to ſtudy. Since that time, he has ſpent his life among books and a very ſmall number of friends. I was introduced to him by our biſhop. I was much ſtruck by his phyſiognomy, in which Lavater without doubt, would have found the eyes of Thucydides, with the contour of Herodotus. He is in general, well made, announces a man of great character, and is remarkably intelligent and polite. The phyſiognomy of Dr. Smith, announces more ſimplicity and love of mankind: he has the forehead of Homer; eyes full of fire, and the lower part of his viſage greatly reſembles that of Crebillon the father, without any ſeverity; openneſs, good-nature, and integrity, appear in all his actions: I dined with him laſt week, and enjoyed the high pleaſure of ſeeing genius concealed under the character of an excellent father of a family, and an amiable and

* Author of the Hiſtory of the Roman Republick, which has been tranſlated into French, by Mr. Demeunier; and of ſeveral other important works.

† Well known by his elegant Sermons; the morality of which is ſo pure, ſo eaſy, and conſoling. He is alſo the author of an excellent work on Criticiſm, entitled Lectures on Rhetoric, and the Belles Lettres.

‡ The Hiſtory of Charles V. the Hiſtory of America, and that of Scotland, have rendered his name too celebrated not to be univerſally known.

lively

lively companion. Dr. Millar* does not reſide here, but at Glaſgow. There are here ſeveral other great men, whoſe names have not yet paſſed into France; ſuch as the author of the Man of Feeling†, and of the Man of the World; Dr. Blacklock, and Dr. Cullen.‡

With regard to your enquiry, reſpecting a young man who might be induced to come hither, I can give you the following plain anſwers. Firſt, It is very difficult, as you ſee, to get acceſs to men of letters; conſequently, it would be riſking a journey, to come hither with that intention. Secondly, Living here is exceedingly dear, and not very agreeable. Thirdly, This univerſity is, principally, a ſchool of phyſic; and, without doubt, it is, at preſent, the firſt in Europe. This art is much reſpected in England: many of the younger ſons of great families ſtudy it; and the profeſſors, jealous of their dignity, require a large ſum for admiſſion to their lectures, to prevent people of no education from attending them. On this account the affluence of the ſtudents has transformed this univerſity into a ſchool of phyſic, and the profeſſors chairs into lucrative places; except the lectures read by the profeſſors of phyſic, philoſophy, and mathematics, which are connected with medicine, there are only three others, which could induce a young man to come hither: theſe are thoſe on moral philoſophy, the belles lettres, and hiſtory; but, as theſe, even though excellent, and, perhaps, perfect, in their kind, are only elementary, they could be of no ſervice to the perſon you mention. They are intended only to complete the education of the young phyſicians who ſtudy here. If your young man be intended for this profeſſion, I would adviſe him, by all means, to undertake the journey; for I muſt own, that I myſelf am far from repenting that I viſited Edinburgh. Beſides the beſt profeſſors in Europe, we have here, firſt, a magnificent hoſpital, to which we may go at all times, where we receive clinical lectures, and where, among others, we have two halls ſet apart for experiments on difficult caſes; by which means we may acquire, in the ſpace of two or three years, more experience than a practice of almoſt twenty years could give us. Secondly, learned ſocieties of every kind: the firſt, and that upon the model of which all the reſt have been formed, is the Royal Society of Medicine: it reckons among its members all the profeſſors here, and the moſt celebrated of other nations; in France, Mr. de la Sone, and Vicq. d'Azyr. The members hold their meetings every Saturday, from four in the afternoon till one or two in the morning. Each member is obliged to give, in turn, the hiſtory and cure of ſome diſorder; a philoſophical or medical queſtion, and a commentary upon one of the Aphoriſms of Hippocrates. Theſe papers are examined with a decency, an order, and depth of judgment, worthy of this nation. You may well imagine, that I have uſed my endeavours to be admitted into this ſociety: I had that honour laſt month. Nothing can be better planned than this inſtitution; the advantages reſulting from it, appear to me to be equal to all the other reſources of the country taken together.

I am much obliged to you, for intereſting yourſelf ſo much in my happineſs, and enquiring ſo particularly reſpecting my ſituation. My manner of life has a great reſemblance to that of the people whoſe characters I have attempted

* We are indebted to him for an excellent Treatiſe on the Origin of the Diſtinction of Ranks in Society. It has been tranſlated into French, by a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed abilities.

† This work has been tranſlated into French, by Mr. Saint-Ange.

‡ Mr. Bouquillon has juſt now tranſlated his Phiſiology.

ed to delineate. I every day ſtudy that ſcience to which I have devoted myſelf, without neglecting thoſe, which, though not directly connected with it, may contribute towards the cultivation of the mind. I viſit ſome of thoſe great men whom I have mentioned, and ſometimes make my appearance at plays, balls, concerts and public aſſemblies, that I may not become altogether a clown. I ſhould have great pleaſure in relating to you the particulars of my journey hither from London, along the weſtern coaſt of the iſland: I made a ſhort ſtay in ſome of the moſt conſiderable places; ſuch as Briſtol, Birmingham, Mancheſter, Liverpool, and Carliſle: but the limits of a letter will not permit me to enter into any detail. I ſhall only venture to make ſome obſervations on the diſtinguiſhing characteriſticks of the three nations, which my reſidence here has given me an opportunity of knowing. The contraſt between Dover and Calais, is in every reſpect, ſo great, that one would almoſt imagine one'ſelf tranſported to the other end of the globe; this difference vaniſhes as you approach Scotland, in which many traces may be found of its ancient intercourſe with France. The Engliſh, thoſe who are properly ſo called, appeared to me to be leſs poliſhed than either the Iriſh or the Scotch; and, in this reſpect, more than two centuries behind us. Fond of order and neatneſs, preferring the ſolid to the brilliant, convenience to delicacy, and abundance to voluptuous enjoyment, they have ſomething ſavage and unſociable, and, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, ſomething diſagreeable and ſtiff, which appears diſguſting.* The Scotch, on the other hand, are affable and engaging; mild, yet irascible at the ſame time; ſly and ingenious, and fond of the arts, and of luxury. The women are well made, exhibit much taſte, and have received, as if by tradition, from their connection with us, a peculiar turn, which gives them a great reſemblance to the ladies of France. Nothing ſurprized me more, than to find here, at the aſſemblies, the ſame manners and the ſame dreſſes as I had left at Paris. The Engliſh women are, in general, very pretty; their melancholy air, their long flowing hair, without any other ornament than the charms of nature, and their ſimple and paſtoral dreſs, all announce the heroines of romance. The Iriſh ſeem to hold a middle place between the two nations: they are more communicative than the Engliſh, often even inſinuating and intriguing, and more rude and noiſy than the Scotch. We have here a great number of individuals of four nations, Engliſh, Americans, Scotch, and Iriſh; but it is very eaſy to diſtinguiſh them on the firſt view, as well as by their dialect. Pride of character, vigour of body, a bold and imperious gait, announce the Engliſhman. The Iriſhman, more plaint, yet rude at the ſame time, ſhews that he has a deſire to rule and to form factions. The Scotchman, cunning and ſhrewd, makes his advances by giving you to underſtand, that he wiſhes to be paid in return; he is not ſo proud as an Engliſhman, but more impatient of an inſult. The American is extremely mild, and partakes much of the French character. I intend to devote one part of the next vacancy to a tour through Scotland, and the other to ſtudy, and the company of ſome of our men of letters, I have engaged Dr. Smith to correſpond with you, if you deſire it, until his work ſhall be ready to appear. When I have finiſhed my medical career, I propoſe to return by the eaſt to London, and to paſs

* The author moſt undoubtedly here ſpeaks of the rabble, or lower claſſes of the people.

paſs the winter there, in order to complete myſelf in the different branches, and to get more inſight into the manners and character of the Britiſh nation.

Monthly Chronicle, and Review of Politics.

THE REGENT.

ON the 20th of November, both houſes of parliament met, but on account of his Majeſty's illneſs, adjourned for a fortnight.

On the 4th of December, the houſes met again; in the houſe of Peers, the Lord Preſident obſerved, that as the legiſlative power was unhappily deprived of its head and ſource, and the executive power totally ſuſpended, it became neceſſary for the other two branches of the legiſlature to provide a remedy adequate to the exigency of the caſe. But it was firſt neceſſary that the caſe ſhould be proved. The Lords of the council had examined the phyſicians who attended his Majeſty, and the report of the examination was upon the table. Ordered to be taken into conſideration on Monday.

Same day the houſe of commons met; the report of the examination of the phyſicians was laid on the table, and ordered to be taken into conſideration on Monday.

Monday Dec. 8, a committee of each houſe was choſen to examine the phyſicians, and the report of the examination was received on Wedneſday Dec. 11.

The phyſicians examined were Dr. Warren, Sir George Baker, Rev. Dr. Willis, Dr. Giſborne, Dr. Addington, Sir Lucas Pepys, and Dr. Reynolds. As the queſtions put to each were numerous, and the reading of their examination took up near half an hour, we can only ſtate briefly the moſt material part of their evidence.

In four points they all agreed.

Firſt, That his Majeſty is incapable of meeting his Parliament, or attending to public buſineſs.

Second, That from their experience of perſons afflicted with diſorders ſimilar to that of his Majeſty, the majority of whom had recovered, they had good hopes of his Majeſty's recovery.

Third, That his Majeſty is not at preſent in a ſtate of convaleſcence.

Fourth, They declined naming any preciſe time within which his Majeſty's recovery might reaſonably be expected, altho' Dr Willis and Dr. Addington were more ſanguine on this head than the reſt.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer ſaid, the Houſe could not but feel it to be their duty to proceed in ſettling the affairs of the nation in ſuch a manner as might beſt preſerve the intereſts of the ſovereign. He truſted there would be no difference of opinion with regard to the mode, and he concluded with moving, That a Committee be appointed to ſearch the Journals for precedents of proceedings in caſes of the ſuſpenſion or interruption of the executive government from the infancy, ſickneſs, infirmity, or other incapacity of the Sovereign.

Mr Fox thought the further delay that muſt enſue from the appointment of another Committee had better be avoided. There was no precedent of ſuſpenſion of the executive Government, where there was an Heir Apparent of full age and capacity, to be found in them—For his own part, he was fully convinced from the principles and practice of the conſtitution, and from the analogy of the common

law of the land, that where the Sovereign, from ſickneſs, infirmity, or other incapacity, was unable to exerciſe the functions of his high office, if the Heir Apparent was of full age and capacity, he had as natural and indiſputable a claim to the full exerciſe of the executive power, in the name and on behalf of the Sovereign, during the continuance of ſuch incapacity, as in caſe of his natural demiſe.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer ſaid, To aſſert that the Heir Apparent, in caſe of the incapacity of the Sovereign, had a natural and indiſputable claim to the exerciſe of the executive power, was little leſs than treaſon. He repeated, than treaſon! He aſſerted on the contrary, that the Heir Apparent had no more right to the exerciſe of the executive power than any other ſubject, and that it belonged alone to the two remaining branches of the Legiſlature, to make ſuch proviſion for ſupplying the temporary deficiency.

Mr. Fox replied, that he knew of no Parliament without the preſence of the Sovereign, either in perſon or by commiſſion, and he aſſerted again, Treaſon let it be called, that an Heir Apparent, of full age and capacity, had as much right to the temporary ſucceſſion to the incapacity of the Sovereign, as to the actual and permanent ſucceſſion in caſe of his natural demiſe; and that by him and him alone was the executive power to be exerciſed in the name and for the intereſt of the Sovereign.

In the houſe of peers the ſame ground was gone over, by Lord Camden, and Lord Chancellor on the ſide of adminiſtration, and Lord Loughborough on the part of oppoſition.

HOUSE OF LORDS, Monday *Dec.* 15.

Earl Fitzwilliam ſaid, that a Regent ſhould be appointed, and that the Prince of Wales ought to be the Regent.

Earl Camden was of opinion, the queſtion of right ought to be clearly ſtated.

His Royal Highneſs the Duke of York, after apologizing for intruding himſelf on their Lordſhips, and complimenting the candour of the Houſe, recommended moderation and unanimity. In their Lordſhips zeal for the ſafety and honour of the Crown, and the public welfare, the diſcuſſion of an unclaimed right may have been carried too far. It was impoſſible that it could be attended with any good conſequences. The preſent unhappy ſituation of the executive power—a calamity which he, as a Peer of Parliament, felt in common with them all, and as an individual he could not but feel the wound in the tendereſt part—called for moderation and deliberative wiſdom. The Houſe of Brunſwick were impreſſed with the higheſt love and reſpect for the nation at large. This conſideration, alone, would certainly prevent any ſteps being taken on the preſent calamitous occaſion, without the previous advice and deliberation of both Houſes of Parliament; and if his royal brother, (the Prince of Wales) was to addreſs their Lordſhips, as a Peer of Parliament, he would expreſs the ſame ſentiments.

The Lord Chancellor was adverſe to hypothetical diſquiſitions. The queſtion ought therefore to be avoided, and the public good only conſidered.

In ſpeaking of his Majeſty, and the many favours he received at his royal hands, his Lordſhip thus expreſſed himſelf—"If ever I forget or "forſake my King, may God forget "and forſake me!"

His Royal Highneſs the Duke of Gloceſter earneſtly requeſted their Lordſhips to proceed with temper.

Houſe

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Tuesday, Dec. 16.

The House met, and at four o'clock went into a Committee on the State of the Nation, Alderman Watson in the Chair.

Mr. Pitt opened the business, by lamenting the cause that gave rise to the present question; called the Members attention to the importance of the subject; informed them of the necessity of supplying the defect in the exercise of the royal authority; and that it was the duty of the two Houses of Parliament so to do.

He then proposed to the Committee the following Resolutions:

I. That it is the opinion of this Committee,

"That his Majesty is prevented, by his present indisposition, from coming to his Parliament, and from attending to public business; and that the personal exercise of the royal authority is thereby for the present interrupted."

II. That is the opinion of this Committee,

"That it is the right and duty of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, of Great Britain now assembled, and lawfully, fully, and freely representing all the estates of the people of this realm, to provide the means of supplying the defect of the personal exercise of the royal authority, arising from his Majesty's said indisposition, in such manner as the exigencies of the case may require."

Resolved,

"That, for this purpose, and for maintaining entire the constitutional authority of the King, it is necessary that the said Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons of Great Britain, should determine on the means whereby the royal assent may be given in Parliament to such bills as may be passed by the two Houses of Parliament, respecting the exercise of the powers and authorities of the Crown, in the name and on the behalf of the King, during the continuance of his Majesty's present indisposition.

The Master of the Rolls supported Mr Pitt's arguments.

Lord North opposed the proposition for deciding the right.

Several members afterwards delivered their opinions, and at half past two in the morning, the House divided,

For the second resolution -	268
Against it - -	204
Majority -	64

The third was then carried without a division, and th House adjourned.

FRIDAY, *Dec.* 19.

Alderman Watson appeared at the bar with the resolutions of the Committee on the State of the Nation; and they being ordered to be brought up,

Sir John Sinclair agreed to the first, but objected to the second, as mysterious; and requested Mr. Pitt would inform the House, what were the means by which it was his intention to supply the defect in the exercise of the royal authority.

Mr. Pitt said, I am very ready to explain to the Hon. Baronet, the means which I intend to employ for supplying the defect in the exercise of the royal authority. I intend to propose that a person or persons should be authorized by the two Houses of Parliament, to exercise this living power of the Crown, so far as to be enabled to put the Great Seal to a Commission for opening the Parliament, and give the royal assent to such bills as may be passed by the two Houses respecting the exercise of the powers and authority of the

Crown in the name, and on the behalf of the King, during the continuance of his Majeſty's illneſs.

Sir John Sinclair was alarmed at this; as the Parliament was to be opened by a *fiction* before a Regent was appointed; and this ſuppoſed to be done with the King's conſent, although the firſt reſolution declared his Majeſty incapable of tranſacting buſineſs.

Mr. Dempſter was of opinion the Houſe was wrong from the beginning; and to ſet them right, moved the following amendment to the ſecond reſolution:—To leave out the word *right* in the third line; and alſo to leave out the words "in ſuch manner as the exigency of the caſe may ſeem to require," and inſert in their ſtead the following: "by addreſſing his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, the *heir apparent* to the Crown, and now of *full age*, to take upon him the care of the civil and military affairs of the kingdom, *during* his Majeſty's illneſs, and *no longer*."

The queſtion was put upon the firſt part of the amendment, for leaving out the word "right." The amendment was rejected, and the word retained without a diviſion.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Monday, Dec. 22.

The order of the day was read, for the adjourned conſideration of the third Reſolution contained in the report of laſt Tueſday's Committee, as well as of the amendment propoſed by Mr. Dempſter.

This amendment was, that, for the words, "ſhould determine on the means," to the end of the Reſolution, there be inſerted theſe words, viz. "ſhould addreſs his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales to take upon him the adminiſtration of the kingdom, during his Majeſty's illneſs, and no longer."

The Speaker put the queſtion, viz. "That the words propoſed to be left out ſtand part of the motion."

Upon which the Houſe divided,

For —	251
Againſt —	178
Majority	73

The Reſolution was again read, and agreed to.

Mr. Pitt then moved to communicate the reſolutions to the Lords, as a conference.

Friday Dec. 16. In the houſe of Peers, the three reſolutions were debated and carried by a majority of 23. On this occaſion the following proteſt was entered.

PROTEST

Of Forty-Seven Peers of Great Britain, including Two Royal Dukes, in favour of the Rights of the People, and the Laws of England.

DISSENTIENT.

1ſt, BEcauſe we adhere to the ancient principle recognized and declared by the Act of the 13th of Charles II. that no act or ordinance, with the force and virtue of a Law, can be made by either or both Houſes of Parliament, without the King's Aſſent; a principle, ſtanding as a Bulwark to the people againſt the two Houſes, as the two Houſes are their Security againſt the Crown.

2dly, Becauſe this Principle is tacitly admitted by the third Reſolution, while it overthrows the practice by a pretended Appearance of the Royal Aſſent under a Commiſſion to paſs Bills, a Commiſſion which would be inconſiſtent with the Proviſions of an Act of the 33d of Henry the Eighth, requiring that every Commiſſion ſhall be ſigned by his Majeſty's Hand. In our preſent unhappy ſituation, that eſſential Requiſite being unattainable, we cannot

not condeſcend to give a ſanction to a counterfeit repreſentation of the Royal Signature; and we dare not aſſume a power to diſpenſe with the law, which makes that ſignature eſſential to the Validity of a Commiſſion to paſs Bills.

3dly. Becauſe we conceive that the unqueſtionable Rights of the people, ſo fallaciouſly repreſented as as being upheld by theſe reſolutions, are violently infringed by an unneceſſary Aſſumption, on the part of the two Houſes, of powers beyond thoſe which the Nation has aſſigned them. Invariable practice in all good times, and poſitive Laws eſtabliſhed by complete Parliaments, truly and conſtitutionally repreſenting the Nation, have defined theſe powers. And we cannot but regard, with the utmoſt apprehenſion, any propoſal to overſtep thoſe boundaries, when the conſequence of ſuch uſurpation is ſo fatally marked in the Hiſtory of our country.

4thly, Becauſe it was conteſted in the debate that the powers of this commiſſion were not to be confined ſolely to the act of appointing a Regent; to what other purpoſes they may extend, were not explained. State neceſſity, the avowed ground of the meaſure, may ſerve as the pretext to any diminution of the juſt prerogative of the Crown, or of the liberties of the people, that beſt ſuits the deſigns of ambition. Fatal experience had ſhewn to our anceſtors the boundleſs miſchief of power thus uſurped under plauſible appearances; and it is particularly the duty of the houſe of Peers to check the renewal of a practice to aſſume the name, without the ſubſtance of the royal authority, by which this Houſe was once annihilated, the monarchy overthrown, and the liberties of the people ſubdued.

5thly, Becauſe theſe dangerous and alarming conſequences of the meaſure adopted, would have been obviated by the amendment rejected. It propoſed to ſubſtitute a meaſure conformable to the practice of our anceſtors at the glorious Æra of the Revolution.—They ſeized not upon public neceſſity as a convenience for the uſurpation of new powers, but proceeded in a plain and explicit form to the revival of the royal authority with full efficacy, before they entered upon the exerciſe of their legiſlative functions. Purſuing a ſimilar courſe, the amendment propoſed the immediate nomination of the natural repreſentative of the King, the heir apparent to the Crown, to whom alone, it was univerſally admitted, the eyes and hearts of all men, during the preſent unhappy conjecture, were turned; that with a perfect and efficient legiſlature, ſuch future proviſions might be enacted as the preſervation of the full and undiminiſhed authority of the Crown, and the liberties of the people may require.

Frederick Duke of York, Henry Duke of Cumberland. The Dukes of Norfolk, Bedford, Devonſhire, Portland, Northumberland. Marquiſſes of Lothian, Townſhend. The Earls of Derby, Huntingdon, Suffolk and Berks, Carliſle, Plymouth, Scarborough, Cholmondeley, Fitzwilliam, Hertford, Spencer, Abergavenny, Caſſillis, Selkirk, Breadalbane. Viſcounts Hereford, Maynard. Lords Audley, Clifton, Teynham, Craven, Boyle, Hay, Cadogan, Chedworth, Ponſonby, Walpole, Pelham, Lovell and Holland, Cardiff, Foley, Loughborough, Southampton, Porcheſter, Rodney, Rawdon, Malmeſbury, Kinnaird. Biſhop of Briſtol.

Mr Cornwall the Speaker of the houſe of commons having died on the 2d of January, the houſe adjourned to Monday the 5th, when William Wyndham Grenville Eſq; was elected ſpeaker. Sir Gilbert Elliot was put in nomination by oppoſition, and the ſtate of the vote was, for Mr Grenville

215,

215, for Sir G. Elliot 144, majority, 71.

Jan. 6. Reſolved by both houſes, that the phyſicians be again examined, and the ſame committee named as formerly.

Jan. 13. The report of the phyſicians was received, and ordered to be printed for the uſe of the members. The examination extends to about 400 quarto pages, but the reſult of the whole is, that the proſpect of his Majeſty's recovery is ſtill very uncertain, and that there are no ſigns of convaleſcence as yet; on this laſt head, Dr. Willis is more ſanguine than all the other phyſicians.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Friday *Jan.* 16.

Mr Pitt moved the important buſineſs of the Regency, in the following reſolutions:

1ſt, That the Prince ſhall be ſole Regent, with Limitations and Exceptions.

2d, That he ſhall not exerciſe the prerogative of creating Peers.

3d, That he ſhall not grant places for life, either as they drop or in reverſion, but in patent places, that he ſhall fill them up.

4th, That the Prince Regent ſhall have no power over, or concern in either the real or perſonal eſtates of his Majeſty, but that the whole truſt and management thereof ſhall be veſted with the Queen, and ſuch other perſons as may be appointed by Parliament to have the cuſtody of the King's perſon.

5th, That the care of his Majeſty's Royal Perſon, during the continuance of his Majeſty's illneſs, ſhould be committed to the Queen's moſt Excellent Majeſty; and, that her Majeſty ſhould have power *to remove from, and to nominate and appoint ſuch perſons as ſhe ſhall think proper, to the ſeveral Offices in his Majeſty's* HOUSEHOLD, and to diſpoſe, order, and manage all other matters and things relating to the care of his Majeſty's Royal Perſon, during the time aforeſaid.—And that for the better enabling her Majeſty to diſcharge this important truſt, it is alſo expedient that a Council ſhould be appointed to adviſe and aſſiſt her Majeſty in the ſeveral matters aforeſaid, and with power from time to time, as they ſee cauſe, to examine upon oath the Phyſicians and others touching the ſtate of his Majeſty's health, and all matters relative thereto.

All the Reſolutions except the firſt, were ſtrenuouſly oppoſed, but in the end were carried by a conſiderable majority, as they were alſo in the houſe of peers.

STATE PAPERS.

To his ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCE of WALES.

SIR,

The proceedings in Parliament being now brought to a point, which will render it neceſſary to propoſe to the Houſe of Commons, the particular meaſures to be taken for ſupplying the defect of the perſonal exerciſe of the Royal Authority during the preſent interval, and your Royal Highneſs having ſome time ſince ſignified your pleaſure, that any communication on this ſubject ſhould be in writing, I take the liberty of reſpectfully entreating your Royal Highneſs's permiſſion to ſubmit to your conſideration the outlines of the plan which his Majeſty's *Confidential Servants* humbly conceive, (according to the beſt judgment which they are able to form) to be proper to be propoſed in the preſent circumſtances.

It is their humble opinion, that your Royal Highneſs ſhould be empowered to exerciſe the Royal Authority in the name and on the behalf of his Majeſty, during his Majeſty's illneſs, and to do all acts which might legally be done by his Majeſty, with proviſions, nevertheleſs, that the care of his Majeſty's royal Perſon, and the management of

his

his Majeſty's Houſhold, and the direction and appointment of the Officers and Servants therein, ſhould be in the Queen, under ſuch regulations as may be thought neceſſary. That the power to be exerciſed by your Royal Highneſs ſhould not extend to the granting the real or perſonal property of the King, (except as far as relates to the renewal of leaſes) to the granting any office in reverſion, or to the granting, for any other term than during his Majeſty's pleaſure, any penſion, or any office whatever, except ſuch as muſt by law be granted for life, or during good behaviour, nor to the granting any rank or dignity of the Peerage of this realm, to any perſon, except his Majeſty's iſſue who ſhall have attained the age of twenty-one years. Theſe are the principal points which have occurred to his Majeſty's Miniſters.

I beg leave to add, that their ideas are formed on the ſuppoſition that his Majeſty's illneſs is only temporary, and may be of no long duration. It may be difficult to fix before hand, the preciſe period for which theſe proviſions ought to laſte; but if unfortunately his Majeſty's recovery ſhould be protracted to a more diſtant period, than there is reaſon at preſent to imagine, it will be open hereafter to the wiſdom of Parliament, to re-conſider theſe proviſions, whenever the circumſtances appear to call for it.

If your Royal Highneſs ſhould be pleaſed to require any further explanation on the ſubject, and ſhould condeſcend to ſignify your orders, that I ſhould have the honour of attending your Royal Highneſs for that purpoſe, or to intimate any other mode in which your Royal Highneſs may wiſh to receive ſuch explanation, I ſhall reſpectfully wait your Royal Highneſs's commands.

I have the honour to be, with the utmoſt deference and ſubmiſſion, Sir, your Royal Highneſs's moſt dutiful and devoted Servant,

W. PITT.

Authentic COPY of His Royal Highneſs the PRINCE *of* WALES' ANSWER *to* Mr PITT's LETTER.

The Prince of Wales learns from Mr Pitt, that the proceedings in Parliament are now in a train which enables Mr Pitt, according to the intimation of his former letter, to communicate to the Prince, the outlines of the plan which his Majeſty's confidential ſervants conceive proper to be propoſed in the preſent circumſtances.

Concerning the ſteps already taken by Mr Pitt, the Prince is ſilent—Nothing done by the two Houſes of Parliament can be a proper ſubject of his animadverſion; but when, previouſly to any diſcuſſion in Parliament, the outlines of a ſcheme of Government are ſent for his conſideration, in which it is propoſed that he ſhall be perſonally and principally concerned, and by which the Royal Authority, and the public welfare, may be deeply affected, the Prince would be unjuſtifiable, were he to with-hold an explicit declaration of his ſentiments. The ſilence might be conſtrued into a previous approbation of a plan, the accompliſhment of which every motive of duty to his Father and Sovereign, as well as of regard for the public intereſt, obliges him to conſider as injurious to both. In the ſtate of deep diſtreſs, in which the Prince, and the whole Royal Family were involved, by the heavy calamity which has fallen upon the King, and at a moment when government, deprived of its chief energy and ſupport, ſeemed peculiarly to need the cordial and united aid of all deſcriptions of good ſubjects, it was not expected by the Prince, that a plan ſhould be offered to his conſideration, by which Government was to be rendered difficult, if not impracticable, in the hands of any perſon intended to repreſent the King's Authority, much leſs the hands of his eldeſt Son—the Heir Apparent of his kingdoms, and the perſon moſt bound to the maintenance of his Majeſty's juſt prerogatives and authority, as well as moſt intereſted in the happineſs, the proſperity, and the glory of the people.

The Prince forbears to remark on the ſeveral parts of the ſketch of the plan laid down before him; he apprehends it muſt have been formed with ſufficient deliberation to preclude the probability of any argument of his producing an alteration of ſentiment in the projectors of it. But he truſts, with confidence, to the wiſdom and juſtice of Parliament, when the whole of the ſub-

ſubject, and the circumſtances connected with it, ſhall come under their deliberation.

He obſerves therefore, only generally on the heads communicated by Mr Pitt; and it is with deep regret the Prince makes the obſervation, that he ſees, in the contents of that paper, a project for producing weakneſs, diſorder, and inſecurity in every branch of the Adminiſtration of Affairs. A project for dividing the Royal Family from each other—for ſeparating the Court from the State, and thereby diſjoining Government from its natural and accuſtomed ſupport. A ſcheme diſconnecting the authority to command ſervice, from the power of animating it by reward; and for allotting to the Prince all the invidious duties of Government, without the means of ſoftening them to the public, by any one act of grace, favour, or benignity.

The Prince's feelings on contemplating this plan, are alſo rendered ſtill more painful to him, by obſerving, that it is not founded on any general principle, but is calculated to infuſe jealouſies and diſtruſt (wholly groundleſs, he truſts) in that quarter, whoſe confidence it will ever be the firſt pride of his life to merit and obtain. With regard to the motive and object of the limitations and reſtrictions propoſed, the Prince can have but little to obſerve. No light or information is afforded him by his Majeſty's Miniſters on thoſe points. They have informed him *what* the powers are, which they mean to *refuſe* him, not *why* they are *with-held*.

The Prince, however, holding as he does, that it is an undoubted and fundamental principle of this conſtitution, that the powers and prerogatives of the Crown are veſted there, as a truſt for the benefit of the people, and that they are ſacred only as they are neceſſary to the preſervation of that power and balance of the conſtitution, which experience has proved to be the true ſecurity of the liberty of the ſubject, muſt be allowed to obſerve, that the plea of public utility ought to be ſtrong, manifeſt and urgent, which calls for the extinction or ſuſpenſion of any one of thoſe eſſential rights in the Supreme Power, or its Repreſentative; or which can juſtify the Prince in conſenting, that, in his perſon, an experiment ſhall be made to aſcertain with how ſmall a portion of Kingly Power the Executive Government of this country may be carried on.

The Prince has only to add, that if ſecurity for his Majeſty's re-poſſeſſing his rightful Government, whenever it ſhall pleaſe Providence, in bounty to this country, to remove the calamity with which he is afflicted, be any part of the object of this plan, the Prince has only to be convinced, that any meaſure is neceſſary, or even conducive to that end, to be the firſt to urge it as the preliminary and permanent conſideration of any ſettlement in which he could conſent to ſhare.

If attention to what it is preſumed muſt be his Majeſty's feelings and wiſhes on the happy day of his recovery, be the object, the Prince expreſſes his firm conviction, that no event would be more repugnant to the feelings of his Royal Father, than the knowledge, that the Government of his Son and Repreſentative had exhibited the Sovereign Power of the realm in a ſtate of degradation, of curtailed authority, and diminiſhed energy—a ſtate, hurtful in practice to the proſperity and good Government of his people, and injurious in its precedent to the ſociety of the Monarch, and the rights of his Family.

Upon that part of the plan which regards the King's real and perſonal property, the Prince feels himſelf compelled to remark, that it was not neceſſary for Mr Pitt, nor yet proper to ſuggeſt to the Prince, the reſtraint he propoſes againſt the Prince's granting away the King's real or perſonal property.

The Prince does not conceive, that, during the King's life, he is, by law, entitled to make any ſuch grant; and he is ſure, that he has never ſhewn the ſmalleſt inclination to poſſeſs any ſuch power. But it remains with Mr Pitt to conſider the eventual intereſts of the Royal Family, and to provide a proper and natural ſecurity againſt the miſmanagement of them in others.

The Prince has diſcharged an indiſpenſible duty, in thus giving his free opinion on the plan ſubmitted to his conſideration.

This conviction of the evils which may ariſe to the King's intereſts, to the

the peace and happiness of the Royal Family, and to the safety and welfare of the nation, from the government of the country remaining longer in its present maimed and debilitated state, outweighs, in the Prince's mind, every other consideration, and will determine him to undertake the painful trust imposed upon him by the present melancholy necessity, (which of all the King's subjects he deplores the most) in full confidence, that the affection and loyalty to the King, the experienced attachment to the House of Brunswick, and the generosity which has always distinguished this nation, will carry him through the many difficulties, inseparabel from this most critical situation, with comfort to himself, with honour to the King, and with advantage to the public.

Reflections on the present Crisis.

[From the English Review for December.]

THE present crisis, to the welfare of Britain, is momentous and striking. Superstitious men, who recollected that, in the year 1588, a grand popish confederacy against this country was defeated, and that the year 1688 was distinguished by the splendid era of the revolution, looked to the year 1788 with a kind of mysterious veneration, and believed that some great event would now be unfolded, that would render the present period scarcely less memorable than the preceding ones. Their expectations, however ridiculous, have not been disappointed. The situation in which we are placed acquires a new degree of importance the longer it is considered, and cannot fail to excite the deepest anxiety in every true friend to his country.

A parliamentary question has been started which formed no part of the public contemplation, previous to the meeting of parliament on the fourth instant. We do not hesitate to affirm, that '*the right of the two houses to 'provide for the present necessity*' was almost universally admitted, and that few men foresaw that that right would be so much as contested. But, within six days after the Commons assembled, a publick character, possessing every advantage of ability and experience, rose explicitly and solemnly to avow his denial of that *right*, which had been asserted by Mr. Fox; and the House of Commons has paid the unprecedented attention to his opinion to determine to decide upon its validity before they proceeded to any other business.

Much of this debate would have been avoided if the word '*right*' had been properly understood, and if so many unmeaning changes had not been rung upon the terms '*right*,' '*claim*,' and '*expediency*;' between which there is no real and absolute difference. One of the most essential principles of morals is, that opposite and contended rights can, in no case, have existence. By the simplest and most obvious of the operations of reason, opposite claims, like opposite arguments, are mutually destructive; and it is the preponderating weight only that possesses substance and operation. No character so sacred, and no body of men so venerable, can exist as to have a right of doing wrong. The people have a right to be governed well; and no legislature or sovereign has any right to govern them ill. It may, indeed, be expedient, that is, right, to submit to a certain degree of misgovernment, because, though no power, however elevated, has a right to deviate one hair's-breadth from truth and justice, yet the people are bound to make allowance for human infirmity in their governors.

Having premised this much, it is easy for us to decide what was the right of Parliament, and what was

the right of the Prince of Wales. Adminiſtration ſaid nothing but the truth when they affirmed that '*parliament had a right to provide for the preſent conjuncture*:' the cauſe was new, and it was but juſt that reſort ſhould be had to the higheſt practicable authority. Oppoſition were not leſs reaſonable when they ſaid that '*the heir-apparent had an irreſiſtible right to the regency*:' the 'neceſſity of his being appointed' has been univerſally admitted, and parliament had certainly nothing more to do than to inquire into the caſe, and recognize this neceſſity. But one party went too far, if they affirmed that 'the prince had no more right than any individual ſubject;' and the other was equally miſtaken if they aſſerted that 'the prince could aſſume or exerciſe any part of the royal authority, prior to the formal declaration of parliament for that ſpecific purpoſe.'

If there be any truth in theſe reaſonings, it will follow that the Houſe of Commons did not, in the ſmalleſt degree, exceed their duty in adopting the propoſitions of the 16th inſtant; and that the two hundred and ſixty-ſeven members who voted it, did themſelves immortal honour by aſſerting to parliament a province upon which it had an indiſputable claim. Having vindicated their right, it was next incumbent upon them to conſider the manner in which it ſhould be exerciſed. It is natural, in important caſes, to have recourſe to precedent; and it is certainly wiſe to endeavour to profit by the experience of former times, though we ought not ſlaviſhly to chain ourſelves down to their opinions. The precedent in the reign of King Henry the Sixth is a bad one, becauſe it is taken from a period of civil anarchy and confuſion, and becauſe it was followed by the moſt ruinous conſequences. It is a bad one for a ſtill ſtronger reaſon, becauſe our conſtitution was unfixed, and our liberties inſecure, till the period of the revolution; and becauſe there is little more analogy between the Engliſh government in 1454 and the preſent day, than between the Engliſh government and the government of France, or that of any other country. The impriſonment of the ſpeaker of the Houſe of Commons by the warrant of the Houſe of Lords is a ſtriking proof of this. On the contrary, the precedent of the Revolution is a glorious and an excellent one. It was an event, beyond all others in the hiſtory of the world, honourable to human nature, and in which the rights of mankind ſhone with native and unclouded luſtre.

Let us apply theſe remarks to '*the intended declaration of the royal aſſent*.' In the reign of Henry the Sixth the great ſeal was feigned to be put in one inſtance, into the hands of an infant of nine months old; and in the other, into thoſe of an idiot; and thus government was carried on under the pretended conduct of a moral non-entity. The expedient was worthy of the darkneſs of the age. But what was the conduct of our anceſtors at the period of the Revolution? They prepared the Bill of Rights. They acknowledged that they had no power to make an act of parliament; but they preſented the claims they had prepared, and they ſaid to William, '*Here are the conditions upon which only you can receive the crown of England.*' The conduct was noble, unaffected, and worthy of the illuſtrious occaſion.

The queſtion reſpecting the powers that ſhall be poſſeſſed by the regent ſeems to be of ſtill greater importance than that which regards the manner in which he ſhall be appointed. At firſt ſight it appears to be ſufficiently plauſible to fix on him '*ſuch limitations as ſhould tend to ſecure the reſtoration of the ſovereign authority*

'*rity unembaraſſed into the hands of the* '*rightful poſſeſſor, whenever he may be* '*in a capacity to reſume it;*' but examine the propoſition in itſelf, and it muſt either mean, 'that we have 'reaſon to fear ſuch profligacy in the 'heir-apparent or his adviſers, as 'ſhould lead them to refuſe to reſtore 'the royal authority;' or, 'that we 'are determined, at all events, to 'continue the preſent adminiſtration.' They who fear the firſt, know little of the character of the preſent age. We are not perhaps in the higheſt degree diſintereſted and adventurous, but we have an unconquerable averſion to barefaced depravity. This is not the age of uſurpation, maſſacres, and parricide. This is not an age for ingratitude, enormity, and unnatural hoſtilities, to go unpuniſhed. The truth of theſe aſſertions is felt by every individual; no man dares to perpetrate that which no man would tolerate: and from our infancy we learn to regard that conduct, as in a manner impoſſible, which, to ages of barbarity and ignorance, was but too familiar. Is it then neceſſary to provide againſt ſo improbable a notion, as that a ſon ſhall be found wantonly to diſinherit a father, miniſters abandoned enough to execute the infamous project, and two houſes of parliament ſo hardned as to abet the meaſure? If this be a danger not anxiouſly to be guarded againſt; the real object muſt then be 'to perpetuate the preſent adminiſtration;' an adminiſtration whoſe meaſures have been uncommonly ſucceſsful, and under which the country has enjoyed an enviable proſperity and repoſe.

Let us, however, conſider whether there be no inconveniences that will reſult from a limited regency? The prerogatives veſted in the ſovereign are exactly thoſe which our anceſtors thought neceſſary to ſecure an executive government, reſpect from neighbouring powers, and capable of improving the progreſs of general knowledge, for the purpoſes of internal welfare. Are not theſe powers equally neceſſary to a regent as to a king? Is it wiſe, honourable, or prudent, to deliver the heir-apparent fettered into the hands of the two houſes of parliament? What ſpecies of government are we to expect from an adminiſtration who cannot obtain the creation of a ſingle peer, nor, in any caſe, call a new parliament? Inſtead of recommending meaſures to parliament, they muſt wait to be informed of the deciſions of the majority who compoſe it; and we ſhall ſee the new ſpectacle of the *many* dictating to the *few*. With reſpect to the miſchief that will enſue upon the reſtoration of the ſovereign, the remedy is eaſy. If the regent diſſolve one parliament, the king can diſſolve another. It is pretty generally ſeen which ſide is popular at preſent; and that popularity will not paſs to the other ſide till it be earned by a long courſe of meritorious conduct. If the regent ſhould create new peerages wantonly, which is exceedingly improbable, the impropriety of the act would juſtify a violent remedy. But it is wiſer to truſt the prince unfettered now, whom, in the courſe of nature, we muſt truſt a few years hence. Shall we, with a view to an event univerſally deſired, which we hope to be probable, but which is undoubtedly uncertain, leave the country for twelve months without an efficient government, and overthrow the conſtitution?

The eſſence of our conſtitution is reſponſibility. Where will reſponſibility reſt in the anomalous government now in contemplation? We cannot call upon the miniſter; for he will anſwer, '*I poſſeſs not the power of* '*executive government; you have tied* '*up my hands; if the meaſures be* '*bad, accuſe yourſelves; they are* '*yours, and not mine.*' We cannot

call upon the regent; for he is a ſtill more contemptible pageant than the miniſter. Meaſures will originate in the very hands in which the power of controul is veſted. Parliament will adminiſter, and will be reſponſible only to itſelf; and our government, from the noble ſpectacle it now exhibits, will dwindle into an ariſtocracy more deſpotic than that of Venice.

If the project be to continue the preſent adminiſtration; let the project be avowed. Parliament has a conſtitutional power of addreſſing in favour of adminiſtration; and they may now recommend the continuation of the preſent ſyſtem; not only becauſe it is excellent in itſelf, but becauſe it is inexpedient to introduce a violent change, which may ſoon be ſucceeded by another equally violent. Let it not be ſaid that this proceeding is invidious; let every man aſk his own heart whether it be leſs invidious to demand a thing openly, or to extort it by indirect, impolitic, and unconſtitutional limitations? By ſuch limitations a particular cabinet may triumph, but the price will be—the conſtitution of England.

Belligerent Powers.

The ſeverity of the ſeaſon has at length put a ſtop to the military operations of all parties; but it is at preſent impoſſible to predict with certainty whether the ſuſpenſion of hoſtilities will terminate in peace, or a vigorous revival of the war. If the lateſt accounts from the continent be well-founded, the Imperial allies, when deſtitute of all hopes of ſucceſs, diſcover the moſt pacific diſpoſition. In theſe circumſtances, however, the terms of the Porte are not likely to be ſuch as will meet with the approbation of his enemies. But, after the great diſappointment they have already experienced, it will not be ſurpriſing to behold them ſacrifice their ambition to neceſſity.

ABERDEEN.

On Tueſday January 6. the mercury in the Barometer roſe to a greater height than it has ever been known to do here. On Monday at 1 o'clock P. M. after making the proper allowances for reducing the heat of the column to the mean temperature of 55° by Fahrenheit's Thermometer, it ſtood at 31 1-100 inches. Towards evening, it fell a little, but on Tueſday at 11 o'clock A. M. it roſe (making the ſame correction as before) to 31.1-10th inches; a height, which, *if it has ever been remarked*, is at leaſt extremely unuſual in any place. The wind too, on Monday, was South, and on Tueſday South Weſt, which generally produce the leaſt altitudes of the Barometer, and the weather hazy with rain. The obſervations were taken with a barometer, placed at the mean level of the ſea, having its *zero*, or beginning of the ſcale, perfectly adjuſted, and the ſcale itſelf accurately divided to 500ths of an inch.

On the 10th of January died, Mr Patrick Leſlie, hat-manufacturer in this place, aged 75. He was the firſt who brought the hat manufactory into this country.

On the 19th of December 1788, died at Middelburg, in the 74th year of his age, James Turing, Eſq; oldeſt factor of the Scotch ſtaple port at Campvere.

On Friday morning the 9th Jan. died at Inverneſs, Mr Kenneth Schivez, merchant there, much and juſtly regretted by all his friends and acquaintances.

Monday Jan. 5. a general meeting of the contributors of 10s. and upwards to the ſupport of the Sunday Schools in this city, was held in the Poor's Hoſpital, to elect managers for the preſent year, and to ſettle and arrange other matters relative to the inſtitution. John Dingwall Eſq; was choſen to preſide upon the occaſion; auditors were named to examine and

ſettle

ſettle the accounts of the treaſurer; and the following gentlemen with the clergy, were elected.

Provoſt Cruden, Baillie Dingwall, Baillie Copland, Baillie Ritchie, Mr A. Dingwall, Mr Ewen, Mr Cheyne, Mr Calder, Commiſſary Fordyce, Mr Chalmers, Mr R. Brand, Mr Cuthbertſon, Mr Jas. Dyce, Mr R. Dyce, Mr A. Dyce, Mr John Jameſon, Mr Adam Watt, Capt. Arthur Gibbon, Capt. William Gibbon, Mr George Davidiſon, Mr Barron, Mr A. Leſlie, Mr John Nicoll, Mr N. Johnſton, Mr C. Walker, Mr A. Robertſon, Mr Warrack, Mr Dalmahoy, Mr George Forbes, Mr William Duguid.

It muſt afford peculiar ſatisfaction to the public, and thoſe in particular who have contributed to the ſupport of this valuable inſtitution, to be informed, that ten ſchools have been opened in the courſe of laſt year, into which have been admitted about 500 boys and girls, and that in general, beſides the influence which it muſt have produced in their moral habits, and the formation of their religious opinions, the children have made conſiderable advances in the ſyſtem of education intended to be followed in the ſchools; for promoting of which, and ſtirring up a ſpirit of emulation, ſuitable premiums, in bibles and other books adapted to their capacities, have been appointed by the managers to be diſtributed to the children.

Poetry.

To the EDITOR.

SIR, *Nov.* 4.

YOU have obliged your readers with a very beautiful hymn for Sunday-ſchools. By way of companion to it, I have ſent you the following, compoſed by a young gentleman of Stourbridge, well known, and univerſally eſteemed for his unwearied zeal in promoting the cauſe of learning and virtue among the children of the poor; and was ſung, at the anniverſary of the inſtitution of Sunday ſchools at that place, by the Proteſtant Diſſenters under the paſtoral care of the Rev. Mr. Carpenter, Aug. 24, 1788. Yours, &c. M. W—y.

BEHOLD the fields thro' Britain's fertile land,
Crown'd with the rich, th' abundant harveſt ſtand,
Ripening for brighter harveſts, joys unknown,
The numerous ſeeds of knowledge, plenteous ſown,
Vigorous ſhall riſe—ſhall yield unfading pleaſures,
Celeſtial fruits, and everlaſting treaſures!
For them, who once untaught, unpity'd lay,
Without one friendly hand to point the way,
Or guard their erring footſteps on the road,
Thro' earth's wide wilderneſs, to Heaven's God,
The Goſpel ſhines, with endleſs grace abounding,
Increaſing light their youthful ſteps ſurrounding.
If in the ground their earthly fathers ſleep,
Whoſe unknown loſs poor helpleſs widows weep,
Or if no parents watch'd their early years,
While friendleſs orphans in a vale of tears,
Unnumber'd woes their tender minds aſſailing,
No piteous cries for human aid availing;
The Father of the fatherleſs prepares
For all their wants—the orphan's guide is theirs;
On them th' exalted Saviour from above Sheds

Sheds the rich influence of his bounteous love;
Angels on their recover'd ſteps attending,
Hear their repeated thanks to Heaven aſcending.
Where churches meet, and, with united voice,
In great Jehovah's holy name rejoice;
They join the worſhip, humble homage own,
With ſacred awe before th' eternal throne
Proſtrate they fall, almighty aid imploring;
Joyful they riſe, almighty grace adoring.
While Zion's ſongs our grateful lips employ,
O, diſtant Afric! aid the gen'ral joy!
Ye captive throngs! behold with earneſt eyes
The glorious Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe;
For mercy dwells in Britain's favour'd nation,
And lifts her ſuppliant hands for *your* ſalvation.

HOME:

An Extemporary Effuſion on Returning Home after an Abſence of ſome Weeks.

WHEN *buſineſs* call or *friends* invite me,
And I am forc'd abroad to roam,
No objects that I meet delight me
Like thoſe which I have left at HOME.

Tho' ſure to find luxurious dainties,
And lodge beneath ſome ſplendid dome,
Still, ſtill my ſorrowful complaint is,
That I am far, alas, from HOME.

Tho' welcom'd with unfeign'd careſſes,
And *liking* all, nay *loving ſome;*
Much, much I fear my look expreſſes,
That ſpite of all *I'm not at* HOME.

What tho' my friends, the hours to vary,
For me ſelect the curious tome!
Of verſe and proſe I ſoon grow weary,
Not Pope amuſes while from HOME.

What tho' to urge my ſtay's exerted
The eloquence of Greece and Rome!
My ſteady purpoſe, not diverted,
Still reſolutely leads me HOME.

Ye tranquil gates, again receive me,
Once more your truant wand'rer's come;
From future *calls* kind fate relieve me,
And ne'er again I'll quit my HOME.

G. C.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mens immota manet, lachrymæ volvuntur inanes.

WHEN I enter'd on life, how ſweet it appear'd!
Methought I ſaw *Happineſs* ſcatter'd around;
She lay on the bank, on the mount ſhe was rear'd,
Tho' eager my ſearch, ſhe could not be found.

Warm expectations fill'd my fond heart,
And *Hope* to my mind fair proſpects did ſhow;
The gayneſs of youth to my ſoul did impart
A fountain of pleaſure for ever to flow.

I crown'd my weak head with a garland of bays,

And

And thought to ſecure an immortal fair fame,
I laid my account in a general praiſe,
Expecting high honours wherever I came.

But alas! I ſoon found my hopes were but dreams;
Mankind were too earneſt indulging the ſame,
To grant their conſent to ſuch arrogant claims,
And inſtead of applauſe they joined to blame.

Then I ſaw *Delia*, ſhe charmed my ſoul;
With myrtles and roſes my garland I twin'd;
Thro' all my compoſures *Love* conſtantly ſtole,
For *Delia* alone engaged my mind.

The praiſe of the world I regarded as nought,
Vanity fix'd now no plume on my crown;
Delia, dear *Delia* ſwell'd every thought,
I liv'd on her ſmiles, ſhould have died at her frown.

Soon did I loſe the little fame I had won,
And the world was content to let me abide
In the lowly retreat I had mark'd as my own,
Yet *Peace* ſlept in my breaſt, and walk'd by my ſide.

Hope the ſweeteſt of views drew over my mind,
(Not honour, nor pleaſure, nor wealth's trifling toys)
But the beſt delight I could ere hope to find,
To ſhare with my charmer life's ſorrows and joys.

I tun'd my lov'd pipe, while echo'd around,
Each hill and each dale, each rock and each tree,
The joys that in conjugal love do abound,
And I ſaid all thoſe joys were deſtin'd for me.

Many ſchemes did I form for improving my cot,
To make ſoft the paſſage of life to her feet;
I planted fair flowers in every ſpot,
Nor dream'd but of happineſs long and complete.

With a growing delight my proſpects I ſpy'd,
The ſun darting on them his all-cheering rays:
My flowers were budding, I view'd them with pride,
And then I expected yet happier days.

But alas! while I gaz'd, black clouds fill'd the ſky;
The deluging rain drown'd all my fair flow'rs;
O'er all the wide expanſe, the red lightnings fly,
And horror ran thro' all my internal pow'rs.

Surely 'twas ominous; I found it ſo ſoon,
My hopes were deluſive, my ſchemes were in vain,
For before the wing'd hours had reach'd the next noon,
The death of my *Delia* was ſpread o'er the plain.

A garland of willow encircles my hair,
I ſigh o'er the plain, and I weep in the grove;
I tune my lov'd pipe to ſounds of deſpair,
The ſwains pity my fate and ſhudder at *Love*.

I viſit her grave, there I pour out my tears,
The only indulgence I give to my grief;
To my ſoul each attractive virtue appears,

And

And miniſters ſomewhat of painful
relief.

No more ſhall I dream of happineſs
here,
Such ſad diſappointment's already
been mine,
But I'll repoſe all my hopes entirely
there,
Where *Delia* is enter'd on glory
devine.

W.

Character of the late LORD CHATHAM,

BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

IN the autumn of 1757, a change had been effected in the Britiſh Miniſtry. Mr Fox, who had been raiſed by intrigue, voluntarily reſigned it, and was ſucceeded by Mr Pitt, whoſe lofty genius and perſuaſive eloquence rendered him the idol of the nation. He had the beſt underſtanding of any man in England. His ſuperior talents had ſubdued the Houſe of Commons; and when raiſed to the helm of affairs, he applied the whole vigour of his mind to render his country Sovereign of the Seas, without neglecting the meaſures which might retrieve her glory by land.—The treaty, which the Duke of Cumberland had entered into at Cloſter Seven, he regarded with indignation, and conſidered as the reproach of England. The firſt meaſures which he adopted in the Adminiſtration, tended to deſtroy even the remembrance of that infamous negociation. He perſuaded the King his maſter to requeſt Prince Ferdinand of Brunſwick from the King of Pruſſia, and to ſet that General at the head of the Allies. By his advice, King George augmented his army in Germany, and entered into new engagements with the King of Pruſſia, and other Princes of the country. And the happy conſequences of Mr Pitt's meaſures were ſoon experienced in Germany, in America, and in every part of the world.

Character of GEORGE II.

By the ſame.

George was firm in his purpoſes, more covetous than œconomical, capable of labour, but deſtitute of patience; violent, brave, and governing England by the intereſts of his Electorate, yet too little maſter of himſelf to direct a nation whoſe idol is liberty.

Character of the KING *of* PORTUGAL.

This country in the year 1740 made no figure in Europe; Don Juan was remarkable only for his extraordinary paſſion for the ceremonies of the church. By the Pope's brief he obtained the right of having a patriarch, and by a ſecond brief, that of ſaying maſs. Eccleſiaſtical functions formed his ſole delight; his building were convents, his ſoldiers monks, and his miſtreſſes nuns.

The King's Character of Himſelf, in a Letter to Voltaire, 1737.

My dear Ceſarion has given you too advantageous an account of me. How unfortunate is it to have ſuch a friend! But allow me to undeceive you, and to trace my own character in few words. I have but little merit and little knowledge, but I have an extraordinary love for both, and an inexhauſtible fund of eſteem for perſons of diſtinguſhed virtue. Together with theſe qualities, I feel myſelf capable of all that conſtancy which true friendſhip requires; with judgment enough to do juſtice to your great talents, but not enough to hinder me from writing bad verſes.

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"THE CAPACITY WHICH WE HAVE OF BECOMING VIRTUOUS, CONSISTS IN OUR CHOICE OF GIVING OR REFUSING OUR ATTENTION TO WHATEVER AGREES OR DISAGREES WITH OUR FAVOURITE PURSUITS."

Baron Haller's Letters to his daughter, p. 271.

THE infidel who appeals to *reaſon* as the cauſe of his oppoſition to the Chriſtian ſyſtem, is perhaps the only being in the creation who makes leaſt *uſe* of *reaſon*. Could it be proved that there was no after ſtate, ſtill the abſurdity of deſtroying our comfort in this world by wickedneſs, is ſufficiently obvious to prove that he who does ſo has not conſulted his *reaſon*. For the introduction of Chriſtianity into the world has had the effect of creating an uniformity of opinion among all nations on certain fundamental doctrines, which no man in thought or words can oppoſe, however contradictory his actions may have been. It has been often a queſtion with me, whether ever a man did a wicked action without his reaſon ſuggeſting to him that it was wrong: and we have innumerable inſtances to prove that conſcience would be a ſufficient tormentor, were there no laws in the world to puniſh crimes.

The boaſted faculty of *reaſon* would indeed be of more value, were its ſuggeſtions duly attended to; but if with infidels we adopt the idea of *neceſſity*, and confeſs ourſelves to be mere machines, machines acted upon by paſſion, whim, or opportunity, I can ſee no place for *reaſon* to operate. A man of this opinion cannot be reaſoned with, becauſe he cannot reaſon with himſelf; he has ceaſed in fact to be rational, and we never can appeal to the underſtanding of a man who confeſſes that he has not the power of judgement. The celebrated Baron Haller thought otherwiſe. In his Letters to his Daughter on the Truths of the Chriſtian Religion, from which I have borrowed a motto to this paper, he ſays;

'The philoſophers of our days 'think they have good reaſons for 'baniſhing all liberty from the

'world. We are governed by ne-
'ceſſity, they ſay; all the reſolu-
'tions which we form, or all the
'actions of our will, have their cauſe
'in ſomething which happened the
'preceding moment.—But the in-
'ternal conviction of my own mind
'rejects theſe ſubtleties: I per-
'ceive, in myſelf, a ſelf-determining
'power. I obſerve that if we, in a
'great meaſure, depend upon our
'ſenſes, and upon the paſſions which
'they excite, it is not however im-
'poſſible for us to reſiſt them. I
'ſpeak from experience; none of
'the paſſions are unconquerable; the
'idea of an immenſe God, who is
'always preſent with us, and the
'recourſe we may have to him by
'prayer, are ſufficient means to bring
'them into ſubjection."

Theſe are not the words of an enthuſiaſt, of one who, as the vulgar phraſe is, was ſhackled with the prejudices of education; Haller's merit as a philoſopher, a phyſician, and an author, is confeſſedly ſo great, that he is reckoned one of the moſt eminent men of this age; In youth he had his *doubts*, but he examined religion, and he found it true; he examined his own mind, and he found it agreeing—He laid aſide ſcruples which were no longer honourable to his underſtanding, and he has thrown together the reſult of his enquiries in the little Book from which I have made an extract.

By elevating the power of reaſon from that debaſement to which the advocates for *neceſſity* have lowered it, it is not meant that *conſcience* ſhould be forgotten; for that affords ſuch aid to reaſon, that whenever the latter is weak or clouded, the former interpoſes; the ſcattered thoughts are collected, and time is given for reaſon to reſume her empire. How many profligates, on conviction of their miſpent lives, have declared that they awoke as from a dream, and wondered where their *reaſon* had been ſo long buried!

If we once allow the neceſſity of obeying impulſes of conſtitution, the ſuggeſtions of the moment, the gratification of ſudden deſire, and the urgency of inviting opportunity, we ſurrender our judgement, and avoid the imputation of *folly* by proving that our actions amount to *madneſs*. If we put the caſe in a thouſand inſtances, we ſhall ſee the abſurdity of ſuch conduct. Let us ſuppoſe that a man who is not without the competent means of life, robs me of part of my property clandeſtinely; I diſcover the fraud, and tax him with it. Would it be any alleviation of his crime that he pleaded *neceſſity*; that he was impelled, he knew not why, to commit this crime; that he coveted that part of my property, and had not the power to reſiſt the opportunity which my abſence or inattention gave? Would any man who did not wiſh to be accounted a *lunatic* ſet up ſuch a plea? Would a jury of profeſſed Infidels allow it? Surely not. Every one would condemn the impudence of the man's defence, while they agreed in the puniſhment of his crime.

If, however, we are to ſuppoſe that men in the commiſſion of crimes act from impulſe, and are inſenſible to the injuſtice of their actions, we will have to regret that reaſon ſeems in ſuch men to be ſo dreadfully darkened as to be incapable of diſcerning the bounds between right and wrong. For ſuch darkneſs muſt have overſpread the mind of that man who commits a crime that is either pernicious to himſelf, or injurious to another, or both. I will grant, however, that it is poſſible for a man whoſe mind is ſwayed by certain habits, as of luſt, ambition, or avarice, ſo to delude himſelf by falſe reaſoning, as to be perfectly eaſy, compoſed

poſed and confident in the commiſſion of crimes which men of pure hearts would at once condemn. I believe there is too much of this ſelf-deluſion in the world: It prevails not a little in the caſe of men who have determined to make their fortunes by courting the great. It has conſiderable influence in the bargains of trade between man and man; and, in general, whenever there is a tempting opportunity to leap at once from a low to a high condition by unfair means, it may be preſumed that the mind may by a ſtrange kind of ſophiſtry reaſon itſelf (if I may uſe the expreſſion) into a ſelf-applauding opinion, which the reſt of the world, who judge without bias, cannot comprehend, and which an impartial obſerver will immediately diſcover to be mere ſelf-deceit. The ſtep from deceiving ourſelves is to deceive others; and perhaps none are more capable of deceiving others, none can attempt it with ſo many advantages of confidence, eaſe and eloquence, as they who have firſt deceived themſelves.

The boundaries betwixt right and wrong are ſo clearly aſcertained, that men can never be ſtrangers to them, if they will but conſult their reaſon. Let this faculty, therefore, which the Freethinkers prefer to the Chriſtian Syſtem, have its fair play; and if they will employ it, firſt in the regulation of their conduct, and ſecondly in the examination of the truth of Chriſtianity, there can be little doubt that they would greatly amend the one, and cordially agree to the other.

I have mentioned among other impulſes which the advocates for *neceſſity* think ought to be gratified, inordinate Love, or Luſt. I recollect a paſſage in the Guardian that comes to my purpoſe. It is in paper 45th. "The deſtruction of a well educated "young woman," ſays that excellent Author, "is not accompliſhed "by the criminal who is guilty of it, "in a *ſudden ſtart* of deſire; he is "not *ſurprized into it* by frailty; but "arrives at it *by care, ſkill* and *meditation*. It is no ſmall aggravation "of the guilt, that it is a thouſand "time *conquered* and *reſiſted*, even "while it is proſecuted. He that "waits for fairer occaſions, for riper "wiſhes, for the removal of a par"ticular objection, or the conqueſt "of any certain ſcruple, *has it in his* "*power to obey his conſcience*, which "often calls him during the intrigue "a villain and a deſtroyer. There "can be nothing ſaid for ſuch an evil; "but that the reſtraints of ſhame "and ignominy are broken down by "the prevalence of cuſtom."

I am happy I recollected a paſſage which ſo exactly agrees with what Baron Haller ſays above.

It ought to be the great care of our lives never to tamper with our underſtanding, or, in any caſe where a temptation to do evil preſents itſelf, whether from within or without, to ſuppoſe the poſſibility of proving it to be no evil. We may lull our conſciences to *reſt*, by the ſophiſtry of our own minds, or by the applauding encouragement of others; but let it be remembered that reſt gives vigour, and that no vigour is ſo great and ſo irreſiſtible as that of a conſcience that has ſlept over our active days, days in which repentance was practicable, and awakes now to remind us of the approach of *that night in which no man can work*.

ANECDOTES *of the* MOORS.

(From CHENIER'S Hiſtory of Morocco, *juſt publiſhed*.)

(Continued from page 60.)

THE Moors are ſo temperate, that a man of ſixty is not thought old,

but their temperance appears to be more the effect of neceſſity than choice. The very brothers of the Baſhaw of Tetuan uſed to enter the kitchen, during Mr Ruſſel's embaſſy, and threaten to murder the cook, if he did not give them pudding and wine. The ſons of the Emperor, Muley Iſhmael, have even ſtolen bread from the pockets of the ſlaves.

Their avidity and meanneſs, like many or moſt other of their peculiarities, can only be accounted for by their ignorance. A court lady, in whoſe lap the drunken Emperor, Muley Daiby, uſed to ſleep, accepted a moidore as a bribe. The domeſtics of the palace would cut the buttons and the very clothes from the back of the Engliſh Ambaſſador and his attendants, if they were not careful to appear in the worſt they had; and the porters, at the various palace gates, individually refuſed to let them paſs till they were bribed. One of the guards picked the pocket of Mr Windus as he ſtood beſide the prince, afterward Emperor, Muley Abdallah.

When a Baſhaw travels, the Moors of his diſtrict are obliged to ſupply him and his followers with all neceſſary proviſions, gratis. The dread of ſuperior power renders the inferior Alcaids exceedingly diligent, in not only bringing neceſſaries but preſents. This dread is the origin of the Mooriſh ſervility. Windus relates, that, when the Emperor, Muley Iſhmael, appeared, all preſent ſtretched out their necks as if preſenting their heads to the ſabre, with their eyes fixed on the ground. Thus a man might (and indeed frequently did) loſe his head without knowing any thing of the matter. Some, when he ſpoke, exclaimed—"May God lengthen thy "days! May God bleſs thy life!" Others ſwore, by the Almighty, all he uttered was true. Speaking of the Engliſh on a certain occaſion he ſaid——"May I be called the "greateſt of lyars if I have not al-"ways conceived a great eſteem for "that nation." As it happened, he made a pauſe at "the greateſt "of lyars," and his eager officious courtiers exclaimed—"by G—, "My Lord, that is true." This, though unintentional, was a bitter ſarcaſm; for Muley Iſhmael was really the greateſt of lyars.

In the Emperor's preſence all, except foreign miniſters and their train, are obliged to appear bareſoot. One of the firſt Engliſh Ambaſſadors was obliged to ſubmit to this ceremony before Muley Iſhmael; and, in revenge, the ambaſſador from Morocco was conſtrained to appear, in the preſence of Charles II. at the Engliſh court, without ſhoes, turban, or bonnet.

The heat of their climate, their arbitrary government, and univerſal ignorance, render the Moors exceedingly idle. They are but little addicted to gaming: they eat, drink, ſleep, and pray, amuſe themſelves with their horſes and their wives, and ſpend the reſt of their time in one continued fruitleſs ſtate of indolence. To walk up and down a room they hold ridiculous. "Why "ſhould a man move, ſay they, "without apparent cauſe? Is it not "more rational for him to remain "in the place where he is, than to "go to ſome other for no purpoſe "whatever but that of returning?" Numbers of them are ſeen ſeated on their hams, in the ſtreets beſide the walls, holding large ſtrings of beads, one of which they let fall at each prayer they repeat; and theſe prayers are merely repetitions of the attributes of God; ſuch as—"God "is great! God is good! God is "infinite! God is merciful!"

The Moors like the Turks have no bells, but are called to prayers from

from the ſteeples of their moſques; in all of which places of worſhip there is either a ſtream, or well of water. Swine are animals ſo unſanctified, that a moſque at Tetuan was pulled down, as eternally polluted, becauſe it had been entered by one. They have a prophecy that they ſhall be conquered on a Friday, their ſabbath; for which reaſon the gates of their walled towns are ſhut on that day, as are alſo thoſe of the Emperor's palace.

They aſk their dead why they would die, whether they wanted any thing in this world, and if they had not cooſcooſoo enough. Their burial places are without the town. They make their graves wide at the bottom, that the corpſe may have ſufficient room; and never put two bodies into one grave, leſt they ſhould miſtake each others bones at the day of judgment. They alſo carry food, and put money and jewels into the grave, that they may appear as reſpectable in the other world as they had done in this. They imagine the dead are capable of pain. A Portugueſe gentleman had one day ignorantly ſtrayed among the tombs, and a Moor, after much wrangling, obliged him to go before the Cadi. The gentleman complained of violence, and aſſerted he had committed no crime; but the judge informed him he was miſtaken, for that the poor dead ſuffered when trodden on by Chriſtian feet. Muley Iſhmael once had occaſion to bring one of his wives through a burial-ground, and the people removed the bones of their relations, and murmuring ſaid, he would neither ſuffer the living nor the dead to reſt in peace.

A Jew, or Chriſtian, who ſhould enter one of their moſques, muſt either become a Mahometan, or be burned alive. The country Moors purify the places where Chriſtians have been, by burning green branches; and their ſuperſtition, concerning unclean meats, is ſo great, that the governors of the ſea ports, after a naval engagement, prohibited the eating of fiſh, becauſe it was poſſible they might be defiled by having fed on, and partaken of, the fleſh and blood of Chriſtians.

Their hatred of the Chriſtians, in ſome reſpects, exceeds their hatred of the Jews; for they alledge that the Chriſtians eat pork, meat ſtrangled, and blood, and do not waſh like the Jews. When Mr Ruſſel and his attendants paſſed through the ſtreets of Mequinez, three or four hundred fellows would ſcream, all together,—"Curſed are the unbe-"lievers!" If a Moor is angry with his aſs, he firſt calls him *Carran*, that is cuckold, next, Son of a Jew, and vents the laſt effort of his malice in the exclamation—Son of a Chriſtian! This is their term of extreme reproach, which they never utter without the addition of "God "confound him!" Or—"May the "fire of God devour his father and "mother!" This hatred is the leſs ſurpriſing, ſince Braithwaite affirms he knew not which were the worſt, at the court of Morocco, Moors, Negroes, Jews, Renegadoes, or Chriſtians. A proof of the immediate and powerful influence of evil example!

It is death for a Jew to curſe, or lift up his hand againſt a Moor. If kicked by a boy, the Jew has no remedy but to run away. He is obliged to approach the meaneſt Moor with the greateſt ſubmiſſion, and every form of reſpect; whereas a Moor diſdains to addreſs a Jew in any other terms than—Jew, do this; or, Jew, do that; and, ſhould he think proper to beat a Jew, the only hope of the latter is in entreating for pardon for the love of the Emperor, whom he prays God to preſerve.

Muley

Muley Iſhmael, ingenious at finding pretences for robbing his ſubjects, of all religions, thought proper, one day, to aſſemble the Chiefs of the Jews, on ſome pretended important buſineſs. When they came into his preſence, he, addreſſing them, ſaid—" Dogs, as " you are, I have ſent for you to " oblige you to take the red cap, " and turn Mahometans. Above " thirty years have I been amuſed " with an idle tale of the coming of " your Meſſiah. For my part, I " believe him come already; there- " fore, if you do not now tell me " the preciſe day on which he is to " appear, I ſhall leave you neither " property nor life. I will be tri- " fled with no longer."

Surprized at this gentle addreſs, which they ſo little expected, conſidering how many obligations Iſhmael was under to the Jewiſh nation, and the punctuality with which they had paid the exceſſive taxes with which they had been loaded, the Jews remained ſometime ſilent. One of the moſt prudent among them, at length, requeſted a week to conſider of the anſwer they ſhould make. The Emperor bade them begone, but told them to beware, and not invent any more of their fabulous tales. They employed the interval they were allowed in collecting that anſwer which they well knew he required: they amaſſed a conſiderable ſum, and, bringing this as a preſent, ſaid—" Sidi, our doc- " tors have concluded the Meſſiah " will certainly appear within thirty " years."——" Yes, yes," replied Iſhmael, taking the money, " I un- " derſtand you, dogs as you are, " and deceivers; you think to huſh " my immediate wrath, in the hope " that I ſhall not then be alive; " but I will deceive you, in my " turn; I will live, if it be but to " ſhew the world that you are im- " poſtors, and to puniſh you as you " ſhall deſerve."

Several Moors came to aſk advice for their wives or daughters of the doctor who attended the embaſſy of Stewart, ſome of whom were ſo infatuated they would rather the patient ſhould die than be ſeen; others conſented, but not till it was too late. One man, only, leſs jealous and timid than the reſt, took the doctor home to his wife, and treated him with kindneſs.

It is difficult, as Windus remarks, to give any general rule what a Saint in this part of the world, is; or, how he came ſo. Any extraordinary accident makes a Saint. A raſcal, attending on Muley Iſhmael, had committed ſome villainy; and the Emperor, after raiſing his hand to kill him, declared he had not the power; for which the fellow was immediately ſanctified, and continued in great favour.

All things are lawful to Saints, for they act as prompted by the ſpirit, conſequently may ſteal, murder, or raviſh. One of them ſeized a girl, in the ſtreets of Sallee, who not well comprehending ſuch kind of holineſs, made reſiſtance; ſome of the ſanctified tribe, however, ſoon tripped up her heels, and threw their haicks over her and the raviſher.

(To be continued.)

New and Curious Anecdotes and Obſervations in Natural Hiſtory: *By the Rev.* Gilbert White, A. M†.

Natural Affection of Animals.

THE more I reflect on the Storge [the natural affection] of ani-

† Selected from 'The Natural Hiſtory and Antiquities of Selborne, in the County of Southampton.'

mals,

mals, the more I am aſtoniſhed at its effects. Nor is the violence of this affection more wonderful than the ſhortneſs of its duration. Thus every hen is in her turn the virago of the yard, in proportion to the helpleſſneſs of her brood; and will fly in the face of a dog or a ſow in defence of thoſe chickens, which in a few weeks ſhe will drive before her with relentleſs cruelty.

This affection ſublimes the paſſions, quickens the invention, and ſharpens the ſagacity of the brute creation. Thus an hen, juſt become a mother, is no longer that placid bird ſhe uſed to be, but with feathers ſtanding on end, wings hovering, and clocking note, ſhe runs about like one poſſeſſed. Dams will throw themſelves in the way of the greateſt danger, in order to avert it from their progeny. Thus a partridge will tumble along before a ſportſman, in order to draw away the dogs from her helpleſs covey. In the time of nidification the moſt feeble birds will aſſault the moſt rapacious. All the hirundines of a village are up in arms at the ſight of an hawk, whom they will perſecute till he leaves that diſtrict. A very exact obſerver has often remarked, that a pair of ravens neſtling in the rock of Gibraltar, would ſuffer no vulture or eagle to reſt near their ſtation, but would drive them from the hill with an amazing fury: even the blue thruſh at the ſeaſon of breeding would dart out from the cleſts of the rocks to chaſe away the keſtril, or the ſparrow-hawk. If you ſtand near the neſt of a bird that has young, ſhe will not be induced to betray them by an inadvertent fondneſs, but will wait about at a diſtance with meat in her mouth for an hour together.

The flycatcher of the Zoology (the *ſtaparola* of *Ray*,) builds every year in the vines that grow on the walls of my houſe. A pair of theſe little birds had one year inadvertently placed their neſt on a naked bough, perhaps in a ſhady time, not being aware of the inconvenience that followed. But an hot ſunny ſeaſon coming on before the brood was half fledged, the reflection of the wall became inſupportable, and muſt inevitably have deſtroyed the tender young, had not affection ſuggeſted an expedient, and prompted the parent-birds to hover over the neſt all the hotter hours, while with wings expanded, and mouths gaping for breath, they ſcreened off the heat from their ſuffering offſpring.

A farther inſtance I once ſaw of notable ſagacity in a willow-wren, which had built in a bank in my fields. This bird a friend and myſelf had obſerved as ſhe ſat in her neſt; but were particularly careful not to diſturb her, though we ſaw ſhe eyed us with ſome degree of jealouſy. Some days after, as we paſſed that way, we were deſirous of remarking how this brood went on; but no neſt could be found, till I happened to take up a large bundle of long green moſs, as it were, careleſsly thrown over the neſt, in order to dodge the eye of any impertinent intruder.

A ſtill more remarkable mixture of ſagacity and inſtinct occurred to me one day as my people were pulling off the lining of an hotbed, in order to add ſome freſh dung. From out of the ſide of this bed leaped an animal with great agility, that made a moſt groteſque figure; nor was it without great difficulty that it could be taken; when it proved to be a large white-bellied field-mouſe, with three or four young clinging to her teats by their mouths and feet. It was amazing that the deſultory and rapid motions of this dam ſhould not have obliged her litter to quit their hold, eſpecially when it appeared that they were ſo young as to be both naked and blind.

To theſe inſtances of tender attachment,

ment, many more of which might be daily diſcovered by thoſe that are ſtudious of nature, may be oppoſed that rage of affection, that monſtrous perverſion of the Storge, which induces ſome females of the brute-creation to devour their young becauſe their owners have handled them too freely, or removed them from place to place! Swine, and ſometimes even the more gentle race of dogs and cats, are guilty of this horrid and prepoſterous murder. When I hear now and then of an abandoned mother that deſtroys her offspring, I am not ſo much amazed; ſince reaſon perverted, and the bad paſſions let looſe, are capable of any enormity: but why the parental feelings of brutes, that uſually flow in one moſt uniform tenor, ſhould ſometimes be ſo extravagantly diverted, I leave to abler philoſophers than myſelf to determine.

Their ſocial Attachments.

THERE is a wonderful ſpirit of ſociality in the brute creation, independent of ſexual attachment: the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable inſtance.

Many horſes, though quiet with company, will not ſtay one minute in a field by themſelves: the ſtrongeſt fences cannot reſtrain them. My neighbour's horſe will not only not ſtay by himſelf abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a ſtrange ſtable, without diſcovering the utmoſt impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore feet. He has been known to leap out at a ſtable-window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet in other reſpects is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten by themſelves; but will neglect the fineſt paſture that is not recommended by ſociety. It would be needleſs to inſtance in ſheep, which conſtantly flock together.

But this propenſity ſeems not to be confined to animals of the ſame ſpecies; for we know a doe, ſtill alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows: with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the houſe take no notice of this deer, being uſed to her; but, if ſtrange dogs come by, a chaſe enſues; while the maſter ſmiles to ſee his favourite ſecurely leading her purſuers over hedge, or gate, or ſtile, till ſhe returns to the cows, who with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the aſſailants quite out of the paſture.

Even great diſparity of kind and ſize does not always prevent ſocial advances and mutual fellowſhip. For a very intelligent and obſervant perſon has aſſured me that, in the former part of his life, keeping but one horſe, he happened alſo on a time to have but one ſolitary hen. Theſe two incongruous animals ſpent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they ſaw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between theſe two ſequeſtered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herſelf gently againſt his legs; while the horſe would look down with ſatisfaction, and move with the greateſt caution and circumſpection, leſt he ſhould trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each ſeemed to conſole the vacant hours of the other; ſo that Milton, when he puts the following ſentiment in the mouth of Adam, ſeems to be ſomewhat miſtaken:

"Much leſs can bird with beaſt, or
fiſh with fowl,
"So well converſe, nor with the ox
the ape."

We have remarked in a former letter how much incongruous animals in a lonely ſtate, may be attached to
each

each other from a ſpirit of ſociality; in this it may not be amiſs to recount a different motive which has been known to create as ſtrange a fondneſs.

My friend had a little helpleſs leveret brought to him, which the ſervants fed with milk in a ſpoon, and about the ſame time his cat kittened, and the young were diſpatched and buried. The hare was ſoon loſt, and ſuppoſed to be gone the way of moſt fondlings, to be killed by ſome dog or cat. However, in about a fortnight, as the maſter was ſitting in his garden in the duſk of the evening, he obſerved his cat, with tail erect, trotting towards him, and calling with little ſhort inward notes of complacency, ſuch as they uſe towards their kittens, and ſomething gambolling after, which proved to be the leveret that the cat had ſupported with her milk, and continued to ſupport with great affection.

Thus was a graminivorous animal nurtured by a carnivorous and predaceous one!

Why ſo cruel and ſanguinary beaſt as a cat, of a ferocious genus of *Feles*, the *murium leo*, as Linnæus calls it, ſhould be affected with any tenderneſs towards an animal which is its natural prey, is not ſo eaſy to determine.

This ſtrange affection probably was occaſioned by that deſiderium, thoſe tender maternal feelings, which the loſs of her kittens had awakened in her breaſt; and by the complacency and eaſe ſhe derived to herſelf from the procuring her teats to be drawn, which were too much diſtended with milk, till, from habit, ſhe became as much delighted with this foundling as if it had been her real offspring.

This incident is no bad ſolution of that ſtrange circumſtance which grave hiſtorians as well as the poets aſſert, of expoſed children being ſometimes nurtured by female wild beaſts that probably had loſt their young. For it is not one whit more marvellous that Romulus and Remus, in their infant ſtate, ſhould be nurſed by a ſhe-wolf, than that a poor little ſucking leveret ſhould be foſtered and cheriſhed by a bloody grimalkin.

——" viridi fœtam Mavortis in antro
" Procubuiſſe lupam: geminos huic ubera circum
" Ludere pendentes pueros, et lambere matrem
" Impavidos: illam tereti cervice reflexam
" Mulcere alternos, et corpora fingere lingua."

Bats.

At preſent I know only two ſpecies of *bats*, the common *veſpertilio murinus*, and the *veſpertilio auribus*.

I was much entertained laſt ſummer with a tame bat, which would take flies out of a perſon's hand. If you gave it any thing to eat, it brought its wings round before the mouth, hovering and hiding its head in the manner of birds of prey when they feed. The adroitneſs it ſhewed in ſhearing off the wings of the flies, which were always rejected, was worthy of obſervation, and pleaſed me much. Inſects ſeemed to be moſt acceptable, though it did not refuſe raw fleſh when offered: ſo that the notion, that bats go down chimnies and gnaw men's bacon, ſeems no improbable ſtory. While I amuſed myſelf with this wonderful quadruped, I ſaw it ſeveral times confute the vulgar opinion, that bats when down on a flat ſurface cannot get on the wing again, by riſing with great eaſe from the floor. It ran, I obſerved, with more diſpatch than I was aware of; but in a moſt ridiculous and groteſque manner.

Bats drink on the wing, like ſwallows, by ſipping the ſurface, as they play over pools and ſtreams. They love to frequent waters, not only for the ſake of drinking, but on account of inſects, which are found over them in the greateſt plenty. As I was go-

ing, ſome years ago, pretty late, in a boat from Richmond to Sunbury, on a warm ſummer's evening, I think I ſaw myriads of bats between the two places: the air ſwarmed with them all along the Thames, ſo that hundreds were in ſight at a time.

RULES *to make a good* TRADESMAN.

1ſt. ENDEAVOUR to be perfect in the calling you are engaged in; and be aſſiduous in every part thereof,—induſtry being the natural means of acquiring wealth, honour, and reputation,—as idleneſs is of poverty, ſhame, and diſgrace.

2d. Lay a good foundation with regard to principle. Be ſure not, wilfully, to over-reach or deceive your neighbour; but keep always in your eye the golden rule of doing to others as you would they ſhould do unto you.

3d. Be ſtrict in diſcharging all legal debts. Do not evade your creditors by any ſhuffling arts, in giving your notes of hand, only to defer the payment. But if you have it in your power, diſcharge all debts when they become due. Above all, when you are ſtraitened for want of money, be cautious of taking it up at high intereſt. This has been the ruin of many; therefore endeavour to avoid it.

4th. Endeavour to be as much in your ſhop or warehouſe, or in whatever place your buſineſs properly lies, as poſſibly you can. Leave it not to ſervants to tranſact; for cuſtomers will not regard them as yourſelf; they generally think they ſhall not be ſo well ſerved, beſides, miſtakes may ariſe by the negligence or inexperience of ſervants, and therefore your preſence will prevent, probably, the loſs of a good cuſtomer.

5th. Be complaiſant to the meaneſt, as well as to the greateſt; you are as much obliged to uſe good manners for a farthing as a pound; the one demands it from you as well as the other.

6th. Be not too talkative, but ſpeak as much as is neceſſary to recommend your goods, and always obſerve to keep within the rules of decency. If cuſtomers ſlight your goods and undervalue them, endeavour to convince them of their miſtake, if you can, but not affront them. Do not be pert in your anſwers, but "with patience hear, and with meekneſs anſwer;" for if you affront in a ſmall matter, it may probably hinder you from a future good cuſtomer. They may think you are dear in the articles they want, but by going to another may find it not ſo, and probably may return again; but if you behave rude and affronting, there is no hopes either of their returning, or their future cuſtom.

7th. Take care of keeping your accounts well; enter every thing neceſſary in your books with neatneſs and exactneſs; often ſtate your accounts, and examine whether you gain or loſe; and carefully ſurvey your ſtock, and inſpect into every particular of your affairs.

8th. Take care, as much as you can, who you truſt; neither take nor give credit; but at fartheſt, ſettle your accounts annually. Deal at the fountain head for as many articles as you can; and, if it lies in your power, for ready money; this method you will find to be the moſt profitable in the end. Endeavour to keep a proper aſſortment in your way, but not overſtock yourſelf. Aim not at making a great figure in your ſhop, in unneceſſary ornaments, but let it be neat and uſeful. Too great an appearance may rather prevent than engage cuſtomers.

9th. To all theſe things, and above all, add a ſerious and conſcientious re-

regard to the practice of all the duties of the chriſtian religion. They have a natural tendency in themſelves to promote your preſent as well as future felicity; beſides that, by ſuch a practice, you will infallibly ſecure the bleſſing of Providence, which is better than every earthly bleſſing.

THE SILENT ACADEMY.

An Oriental Apologue.

THERE was at *Amadan*, a celebrated academy, whoſe firſt ſtatute was conceived in theſe terms: *The Academicians ſhall think a great deal, write little, and ſpeak as ſeldom as poſſible.* It was called the *Silent Academy;* and there was not a Philoſopher in Perſia who did not aſpire to be admitted into it. Doctor Zeb, author of an excellent Treatiſe, entitled *The Gag*, received information in a remote part of the country, that there was a place vacant in the Silent Academy. He departed immediately, arrived at Amadan, and preſenting himſelf at the door of the hall in which the academicians were aſſembled, he begged the door-keeper to give the Preſident this billet: *Doctor Zeb humbly demands the vacant place.* The door-keeper executed his commiſſion directly: but the Doctor and his billet arrived too late; the place was already filled.

The academy were much grieved at this diſappointment: for they had, rather againſt their inclinations, received a wit of the Court, whoſe lively and ſuperficial eloquence was the admiration of all the faſhionable circles; and they found themſelves obliged to refuſe Dr. Zeb, the ſcourge of babblers, a man of abilities, and every way accompliſhed. The Preſident charged with announcing this diſagreeable news to the Doctor, undertook it with reluctance, as he was at a loſs how to proceed. However, after having thought a little, he ordered a large cup to be filled with water, and filled ſo completely, that a drop more muſt have made the liquor run over; then he made a ſign for them to introduce the candidate. He appeared with that ſimple and modeſt air which almoſt always announces true merit. The Preſident roſe; and without pronouncing a ſingle word, pointed, with an air of the greateſt concern, to the emblematical cup, the cup ſo abundantly filled. The Doctor perceived at once that there was no vacancy in the academy; but, without loſing courage, he endeavoured to make them comprehend, that a ſupernumerary academician would create no confuſion. Spying a roſe leaf at his feet, he picked it up, and laid it ſo gently upon the ſurface of the water, that not one drop run over. This ingenious anſwer occaſioned general applauſe: the rules of the academy were for that day ſuſpended, and Dr. Zeb was received with the loudeſt acclamations. They then preſented to him the regiſter of the academy; in which the perſons to be received were deſired to inſcribe their names. Having inſcribed his name, there remained nothing for him but to pronounce according to cuſtom, an expreſſion of thanks; but like an academician truly ſilent, Doctor Zeb returned thanks without ſpeaking a ſingle word: He wrote on the margin the number 100; it was the number of his new brethren; then putting a cypher before it, he wrote below, *Their value will be neither more nor leſs* (0100). The Preſident anſwered the modeſt Doctor with as much politeneſs as preſence of mind. He put the number one before the number 100, and wrote: *Their value will be ten times greater* (1100).

Of the Art of Writing; its importance, and origin: By Dr Beattie*.

A WORD is an audible and articulate ſign of thought: a Letter is a viſible ſign of an articulate ſound. The uſe of letters is a wonderful invention; but by no means univerſal. Every man can ſpeak who is not deaf; and men have ſpoken in all ages; but in many nations the art of writing is unknown.

Words ſpoken make an immediate impreſſion, but depend, for their permanence, upon the memory of the ſpeaker and hearer; and the beſt memory loſes more than it retains: but words written may be preſerved from age to age, and made as durable as any thing human can be.—When we ſpeak, we are heard; but what is written may be ſent round the world, and circulated in all nations.—We can ſpeak no longer than we live: but the thoughts of men, who died three thouſand years ago, are ſtill extant in writing; and by means of this divine art, will continue to entertain and inſtruct mankind to the end of the world.—Moreover, while we only meditate, our memory is not always ſo faithful as to enable us to reviſe our thoughts, compare them together, and render them conſiſtent; but by writing we make them paſs and repaſs in review before us, till we have made them ſuch as we wiſh them to be.—God has been pleaſed to reveal his will to us in writing; and without this art, policy, which is the moſt venerable of all *human* inſtitutions, would be exceedingly imperfect.

The importance of writing to the virtue and happineſs of mankind, as well as to the aſcertaining, methodizing, preſerving, and extending of human knowledge, is indeed ſo great, that one is apt to wonder, how any age or country ſhould be ignorant of an art, which may be acquired with ſo little difficulty, and exerciſed with ſo much pleaſure. But though of eaſy acquiſition to us, it is in itſelf neither eaſy nor obvious. Savages articulate their mother tongue, without troubling themſelves about the analyſis of ſentences, or the ſeparation of words; of reſolving words into the ſimple elementary ſounds they have no idea; how then ſhould they think of expreſſing thoſe ſimple ſounds by viſible and permanent ſymbols? In fact, alphabetical writing muſt be ſo remote from the conception of thoſe who never heard of it, that without divine aid it would ſeem to be unſearchable and impoſſible. No wonder then that ſome authors ſhould have aſcribed it to Adam, and ſuppoſed it to be the effect of inſpiration.

Of the nature of Antediluvian, or of the firſt, writing, whether it was alphabetical, or by hieroglyphicks, we can only form conjectures. The wiſdom and ſimple manners of the firſt men would incline me to think, that they muſt have had an alphabet, for hieroglyphick characters imply quaintneſs and witticiſm. That Moſes knew an alphabet, is certain; and we may venture to ſay, he learned it in Egypt, where he was born and educated.

If this be granted, the hieroglyphicks of Egypt and Ethiopia will appear of later date than alphabetical writing; and to have been contrived, as many learned men have thought, by prieſts or politicians, for expreſſing, in a way not intelligible to the vulgar, the myſteries of religion and government.—A hieroglyphick, or *ſacred ſculpture*, is an emblematical figure, which denotes, not an articulate ſound, as a letter does, but an idea, or thing. It is a repreſentation of ſome part of the human body, or ſome animal, vegetable, or work of art: but it means, not that which

* *Theory of Language*, 8vo.

which it repreſents, but ſomething elſe that is, or is ſuppoſed to be, of a like nature. Thus, the figure of a lamp, among the Egyptian prieſts, ſignified, not a lamp, but life; a circle was the emblem of eternity; and an eye on the top of a ſceptre denoted a ſovereign.

Hieroglyphicks muſt have been a very imperfect mode of expreſſing thought. They took up a great deal of room; could hardly be connected ſo as to form a ſentence; were made ſlowly, and with difficulty; and when made, were no better than riddles.

Ceſar, in his account of the Druids of Gaul, relates, that they obliged their diſciples to get by heart ſo great a number of verſes, that the term of their education was ſometimes lengthened out to twenty years. And we are told, that they accounted it unlawful to commit thoſe verſes to writing, notwithſtanding that they underſtood the Greek alphabet, and made uſe of it in their ordinary buſineſs both publick and private. "Two things," continues he, "ſeem to me "to have determined them in this; "firſt, that their tenets might not "be publiſhed to the vulgar; and, "ſecondly, that having no books to "truſt to, they might be the more "careful to improve their memory, "and more accurate ſtudents of "the myſteries of their order." —May not the Egyptian hieroglyphicks have been invented for the ſame purpoſes? By the vulgar they could not be underſtood: and their enigmatical nature made it neceſſary for the prieſts to ſtudy them, and conſequently the doctrines implied in them, with extraordinary perſeverance and application.

When the Spaniards invaded Mexico, in the fifteenth century, the news of their landing was ſent to the emperor Montezuma, not by writing, or by hieroglyphicks (for the Mexicans had neither) but by a rude draught or picture of the ſhips. This is no doubt a natural way of expreſſing things viſible; but I cannot agree in opinion with theſe authors, who ſuppoſe it to have been the moſt ancient form of *writing*; as it is ſo laborious, ſo liable to be miſunderſtood, expreſſive of ſo few ideas, and in general ſo very inconvenient. The Mexican, who carried the news, was certainly able to give a verbal account of what happened. If he carried alſo a draught of the ſhips, it muſt have been, as we carry plans, with a view to give a more lively idea than words could convey. European ſhips had never appeared in that part of the world before; and if thoſe people had any ſkill in drawing, it was as natural for them to practiſe it on ſo memorable an occaſion, as it would be for us, if a huge unknown ſea-monſter were to be thrown upon the land.

In Peru and Chili, when we firſt became acquainted with thoſe countries, there was found a curious art, that in ſome meaſure ſupplied the place of writing. It was called *Quipos*; and conſiſted in certain arrangements of threads, or knots, of different colours; whereby they preſerved, in a way which we cannot explain, inventories of their moveables, and the remembrance of extraordinary events. The knowledge of the Quipos is ſaid to have been a great myſtery, handed down by tradition from fathers to their children, but never divulged by the parent, till he thought his life near an end.—Belts of *wampum* (as it is called) are probably contrivances of a like nature, made of a great number of little beads of different colours artfully, and not inelegantly, interwoven. Theſe belts are uſed by the Indians of North America in their treaties; and are ſaid to expreſs, I know not how, the particulars of the tranſaction.

In

In China, if we believe what is reported by travellers, the art of writing has been underſtood theſe three or four thouſand years; and yet they have no alphabet to this day*. There is for each word a diſtinct character; and the number of words is ſaid to be fourſcore thouſand; ſo that a Chineſe doctor grows old and dies, before he has learned one half of his letters. The characters are of the nature of hieroglyphicks, but ſo curtailed or contracted, for the ſake of expedition, that their primitive ſhape cannot be gueſſed from their preſent form. They divide them into four claſſes; the antient, which are preſerved on account of their antiquity, but never uſed; a ſecond ſpecies, appropriated to public inſcriptions; a third, common enough in printing and even in writing, but too unwieldy for daily uſe; and a fourth, more manageable, for ordinary buſineſs.—It is further ſaid of the Chineſe tongue, that every word in it is a monoſyllable; and that one and the ſame ſyllable may have ten or a dozen different meanings, according to the tone with which it is pronounced. If this be true, there muſt be more accent in it, than in any other language that has yet been heard of; and we need not wonder, that it is of ſo difficult acquiſition to ſtrangers.

Some of our modern philoſophers affect to be great admirers of the genius, policy, and morality of the Chineſe. The truth is, the Europeans know very little of that remote people; and we are apt to admire what we do not underſtand: and for thoſe who like the Chineſe, obſtinately ſhut their eyes againſt the light of the Goſpel, the French authors, now-a-days, and their imitators, are apt to cheriſh an extraordinary warmth of brotherly affection.—But if we conſider, that, though their empire is ſuppoſed to have ſtood for upwards of four thouſand years, the Chineſe are ſtill unſkilled in almoſt every branch of literature: that their moſt learned men have never thought it worth while to invent or adopt an alphabet, though they muſt have heard that there is ſuch a thing in other parts of the world: that their painting, though gaudy, is without perſpective, and looks like a maſs of things, men, trees, houſes, and mountains, heaped on one another's heads; that, when a fire broke out at Canton, whereof Commodore Anſon was an eye-witneſs, they did not know how to extinguiſh it, but held out the images of their gods to it: if we alſo conſider their proneneſs to deceit and theft; their low cunning: their abſurd jealouſy and timidity, which refuſes almoſt all communication with the reſt of the world; their exceſſive admiration of their own wiſdom, and their contempt of other nations, although they muſt be ſenſible, that one European ſhip of war could have nothing to fear from the whole force of their empire:—if, I ſay, we reflect on theſe things, we ſhall be inclined to think, that they are an ignorant and narrow-minded people, dexterous indeed in ſome petty manufactures, but incapable of enterpriſe and invention, and

* This is the common opinion, and was once mine. But I have lately been informed, by a Scotch gentleman who reſided long at Batavia, that a Chineſe, on hearing his chriſtian name and ſurname, wrote ſomething upon paper, and that another Chineſe, on ſeeing it, articulated the two words diſtinctly. This could hardly have been done, except by thoſe who underſtood the art of expreſſing by ſymbols the *elementary ſounds* of language. And yet it is poſſible, that the ſyllables which compoſe the name might be Chineſe words. The gentleman, however, is of opinion, that the trading people of China have a ſort of alphabet.

and averſe to inquiry. The long continuance and ſtrictneſs of their policy, which ſome admire as the effect of profound wiſdom, is to me a proof of their want of ſpirit; thoſe nations being moſt liberal in their conduct to ſtrangers, and withal moſt liable to political commotions, who are moſt eminently diſtinguiſhed for magnanimity and genius.

When we think, how difficult, and how inadequate, the methods hitherto mentioned are, of rendering language viſible and permanent, we muſt be ſtruck with wonder at the uſefulneſs and perfection of the *Alphabet*. By this invention, if it may be ſo called, although every ſound in language has a correſpondent ſymbol, yet the characters are ſo few, and of a form ſo ſimple, that one may learn the uſe of them in a very ſhort time. Nay, with the help of a few additional ſymbols, one alphabet might ſerve for many languages. The Latin, and all the modern tongues derived from it, have the ſame ſyſtem of letters: and if we were accuſtomed to ſee Greek and Hebrew in the Roman character, we ſhould read them as well in that as in their own.

Trial of PLEASURE, *before Judge* PHILOSOPHY.

THE trial being open, PLEASURE was brought to the bar. Repentance appeared to proſecute her. The judge, Philoſophy, with eye ſevere obſerved her. Beneath him, ſat ſullen Melancholy with folded arms:—Reflection, with cloſe contracted brow, opened the indictment; and ſquint-eyed Care, with dark diſguſt, were appointed to examine the witneſſes.

The firſt evidence that was called, was a young fellow with a pallid countenance; his ſmall legs ſcarcely could ſupport him to crawl into court; he was obliged to ſtop for want of breath, and in a ſqueaking voice, he depoſed thus:

That, to his knowledge, the priſoner was the greateſt jilt in nature; that he had thrown away a very good eſtate, and ſpoiled a ſtrong conſtitution in following her; that ſhe continually gave him hopes of enjoyment, but always deceived him; that his firſt acquaintance with her was at college, where ſhe tempted him, in ſhape of a beautiful pointer, to forſake his ſtudies, and follow her; he immediately ſet up his equipage to honour her; run after her from horſe-race to horſe-race; followed her to the hazard-table; purſued her among the women of the town; ſearched every tavern for her; but ſtill he had miſſed meeting her.

At the tavern, indeed, he had ſometimes a glimpſe of her; but then he began drinking ſo young, that he was ſeldom there in capacity to enjoy her, always either dull or drunk; when ſober, he was commonly ſick, and when fuddled, always for fighting; ſo upon the whole, he told the court, (ſwearing by his maker) ſhe was an impudent jilt, and bilked him.

The next witneſs was a lady, a fine moulded female; ſhe ſlid gracefully into court, with her hoop held high before her, and immediately ran up to the priſoner to embrace her, but was prevented by the prime ſergeant Reflection, who aſked her if ſhe knew the criminal; upon which with a full ſtare and mouth wide open, ſhe burſt into the prettieſt laugh; fell from thence into the moſt innocent confuſion; ſweetly excuſed herſelf in a very becoming liſp; and with a low curtſey, ſunk negligently down on the bench between the priſoner's counſel, Fancy and Hope.

She was interrogated about her knowledge of the priſoner; when ſhe told the court, that the lady at the bar

bar was her intimate; they had been brought up from their childhood together; and that the judge was truly a fright, and the reſt of the bench a parcel of queer creatures, not to allow ſo fine a lady to ſit down among them.

Then turning to the priſoner, ſhe invited her to her drum, and told her what charming company was to be at it; for inſtance, Miſs Rout, Madam Raquet, Widow Hurricane, Lady Dowager Drum, and the Dutcheſs of Helter-ſkelter, then ſhe haſtily got up and hummed an opera tune; and, with a round-about ſweep, whiſked away to her chair in an inſtant.

The next evidence was an old man; though ſtricken in years, his countenance had not loſt all the marks of florid health; in his face the bloom of manhood ſeemed to contend with the winter of age.

He gave his evidence as follows: "Behold, moſt grave judge, one of the unhappieſt among mankind; I have all my life been ſearching after pleaſure, fooled by that lady, the priſoner, till at laſt I am involved in an irremediable ſeries of miſeries.

"In my juvenile days, I had often read of the priſoner Pleaſure; I was charmed at her character; I longed to be acquainted with her; thought of nothing but her; and, like other lovers, turned poet to pleaſe her.

"I courted the ſciences for her ſake; but in poetry I flattered myſelf I ſhould ſoon find her; therefore immediately became fond of making her verſes: But alas! where I expected Pleaſure, I met with Pain; I was blamed as an idler, condemned as a plagiary, or puniſhed by the ignorant and envious with deriſion. I next applied myſelf to traffic; I croſſed the ſea for gain; I encreaſed my fortune, but not my pleaſure.

"Tempeſts, robbers, breaches in trade, diſappointments, damped all hopes of enjoying her; I then recollected I had gained enough; I reſolved to reſt myſelf, and, in eaſe, was in hopes to find her.

"Again I was miſtaken; while at reſt I was uneaſy; I grew diſcontented with having nothing to do. I then reſolved to exerciſe my mind, and I began to examine the laws of nature.

"I ſtudied them; I enquired into primary cauſes; but alas! all I obtained, was an inſatiable deſire to know more than could be known, and a certain ſorrowful reflection, that all I did know was inſignificant.

"I then turned builder; I planned a houſe; I laid out my gardens; I amuſed myſelf among the artiſts; and then I thought I was arrived at true pleaſure; but I was ſtill to ſeek; the workmen's delays diſturbed me, they fell out among themſelves; I was diſtracted to decide their quarrels; at length they finiſhed the houſe, and then I invited my friends, I treated my neighbours, I ſettled fortunes on my children, and once more I thought of being happy; ſtill I am deceived; my friends I find are flatterers; my neighbours are envious of my riches, my children wiſh for my death to poſſeſs them, and, after all my toils, am at laſt as far from finding pleaſure as the firſt day I ſet out after her."

The judge then aſked the priſoner, what defence ſhe could make? She called her witneſſes, Beauty and Love.

On their appearance, immediately the whole court was ſenſibly affected: Melancholy reared his head, Reflection ſmoothed his brow, Care looked pleaſed, and Philoſophy gave a ſigh, when Prudence, who all this while ſtood concealed, ſtepped forth and ordered the officers of the court, Fear and Diſguſt, to ſeize the two witneſſes, Beauty and Love, for ſhe had an indictment againſt them for perjury; objected to their teſtimony, and inſiſted on Pleaſure's making a de-

defence without their help. Pleaſure immediately began ;—

" Would mankind uſe me as I deſerve, I ſhould never be tried as a criminal, but rewarded as a friend.

" They call upon me to help them; yet I no ſooner come to their aſſiſtance, but they bind me captive to their tempers.

" The youth who appeared againſt me, I never was acquainted with; had he ſtuck to his ſtudies, he might have found me: He miſtook another for me, whom he followed; ſhe is dreſt like me, her name is *folly;* it is to her he owes all his misfortunes.

" As to the lady, who ſays I attended her infancy, it is falſe; ſhe had a waiting maid that attended her, and took my name, but her true title was Self-love.

" The laſt and heavieſt charge againſt me is the old man's ; but he is a hypocrite : I would have attended him always as his wife ; but he would uſe me like a kept miſtreſs, proud of ſhewing the world he poſſeſſed me ; I deſpiſed him for his oſtentation ; I left him, to be more ſincerely dealt with ; and I——

" But why, raiſing her voice, ſhould I plead among ſuch cold, ſuch ſpiritleſs judges? Come to my reſcue, my friends ! aſſiſt me, my allies!"

Immediately, the Paſſions came turbulently into court, drove Melancholy away, and gagged Repentance; Philoſophy hid himſelf under the table; they trampled upon Reflection; releaſed Pleaſure; and made Prudence priſoner, to be tried in her place.

Review.

An Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory of Scotland, from the firſt Appearance of Chriſtianity in that Kingdom, to the preſent Time. By the rev. John Skinner. 2 *Vols.* 8*vo.* 14*s. in Boards.* Evans.

FROM the confuſed ſtate of the earlier part of the Scottiſh hiſtory, it is extremely difficult to determine the preciſe period when Chriſtianity was introduced into that kingdom. The author of the preſent work appears to be fully ſenſible of this fact, and has been at no ſmall pains to unravel the perplexity of ancient records, with the view of aſcertaining his object. The extent of his enquiries is not more conſpicuous than his candour in conducting them. While by the former, he remarks the inconſiſtencies of writers, he avoids by the latter the national prejudices which ſome of the moſt eminent among them have contributed to diſſeminate. He adopts, for good reaſons, the opinion that the arrival of Palladius in Scotland, in the year 430, is the firſt authentic incident relative to the introduction of Chriſtianity in that country. The propagator of the revealed religion in the ſouthern diviſion of the Pictiſh kingdoms, is ſhown to have been Ninian, and in the northern, Columba, aſſiſted or ſucceeded by Servanus, Kentigern, and others. The union of the Pictiſh and Scotiſh nations under Kenneth, produced likewiſe an union of their churches; and from this æra the eccleſiaſtical affairs in the northern part of the iſland began to appear more diſtinctly. In the year 906, we find the rights of the Scottiſh churches confirmed in an aſſembly at Scone. In 978, Beornelm, a biſhop of that country, was invited to an Engliſh council, to defend the marriage of the clergy. By the aſſiſtance of this biſhop, the Engliſh clergy maintained their ground with great vigour, and repelled all the arguments of Dunſtan in favour of celibacy, by the force of their reaſoning; until the floor of the aſſembly-room, whether

by contrivance or accident, falling in, and hurting moſt of the company, except Dunſtan and his party, decided the cauſe againſt them, by the alledged interpoſition of heaven on Dunſtan's ſide.

In ſome of the ſubſequent letters, Mr. Skinner makes remarks on the various kinds of monaſteries and monks; delivers an account of the cruſades, the controverſy about the inveſtiture of biſhops, the ſchool-divinity, canonization, the knights-templars, and knights of Malta, with a variety of other ſubjects connected with the eccleſiaſtical hiſtory.

The ſecond volume commences with the origin of the Reformation in Scotland, which was not a little advanced by the means made uſe of by the queen regent to ſuppreſs it.

'Hitherto, (proceeds our author) it may be ſaid, the balance was pretty even between the two contenders, and the awakening zeal of the eſtabliſhed clergy in the one ſcale ſeemed, if not to downweigh, at leaſt to equiponderate the reforming principles of the diſſenters in the other. But from this time, by ſome means or other, we ſhall ſee the eſtabliſhment loſing ground, and the other ſide, we may be ſure, would gain what their adverſaries loſt. The governor, though of himſelf not a bad man, was weak and irreſolute, and his brother the primate, who had the entire management of him, was more inclined to conſult his preſent eaſe and pleaſure, than to proſecute ſuch methods of either force or flattery as were neceſſary in the then ſituation of things, for rectifying the apparent diſorders. At the ſame time the queen dowager, who was a woman of great ſpirit and activity, having now got her daughter the young queen lodged to her ſatisfaction in a place of honourable ſecurity, began to entertain hopes, and had even formed a deſign of removing the governor, and getting the management into her own hands. The governor, as might be expected, did not at firſt reliſh the propoſal when it was made to him.—But in the end, being perſuaded by his friends, and allured by the honours and gratuities which the king of France offered him, he thought fit to acquieſce, and the queen-mother, by a commiſſion from her daughter, was proclaimed regent on the twelfth of April 1554.

'This change, it might have been thought, would have quaſhed the reforming ſcheme entirely, as beſides the new regent's French education, ſhe was known to be intimately connected with, and influenced by two cardinals, Guiſe and Lorrain, who were her brothers: and, to add to the fears of the reformers, the new queen of England, Mary, daughter of Henry the Eighth by his firſt wife, had already in the ſtrongeſt manner declared her warm attachment to the papal intereſt, and had reſcinded all that her father and brother had for more than twenty years been doing againſt it. Yet ſo ſtrange and uncertain is the face of human proſpects, that theſe two circumſtances, though outwardly concurring as it were towards the ſame object, did by degrees contribute more than any external cauſe, to the furthering of the very purpoſe which they had the appearance of deſtroying. Our regent, on her firſt entrance into power, filled her court with a greater number of her French countrymen than was agreeable to the native ſubjects of the realm; and by this impolitic ſtep, alienated the minds of many of the nobility, who, though loyally enough affected, could not brook ſuch a viſible neglect, and thereupon either joined themſelves to the reformers, or became careleſs and indifferent in the public ſervice. And, which increaſed the general diſcontent, ſhe was adviſed by the foreign

foreign counſellors, to propoſe the laying a yearly tax upon the lieges, for keeping up a regular army, under pretence of relieving the nobles from perſonal attendance, unleſs upon any important emergence. This propoſal was received with the utmoſt indignation, and about three hundred of the leſſer barons met at Edinburgh, and boldly remonſtrated againſt it; on which the ſcheme was prudently abandoned, but the alarm it gave left an unfavourable impreſſion on the minds of the people.

'The regent herſelf did not want penetration, nor was ſhe of an oppreſſive diſpoſition. But her natural connexions and foreign counſels led her many times, contrary to her own judgment and inclination, into diſagreeable undertakings, which raiſed a jealouſy againſt her, and thereby ſtrengthened the religious oppoſition which had hitherto been but in a languid ſtate.'

The next important incident in the Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory of Scotland is the aſſembly of Dundee, which eſtabliſhed the doctrine of Calviniſm, then imported from Geneva. This tranſaction naturally excites the particular attention of our author; and he examines, with becoming candour, the conduct of the preſbyterians, in the ſubſequent alteration which they introduced into the eccleſiaſtical conſtitution of the kingdom. Epiſcopacy, however, was ſoon afterwards reſtored, without any appearance of danger to the tranquillity of the nation. But the attempt made to introduce the liturgy in the ſucceeding reign, was not attended with equal ſucceſs. The oppoſition to this meaſure produced the famous *covenant*, which animated the people to thoſe violent commotions that diſtracted Scotland during the courſe of ſeveral years. Through the whole of this turbulent period, the eccleſiaſtical is inſeparably blended with the civil hiſtory of the country; and after the Reſtoration, unfortunately, they again became united by the imprudence of the king's miniſters in Scotland.

We cannot help thinking that the author of the preſent work aſcribes to the Scots too general a diſpoſition to epiſcopacy, at the time Dr. Sharp made his fatal journey to London. That the people of Scotland would be eaſily perſuaded to admit the reeſtabliſhment of epiſcopacy, was indeed the language of thoſe who were entruſted with the government of the nation; but theſe men were, beyond a doubt, miſtaken in their opinion, and in the end they became ſenſible of their error.

It appears the work was undertaken at the requeſt of a friend, to whom the ſeveral letters, amounting to ſixty, are addreſſed. The author has no where affected the dignity of hiſtorical compoſition; nor does he ſeem to have been ſolicitous for attaining the praiſe of epiſtolary elegance. He has ſometimes given place to provincial expreſſions, ſuch as *exauctorated*, *inhibited*, *rabbled*, &c. which however excuſeable in private correſpondence, ought not to have been retained in a work ſubmitted to the peruſal of the public. The hiſtory, notwithſtanding theſe blemiſhes, is highly worthy of attention; it contains a clear, faithful, and copious detail of the eccleſiaſtical affairs of Scotland; and is fullied with none of thoſe religious prejudices which too often adhere to narratives of this kind. [Crit. Rev.

The Contents of an Old Man's Memorandum-Book.

1.

ARE we not all fools for winding up our watches at night, and not in the morning? Cuſtom would

conform herſelf to any regular time; and he who now and then goes drowſy to bed, or even drunk, never riſes ſo.

2.

Negligence ſometimes ſuffers a child to grow up left-handed. But why are we all to be only right handed? The right hand was made ſtronger and more convenient by habit, not by our Creator. The wiſeſt of God's creatures ſuffer habit, when they have two arms, to confine them almoſt totally to the uſe of one. Let us copy the ſkilful fencing-maſter, and teach our children the uſe of both arms indiſcriminately. Caſes may be put, in which the left arm, which now ſeems to be fixed to the body only for the ſake of uniformity, may ſave the wearer's life.

3.

Every man, in the moment of deep thought, is addicted to ſome particular action. Swift uſed to roll up a ſlip of paper with his finger and thumb. Many people have contracted habits of this ſort which are ungraceful, ſome even habits of indecency.

4.

Is your child a ſon? Give him a marked Chriſtian name, if you can do it without diſagreeable ſingularity. John, Thomas, William, &c. may confuſe him with ſervants; while a Chriſtian name, not ſo common, may ſerve to mark him, even when his ſurname is ſo common as Lloyd, Jones or Smith.

Is your child a daughter? Do not chriſten her from novels and romances. Louiſa and Clementina may betray her into ſituations of which Elizabeth and Mary never dream. Shenſtone thanked God his name was liable to no pun. Let an old man be thankful that he did not give his daughter a name which ſentimental writers would prefer to weave into a novel, or to "hitch in a rhyme."

5.

When you accoſt a friend, ſtay to anſwer his queſtion, and don't be in the ſame hurry that he is; or you will both aſk the ſame queſtions, and neither of you will receive an anſwer.

Liſten to the two gentlemen who have met at the corner of yonder ſtreet. One ſays, "How do you do? I am very glad to ſee you. How do you all do at home? &c. &c. &c." The other ſays, "How do you all do at home? &c. &c." Guard againſt this.

By the way, "How *do* you *do*," however idiomatic it may be, is a very uncouth phraſe.

6.

When you come, or find yourſelf coming *full butt*, as it is called, againſt another perſon, you endeavour to get out of his way. Let an old man adviſe you not to do ſo. Stand ſtill. He will endeavour to get out of your way, and, by your ſtanding ſtill, he will effect it. If you both endeavour to get by at the ſame time, as there are but two ſides, it is an even wager you run againſt each other.

Once I got a bloody noſe and ſpoiled a new coat, by encountering a hair-dreſſer thus in St. Paul's Churchyard. Another time I was almoſt killed by getting out of a ſmuggler's way on the Suſſex road. Now, if I am on horſeback, I ride ſtraight forward; if I am on foot, I ſtand ſtock ſtill; by which precautions I have not been knocked down theſe thirty years.

If you have occaſion to travel frequently to one place, take all the croſs cuts, and endeavour to find out the neareſt way—but when you make a journey for once and no more, keep the high road—for though it may be the longeſt way, you will get ſooner to your deſtination.

Tra-

Travels through Italy, in a Series of Letters: written in the Year 1785, by the Abbe Dupaty. Tranſlated from the French by an Engliſh Gentleman.

(Continued from page 73.)

WE left him at *Toulon* inſpecting the criminal juriſprudence of France, in the puniſhmeut of the Galley-Slaves; from whence he proceeds to *Nice*, which he deſcribes "as the garden of the Heſperides;" and mentions *Mr. Thomas*, an artiſt there, who has "for thirty years paſt worked day and night at his ſtatue." He then embarks on ſhip-board; and, after touching at *Monaco*, arrives at *Genoa*. Having viewed the Palace of the Sun, the Senate-Houſe, the Public Monuments, the Hoſpital, the Free-Port, the public Bake-Houſe, the Palace of *Durazzo*, and the Picture-Galleries, he pays a viſit to THE GALLEY SLAVES of Italy.

"Five ſorts of wretches are faſtened indiſcriminately to the chain; malefactors, ſmugglers, deſerters, Turks taken by the Corſairs, and voluntary galley-ſlaves.

"Voluntary galley-ſlaves!—Yes—Theſe are poor men whom government get hold of between hunger and death. It is in this narrow paſſage that they wait, and watch for them. Theſe wretched beings, dazzled with a little money, do not perceive the gallies; and are enliſted. Poverty and guilt are bound in the ſame chain! The citizen who ſerves the republic, ſuffers the ſame puniſhment with him who has betrayed it!

"The Genoeſe carry their barbarity ſtill farther; when the term of their enliſtment is near expiring, they propoſe to lend a little money to theſe miſerable creatures. Unhappy men are eager for enjoyment; the preſent moment alone exiſts for them; they accept: but, at a week's end, nothing remains to them but regret and ſlavery: inſomuch that at the expiration of that time, they are compelled to enliſt again, to diſcharge their debt, and ſell eight years more of their exiſtence. Thus do the greateſt part of them conſume, from enliſtments, to loans; and from loans to enliſtments, their whole lives at the gallies, in the laſt degree of wretchedneſs and infamy: There they expire.

"We ſaw among them a Frenchman, a young man. In relating to us his misfortunes, he ſhed tears. We made him a trifling preſent, and his tears flowed ſtill more abundantly. Let us eſcape from theſe ſorrowful abodes, where we are unable to alleviate the miſeries we lament. What abodes muſt thoſe be, where pity is of no avail!

"But what is that kind of priſon in the corner, ſaid I to the man who conducted me? How low, dark, and damp it is! It conſiſts too of two ſtories. What are theſe animals ſtretched out on the ground, and on the upper floor? They can ſcarcely crawl. Thoſe hideous heads, which peep out from beneath the blankets, are covered with long hair. Their looks are ſtupid and ferocious. Do they eat nothing but this hard black bread?—Certainly not.—Have they no drink but this dirty water?—Certainly not.—Do they always continue lying?—Yes.—How long have they been here?—Twenty years.—How old are they?—Seventy.—How do you call them?—Turks.

"Theſe miſerable Turks are totally degraded from humanity: They are ſtrangers to every thing but bodily wants. They have worn out, in this ſort of tomb, the ſmall number of ideas and recollections they brought with them from nature and their country.

"The other Turks, who are not yet ſixty years old, are chained under little niches opened at the diſtance of every ſix feet in a long wall, where they

they can ſcarcely ſit or lye. There they reſpire the little air that is allowed them, or rather that they can ſteal.

" The Genoeſe, however, have given an example of toleration, but little to be expected from them. They allow theſe Turks a moſque. The proteſtants in France have no temples ! !

" Let us add one more trait to this picture of the gallies. I ſaw the wretches ſelling from bench to bench, coveting, diſputing, ſtealing even the fragments of aliments, which the dogs in the ſtreets had refuſed.

" Genoa, thy palaces are not ſufficiently loſty, ſpacious, numerous, nor brilliant: we ſtill perceive thy gallies."

The author paſſes through *Lucca*, *Piſa*, and arrives at *Florence ;* and if the amiable picture he had ably drawn of the private character of THE EX-DOGE of Genoa be enchanting to the virtuous mind, how will the heart kindle into an enthuſiaſtic admiration of the more extraordinary, if not more virtuous, character of the preſent GRAND DUKE of TUSCANY.

" The fineſt gallery in the world is at Florence ; but I will not now ſpeak to you of paintings, ſtatues and images ; I have ſeen Leopold and his people.

" Leopold loves his people, and has ſuppreſſed all ſuch impoſts as were not neceſſary : he has diſbanded almoſt all his troops, retaining only ſufficient to preſerve the art of military diſcipline.

" He has deſtroyed the fortifications of Piſa, the maintenance of which was very expenſive ; he has overthrown the ſtones which devoured mankind.

" He found that his court concealed from him his people: he has no longer any court. He has eſtabliſhed manufactures. He has every where opened ſuperb roads, and at his own expence. He has founded hoſpitals—You would imagine the hoſpitals in Tuſcany were palaces of the Grand Duke. I have viſited them, and found in them all, cleanlineſs, good order, and the moſt humane and attentive care. I have ſeen ſick old men, who ſeemed as if waited on by their children. I have ſeen ſick children, who ſeemed as if nurſed by their mothers. I could not without ſhedding tears, behold this luxury of compaſſion and humanity. In the inſcriptions on the front of theſe hoſpitals, they have beſtowed on Leopold the title of *Father of the Poor.* The hoſpitals themſelves give him this title. Theſe are monuments which ſtand in no need of inſcriptions. The Grand Duke comes frequently to viſit his poor and ſick ; he does not neglect the good he has done ; he poſſeſſes not only the ſudden feelings of humanity, he has a humane ſoul. He never makes his appearance in this abode of anguiſh and ſorrow, without cauſing tears of joy ; he never leaves it without being followed with benedictions, which are the gratitude of a happy people ; and theſe ſongs of thankſgiving are ſent up from an hoſpital!

" You may be preſented to the Grand Duke without having four hundred years nobility, without deſcending from thoſe who diſputed the crown with his anceſtors. His palace, like the temples, is open to all his ſubjects without exception. Three days only in the week are more particularly conſecrated to a certain claſs of men ; neither to the great nor the rich, neither to painters, poets, nor muſicians, but to the wretched.

" In other countries, commerce and induſtry, like the lands, are become the patrimony of a ſmall number of individuals ; with Leopold, every thing you can do, you may do it : you have a living, if you poſſeſs any

any peculiar talent; and there is no exclusive privilege but genius.

" The prayers offered up to God for harvests no longer bring down famine on the country. This prince has enriched the year with a great number of working days, which he has recovered from superstition, to restore them to agriculture, to the arts, and to good morals. He is occupied in a total reform of his legislation. He has discovered a new light in some of the French publications, and is hastening to communicate it to the laws of Florence. He has begun by simplifying the civil, and mitigating the criminal code. Blood has not been shed on a scaffold in Tuscany for these ten years. Liberty alone is banished from the prisons; which the Grand Duke has filled with justice and humanity.

" This mitigation of the laws has softened the manners of the people. Atrocious crimes are become rare, since barbarous punishments have been banished: the prisons of Tuscany have been empty these three months.

" The Grand Duke has enacted two admirable sumptuary laws; the favour he shews to simplicity of manners, and his own example.

" When the sun rises on the states of this prince, he finds him already occupied in the duties of his station. At six in the morning he has wiped away many a tear. His secretaries of state are so many clerks.

" The nobles think that he does not distinguish and honour them enough; the priests, that he does not fear them enough; the monks, that he does not enrich them enough; men in office, that he watches them too closely. In his territories, the magistrate judges; the soldier serves; the prelate resides; and the placeman does his duty; for the prince reigns.

" His children are not brought up in a palace, but in a house: he endeavours to make men of them, not princes, which they are already. The education they receive makes them early acquainted with the misfortunes from which their birth exempts them. Their hearts are exposed to every thing that can render them open to pity and beneficence.— I have seen in their hands the works of Locke.

" I only know," said the Grand Duke one day, " two sorts of men " in my dominions, men of worth, " and bad men."

" Preparations are this moment making to entertain the king and queen of Naples; a very moderate tax was proposed to him to defray the expences of them. " My wife," said " he, " has still three millions worth " of jewels."

" The Grand Duke is happy, for his people are happy, and he believes in God.

" What must be the enjoyment of this prince, when every evening, before he shuts his eyes upon his people, before he allows himself to go to sleep, he renders an account to the sovereign Being of the happiness of a million of men during the course of the day! Figure to yourself such a prince, enjoying such a confidence in God.

" I had almost forgotten an apophthegm of this modern Titus. A person was regretting one day before the Grand Duke that his territories were not more extensive. " Alas," cried he, " they contain but too many " who are wretched."

(To be continued.)

Biography.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Soame Jenyns, *Esq.*

Soame Jenyns, who so long held a place of great distinction in the literary world, was born in 1705, at Bat-

Battisham, in Cambridgeshire. He was the only son of Sir Roger Jenyns, knight, of the same place; and his mother, whose maiden name was Palmer, was of the family of the present Sir Charles Palmer, bart. After he had gone through the usual school education, he was entered as a fellow-commoner, in St John's College, Cambridge. His superior talents were soon distinguished by many sprightly juvenile essays and poetical effusions; and many of the latter form a conspicuous part of the 'Collection of Poems' in six volumes, published by the late ingenious Mr Robert Dodsley. He was married, very early in life, to Miss Soame, a lady of great fortune, to whom his father was guardian. In this union, as is too frequently the case, the inclinations of young Mr Jenyns were less consulted, than the advantages that were supposed to be the certain appendages to an alliance with great wealth, and, probably with great interest. The consequences may be imagined: the behaviour of Mr Jenyns to his lady cannot be exhibited to the world as a model of conjugal propriety: and a separation ensued, which the latter did not long survive. Soon after her death, he was married to his second wife, whose maiden name was Grey, and who, it is supposed, was a relation, as he usually called her cousin in the life time of his former wife. This lady survives him.

Mr Jenyns was first introduced into public life under the auspices of the celebrated Sir Robert Walpole. He entered the house of Commons as representative of the town of Cambridge, which place he continued to represent for many years. In 1756, he was appointed one of the lords of trade and plantations; which office he held till the dissolution of that board, in the year 1780

Our author's first publication of importance, 'An Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil,' made its appearance in 1757. It is impossible to enter here into the discussion of a question, that has, for so many ages, employed the thoughts of speculative men. His manner of accounting for the origin of evil, is different from that of any writer that we know of, who has preceded him in this subject. He is of opinion, that to produce good exclusive of evil, is one of those impossibilities, which even Infinite Power cannot accomplish; and that all evils owe their existence solely to the necessity of their own nature; by which he means, that they could not possibly have been prevented without the loss of some superior good, or the permission of some greater evil than themselves. Many evils, he thinks, will unavoidably insinuate themselves, by the natural relations and circumstances of things, into the most perfect system of created beings, even in opposition to the will of an Almighty Creator; by reason that they cannot be excluded without working contradictions; which not being proper objects of power, it is no diminution of Omnipotence to affirm, that it cannot effect them.—Such is the ground work of our author's Enquiry, which was reviewed with great severity, by the late Dr Johnson, in 'The Literary Magazine.' We shall only observe, that the solutions of this important and difficult question have been not more various than unsatisfactory. This, however, is not to be wondered at: the line of human understanding is certainly too short to fathom the depth of the divine dispensations, and the most enlarged capacity too narrow to comprehend the schemes of Infinite Wisdom. Even the highest orders of intelligent beings may, perhaps, be unacquainted with all the reasons of the divine conduct in this respect, and incapable of discerning the various ends that may be answered

ed, by the permiſſion of evil, in the ſtupendous and complicated ſyſtem of the univerſe. It may be ſufficient, however, to obſerve, that notwithſtanding the many evils with which human life is chequered, the moſt ſuperficial enquiry into the diſpenſations of Providence, and the works of Nature, is ſufficient to convince us, that GOODNESS preſides over the whole: for we are ſurrounded by the evident and ſtriking marks of benevolent deſign; and the farther we extend our reſearches, the clearer are the evidences we find of this conſolatory truth.

In 1761, Mr Jenyns publiſhed two volumes in 12mo. one of which contained ſome political eſſays, and the other a collection of his poems. In this collection is a tranſlation of Mr Iſaac Hawkins Browne's Latin Poem on the Immortality of the Soul, and a kind of didactic poem on the Art of Dancing, of which Mr Jenyns, in his youth, was extremely fond. In the ſame year, he publiſhed an Ode, in folio, on the royal nuptials.

In 1767, he publiſhed 'Thoughts on the Cauſes and Conſequences of the preſent high Price of Proviſions.' This high price he attributes principally to two cauſes—the increaſe of our national debt, and the increaſe of our riches; that is, to the poverty of the public, and the wealth of private individuals. To theſe cauſes he adds that increaſe of the conſumption of proviſions by a general habit of luxury, which has infected all ranks of people. This pamphlet is replete with very ingenious obſervations. The newſpapers, however, teemed at that period, with animadverſions upon it; and, indeed, none but deſpairing minds could be willing to agree in the general concluſions of our author.

In 1776 appeared his moſt celebrated performance, 'A View of the Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion.' His plan is comprehended under the following propoſitions:

'First, that there is now extant a book entitled the New Teſtament. Secondly, that from this book may be extracted a ſyſtem of religion entirely new, both with regard to the object and the doctrines, not only infinitely ſuperior to, but unlike every thing which had ever before entered into the mind of man. Thirdly, that from this book may likewiſe be collected a ſyſtem of ethics, in which every moral precept, founded on reaſon, is carried to a higher degree of purity and perfection than in any other of the wiſeſt philoſophers of preceding ages: every moral precept founded on falſe principles is totally omitted, and many new precepts added, peculiarly correſponding with the new object of this religion. Laſtly, that ſuch a ſyſtem of religion and morality could not have been the work of any man, or ſet of men; much leſs of thoſe obſcure, ignorant, and illiterate perſons, who actually did diſcover and publiſh it to the world; and that, therefore, it muſt undoubtedly have been effected by the interpoſition of divine power, that is, that it muſt derive its origin from God.

Few publications have been more generally read than this book. Many circumſtances contributed to promote the extenſive circulation and peruſal of it. Some perſons were pleaſed; others were diſguſted; and all were ſurpriſed, to find, that a writer of ſuch diſtinguiſhed eminence and *ſuppoſed* principle ſhould avow himſelf an advocate for Chriſtianity. Such, moreover, was the nature of his defence, and ſo exceptionable, in a variety of particulars, the reaſoning which he adopted, that the moſt candid reader could not but ſuſpect, at firſt, the integrity of his intentions, and ſuppoſe that he was ſneering, when, in reality, he was ſerious and ſincere: for, with all the genius and learning of our author, he ſeems to have defended Chriſtianity upon princi-

ples that lead, as persons may be differently disposed, to scepticism or to enthusiasm.

Many answers to this book were published; but only two of them merit notice, and they are, indeed, worthy of their authors. The first, by Dr A. Maclaine, minister of the English church at the Hague, is entitled, 'A series of Letters addressed to Soame Jenyns, Esq; on occasion of his View of the Internal Evidence of Christianity.' The second, by the late Rev. Mr Taylor, is entitled, 'A full Answer to a late View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion: In a Dialogue between a Rational Christian and his Friend. By the Editor of Ben Mordecai's Letters to Elisha Levi.'—From the former we shall select a striking passage, referring to the letters themselves for a very full and satisfactory confutation of the exceptionable reasonings of our author.

'I have the interest of Christianity,' says Dr Maclaine, 'too much at heart, not to protest solemnly against your method of defending it. Your *View* of its internal evidence is certainly exceptionable in many respects. In general, your reasoning is neither close nor accurate. Your illustrations run wide of the principles they are designed to explain and enforce. One would be tempted sometimes to think, that you yourself lost sight of those principles in the midst of the desultory detail of arguments and observations which you bring to support them; and, while we admire several fine touches of genius, wit, and eloquence, that strike us in the midst of this splendid confusion, we lament the want of that luminous order and philosophical precision, that are indispensibly required in a work of this kind. You look like a man who has been suddenly transported into a new scene of things, where a multitude of objects strike him at once, and who begins to describe them before he has had time to consider their arrangement and their connections. Or, to use another figure, that comes nearer to your particular case, you look like a zealous and spirited volunteer, who has embarked in a vessel, surrounded with enemies, and assailed by tempestous weather, and begins to defend and work the ship, without that experience in the art of navigation, or the science of defence, that is necessary to ensure success and victory.'*

Genius, like every other power in human nature, is capable of a judicious and beneficial, or of an absurd and pernicious application. While it is employed in the investigation of useful truths, and enlarging the boundaries of real knowledge, it is rendering such important services to mankind, as to merit the highest applause. But whether it be, that some men are not contented with that portion of reputation for originality, which may be acquired in the plain paths of truth and common sense, or that they find it necessary to employ the subtleties of sophistry in support of opinions, which party-attachments have led them to adopt; it frequently happens, that superior abilities are industriously occupied in erecting fanciful and paradoxical systems, or in establishing doctrines inconsistent with the great rights and interests of mankind.

Of this perversion of genius, Mr Jenyns gave a striking example in 1780, when he published his 'Disquisitions on several Subjects.' The

* The late archbishop Cornwallis, who was not a man of deep erudition, read this book, and hastily pronounced it to be a capital defence of Christianity. He mentioned it as such to his Majesty, who congratulated Mr Jenyns, in the drawing room, upon the archbishop's high opinion of it.

subjects

subjects treated of in these Disquisitions, which are eight in number, are —*The chain of universal Being*, or the gradual advances in nature from the lower to the higher orders of existence.—*Cruelty to Inferior Animals*; which he accounts for, by supposing that man is possessed of an innate and primary principle of malignity.—*The pre-existent State of Man*; a doctrine which he seriously maintains.—A Metaphysical Dissertation on *Time*, in which he appears to have lost himself, as many an unwary traveller has done before him, in a thicket of words.—In his fifth disquisition he treads the fanciful ground of *Analogy*, and points out many resemblances between the material and the moral world, which are more adapted to amuse the imagination, than to afford satisfaction to the philosophical enquirer. The three last treat of *Rational Christianity*, of *Government and Civil Liberty*, and of *Religious Establishments*. These are very exceptionable in many respects; and his opposition to all the established principles of civil liberty, in his seventh dissertation, was combated in a very sensible and spirited pamphlet, entitled, 'An Answer to the Disquisition on Government and Liberty,' &c. It was likewise ridiculed with great humour in 'The Dean† and the Squire, a Political Eclogue, humbly dedicated to Soame Jenyns, Esq. by the author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers.'

Besides these pieces, Mr Jenyns, as might be expected from the literary friend of lord Chesterfield, wrote some papers in 'The World;' namely, Numbers 125, 153, 157, 163, and 178.—In a word, his intellectual powers appear to have been of a superior order. His life had been very active and diversified. He had studied much: he had seen more. He conversed as well as he wrote. His thoughts were sprightly; his expressions neat. This is the character both of his verse and prose. Mr Edmund Burke has truly said, that he was one of those who wrote the purest English, that is, the most simple and aboriginal language, the least qualified with foreign impregnation. His person was diminutive, and of a slight make; and he had a small wen or protuberance on his neck. In his youth he had been so fond of dress, as to be distinguished as one of the beaux of his time; but in the latter part of his life his appearance was rather mean, being generally habited in a Bath Beaver surtout, with blue worsted boot stockings. The length of time for which he represented the town of Cambridge bespeaks, no doubt, the good qualities of a sociable and popular character; and yet in his disposition he was so penurious, that the almanacks, which were his perquisite as a lord of trade and plantations, he has been known to hawk among the booksellers.
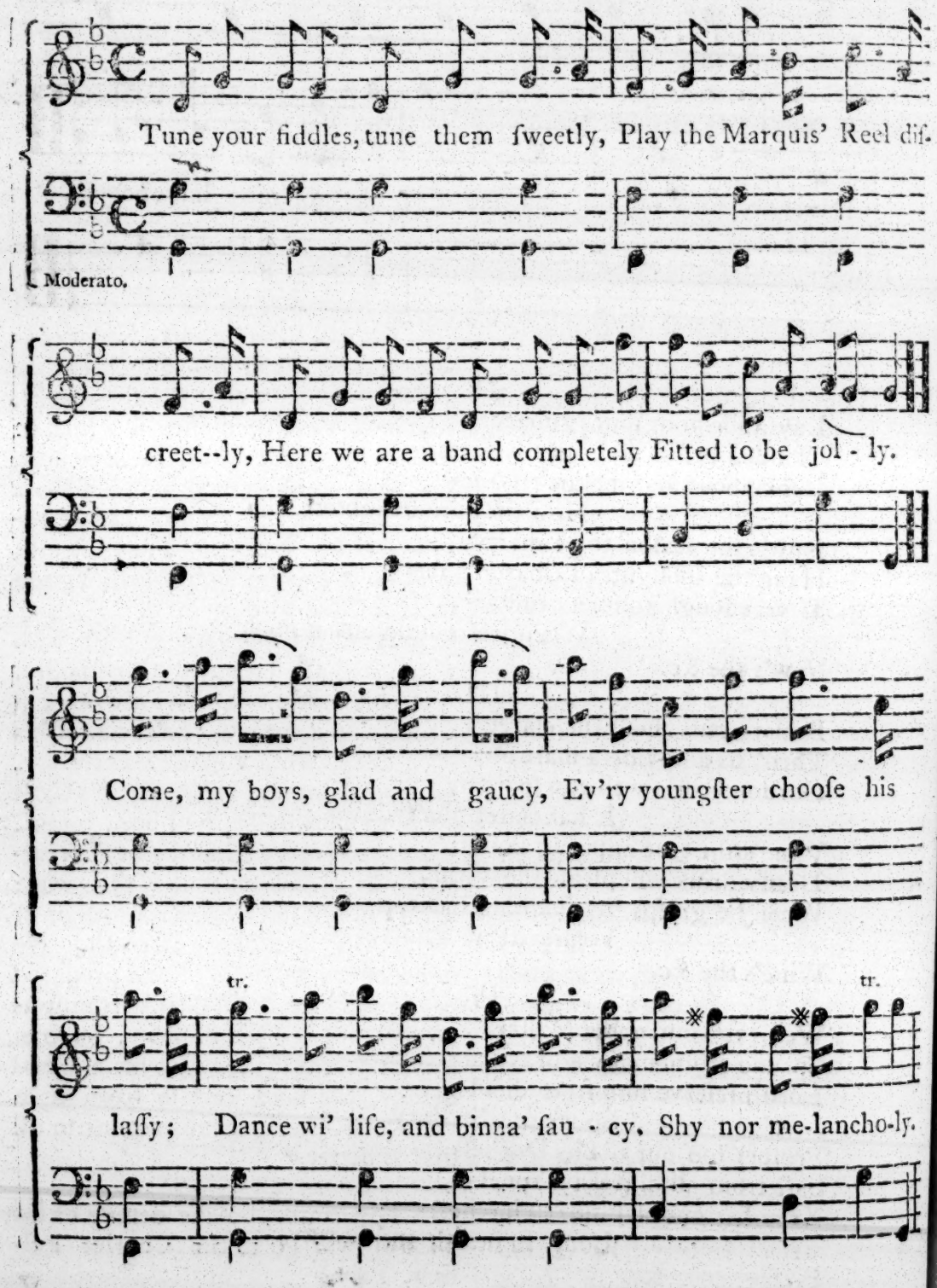
He died on the 18th of December 1787, at his house in Tilney-street; and, on his death bed, which Young so justly styles 'a detector of the heart,' he evinced the sincerity, at least, with which he had defended Christianity. 'On his death bed,' says a writer, in a recent publication, 'he reviewed his life; and, with a visible gleam of joy, he gloried in the belief that his little book on Christianity had been useful. It was received, perhaps, where greater works would not make their way; and so might have aided the ardour of virtue, the confidence of truth. He spoke of his death as of one prepared to die. He did not shrink from it as an evil, nor as a punishment; but met it with decent firmness, as his original destiny, the kind release from what was worse, the kinder summons to all that is better.*

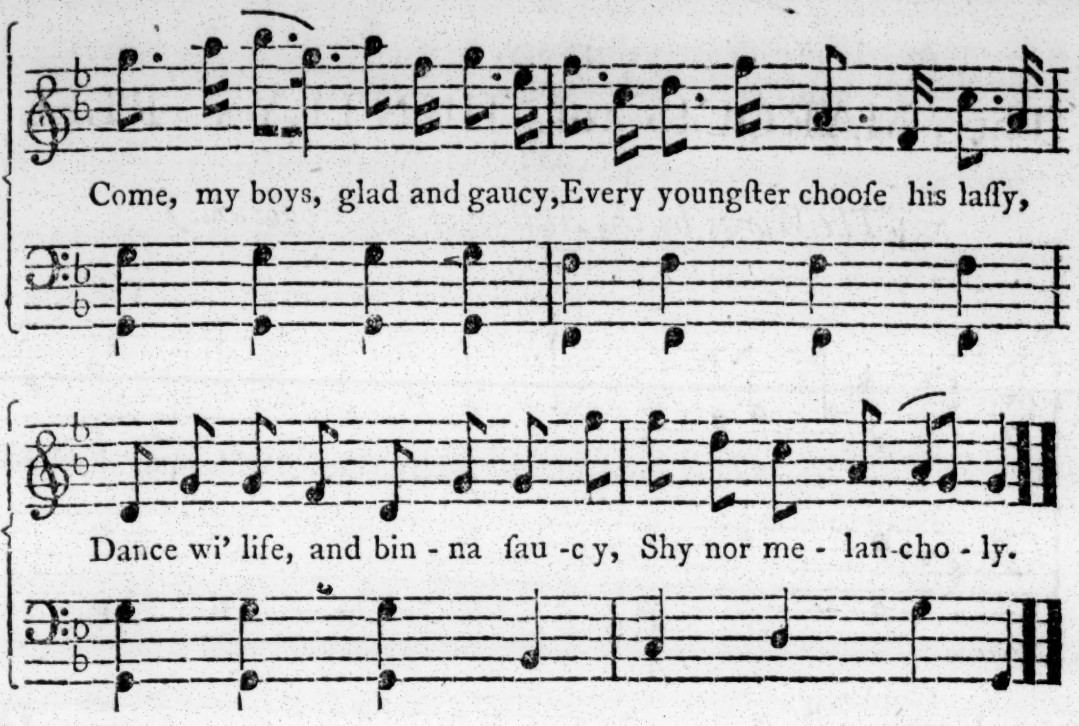
† Dean Tucker.

* His estates, on the demise of his widow, will go to Sir Charles Palmer, Bart.

The MARQUIS of HUNTLY's REEL.

(The Words by the Author of Tullichgorum.)





II.

Lay aſide your ſour grimaces,
Clouded brows and drumly faces,
Look about and ſee their *Graces*,
How they are delighted.
Now's the ſeaſon to be merry,
Hang the thoughts of Charon's ferry,
Time enough to turn camſtary,
When we're auld and doited.
Now's the &c.

III.

Butler, put about the claret,
Thro' us a' divide a ſhare o't,
Gordon Caſtle well can ſpare it,
It has claret plenty.
Wine's the true inſpiring liquor,
Draffy drink will pleaſe the Vicar,
When he graſps the foaming bicker;
Vicars are na dainty.
Wine's the &c.

IV.

Well extol our noble Maſter,
Sprung from many a brave anceſtor,
Lord preſerve him from diſaſter,
So we pray in duty.
Proſper too our noble Ducheſs,
Safe from all diſtreſsful touches,
Keep her out of Pluto's clutches,
Long in health and beauty,
Proſper too, &c.

V.

V.

Angels guard their gallant boy,
Make him long his father's joy,
Sturdy like the heir of Troy,
Stout, and briſk, and healthy.
Pallas, give him ev'ry bleſſing,
Wit and ſtrength and ſize increaſing,
Plutus, what's in thy poſſeſſing,
Make him rich and wealthy. Pallas, &c.

VI.

Youth, ſolace him with thy pleaſure,
In refin'd and worthy meaſure,
Merit gain him choiceſt treaſure,
From the Royal Donor.
Famous may he be in ſtory,
Full of days and full of glory,
To the grave, when old and hoary,
May he go with honour. Famous, &c.

VIII.

Gordons, join our hearty praiſes,
Honeſt, tho' in homely phraſes,
Love our chearful voices raiſes,
Lofty as the lark is.
Echo, waft our wiſhes daily,
Thro' the grove and thro' the alley,
Sound o'er ev'ry hill and valley,
Bleſſings on the Marquis. Echo, &c

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

Epiſtle to a Friend, by the author of Tollo-hill.

START not, good ſir, nor think the matter ſtrange,
That I the foot of Mount Parnaſſus range,
Nor cry, " does — rhyme? why ſure he's mad,
" 'Tis pity for him, he's an honeſt lad."
True, there is room for ſarcaſm and for wit,
When ſuch as I on rhyme e'er ſtrive to hit ;
For yet no learned language can I ſpeak,
And what's a Poet without ſcraps of Greek ?
But, you know, *Emulation* holds her ſway,
O'er old and young, the wiſe ones and the gay,
She drives them from the pulpit to the bar,
For all would be, but what they really are.
So few can emulation's call withſtand,
That all would take their neighbour's trade in hand.
Yet few, how very few there are we ſee,
That e'er arrive at what they wiſh to be !
Each diff'rent ſcheme, each diff'rent plan they ſue,
Serve but to point the Would-be's to our view.
The Briton ſo polite a Frenchman's grown,
The mimic Frenchman will himſelf diſown ;

Each

The Briton does his dreſs, his air, refine ;
The Frenchman grows in love with fam'd Sirloin,
Our nobles emulative tread the boards,
And players doubtleſs would appear as lords.
His grace's heir will do as does pappa,
And pert young miſs muſt imitate mamma.
The airy footman, vain of maſter's cloaths,
Loves what *he* loves, and loaths too what *he* loaths.
Nor this alone confin'd to human race,
E'en monkeys imitate their lord's grimace.
How oft we ſee the man of meaner ſphere,
Outſtrip e'en all the foibles of the peer?
Like him, to routs, aſſemblies, he'll repair,
And game and ſwear too, with a *bon-ton* air.
Of all gay pleaſures runs the uſual round,
And ſoon he pays—*five ſhillings in the pound !*
Old Traffic's wife, of huſband's riches vain,
Muſt have her carriage and her foot-boy train,
The good old lady hobbles at the ball,
The ſcorn, the jeſt, the laughter of the hall.
With ducheſs Rachet ſays ſhe's very free,
And with a Counteſs ſhe's to drink her tea.
Does ſhe obſerve inferiors make a fuſs,
She cries, "indeed they fain would be like us."
Nor yet does emulation prompt a few;
There's would-be doctors, would be preachers too,
Oft do we ſee the parſon of the place
Exert his talents in ſome patient's caſe,
With help of ſaws and ſome old muſty ſcrowl,
He cures our body, as he cures our ſoul.
Old Galen's ſons would fain appear divines,
And preſcribe Sermons to be drank with wines,
With grave philoſophy make echo ring,
And Katterfelto-like be ev'ry thing.
Pedants of all things wiſh an author's fame,
And poetaſters fain would gain a name.
To be thought wiſe, men practice many tricks,
And Criſpin's ſons will talk of politics.
Thus all would fain ſubvert the gifts of nature,
And I, a fooliſh lad, would write a ſatire.
Yet they that ſtrive who 'tis can mimic beſt,
Oft only make themſelves the public jeſt.
Obſerve them well, and ſtill this truth you'll find,
They all would be, but what their fate deſign'd.
But 'tis not emulation prompts me now,
To form the line, or cauſe the words to flow,
A ſimpler motive ſtill exerts its pow'r,
'Tis call'd *amuſement*, in the leiſure hour.
Then do I wooe the muſe, O lovely fair !
She gives a reliſh to a life of care.
Time in her ſervice paſſes ſwift away,
And winter ev'nings ſeem as chearful May.
At things far out of reach I never aim,
Nor ſeek a Shakeſpear or a Dryden's fame.
Content I am this flow'ry path to tread,
If Chalmers print, and if my friend will read.

Aberdeen, Feb. 1789. J. Imray

Clerk to Mr Calder

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE MARQUIS OF CAERMARTHEN,
ON HIS MARRIAGE WITH
MISS ANGUISH.
By Mr. PRATT.

IF laſt, my good LORD, in the train I appear,
My congratulations are not leſs ſincere.
For your LORDSHIP muſt know, when I firſt heard the news,
I was ſick, and from town, and depriv'd of the Muſe.
The Muſe, a mere miſtreſs, will frequently fly
From the arms of a lover when danger is nigh.
Tis too late for an Epithalamium, I own,
And things of that ſort muſt be troubleſome grown.
In the common routine, after waiting ſo long,
Wiſhing joy, and all that, muſt be quite an old ſong;
For ere this you've receiv'd half as much as would fill,
Of verſing and proſing, a gilt-paper mill,
Father Jove, Madam Juno, and Mr. Apollo,
With all the ſubordinate godlings that follow;
The *Dii minores*, among which the Graces,
Are claſs'd notwithſtanding their figures and faces;
The quiver-deck'd Cupid, and torch-bearing Hymen,
And fifty yet leſſer Gods, hoſtile to rhiming—
Have each been invok'd with ſuch fervor and glee,
There's not a kind thought or a wiſh left for me.
Yet let me ſpeak truth, tho' in rhime, and confeſs,
This dilemma occaſions no ſort of diſtreſs,
Tho' alluſions and ſimilies long ſince are o'er,
And Parnaſſus refuſes a compliment more:
Tho' roſes and myrtles, and ſuch pretty things,
Which bloom on the mount near the Helicon ſprings,
On purpoſe for poets, thoſe dealers in flowers,
To gather and twine round the conjugal bowers,
Are cropt—I ſhall find, tho' it looks like abuſe,
A pray'r left by others juſt fit for my uſe.
In each future moment, my *Lord*, of your life,
May *Anguiſh* be yours, and the gift of a *wife!*
She, tir'd out with *Anguiſh*—a token quite new—
To prove her affection, transfers it to you.
Then ſtrange, my good *Lord*, as the wiſh may appear,
Wherever you go, may your *Anguiſh* be near!
Or if for a while without *Anguiſh* you roam,
O may ſhe o'ertake you, or wait you at home!
By night as by day, in good as bad weather,
May *Caermarthen* and *Anguiſh* be ſtill cloſe together!
For ſince in his *Anguiſh* he fancies ſuch charms,
May ſhe live in his boſom, and die in his arms!
At bed and at board ſtill poſſeſs all his heart,
Nor quit him one inſtant till death them do part!
Nay, may death be unable the bond to diſſever,
But may *Anguiſh* purſue him for ever and ever!
Since keeping her nature, tho' loſing her name,
Caermarthen has found—joy and *Anguiſh* the ſame.

The lines on the loſs of two children ſhall appear in our next.

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THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER XXXI.

Thurſday March 12, 1789.

A SECOND LETTER FROM THE SPORTSMAN—CHARACTER OF HUMPHREY GRUMBLETON—DIALOGUE—DEGENERACY OF THE AGE—THE SPORTSMAN REFLECTETH—SO ALSO CONCLUDETH THE TRIFLER.

To the AUTHOR *of the* TRIFLER.

SIR,

AS much a Trifler as you think yourſelf, I perceive that you can ſometimes be ſerious, and indeed, as my old friend Horace ſays,

——" Ridentem dicere verum
" Quid vetat?"

And this, if you pleaſe, you may take for a motto to this letter of mine—I firſt, however, thank you for inſerting my laſt letter in your paper of Feb. 12; I took notice of your invitation to have a day's ſport with me in *Oddity-Hunting*; but cannot at preſent ſee how that is to be brought about, as we are placed at ſuch a conſiderable diſtance from each other—However, in performance of my promiſe, I ſend you a preſent of *Game*, ſtarted ſome years ago, and frequently hunted by ſome of my friends.—

My old friend *Humphrey Grumbleton* is an *Oddity* of the true breed—nothing in his whole compoſition like to other men, except his outward appearance, and that is not quite ſo conformable to the cuſtoms of the preſent age as a beau could wiſh, or a tailor preſcribe. Some time ago I viſited *Humphrey's* favourite place of reſort, and found him as uſual ſmoaking his pipe over a ſmall bottle of wine, which I believe in taverns is called a pint bottle, although properly ſpeaking it doth not contain above half that meaſure. *Humphrey* had, times many and in places many, run down the cuſtoms of the preſent age, our amuſements, our actors, our ſingers and our fiddlers, our ſtateſmen, poets, hiſtorians and philoſophers, as a ſet of fellows far inferior to what he remembered—mere pretenders—ignoramus's and dunces—This ſubject had been long ago ſufficiently exhauſt-

hauſted; he had drawn ſupplies of converſation from it ſo long that nothing was left to draw—ſo that he was obliged to repeat the ſame thing over and over again; a fault which I believe may be laid at the door of many great political ſpeakers of the preſent times, as well as to *Humphrey's*.

Finding, however, that his hearers were not diſpoſed to feed always on the ſame diſhes, he has ſerved up lately a new diſh. He now maintains that the degeneracy of the age is evident, not in the number of our vices, but the ſneaking, low kind of them.

"I really don't comprehend you, Mr Grumbleton," ſaid I to him.

"Not comprehend me—why then I'll tell you—(Waiter, bring me the tobacco)—There is *drinking* for inſtance—how much is the age degenerated in that reſpect—In my time, when a ſet of jolly fellows met to *keep it up*, not a man would ſtir without four or five bottles, but now ——when your bucks, as you call them, go to a tavern, they are mad at a bottle, and dead drunk at three pints. Is not that ſcandalous? And your landlords of taverns now are ſo plaguy careful of the health of their gueſts, that you may drink two bottles ſuch as they give at a ſitting, and not be a *quart* the better for it.

"There is ſome truth in that, friend Humphrey.—

"Truth! aye, catch me ſaying the thing that is not—then in your companies of choice ſpirits now—fellows that don't deſerve the name—why—after they have had their bottle, as they call it, they ſneak off with their cloaths on their back—*(An oath)* Sir, I never uſed to part from a company without the loſs of ſomething or other about me—and as to wigs, there, Sir, is my argument—*(An oath)* How many choice wigs have I ſeen burnt—A man in my time who would not burn his own or his neighbour's wig, was reckoned a ſon of a—a tailor! Sir, a tailor!—no gentleman would keep company with ſuch fellows."

"That, however, Mr Humphrey, appears a ſort of miſchievous diverſion.—

"No ſuch thing, Sir—no ſuch thing—my ſervice to you *(drinks)* all ſpunk, Sir, fun, fire and ſpirit—Sir *(A great oath)* I never flinched in my life—What's a company now, Sir?—ſneaking home and letting the watchmen bawl in your ears "*paſt two o'clock and a cloudy morning.*" *(Another oath)* If any fellow had ſerved *me* ſo—no more but knock him down—down with him at once—There was ſome merit in that—ſome ſatisfaction to ſilence the fellow.—

"Nay, but if that be all, we are better now than you were.

"O! yes, plaguy better, I believe—why you don't drink enough to be generous—why, Sir, after we had broke a waiter's arm, we uſed to order him to put it in the bill—ay, thoſe were days! Why, Sir, there's your thieves, ay, your thieves—what a degenerate ſet—no ſuch thing as a highwayman to be heard of now—a bad ſign when there are no highwaymen—It is a ſign there is no courage—fellows now go about picking pockets—and are hanged for handkerchiefs and pinchbeck watches——It was not ſo in my time.—Then, Sir, you drink tea—and ſpeak civilly to one another—I never liked civility—It is ad—nd French cuſtom, and I hate every thing French—Give me your blunt honeſty, Sir—fellows who do you a favour as if they were to knock you down—none of your mincing, half-price fellows, who are ſo very polite that you can't underſtand them—and ſo d—nd civil, there's no believing them.

"Then you are no friend to good-breeding.—

"Good breeding! (An oath) who ſays

ſays I am not fond of good breeding? —He that ſays it is a ſon of a—but I won't ſwear—Good breeding is a fine thing—but people would ſpeak more truth if they did not live as they do—People have learned to lie moſt confoundedly ſince they learned to drink tea, coffee and chocolate—(an oath) to be ſure they are "glad to ſee you," when they wiſh you at the Devil: "hope you are not going" when they can't bear you ſhould ſtay —preſs you to eat, though they'd as lief you let it alone——and "hope to ſee you again," if there was any chance of your breaking your neck by the way——Vaſtly civil to be ſure."

In this way *Humphrey* maintained an argument of ſuch a kind, that it was not eaſy to refute it, becauſe it was not all falſe; nor to agree to it, becauſe not much of it was true. He is one of thoſe Oddities, who have ſurvived the cares and buſineſs of life, and yet have not learned to hope for higher enjoyments. He appears to have been a buck, that is, a rake in his day, and his pleaſure now is recounting the exploits of his youth, how many watchmen he has knocked down—how many windows he has broke—and how many waiters he has kicked—and how many bottles he has drank—From ſuch a man, at the ſame time that he is admitted to our compaſſion, we may learn that on compariſon, the vices of the preſent age, without being more or leſs in point of enormity, partake more of the effeminate and the unmanly, than thoſe of former times; that in their amuſements, with much wickedneſs there was ſome humour, while in ours there is much wickedneſs with no humour at all. But leaving reflection to yourſelf, Mr Trifler,

I remain,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

A SPORTSMAN.

There are certainly ſome of the remaining choice Spirits of the laſt ſixty years, who are fond of giving a preference to even the vices of their own days, and when paſt enjoyment they ſeem to triumph in follies, of which, at their time of life, it is but reaſonable to expect they ſhould be aſhamed. Nothing ought to be leſs conteſted than the preheminence of vice, ſince every age has more of that than is neceſſary to its happineſs, or than it is deſirous to reform. The remark, however oddly it comes from Mr Grumbleton, relative to highwaymen, has ſome juſtice in it; for as there are degrees in crimes, ſurely the highwayman is more entitled to our reſpect, who hazards his life in the purſuit of his occupation, than the pickpocket whoſe ingenuity will always be his protection, and whoſe cowardice is his reproach. There are few I believe, who would not prefer and pardon the noted Hind, rather than the cowardly peſt of ſociety now in jail, Bar——ton. As to Mr Grumbleton's other opinions, ſince they came from an Oddity, they muſt be received as ſuch, and perhaps my Correſpondent has made the beſt reflections on the ſubject of which it is worthy.

Humouriſts are a deſcription of men to be attended to. They generally poſſeſs one attribute of genius, the faculty of ſaying new things in a new manner; and although it does not follow that what is new is therefore valuable, yet ſomething may be extracted from the maſs of incoherencies that may be ſerviceable to thoſe of leſs experience; and there is no character from which we may not derive ſome uſeful reflections.

Letter from the Earl of Buchan to his Brother, the Hon. Thomas Erſkine, on the Subject of Education.

TO the preſent mode of education may be imputed the frivo-

volity and indecency of our women, and the want of learning and public ſpirit among our men.

Our women are educated in general more upon the plan of governeſſes, opera girls, or fortune hunters, than of wives and mothers. They are taught, with or without genius or fortune, to ſpeak a language for which they have little or no uſe in this country, and which leads to the expenſive fopperies only of a great and reſpectable nation, whom we venture to call perfidious, becauſe it wiſhes to oppoſe the tyranny of a nation that would uſurp the freedom not only of her own diſtant ſubjects, but of the nations of Europe and of Aſia.

They are taught, with or without genius, to play on muſical inſtruments, to ſing, and to dance a minuet, which their countrymen in general have either not abilities or taſte enough to dance with them.

All theſe accompliſhments are attempted to be taught within the compaſs of three or four years; and the plain girl, with five hundred pounds fortune, is educated in the ſame manner with the beauty who has five thouand.

Uſeful needle work, and the occupations of the lovely daughters of King Alcinous, with the œconomy of a table, the hiſtory of their country, their father and mother's family, and thoſe illuſtrious women who have adorned their ſex, and bleſt their families with examples worthy of imitation, are conſidered only as ſecondary objects.

The education of our men is quite of a piece with that of our women; all the purſuits of a wonderful Crichton are crowded into the compaſs of a few years, during which time there is little or no diſcipline to correct the natural ſloth and idleneſs of youth; neither are they warned againſt the effeminate practices of young men, at the critical age of puberty, which exhauſt the vigour of mankind, and wither the ſtems of families.

They are taught to conſider money, acquired by any profeſſion, however mean or grovelling, nay even by gaming, by rapine, fraud, and murder, as the only roads to diſtinction, in a country become altogether venal, and that venality even ſanctified by the monſtrous nature of the conſtitution of the nation itſelf.

From ſchools and colleges the young man goes abroad, or fixes in a profeſſion. If he goes abroad raw and unprincipled, he goes not, like the wiſe Ulyſſes, to ſtudy the manners and laws of nations more poliſhed than his own, but the opera girls, and fopperies and faſhions of other countries, which have the ſame tendency in all ages, and in all countries.

If he fixes in a profeſſion, he carries along with him the idleneſs and diſſipation of our ſeminaries of learning. He ſcorns to labour a lifetime for an honeſt progreſſive acquiſition of profit, but boldly ventures to caſt the fortune of his lifetime on a ſingle dye. Indeed, who will labour for a lifetime, when he thinks he can gain it in half an hour?

He ſees alſo, that, in this country, the acquiſition of a fortune will ſanctify, or, at leaſt, conceal every villainy, and that it matters not much whether four thouſand pounds a year are acquired as a reward of the virtues of a Chatham, or for ſtarving a million of Gentoos on the other ſide of the Ganges.

Thus, my dear Thomas, have I given you the outlines of our preſent ſyſtem of education, and that of a new one, which I think, if adopted, might give us the earneſt of better times, and of the preſervation, I ſhould rather ſay the reſtoration, of public manners, and of public ſpirit. Such was the education, as far as fortune and circumſtances would permit, which we received from our excellent

pa-

parents, and when I write on theſe ſubjects, I write forcibly, and from a happy experience.

That with undiminiſhed luſtre I have ſupported the dignity and the honour of an illuſtrious title, coeval with the Scottiſh monarchy, is to me a ſubject of the greater ſatisfaction, becauſe my fortune was narrow and embarraſſed, and that I received no ſupport from the State, or from the Prince, nor do yet receive.

My diſtreſſes were even endeared to me, by having had the pleaſure of giving the moſt unequivocal proofs of my friendſhip and brotherly affection.

My whole life has been dedicated to the promotion of the good of my family, the improvement of my talents, and the ſervice of my country, though in a private ſtation.

Neither do I repine, or even regret, that it has been private; for it will be far more honourable to my memory, when I am dead, that impartial poſterity ſhould enquire rather why I was not employed, than why I was; and that the reſult of that enquiry ſhall redound to my glory.

I am,

Edinburgh, Dear Thomas,
March 11, 1782. (with great eſteem)
Your faithful and affectionate brother, (Signed) BUCHAN.

ANECDOTES *of the* MOORS.

(From CHENIER'S Hiſtory of Morocco, *juſt publiſhed.*)

(Continued from page 94.)

A Chriſtian entruſted a purſe of money to a Saint; and, when he afterward redemanded it, the Saint denied all knowledge of the tranſaction. The Chriſtian applied to an Alcaid, and deſcribed his purſe. As it happened, the Alcaid was a man of quick intellect. He told the Chriſtian, had he been a Moor, he muſt have remained ſatisfied with the affirmation of the Saint; but being a Chriſtian, he would oblige the Saint to ſwear, in the great moſque, he had not the money. The complainant replied, a Chriſtian could not enter the moſque; and deſired the Saint might ſwear in the porch of the houſe of the Alcaid. The Saint came; the Alcaid treated him familiarly, and amuſed him with diſcourſing on various things till he had procured his beads. He then made ſome pretence to leave the room, and ſent the beads to the Saint's wife, as a token, with a meſſage that ſhe muſt return a purſe, of ſuch a deſcription, containing ſo much money. The purſe of the Chriſtian accordingly came, and the Alcaid took this occaſion to ſeize on the effects of the Saint, and ſend him to practiſe holineſs where he was leſs known.

From Windus we alſo learn, it was cuſtomary, under Muley Iſhmael, to purchaſe men; that is to ſay, one Moor, deſiring the deſtruction or poſſeſſions of another, might buy him of the Emperor, Baſhaw, or Alcaid, for a certain ſum. And this was ſometimes done on ſpeculation; the buyer torturing the man bought, in the moſt cruel manner, till he made him diſcover what money he poſſeſſed. Mr Hatfield, an Engliſh merchant, relates, in a letter to a friend, cited by Windus, that, paſſing a priſon, in company with another Engliſhman, they ſaw a Moor hung by the heels, with irons on his legs, pincers at his noſe, his fleſh cut with ſciſſars, and two men employed in beating him, demanding money. This, he ſays, was a bought man, for whom they had given five hundred ducats, and by whom they expected to gain an additional five hundred.

Two

Two rival Jews had a conteſt of this kind. Memaran (or Maimoran) had been the chief favourite of Muley Iſhmael, and had obtained the ſole command of the Jews; and fearing a rival in the enterprizing Ben-Hattar, he offered the Emperor a certain number of quintals of ſilver for his head. Muley Iſhmael ſent for Ben-Hattar, and told him how large a ſum had been bidden; to which the latter Jew reſolutely anſwered he would give twice as much, for the head of the perſon who had made the offer. The Emperor, taking the money from both, told them they were two fools, and bade them live friends. Ben-Hattar, accordingly, obtained the daughter of Memaran in marriage, and they governed the Jews between them with abſolute authority.

Indeed, ſo much worſe is the government of Morocco than that of the Turks themſelves, that the Mooriſh pilgrims, who reſort to Mecca, frequently refuſe to return. The violence of this government was not a little increaſed, under Muley Iſhmael, by the inſolence, rapacity, and cruelty of the Negroes. The moſt powerful of the Alcaids uſed to tremble in the preſence of the loweſt of theſe Negroes. The collecting of the taxes, which his neighbours, the Algerines, could ſcarcely effect with the aid of ten or twelve thouſand men, Muley Iſhmael eaſily accompliſhed by ſending two or three of theſe his Negro emiſſaries; ſuch was the terror the ſight of them inſpired.

Nor was the conduct of the imperial Eunuchs leſs arrogant. Braithwaite thus relates an example of their behaviour. A Negro Eunuch, lately arrived from Mequinez, came and enquired for the Engliſh ambaſſador. Being informed the ambaſſador was not at home, he ſat himſelf down, and called for tea, as imperiouſly as if the houſe had been his own. The Mooriſh admiral, Perez, paid him great reſpect, deſired he might have tea, but alſo requeſted he might be narrowly watched, leſt he and his attendants ſhould take what did not belong to them. He gave himſelf inſufferable airs, as if he were a perſon whoſe authority was undoubted; ſerved the tea about himſelf, gave cups to all his ſervants, ſeven or eight in number, and filled them with ſugar, till the ſervants refuſed to ſupply him with more. After tea he called for cyder, and drank ſeveral bottles, romancing all the while in a ſtrange manner; affirming that the Emperor, Muley Daiby, was ſo handſome that ſpectators having once fixed their eyes on him, were unable to look off, and that his troops were more numerous than the ſand of the ſea. When queſtioned, he gave juſt ſuch anſwers as he thought proper, without the leaſt regard to truth. As he went, he attempted to pocket the remainder of a pound of tea.

This Eunuch was young, ſmooth faced, luſty, exceedingly well dreſſed, and well attended, with habits no way inferior to thoſe of a Baſhaw. Eunuchs were uſed as ſtate meſſengers, from the Emperor, to the governors of towns and provinces, who careſſed and made them large preſents, fearful of being maliciouſly ſpoken of by them at court. The preſents, likewiſe, of governors to the Emperor's women, and other ſimilar correſpondence, paſſed thro' their hands; ſo that they as often travelled on the buſineſs of the women as on that of the Emperor, which gave them great authority, and, for want of better knowledge of the world, made them ſo intolerably inſolent.

Among various other puniſhments, inflicted by the barbarian Iſhmael, was that of toſſing. Three or four Ne-

Negroes, ſeizing the perſon, ordered to be thus puniſhed, by the hams, would throw him up, and twirl him round, ſo as to make him pitch with his head foremoſt. Thus, by frequent practice, they became ſo dextrous, that they could break the neck at the firſt toſs, diſlocate the ſhoulder, or let the body fall with leſs danger. Sometimes the perſon toſſed was killed, at others, ſeverely bruiſed; and, if able, he muſt not move, while the Emperor was in ſight, unleſs he would be toſſed once more; but muſt counterfeit death. If really dead, no one dared bury the body, until the tyrant gave orders for the burial.

Another ſpecies of torture was that of the iron ring. This was a circle of iron, the inſide of which contained ſharp projecting points; it opened and ſhut at pleaſure, by means of ſcrews, and was uſually applied to the head of any perſon from whom money was meant to be extorted.

Drawing of teeth was one of the moſt inhuman ſports of Iſhmael. He one day commanded the teeth of fourteen of his wives, or concubines, to be drawn, for no other crime than having viſited each other without his permiſſion. His ſon, the drunken, brutal, Muley Daiby, proved himſelf well worthy ſuch a father. One of his miſtreſſes having diſobliged him, he ordered all her teeth to be drawn. In leſs than a week he ſent for this woman, and was told ſhe was ill. So habitual was barbarity, and a ſtate of intoxication, to him, that he had forgotten the dreadful puniſhment he had inflicted, and enquired what was her diſeaſe. Being anſwered her teeth had all been drawn, by his command, he denied ever having given ſuch a command; ſent for the man who had been his executioner, ordered all his teeth immediately to be drawn, and returned them, incloſed in a box, to comfort the woman.

The Mooriſh houſes are not only dark for want of windows, but the doors, through which light is admitted, often have curtains before them. This gloom ſeems neceſſary to the climate; it prevents heat, and baniſhes the flies. The women pay viſits over the tops of their houſes, which are more frequented by them than the ſtreets; and, at Mequinez, they may walk in this manner, from houſe to houſe, over the whole town; and this is much the neareſt way. The ſtreets are not paved, and, therefore, are continually rendered, by the rains and heats, either inſufferably dirty or duſty.

The palace, or palaces, built at this city by Muley Iſhmael, rather reſemble a city than one entire building. The tower of London, ſays Braithwaite, might as properly be called a palace. He eſtimates the circumference of theſe buildings, including ſeveral gardens, meadows, and grounds, at three or four miles. De la Faye ſuppoſes it may be half a league, without the gardens. Windus, who gives a perſpective view of this pile of buildings, ſays it is four miles in circumference, almoſt ſquare, and near no hill by which it can be overlooked. The walls are wholly of caſt mortar, beaten in caſes, and hardened like artificial ſtone. The outward wall is five and twenty feet thick. Within this vaſt incloſure are ſquares more extenſive than Lincoln's inn fields; with piazzas; ſome of them are chequer paved; others have gardens, ſunken conſiderably below the ſurface, and planted with tall cypreſs trees, the tops of which form a beautiful variety of palace and garden. The tops of moſt of thoſe buildings riſe in a pyramidal form, and

and are covered with green varniſhed tiles, which have a bright and pleaſant effect. The colour of green is appropriated ſolely to the Emperor. Thirty thouſand men, and ten thouſand mules, are ſaid to have been daily employed on theſe buildings, which are cumbrous and vaſt, but cool and refreſhing.

Some few additional incidents, extracted from the authors already mentioned, will further tend to depict the manners of the Moors of thoſe times; the people who, of all others, conſidering their proximity to enlightened nations, ſeem to have made the leaſt improvements, or progreſs towards refinement. Theſe anecdotes will relate to the Emperor Muley Iſhmael, and Muley Daiby, and will convey a melancholy picture of the dreadful errors, and caprices, of power unreſtrained; and its pernicious, its exterminating conſequences: a picture that cannot be too often, or too forcibly, preſented to the eyes of man.

So native is juſtice to the human heart, and its neceſſity ſo evident, that Muley Iſhmael himſelf pretended to have it in the utmoſt regard. Shooting, and ſtriking at random, as he did, it ſometimes happened thoſe were killed at whom the ſtroke was not intended; in which caſe he would, very civilly, beg the dead perſon's pardon, but add, it was not to be avoided: the fault, if there was any, was with God, for he had decreed the man muſt die. When he killed any one, without being able to aſſign a motive, which was frequently the caſe, he would have it underſtood that, acting wholly by the appointment of God, he could not do wrong, nor had any thing to fear from man.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Uſeful Mode of preſerving BEES, *lately adopted in* AMERICA.

INSTEAD of deſtroying whole ſwarms in their hives to get honey when the hives are full, they clear them out into a freſh hive, while they take the combs out of the old one; and they prevent their periſhing in winter by putting a great quantity of honey into a very wide earthen veſſel, covering its ſurface with paper, exactly fitted on, and pricked full of holes by a large pin; this being preſſed by the weight of the bees, keeps a freſh ſupply continually riſing. Their moſt fatal deſtruction, by ſevere cold, they prevent, by taking as many large tubs as they have hives, and knocking out the heads they ſet the other end in the ground, laying a bed of dry earth or chopped hay in it of ſix inches deep, over this they place the head knocked out; they then make a ſmall wooden trough for the paſſage of the bees, this is transfixed through a hole cut through each ſide of the tub, at ſuch a height as to lay on the falſe bottom, on which is placed the covered diſh of honey for the food of the bees, leaving a proper ſpace over this covered with ſtrong matting; they then fill up the tub with more dry earth, or chopped hay, heaping it up in the ſhape of a cone to keep out the rain, and wreathing it with ſtraw on account of the warmth.

New and Curious OBSERVATIONS *in* NATURAL HISTORY.

The MOTION of BIRDS.

A Good ornithologiſt ſhould be able to diſtinguiſh birds by their air as well as by their colours and ſhape; on the ground as well as on the wing, and in the buſh as well as

as in the hand. For, though it muſt not be ſaid that every ſpecies of birds has a manner peculiar to itſelf, yet there is ſomewhat in moſt genera at leaſt, that at firſt ſight diſcriminates them, and enables a judicious obſerver to pronounce upon them with ſome certainty. Put a bird in motion,

'— Et vera inceſſu patuit ——'

Thus kites and buzzards ſail round in circles, with wings expanded and motionleſs; and it is from their gliding manner that the former are ſtill called in the north of England *gleads*, from the Saxon verb *glidan*, to glide. The keſtrel, or wind-hover, has a peculiar mode of hanging in the air in one place, his wings all the while being briſkly agitated. Hen-harriers fly low over heaths or fields of corn, and beat the ground regularly like a pointer or ſetting-dog. Owls move in a buoyant manner, as if lighter than the air; they ſeem to want ballaſt. There is a peculiarity belonging to ravens that muſt draw the attention even of the moſt incurious—they ſpend all their leiſure time in ſtriking and cuffing each other on the wing in a kind of playful ſkirmiſh; and, when they move from one place to another, frequently turn on their backs with a loud croak, and ſeem to be falling to the ground. When this odd geſture betides them, they are ſcratching themſelves with one foot, and thus loſe the center of gravity. Rooks ſometimes dive and tumble in a frolickſome manner; crows and daws ſwagger in their walk; wood-peckers fly *volatu undoſo*, opening and cloſing their wings at every ſtroke, and ſo are always riſing or falling in curves. All of this genus uſe their tails, which incline downward, as a ſupport while they run up trees. Parrots, like all other hooked-clawed birds, walk aukwardly, and make uſe of their bill as a third foot, climbing and deſcending with ridiculous caution. All the gallinæ parade and walk gracefully, and run nimbly; but fly with difficulty, with an impetuous whirring, and in a ſtraight line. Magpies and jays flutter with powerleſs wings, and make no diſpatch; herons ſeem incumbered with too much ſail for their light bodies; but theſe vaſt hollow wings are neceſſary in carrying burdens, ſuch as large fiſhes, and the like; pigeons, and particularly the ſort called ſmiters, have a way of claſhing their wings the one againſt the other over their backs with a loud ſnap; another variety called tumblers turn themſelves over in the air. Some birds have movements peculiar to the ſeaſon of love: thus ring-doves, through ſtrong and rapid at other times, yet in the ſpring hang about on the wing in a toying and playful manner; thus the cock-ſnipe, while breeding, forgetting his former flight, fans the air like the wind-hover; and the green-finch in particular exhibits ſuch languiſhing and faltering geſtures as to appear like a wounded and dying bird; the king-fiſher darts along like an arrow; fern-owls, or goat-ſuckers, glance in the duſk over the tops of trees like a meteor; ſtarlings as it were ſwim along, while miſſel-thruſhes uſe a wild and deſultory flight; ſwallows ſweep over the ſurface of the ground and water, and diſtinguiſh themſelves by rapid turns and quick evolutions; ſwifts daſh round in circles; and the bank-martin moves with frequent vacillations like a butterfly. Moſt of the ſmall birds fly by jerks, riſing and falling as they advance. Moſt ſmall birds hop; but wagtails and larks walk, moving their legs alternately. Sky-larks riſe and fall perpendicularly as they ſing; woodlarks hang poiſed in the air; and titlarks riſe and fall in large curves, ſinging in their deſcent. The white-throat uſes odd jerks and geſticulations over the tops of hedges

and buſhes. All the duck-kind waddle; divers and auks walk as if fettered, and ſtand erect on their tails: theſe are the compedes of Linnæus. Geeſe and cranes, and moſt wild-fowls, move in figured flights, often changing their poſition. The ſecondary remiges of Tringæ, wild-ducks, and ſome others, are very long, and give their wings, when in motion, an hooked appearance. Dab-chicks, moor-hens, and coots, fly erect, with their legs hanging down, and hardly make any diſpatch; the reaſon is plain, their wings are placed too forward out of the true center of gravity; as the legs of auks and divers are ſituated too backward.

The Language of Birds.

From the motion of birds, the tranſition is natural enough to their notes and language, of which I ſhall ſay ſomething. Not that I would pretend to underſtand their language, like the vizier; who, by the recital of a converſation which paſſed between two owls, reclaimed a ſultan, before delighting in conqueſt and devaſtation; but I would be thought only to mean that many of the winged tribes have various ſounds and voices adapted to expreſs their various paſſions, wants, and feelings; ſuch as anger, fear, love, hatred, hunger, and the like. All ſpecies are not equally eloquent; ſome are copious and fluent as it were in their utterance, while others are confined to a few important ſounds: no bird, like the fiſh kind, is quite mute, though ſome are rather ſilent. The language of birds is very ancient, and, like other ancient modes of ſpeech, very elliptical; little is ſaid, but much is meant and underſtood.

The notes of the eagle kind are ſhrill and piercing; and about the ſeaſon of nidification much diverſified, as I have been often aſſured by a curious obſerver of nature, who long reſided at Gibraltar, where eagles abound. The notes of our hawks much reſemble thoſe of the king of birds. Owls have very expreſſive notes; they hoot in a fine vocal ſound, much reſembling the *vox humana*, and reducible by a pitch-pipe to a muſical key. This note ſeems to expreſs complacency and rivalry among the males: they uſe alſo a quick call and an horrible ſcream; and can ſnore and hiſs when they mean to menace. Ravens, beſide their loud croak, can exert a deep and ſolemn note that makes the woods to echo; the amorous ſound of a crow is ſtrange and ridiculous; rooks, in the breeding ſeaſon, attempt ſometimes in the gaiety of their hearts to ſing, but with no great ſucceſs; the parrot-kind have many modulations of voice, as appears by their aptitude to learn human ſounds; doves coo in an amorous and mournful manner, and are emblems of deſpairing lovers; the woodpecker ſets up a ſort of loud and hearty laugh; the fern-owl, or goat-ſucker, from the duſk till day-break, ſerenades his mate with the clattering of caſtanets. All the tuneful paſſeres expreſs their complacency by ſweet modulations, and a variety of melody. The ſwallow, by a ſhrill alarm, beſpeaks the attention of the other hirundines, and bids them be aware that the hawk is at hand. Aquatic and gregarious birds, eſpecially the nocturnal, that ſhift their quarters in the dark, are very noiſy and loquacious; as cranes, wild-geeſe, wild-ducks, and the like: their perpetual clamour prevents them from diſperſing and loſing their companions.

In ſo extenſive a ſubject, ſketches and outlines are as much as can be expected; for it would be endleſs to inſtance in all the infinite variety of the feathered nation. We ſhall therefore confine the remainder of this letter

ter to the few domeſtic fowls of our yards, which are moſt known, and therefore beſt underſtood. And firſt the peacock, with his gorgeous train, demands our attention; but, like moſt of the gaudy birds, his notes are grating and ſhocking to the ear: the yelling of cats, and the braying of an aſs, are not more diſguſtful. The voice of the gooſe is trumpet-like, and clanking; and once ſaved the Capitol at Rome, as grave hiſtorians aſſert; the hiſs alſo of the gander is formidable and full of menace, and 'protective of his young.' Among ducks the ſexual diſtinction of voice is remarkable; for, while the quack of the female is loud and ſonorous, the voice of the drake is inward and harſh, and feeble, and ſcarce diſcernible. The cock turkey ſtruts and gobbles to his miſtreſs in a moſt uncouth manner; he hath alſo a pert and petulant note when he attacks his adverſary. When a hen turkey leads forth her young brood, ſhe keeps a watchful eye; and if a bird of prey appear, though ever ſo high in the air, the careful mother announces the enemy with a little inward moan, and watches him with a ſteady and attentive look; but, if he approach, her note becomes earneſt and alarming, and her outcries are redoubled.

No inhabitants of a yard ſeem poſſeſſed of ſuch a variety of expreſſion and ſo copious a language as common poultry. Take a chicken of four or five days old, and hold it up to a window where there are flies, and it will immediately ſeize its prey, with little twitterings of complacency; but if you tender it a waſp or a bee, at once its note becomes harſh, and expreſſive of diſapprobation and a ſenſe of danger. When a pullet is ready to lay, ſhe intimates the event by a joyous and eaſy ſoft note. Of all the occurrences of their life that of laying ſeems to be the moſt important; for no ſooner has a hen diſburdened herſelf, than ſhe ruſhes forth with a clamorous kind of joy, which the cock and the reſt of his miſtreſſes immediately adopt. The tumult is not confined to the family concerned, but catches from yard to yard, and ſpreads to every homeſtead within hearing, till at laſt the whole village is in an uproar. As ſoon as a hen becomes a mother, her new relation demands a new language; ſhe then runs clocking and ſcreaming about, and ſeems agitated as if poſſeſſed. The father of the flock has alſo a conſiderable vocabulary; if he finds food, he calls a favourite concubine to partake; and if a bird of prey paſſes over, with a warning voice he bids his family beware. The gallant chanticleer has, at command, his amorous phraſes and his terms of defiance. But the ſound by which he is beſt known is his crowing: by this he has been diſtinguiſhed in all ages as the countryman's clock or larum, as the watchman that proclaims the diviſions of the night. Thus the poet elegantly ſtyles him:

'—— the creſted cock, whoſe clarion ſounds
'The ſilent hours.'

A neighbouring gentleman one ſummer had loſt moſt of his chickens by a ſparrow-hawk, that came gliding down between a faggot pile and the end of his houſe to the place where the coops ſtood. The owner, inwardly vexed to ſee his flock thus diminiſhing, hung a ſetting net adroitly between the pile and the houſe, into which the caitiff daſhed, and was entangled. Reſentment ſuggeſted the law of retaliation; he therefore clipped the hawk's wings, cut off his talons, and, fixing a cork on his bill, threw him down among the brood-hens. Imagination cannot paint the ſcene that enſued; the expreſſions that fear, rage, and revenge, inſpired, were new, or at leaſt ſuch as had

been unnoticed before: the exaſperated matrons upbraided, they execrated, they inſulted, they triumphed. In a word, they never deſiſted from buffetting their adverſary till they had torn him in an hundred pieces.

The EQUITABLE COMMUTATION: *A Judicial Anecdote.*

PEDRO I. the eighth king of Portugal, was remarkable for his ſteady and impartial adminiſtration of juſtice; of which the following is a remarkable inſtance: 'An eccleſiaſtic, in a high fit of paſſion, killed a maſon, whom he had employed, for not executing ſomething agreeable to his mind. The king diſſembled the knowledge of the crime, and left it to the cogniſance of the proper courts, where the iſſue of the buſineſs was, that the prieſt was ſuſpended from ſaying maſs for a year. At this ſlight puniſhment, the family of the deceaſed were highly offended. The king cauſed it to be hinted to the maſon's ſon, that he ſhould kill the prieſt, which he did; and having fallen into the hands of juſtice, he was condemned to ſuffer death: but as no capital ſentence could be executed without the king's conſent, this was laid before him among the reſt; upon which he aſked what was the young man's trade? It was anſwered, that he followed his father's; then, ſaid the king, I ſhall commute this puniſhment by reſtraining him from meddling with ſtone or mortar for a twelvemonth. But after this, he puniſhed capital crimes in the clergy with death; and when they deſired that his majeſty would be pleaſed to refer their cauſes to a ſuperior tribunal, he anſwered, very calmly, That is what I mean to do; for I ſend them to the higheſt of all tribunals, to that of their maker and mine.

Murder of a Scotch Pedlar in South Wales.

YOUR account of the murder of Tobias Moſes, a Jew, *by three good Catholics*, (vol. I. p. 793) reminds me of a circumſtance which happened a few years ſince in South Wales. Religion, indeed, was not introduced as a pretext; but the ſtory ought to be related, as it may put that claſs of people, who travel alone in the capacity of pedlars, or who move with their ſhops at their backs, upon their guard. In digging the foundation for a wall to enlarge a farm houſe in Monmouthſhire, the workmen found the bones and cloaths of a man who had been buried there in a very haſty manner, and whoſe body ſeemed rather to have been *rammed* into the earth than laid into it. In remote country-places, ſuch a diſcovery produced much talk amongſt the neighbours; and ſome of them recollected that the daughters of a farmer, who occupied that farm ſome years before (one or two of them were then living), had of a ſudden appeared with fine muſlin handkerchiefs, and borders to their caps, infinitely ſuperior to what they had been accuſtomed to. This led them to recollect, that, about the ſame time, a Scotch pedlar, who always lodged in that houſe when he made his viſit, had never appeared among them from that time. It was therefore concluded, and naturally ſo, that the farmer and his family had *ſurowed* the unfortunate man's life, for the ſake of his pack and purſe. It is very certain, however, that theſe itinerant tradeſmen run a great riſk, and ſhould be particularly cautious with whom they depoſit their perſon and property; becauſe, when their hoſt knows that he has finiſhed his dealings in their neighbourhood, and that he intends to depart the next morning, who is it that will enquire after him? If any do, the anſwer is ready;

ready; *he went off betimes this morning*; and no more is ſaid or thought of him till about the ſame time the following year. As to the unfortunate Moſes, I have no doubt but Melchior Meizing thought he was dealt unjuſtly with *for only murdering a Jew*. And I am convinced, in all the interior parts of Spain and Portugal, a known Proteſtant traveller is always in imminent danger, eſpecially ſhould any misfortune befall the houſe, the ox, or the aſs, of the family in which he happens to dwell, and that they ſhould move upon the firſt appearance of ſuch danger. For the firſt ſuggeſtion would be, how could you expect otherwiſe when you have given ſhelter to an *heretic?* A Proteſtant may more ſafely truſt his life and property to the moſt ſavage men, than to the *bas monde* of Spain, Portugal, or Italy. In France he is indeed much ſafer, though not perfectly ſo. Under ſuch circumſtances, therefore, thoſe Proteſtants who travel into Catholic countries, I think, may innocently aſſume a profeſſion of faith they abhor, rather than riſk their life among ſuch bigotted ruffians; or, at leaſt, let their *beads* or *croſs* be accidentally ſeen at their quarters, to make a favourable impreſſion as to their mode of faith. It was a deception I always made uſe of, or perhaps I had not been *at hand*, at this minute, to recommend it to others; for, as Gen. B——ne ſaid, *I too have had my eſcapes*.

Yours, &c. A TRAVELLER.

P. S. Travelling many years ſince with a friend in France, and drove by the *ſame* poſtilion, I obſerved that our Catholic driver was particularly careful of the baggage, and ſcarce ever let it out of his ſight; but, upon our quitting France, he was altogether as careleſs, and left it at the mercy of every one. Surprized at ſuch a ſudden alteration in his conduct, I aſked him the reaſon. "*Point de danger* (replied the honeſt Papiſt), we are now in a Proteſtant country."

[Gent. Mag.

Original Anecdotes of the Pretender and his Family.

I Have obſerved ſome late anecdotes of the unfortunate Charles Stuart, by which he is miſrepreſented; perhaps my mite may contribute to do juſtice to that gentleman's memory.

I was abroad in the years 1744, &c. In that year he was invited into France. At Paris he appeared at the opera, &c. and was ſpoken of as a man of good ſpirit and appearance. When the project of ſending him from Dunkirk miſcarried, he returned to Paris; and ſome time after ſuddenly diſappeared.

Mr. Walſh, an eminent Iriſh merchant at Nantz, had fitted out a frigate, at his own expence (at leaſt in appearance,) which when ready, Charles Stuart embarked in her *incognito*. She was joined at ſea by the Elizabeth, a 64 gun ſhip from Breſt. The latter had a ſevere engagement with the Engliſh ſhip the Lion, Capt. Brett; and during the fight the frigate made the beſt of her way, and arrived in Scotland.

I heard the following anecdote of Charles Stuart at Rome. When young, as he ſtood at a window with his governor (an Engliſh Catholic Lord), looking at a grand proceſſion, he fetched a deep ſigh; and being aſked the reaſon, he exclaimed, "Oh that our family ſhould deprive themſelves of three kingdoms for ſuch nonſenſe!"—The expreſſion did not ſhew him to have inherited the daſtardly bigotry of his grand father. M. H.

I DESIRE to direct your attention to the two following letters, tranſcribed

cribed from the Morning Chronicle. The anecdote which they convey will be conſidered by *all* your readers as matter of curioſity at leaſt; and to *ſome* it will, no doubt, appear to be of importance to verify or falſify pretended facts which purport to involve the hiſtory, and dates which purpoſe to fix the epoch of the ruin, of the Jacobite cauſe in Great Britain.

A miſtake in the paragraph of a common news-paper, which had confounded the widow and natural daughter of the late Pretender, has had the extraordinary effect of producing this anecdote, at once a piece of ſecret and public hiſtory. The production of the anecdote, by the help of your uſeful Miſcellany, into a field of circulation, far beyond the limits of that which a morning paper is confined, may have an analogous effect; and at a time when no legitimate iſſue can be expected from the Royal houſe of Stuarts; when all the chiefs who held correſpondence with the late Pretender are no more; when the allegiance of the great families, once believed and known to be attached to his race, has long ſince been transferred to the Houſe of Brunſwick; when hundreds, even of thoſe who wore white cockades in Great Britain in 1745 and 1746, have ſince bled in the ſervice of the preſent eſtabliſhment: and when, by the liberality of that Government, almoſt all the eſtates, forfeited by rebellion in favour of the exiled family, have have been reſtored: at ſuch a time, Sir, ſurely it may be expected that future Dalrymples and Macphersons may be anticipated; that this *text* may be freely and literally *commented* on; that the pretended facts and data may be ſcrutinized by thoſe who are competent, that, if true, they may be confirmed, illuſtrated, and adopted into the Hiſtory of George II. Thus we ſhall have a ſecond epiſode in that reign, furniſhed by the ſame family, and of which the ſame perſon is the hero! On the contrary, ſhould they be falſe, let them, *upon conviction*, be rejected and exploded, like the family to which they relate. HISTORICUS.

" SIR, *Jan.* 12.

" AS I perceive from a paragraph in one of your late papers, that it is not clearly underſtood who the Counteſs of Albany is, it may poſſibly be intereſting to your readers to be informed, that the lady whoſe intended viſit to this country, by invitation of the Duke and Ducheſs of Glouceſter (as there ſtated), is the wife of the natural ſon of the late Pretender by Miſs Walkinſhaw, a ſiſter of Mrs. Walkinſhaw, bed-chamber-woman to the late Princeſs Dowager of Wales: whereas, by its being ſaid, in the paragraph alluded to, that, in certain circumſtances, ſhe would have been a very great lady in this country, and that ſhe was allied to, and deſcended from the Earls of Ayleſbury, it is clearly and preciſely marked, that the Counteſs of Albany is miſtaken for the late Pretender's conſort, who was a Princeſs of Stolberg, deſcended, by the maternal line, from the Bruces, Earls of Ayleſbury. The moſt, therefore, that could have been done for this lady in England, *in any circumſtances*, would have been, to have placed her upon the ſame footing with that upon which the baſtard deſcendants of Charles II. ſtand.

" The circumſtances of the attachment which gave the Counteſs of Albany birth, muſt have a place in the Hiſtory of Great Britain, when ſecret cabinets ſhall be opened to future Dalrymples and Macphersons: for then it will appear, that the Pretender's connection with the ſiſter of a bedchamber-woman at Court, in addition to the indolent and ſottiſh life which he led at Bouillon in the year 1756, at a time when almoſt general diſcontent againſt the government in

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England prevailed, and his party ſaw an opening favourable for their views, was the cauſe firſt of a remonſtrance to him, and afterwards of a final deſertion of him by all the friends of the Houſe of Stuart. The ſeat of the late John Earl of Weſtmoreland, at Mereworth in Kent, was the place where the chief of the party met. It was agreed then to repreſent to the Prince (as he was called), in the ſtrongeſt colours, the danger that aroſe to them from any intercourſe with him, whilſt there was a moral certainty of communication of ſecrets of the utmoſt conſequence to their lives and fortunes, by means of Miſs Walkinſhaw to her ſiſter at Leiceſter-houſe, and the impoſſibility of any good conſequences ariſing from their utmoſt exertions, even at that moſt favourable juncture, unleſs he rouſed himſelf from his inglorious inactivity. The late Mr. James Dawkins charged himſelf with the commiſſion. He went to Bouillon, where he found the Prince wrapt up in Miſs Walkinſhaw, immerſed in the groſſeſt ſenſuality, inſenſible to the repreſentations of his adherents, and careleſs of all conſequences. Mr Dawkins, upon his return to England, made his report to the ſame convention at the ſame place, when it was reſolved, that under ſuch a chief there were no farther hopes of the Jacobite cauſe, that there remained nothing for them but to make their peace at St. James's at the firſt favourable moment. This offered itſelf at the demiſe of the crown in 1760. The reſt is remembered.

OXONIENSIS."

"SIR, *Jan.* 13.

"In my letter, which you have inſerted in your paper of this day, it has been erroneouſly ſtated, that the Counteſs of Albany is *the wife of a natural ſon* of the late Pretender, though the whole tenor of the letter clearly ſhews, that I underſtood her to be his *natural daughter*. She is his daughter by Miſs Walkinſhaw. Whether Miſs Walkinſhaw brought him any other children, I cannot tell; but, if any more were born, they are now certainly dead, and the Counteſs of Albany remains the only offspring *of any ſort* of the two laſt Princes of the Houſe of Stuart. The Counteſs of Albany is unmarried.

"As the particulars, with which my former letter furniſhed you, cannot fail to be very intereſting to the greater part of your readers, I wiſh them to be cleared of this inconſiſtency as ſoon as poſſible, and therefore beg you will give a place to this to-morrow. OXONIENSIS."

Elegant EXTRACTS.

[*From Maty's Sermons, juſt publiſhed.*]

On The Wiſdom of God.

REgularly built and finely decorated as the theatre of nature is, it is not till we come to conſider how well adapted it is to the fable meant to be repreſented on it, that we fully underſtand the ſagacity of the contriver. True it is, that the profuſion of objects makes an irreſiſtible impreſſion on the eye; true, that the poliſh and perfection of each ſeparate part raiſes in us the greateſt admiration of that Being, who having undertaken ſo great a deſign, has not left himſelf without a witneſs in the ſmalleſt part of it; but all this is little to what we feel, when, after reflecting that the end he had in view was ſucceſſive preſervation, we come to examine the means he has made uſe of for that end: there it is that the curtain is evidently drawn aſide, and the divinity diſcovered in the full majeſty of his glory; there it is that the proudeſt, the moſt reaſonably

proud

proud of his creatures, and he that diſcovered the ſimple law by which this univerſal harmony is preſerved, and he that made man's firſt diſobedience the ſubject of his ſacred ſong, renounces the name of wiſe, which creatures as ſhort-ſighted as themſelves had conferred on them; and, thoroughly conſcious of their own littleneſs, aſcribe the honour there, where it is only due. Aſcribe, how juſtly! For once admit what near ſix thouſand years experience has well confirmed—that forming a proper receptacle for the creatures he meant to place in it, and ſucceſſive preſervation, were the deſigns of the Creator, and then conſider what a manifeſtation of wiſdom it was to have placed the ſun in ſuch a manner as that every ſpot by turns ſhould be cheered by its appearance, and benefited by the treaſure it gives birth to; what a manifeſtation of wiſdom to have made animals various in number, and different in their natures; find each its proper food and nouriſhment in the country it belongs to; to have furniſhed each with an apparatus for providing this nouriſhment, a weapon for its defence, an habitation adapted to its want of it; to have made ſo many of them abandon their ways of life, and change, as it were, their very natures, when their young ones ſtand in need of their protection. How comes it, if not from the deepeſt thought and deſign, that man poſſeſſes thoſe parts double which miniſter immediately to his occaſions; that the moſt uſeful to him are placed in that part of the body where they can be of the greateſt utility; that thoſe of which the loſs would be more fatal, are moſt remote from danger, and beſt fortified againſt its approaches? Why does the eye naturally contract itſelf, when the light becomes too ſtrong for it? Why does the ſtomach give ſuch faithful indication of whatever would be contrary to the welfare of the whole frame? Why are the ſeveral paſſages, as well thoſe of the ſenſes, as thoſe through which the aliment takes its courſe, provided in ſuch a manner with bolts and bars, and doors, that ſhut ſpontaneouſly upon whatever has once paſſed through them, that nothing hurtful to that part of the ſyſtem it would intrude into, can get through, nothing uſeful can be ſent back? Nor is this all; conſider the two great points of reaſon and conſcience; the one to teach us how to make our abode here as comfortable as we can; the other to remind us as often as we ſwerve from our duty. Which of us can take half theſe precautions for the welfare of the child he loves, which have been taken by the univerſal parent for all his children? Which of us has any ſcheme half ſo conſpicuous, either for the wiſdom of the means, or the ſteadineſs in purſuing them?'

The familiar and common objections to this argument are briefly, but very ſatisfactorily anſwered.—

'Why is there not more wiſdom ſtill? Why, eſpecially, ſay ſome queſtioniſts, are there plants and animals that appear not only uſeleſs, but detrimental to the general ſyſtem?—Such (ſays he) are ſome of the objections which have been made to the noble work I have been endeavouring to give you an idea of. As to the firſt, it may be ſufficient to anſwer when we ſufficiently underſtand what there is, which we ſhall never do, as long as we know not a fiftieth part of the earth, which is but a point in compariſon of the univerſe; it will then be time enough to examine what there might have been. As to the ſecond, beſides that the plants and animals accounted the moſt noxious and the moſt uſeleſs, are every day diſcovered to be uſeful for ſome purpoſe or other; beſides that the moſt dangerous of theſe are ſeldom

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met with in the haunts of men, who have moreover the faculty of discovering the one, and the power to subdue the other; we must remark, that it is not preservation, but succession, that we have established for the design of the Creator. Perhaps, (and revelation, so useful in clearing this as well as every other difficulty of unassisted nature, assures us that it is so) what was meant, was not unallayed happiness here, but a preparation for happiness hereafter; perhaps, what is called natural evil may be as useful as natural good, for correcting the imperfections of a being, who could not be what he is, without a power to abuse his perfection; could not be otherwise than he is, without ceasing to be free.'

Curious Account of RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES *at* ROME.

[From "Travels through Italy," by M. DUPATY.]

RELIGIOUS ceremonies are very frequent at Rome; but they are totally unintersting: they are without dignity, propriety, or magnificence.

That of the procession of the *Fete Dieu* owes its only splendour to the pope and to the people.

All the monks, all the curates, all the prelates, all the cardinals, all the penitents, and all the collegiate bodies are now in Saint Peter's, and the procession is arranging. While this is ordering, I walk in the church, and am carried about with the crowd. What noise! What confusion! occasioned by the floods of people who are perpetually pouring in, and the floods perpetually rushing out; by devotees, who pressing around the feet of St. Peter, are contending for the happiness of kissing them; by persons, of every sex and age, kneeling before confessionals filled with monks, and receiving absolution for venial sins, dispensed at the end of a long switch, which the monks shake over their heads; by young men and girls, wandering from tomb to tomb, wantoning with each other, and talking of love. Here I see Englishmen, gravely taking the dimensions of the pillars; Frenchmen, skipping about and jesting; Germans, astonished to find on the bronze gates of the first church in the world the most lascivious pictures. On the other side of the church I perceive a row of abbes bending their bodies to the earth, and flattering the cardinals, who, as they pass, assume state, and act the patron; and a number of mendicants, who to impose on pity, or fatigue delicacy, are shocking every eye with nudities and sores. In the interim, the signal for the march is given: behold now a numerous train of dirty penitents who file off, and make room for dirty monks, dirty curates, and a thousand dirty wretches of the populace, clad in dirty surplices, bearing each of them a flambeau, and exciting every where as they pass, by their grotesque accoutrements, an universal laugh. At length, behold the prelates, the cardinals, and the pope. At the bottom of the staircase of one of the galleries, the pope finds his military attendants, who receive him and the holy sacrament that is waiting for him. The union of the two powers now immediately takes place, to the sound of trumpets; the pope and the sovereign are intermingled; and the crown and the tiara united on the same head; the pontiff king then mounts on a throne, and seats himself with the host before him; yet by his posture, and the manner in which his ornaments are arranged, appears to be on his knees; while a dozen robust men concealed under

the eſtrade, bear him along. The pope advances thus, truly majeſtic and venerable, holding the ſacrament in his hands, his eyes lifted toward heaven, and overflowing with pious tears: while a general murmur runs among the people, who whiſper—*How handſome the pope is!*—All his military attendants follow on foot and horſeback.—The proceſſion has returned into the church—A thouſand torches are ranged along the whole extent of the nave and round the high altar; the pope deſcends, croſſes the church, mounts, and, depoſiting the hoſt, falls upon his knees, riſes up, gives his benediction—and all is ended.

A proceſſion of this ſort in France has a better appearance: it at leaſt makes ſome impreſſion from the ſeriouſneſs and attention of thoſe preſent, or thoſe who perform a part in it; here, in the whole crowd of prelates and cardinals, you ſcarcely meet with a few countenances which really inſpire religion. This is, becauſe opinion, among this people, raiſes up no model of ideal perfection, which imagination, reaſon and ſentiment may ſtudy, and on which the different ſexes, ranks, and claſſes may form their manners, conduct, and language.

What a contraſt become the religious feſtivals of modern Rome, compared with thoſe of the ancient Romans, in which prieſts, crowned with laurels, prieſteſſes with garlands of myrtles, young virgins decked with flowers, augurs, flamens, veſtals, a band of virtuous and venerable old men, the flower of the Roman youth, the conquerors of the world, in long flowing robes, glittering with gold and purple, followed the ſacred ſtatues in ivory or gold, of Juno, Cybele, Ceres and Jupiter, which, ſurrounded by the trophies and ſpoils of Aſia, and borne on cars drawn by leopards and by lions, deſcended majeſtically from the capitol, and followed by the crowd of people, the ſovereigns of Rome, among which kings themſelves were confounded, advanced to the ſound of clarions and cymbals, through the ſtreets of the capital of the univerſe, under triumphal arches, before the ſtatues of their great men, and the palaces of the Cæſars, either to the field of Mars, the Forum, or the Pantheon, and thus advancing, amidſt all the ſplendour, all the magnificence, and all the religion of Rome, ſeemed to be the gods themſelves, of whom they were the images, deſcending in perſon from Olympus to the earth, and alighting among men.

NARRATIVE *of the* SUFFERINGS of Mr de St GERMAIN, and his Companions, in the Deſarts of Egypt.

Mr de St Germain, and his brother M. de Chilly, were the one commandant at Dake, and the other at Caſſimbazar, two very important factories at Bengal, when they were taken priſoners of war by the Engliſh. Having obtained leave on their parole of honour to return to France, and finding no ſhip to bring them to Europe, when they doubled the Cape of Good Hope, they ſet out in a Daniſh veſſel for Suez in the Red-ſea, in hopes of croſſing over, with eaſe, the Iſthmus that ſeparates that ſea from the Mediterranean, and then embarking at Alexandria for Marſeilles. After a perilous navigation they arrived at Suez, the 24th of May 1779, with ſeveral French and Engliſh that were paſſengers in the ſame ſhip. They were no ſooner landed, than the Daniſh captain wrote to the French merchants at Cairo, to procure a caravan, that is, the camels neceſſary to

to carry the merchandize of the veſſel, which was eſteemed at ſeveral millions. Egypt is governed, or rather oppreſſed, by ſixteen Beys or Lords. The Porte preſerves there nothing but a ſhadow of authority, that reſides in the hands of a Baſhaw, whom the Beys keep, as a kind of priſoner, in the caſtle of Cairo. In the abſence of Murat Bey, the moſt powerful of theſe ſixteen tyrants, who was gone to fight Haſlem Bey, one of his brethren, application was made to Ibrahim Bey; he promiſed the moſt ſtriking protection, and even offered his own people and camels to carry the goods. This propoſal was accepted without heſitation: but unhappily the wealth of the caravan, which his avidity prompted him ſtill to exaggerate, made him wiſh to carry it off; and he concerted for that purpoſe with the Arabs of Tort (famous for their ferocity and plundering) the blackeſt and moſt cowardly of all perfidies. The camels filed off from Suez the 15th of June. The travellers ſet out at ſix o'clock in the evening; the night paſſed without accident; but at break of day, in the middle of a defile, formed by two chains of hills, the caravan was beſet by about 1200 Arabs: they firſt made three diſcharges of their muſquetry, and then fell ſabre in hand on the ten Europeans that compoſed the caravan, who being diſperſed were hacked, taken, and ſtripped even of their ſhirts, and driven naked into the deſert. On the other hand, the real conductors of the camels, on the firſt ſhot being fired, which was undoubtedly the ſignal agreed on, turned the camels about, and drove them into the town of Tort, belonging to the Arabs, after having paſſed four days under the walls of Suez.

The Europeans, maimed, ſtripped, and ſtill purſued by the banditti, divided themſelves by chance into two parties. One took the road to Suez, which was but eight leagues off, and the other, conſiſting of the perſons who had marched foremoſt, and could not make their way through the body of the Arabs, to gain Suez, ran towards Cairo, which was twenty-two leagues off; but, in order to eſcape the ferocity of the Arabs, was obliged to take by-roads, which increaſed prodigiouſly the diſtance. Unfortunately Meſſrs de St Germain, and de Chilly, were in this troop; it conſiſted, with them, of a black, who belonged to them; of Meſſrs Barrington and Jenkins, Engliſhmen: of Mr Vendelwelden, Captain of the Daniſh ſhip; of an Armenian named Paul, who was interpreter to the ſhip; and two Mendicant Arabs: in all nine perſons.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the dreadful torments and mortal anguiſh that overpowered eight of theſe unhappy fugitives, and which M. de St Germain could not have eſcaped without a miracle.

There is not a more burning climate on the face of the globe, than the deſerts of Egypt: the wind that blows there is a conſuming fire; there is no rain ever falls: there is not a drop of water to be got, nor does a ſhrub grow within a ſpace of thirty leagues; and the ſand, almoſt turned red by the ſcorching heat of the ſun, is compoſed of little angular pebbles that tear the ſkin, and enter it like glaſs: by a ſtrange contraſt, the nights, in that frightful climate, are almoſt as cold as the days are hot; and when a man eſcapes the ſuffocating vapours of the day, it is almoſt impoſſible to withſtand, without cloathing, the freezing air of the night.

It was in this murdering deſert, that M. de St Germain, with his unfortunate companions, had to

ſtruggle againſt all the horrors of death during three days and four nights, without eating or drinking, parched with a conſuming thirſt, ſcorched by the ſun, expoſed naked, ſtark-naked, to clouds of inſects and flies, the torment of which is more cruel than can be imagined; falling down twenty times in an hour with fatigue, and riſing again by the exceſs of pain occaſioned by the pebbles tearing every part of their body; walking oftentimes on their hands, and at laſt covered with an univerſal ulcer. But the greateſt of his misfortunes, the moſt cruel of all his torments, which made him twenty times over to wiſh for the death he was ſtruggling againſt, was to have beheld the ſucceſſive exit of all his companions. Mr Barrington was the firſt victim that fell; Meſſrs Jenkins and Vendelwelden followed next; the black, the Armenian interpreter, and one of the Mendicant Arabs, although robuſt and inured to the rigour of the climate, periſhed like the reſt. But the moſt terrible of all ſights for M. de St Germain, that which a feeling heart cannot figure to itſelf without being ſeized with horror, was to ſee his brother overwhelmed with fatigue, heat and thirſt, with twenty-two wounds of a ſabre, conjuring him to abandon him and provide for his own ſafety; and to be reduced to the alternative of ſeeing him periſh before his eyes, or leave him in the deſert, in order to employ the poor remains of ſtrength he had left, to procure him ſome aſſiſtance. He choſe the latter. The exceſs of their ſufferings made them hope they were drawing near the end of their miſeries. His ſtrength redoubled at the ſight of his brother's danger, but all his care proved fruitleſs. They were ſtill at too great a diſtance from Cairo; and the Bey's people, whom he had engaged to run to the deſert in queſt of his unfortunate brother, and the black that accompanied him, could not diſcover either of them; they found only the bodies of the other Europeans; and M. de Chilly either fell a victim to the many torments he endured, or he was dragged away into ſlavery, if he has been ſo fortunate as to have his life ſaved by any of the Arabs.

'M. de St Germain, having thus ſeen all his companions fall, reduced to ſkin and bone, having drank his urine, his lips and tongue dried to his mouth, his ſight dim, his hearing gone, no longer able to ſpeak, and ſeized at frequent intervals with a violent fever and the delirium of death, having had ſeveral fits of a kind of apoplexy and lethargy, at laſt arrived, by a ſpecies of miracle, naked, alone, and in a dying condition, at the country houſe of the Bey. The aſſiſtance he received there ſtopt the progreſs of the diſorder: afterwards he was carried to Cairo, to the quarter of the Franks, where he owed his life to the ſkill of M. Graſſe, a French phyſician, and to the praiſeworthy care of Meſſrs Magallon and Olive, merchants of Marſeilles, who took him into their houſe.

'The French were not the only perſons that gave him tokens of the part they took in his misfortunes. Several Engliſhmen that ſailed with him from Bengal to Suez, particularly Mr Roſs, who commanded the Engliſh factory at Daka, whilſt himſelf was at the head of the French factory, gave him the moſt feeling proofs of their ſenſibility. It was with the greateſt difficulty that he declined accepting the offers of every kind, that were made him, chuſing rather to give the preference to the French merchants at Cairo.

'M. de St Germain, being happily recovered, tried every means, but in vain, to obtain reſtitution of about 300,000 livres in effects and mer-

merchandize that belonged to him in the caravan; but in abandoning his fortune he muſt comfort himſelf with the thoughts, that he had the happineſs to eſcape, all at once, every poſſible kind of death, hunger, thirſt, ſuffocating heat by day, mortal cold by night, exceſſive fatigue, the deſtructive ſting of the inſects, the fire and ſword of the Arabs, the grief of ſeeing his companions periſh, and his inability to ſuccour his brother; and, finally, a long and dangerous illneſs, the conſequence of ſuch horrors and miſeries!

'The hiſtory of this dreadful event, worthy in every reſpect to be laid before the public, in exhibiting a picture of the greateſt dangers that any traveller ever encountered, proves that, in attempting the paſſages of the Iſthmus of Suez, one muſt be aware, both of the ferocity of the Arabs, and the perfidy of the Beys that tyrannize over Egypt.'

SOME PARTICULARS RESPECTING A MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT WHICH TOOK PLACE LATELY AT ESSONE, IN FRANCE.

THE directors of the gun-powder manufactories having learned that Mr. Bertholet had diſcovered a ſalt proper for making gun-powder, much ſtronger even than the powder royal, which is the beſt known, they thought it their duty to make a trial of this ſubſtance, though it is a problem difficult to be reſolved, whether ſuch diſcoveries are more advantageous or deſtructive to mankind.

In the month of September laſt, having received orders from the miniſter of the finances to try an experiment with this new ſalt, they cauſed ſome of it to be made in their own manufactories, under the inſpection of Mr. Bertholet himſelf, who was pleaſed to communicate his ſecret to adminiſtration, and they procured a quantity ſufficient to make a proper trial of its effects.

Two directors, Mr. Lavoiſier and Mr. Letors, accoompanied by Mr. Bertholet, went to the manufactory of Eſſone, on the 26th of October laſt, where Mr. Clouet was to join them, on the 28th. Mr. Letors had ordered a ſmall hand mill to be conſtructed in the open air, and in a detached place, furniſhed with one wooden peſtle and a lever paſſing through a number of planks well ſecured, behind which the workmen appointed to move the handle, and the directors were to be placed, in order to guard againſt any accident.

When every thing was thus prepared with the greateſt attention, by the care of the Commiſſary of the manufactory, a very intelligent man, they proceeded to the proof on the 27th, at ſix o'clock in the morning. Sixteen pounds of ingredients were nicely weighed, according to the juſt proportion, and the charcoal was wetted by way of precaution. At ſeven o'clock exactly they began to pound them, but they ſoon perceived that the ſubſtance, though moderately moiſtened, formed itſelf into lumps in the mortar, and ſtuck to the ſides of the peſtle. Mr. Letors endeavoured with a piece of wood to make it fall down, but as this expedient did not entirely ſucceed, it was reſolved to raiſe the compoſition to twenty inſtead of ſixteen pounds, and the freſh charcoal was wetted before it was uſed.

As the ſubſtance ſtill adhered to the peſtle, notwithſtanding the addition of more ingredients, Mr. Letors, zealous for the ſucceſs of the experiment, continued to ſcrape it down at each ſtroke of the peſtle, with a kind of wooden ſpatula, perſuaded that as the powder was not yet far ad-

advanced, there could be no danger; he was then ſurrounded by Mr. and Mrs. Lavoiſier, Mr. Bertholet, Mr. De Chevraud, the Commiſſary, Mr. Mallet one of his pupils, and Mr. Aldin, the principal workman, and was obſerving, in a jocoſe manner, what effects an exploſion would produce in the open air.

At a quarter paſt eight, they ſuſpended their operations, when they found the powder farther advanced than they expected. Mr. Letors then inſiſted that his fellow labourer ſhould give over ſtirring it with a ſtick during the time the machine was in motion, and ordered all the company to retire behind the paliſade, where they might remain in ſafety, and return to ſtir the powder, when the peſtle ſhould ceaſe to act, which was agreed on. They then went to breakfaſt, and take a little repoſe, leaving Mr. Aldin, with the pupil, to continue the labour, with proper precautions, the principal of which was, not to remove from their place of ſhelter behind the planks, but in the moments of interruption. In the way from the ſpot to the Commiſſary's houſe, Mr. Letors remarked, with that effuſion of humanity for which he was diſtinguiſhed, that he was ſorry to have left Mr. Aldin to conclude the operation, as he was a married man and had children, and that ſuch an office would have better ſuited a bachelor; he therefore wiſhed to return. Mr. Lavoiſier replied, that he was an intelligent workman, and would run no danger, provided he kept himſelf behind the planks whilſt the machine was in action, as had been ſuggeſted. In about a quarter of an hour they prepared to return to the machinery, when Mr. Letors, always active, advanced a little before the reſt, and was cloſely followed by one of Mr. de Chevraud's daughters, who was accuſtomed to be preſent at ſuch operations, and who underſtood them very well. Mr. Bertholet, who had never ſeen powder mills, entered one at work, with Mrs. and Mr. Lavoiſier, and the Commiſſary, where they remained only a few minutes, and then ſet out for the place where the proof was to be made. It was then about forty-five minutes paſt eight. Scarcely had they advanced a few ſteps, when a dreadful exploſion was heard, and a thick ſmoke was ſeen to ariſe from the ſpot where the workmen were employed; they immediately ran thither, and beheld a ſhocking ſpectacle; the machine was torn to pieces, the mortar was reduced to ſplinters, the peſtle was carried to a great diſtance, and the unfortunate Mr. Letors and Mademoiſelle Chevraud were both thrown to the diſtance of thirty feet, and daſhed againſt a wall. One leg of the former was carried away, his right arm, and one of his eyes forced from its ſocket, and the ſkin of the upper part of his head was entirely ſtripped off; Mademoiſelle de Chevraud was dreadfully mangled alſo, and expired before him. The collection of planks behind which the workmen were placed, had reſiſted the exploſion; the people experienced a violent ſhock, but none of them were wounded. The young man and the principal workman, who had been relieved of their poſt by Mr. Letors, had retired a few minutes before, in order to take ſome refreſhment.

What renders this melancholy accident more to be lamented is, that Mr. Letors was a very valuable member of ſociety, equally diſtinguiſhed for his abilities in his profeſſion, as for the amiable qualities of his mind, which procured him the favour of adminiſtration, and the eſteem of all thoſe who had the pleaſure of being acquainted with him.

Ex-

Extract from Lady Craven's *Journey to* Conſtantinople.

Vienna.

I Am arrived here at laſt, through a very beautiful country; but muſt obſerve, that whoever wrote L. M—'s Letters (for ſhe never wrote a line of them) miſrepreſents things moſt terribly—I do really believe, in moſt things they wiſhed to impoſe upon the credulity of their readers, and laugh at them——The ſtoves of this country, which ſhe praiſes ſo much, are the moſt horrid invention you can conceive. The country people in Germany ſeem to fear the cold very much; the caſements of their windows are double; and there being no chimney in the rooms, there is no vent for fumes of any ſort—ſo that the breath of the inhabitants of them reſts in drops of ſteam on all the tables, &c. and the ſtink and ſuffocating heat that aſſails the travellers ſenſes when he enters any room, particularly where people are, cannot be conceived. I do not believe the German women, of the lower order, are very gentle tempers—for ſeveral of them flew into the moſt violent paſſions, when I opened a door or window—and ſhut them again immediately——My only reſource upon theſe occaſions was to go out into the yard.

I cannot help obſerving, that the queſtions aſked travellers by the guards at the frontier towns are moſt ridiculous—Are you married or not?—Do you travel for your pleaſure or upon buſineſs?—Your name and quality?——It put me in mind of a ſtory told me by the Ruſſian Miniſter at Venice, of a traveller who being aſked his name, anſwered Boo hoo hoo hoo hoo—pray, Sir, ſays the guard, how do you write that? That, Sir, replied the traveller, is your buſineſs, I have told you my name;—it is impoſſible, I think, to anſwer gravely to queſtions ſo perfectly abſurd.

Nothing is more ſtriking, I think, than the variety of the officers dreſſes in the Emperor's antichamber—The Hungarian and Poliſh I think beautiful, and I now am ſtrengthened in the opinion I always had, though probably I have never told it, even to you, that every nation ought to preſerve the faſhion of their country—and that there is no neceſſity for mankind to ape one another in dreſs—

The Emperor gives a private audience for ladies that are preſented to him. There was only myſelf and the lady who accompanied me that went into his room together; we met a Princeſs Eſterhazi coming out—The Emperor was cloſe to the door; and after bowing very civilly, he made us ſit upon a ſofa—and ſtood the whole time himſelf; I ſtaid three quarters of an hour; there is no occaſion to fear ſtaying too long; for when he cannot ſpare any more time for the audience, or for any other reaſon chooſes to end it, he very civilly ſays, he will detain you no longer; you then get up, and go to the door, which he opens himſelf—and thus ends the preſentation——I think much more agreeably than to anſwer any queſtions a Sovereign chooſes to make before a hundred people that are within hearing in the circle of a drawing-room—who generally repeat what they hear, according to the folly or malice they poſſeſs—and I ſhould think it totally impoſſible for a monarch to converſe with any ſatisfaction ſurrounded by ſo many ears, which have often no brains belonging to them——The Emperor is like the Queen of France, and the only thing that hurt me at all was his not being ſeated—He converſes politely and agreeably———

There is one thing here that ſhocks me, and that is, that every lower claſs of women paint white—and even girls of ten years old going of errands in the ſtreet are painted—What their reaſon for ſo doing is, I cannot gueſs;

gueſs; for the Germans are generally fair.

Warſaw.

When I arrived at Warſaw, I found my apartments had been warmed and ready two days before my arrival; the Comte de Stackelberg having beſpoke them, by the deſire of Prince Galitzin—and the Ruſſian Miniſter C——de S—— waited on me—He is ſenſible, and even witty—he preſented me to the King, the day after my arrival, in the evening—The King received us in his ſtudy; I was accompanied by the Grand Marechal's wife, who is one of the King's nieces—— You, Sir, do not ſpeak better French and Engliſh than that amiable Sovereign—he told me he had been in England thirty years paſt, and aſked me if Mr W——— was ſtill living—not only living, I replied, Sir, but in good ſpirits; for I have a charming letter in my pocket from him———He ſaid, if there was nothing imprudent in his requeſt, he would aſk to ſee it. He imagined Mr W's ſtile muſt be uncommon; I gave him the letter—he put it into his pocket after reading it, and told me, as his ſiſter, the Princeſs of Cracovia, did not underſtand Engliſh, he ſhould tranſlate it into French for her; and if I would dine with him two days after, he would read me his tranſlation, which indeed ſurprized me. He muſt be a very elegant writer in every language he chooſes to profeſs ———I wiſh I had dared to have aſked him for a copy——Well, Sir, he is the ſecond perſon I have ſeen, whom I wiſhed were not ſovereigns—for it is impoſſible that the many diſagreeable perſons and circumſtances that ſurround them, ſhould not deprive them of the ſociety of people who, ſacrificing only to the Muſes, are better company than thoſe who only ſacrifice to ambition, when they give their time to ſovereigns———We were only fourteen people at the King's dinner, and we converſed as chearfully and as rationally as if we had not been at a court———

Karaſhazar, in the Crimea.

Yeſterday I went to ſee the ſource of the river. I rode a white horſe of the general's, a very quiet creature, but aukward, not being uſed to a ſide-ſaddle——

The old Coſſack chief looked with the greateſt aſtoniſhment at my riding, and when I jumped down from my horſe on returning home, he kiſſed the edge of my petticoat, and ſaid ſomething in his language which I did not comprehend, but the general told me he had paid me the higheſt compliment imaginable, viz. I was worthy of being a Coſſack———

In the evening I went in a carriage with the governor and general to Karaſbazar—and on the road ſaw a mock battle between the Coſſacks—

I was much entertained and pleaſed—and deſired the Coſſack Chief might have my beſt thanks—I arrived at the town, and was led to the Kadi's houſe, where his wife received me, and no male creature was ſuffered to come into the room, except the interpreter and a young Ruſſian nobleman only twelve years of age. This woman had a kind of turban on, with ſome indifferent diamonds and pearls upon it. Her nails were dyed ſcarlet, her face painted white and red, the veins blue; ſhe appeared to me to be a little ſhrivelled woman of near ſixty, but I was told ſhe was not above fifty—She had a kind of robe and veſt on, and her girdle was a handkerchief embroidered with gold and a variety of colours—She made me a ſign to ſit down; and my gloves ſeeming to excite much uneaſineſs in her, I took them off—upon which ſhe drew near, ſmiled, took one of my hands between her's, and winked and nodded as a ſign of approbation—but ſhe felt my arm up beyond the elbow, half way up my ſhoulder, winking and nod-

nodding—I began to wonder where this extraordinary examination would end—which it did there——Coffee was brought, and after that roſe-leaves made into ſweetmeats—both of which the interpreter obliged me to taſte—The ſweetmeats are introduced laſt, and among the Orientals they are a ſignal that the viſit muſt end. Our converſation by the interpreter was not very entertaining—She aſked if I had a child, and told me what I have been told ſo often before, though I confeſs not by women, that it would be unneceſſary to repeat it——A Tartar houſe is a very ſlight building of one ſtory only—no chair, table, or piece of furniture in wood to be ſeen—large cuſhions are ranged round the room, on which we ſat or reclined—but what is extremely convenient, I obſerved more than double the ſpace of the room behind the wainſcot, which drew back in moſt places, ſo that in a ſmall room where it appears there is nothing but the cuſhions—every neceſſary is to be found——As the viſit was at an end, I curtſied, and ſhe bowed. In the court-yard there was a dancer, a woman accompanied in her geſtures by a boy, but it was impoſſible to ſee them either with pleaſure or propriety: ſhe never lifted her feet off the ground but once in four minutes, and then only one foot at a time, and every part of her perſon danced except her feet—I went to a Moſque, where ſeveral pious Muſſulmen were going round in a circle in the midſt of the building, groaning and flinging their heads almoſt to the ground and then up again, a conſtant motion which with the moving round one way ſoon puts them into a kind of torture, under which they fall to the ground; and then are dragged into receſſes in the Moſque, made on purpoſe to receive theſe holy men, who ſacrifice ſo many hours, and their perſons to idle pain, in order to prove their devotion to Mahomet. [To be continued.]

An Account of the Earthquake at Liſbon, *upon the firſt of November* 1755; *now firſt publiſhed. From* Davy's *Letters on Subjects of Literature.*

THE following narrative is extremely intereſting, and contains, in the compaſs of a few pages, not only a fuller and a clearer, but, as there is reaſon to believe, a more authentic relation of the complicated miſeries of that dreadful day, than the Public hath yet ſeen. It was written, in the form of a letter, to the Reverend and learned Dr Sanby, Chancellor of the Dioceſe of Norwich, by Mr Braddock, an intimate friend of his, who had connections with the Engliſh Factory at Liſbon, and was upon the ſpot when that horrid cataſtrophe happened.

Liſbon, 13 Nov. 1755.

DEAR SIR,

I FLATTERED myſelf I ſhould have been able to write to you upon a more agreeable ſubject than the preſent, and had ſufficient reaſon to believe I ſhould have had the pleaſure of ſeeing you 'ere this in London, but God has been pleaſed to order it otherwiſe.

As no inſtance of the kind hath happened in theſe parts of the world for ſome ages, I herewith ſend you an account of one of the moſt dreadful cataſtrophes recorded in Hiſtory, the veracity of which you may entirely depend on, as I ſhared ſo great a part in it myſelf.

There never was a finer morning ſeen than the firſt of November; the ſun ſhone out in its full luſtre; the whole face of the ſky was perfectly ſerene and clear, and not the leaſt ſignal or warning of that approaching event, which has made this once flouriſhing, opulent, and populous city, a ſcene of the utmoſt horror and deſolation, except only ſuch as ſerved to alarm, but

ſcarcely left a moment's time to fly from the general deſtruction.

It was on the morning of this fatal day, between the hours of nine and ten, that I was ſet down in my apartment, juſt finiſhing a letter, when the papers and table I was writing on began to tremble with a gentle motion, which rather ſurprized me, as I could not perceive a breath of wind ſtirring: whilſt I was reflecting with myſelf what this could be owing to, but without having the leaſt apprehenſion of the real cauſe, the whole houſe began to ſhake from the very foundation; which at firſt I imputed to the rattling of ſeveral coaches in the main ſtreet, which uſually paſſed that way, at this time, from Belem to the Palace; but on hearkening more attentively, I was ſoon undeceived, as I found it was owing to a ſtrange frightful kind of noiſe under ground, reſembling the hollow diſtant rumbling of thunder; all this paſſed in leſs than a minute, and I muſt confeſs I now began to be alarmed, as it naturally occurred to me, that this noiſe might poſſibly be the forerunner of an Earthquake, as one I remembered, which had happened about ſix or ſeven years ago, in the Iſland of Madeira, commenced in the ſame manner, though it did little or no damage.

Upon this I threw down my pen, and ſtarted upon my feet, remaining a moment in ſuſpence, whether I ſhould ſtay in the apartment, or run into the ſtreet, as the danger in both places ſeemed equal; and ſtill flattering myſelf that this tremor might produce no other effects than ſuch inconſiderable ones as had been felt at Madeira; but in a moment I was rouſed from my dream, being inſtantly ſtunned with a moſt horrid craſh, as if every edifice in the city had tumbled down at once. The houſe I was in ſhook with ſuch violence, that the upper ſtories immediately fell, and though my apartment (which was the firſt floor) did not then ſhare the ſame fate, yet every thing was thrown out of its place in ſuch a manner, that it was with no ſmall difficulty I kept my feet, and expected nothing leſs than to be ſoon cruſhed to death, as the walls continued rocking to and fro in the frightfulleſt manner, opening in ſeveral places; large ſtones falling down on every ſide from the cracks; and the ends of moſt of the rafters ſtarting out from the roof. To add to this terrifying ſcene, the ſky in a moment became ſo gloomy, that I could now diſtinguiſh no particular object; it was an Ægyptian darkneſs indeed, ſuch as might be felt; owing, no doubt, to the prodigious clouds of duſt and lime, raiſed from ſo violent a concuſſion, and as ſome reported, to ſulphureous exhalations, but this I cannot affirm; however it is certain, I found myſelf almoſt choked for near ten minutes.

As ſoon as the gloom began to diſperſe, and the violence of the ſhock ſeemed pretty much abated, the firſt object I perceived in the room, was a woman ſitting on the floor, with an infant in her arms, all covered with duſt; pale, and trembling. I aſked her how ſhe got hither? but her conſternation was ſo great, that ſhe could give me no account of her eſcape. I ſuppoſe that when the tremor firſt began, ſhe ran out of her own houſe, and finding herſelf in ſuch imminent danger from the falling ſtones, retired into the door of mine, which was almoſt contiguous to her's, for ſhelter; and when the ſhock increaſed, which filled the door with duſt and rubbiſh, ran up ſtairs into my apartment, which was then open: be it as it might, this was no time for curioſity. I remember the poor creature aſked me, in the utmoſt agony, if I did not think the world was at an end; at the ſame time ſhe complained of being choked, and begged, for God's ſake, I would procure her a little drink;

upon

upon this I went to a cloſet where I kept a large jar with water (which you know is ſometimes a pretty ſcarce commodity in Liſbon) but finding it broken in pieces, I told her ſhe muſt not now think of quenching her thirſt, but ſaving her life, as the houſe was juſt falling on our heads, and if a ſecond ſhock came, would certainly bury us both; I bade her take hold of my arm, and that I would endeavour to bring her into ſome place of ſecurity.

I ſhall always look upon it as a particular Providence, that I happened on this occaſion to be undreſſed, for had I dreſſed myſelf, as I propoſed, when I got out of bed, in order to breakfaſt with a friend, I ſhould, in all probability, have run into the ſtreet, at the beginning of the ſhock, as the reſt of the people of the houſe did, and conſequently have had my brains daſhed out, as every one of them had; however, the imminent danger I was in, did not hinder me from conſidering that my preſent dreſs, only a gown and ſlippers, would render my getting over the ruins almoſt impracticable; I had, therefore, ſtill preſence of mind enough left, to put on a pair of ſhoes and a coat, the firſt that came in my way, (which was every thing I ſaved,) and in this dreſs I hurried down ſtairs, the woman with me, holding by my arm, and made directly to that end of the ſtreet which opens to the Tagus, but finding the paſſage this way entirely blocked up with the fallen houſes to the height of their ſecond ſtories, I turned back to the other end which led into the main ſtreet, (the common thoroughfare to the Palace) and having helped the woman over a vaſt heap of ruins, with no ſmall hazard to my own life; juſt as we were going into this ſtreet, as there was one part I could not well climb over without the aſſiſtance of my hands, as well as feet, I deſired her to let go her hold, which ſhe did, remaining two or three feet behind me, at which inſtant there fell a vaſt ſtone, from a tottering wall, and cruſhed both her and the child in pieces. So diſmal a ſpectacle any other time would have affected me in the higheſt degree, but the dread I was in of ſharing the ſame fate myſelf, and the many inſtances of the ſame kind which preſented themſelves all around, were too ſhocking to make me dwell a moment on this ſingle object.

I had now a long narrow ſtreet to paſs, with the houſes on each ſide four or five ſtories high, all very old, the greater part already thrown down, or continually falling, and threatning the paſſengers with inevitable death at every ſtep, numbers of whom lay killed before me, or what I thought far more deplorable, ſo bruiſed and wounded, that they could not ſtir to help themſelves. For my own part, as deſtruction appeared to me unavoidable, I only wiſhed I might be made an end of at once, and not have my limbs broken; in which caſe, I could expect nothing elſe but to be left upon the ſpot, lingering in miſery, like theſe poor unhappy wretches, without receiving the leaſt ſuccour from any perſon.

As ſelf-preſervation, however, is the firſt law of nature, theſe ſad thoughts did not ſo far prevail, as to make me totally deſpair. I proceeded on as faſt as I conveniently could, tho' with the utmoſt caution, and having at length got clear of this horrid paſſage, I found myſelf ſafe and unhurt in the large open ſpace before St Paul's church, which had been thrown down a few minutes before, and buried a great part of the congregation, that was generally pretty numerous, this being reckoned one of the moſt populous pariſhes in Liſbon. Here I ſtood ſome time conſidering what I ſhould do, and not thinking myſelf ſafe in this ſituation, I came to the reſolu-

tion of climbing over the ruins of the weſt end of the church, in order to get to the river ſide, that I might be removed as far as poſſible, from the tottering houſes, in caſe of a ſecond ſhock.

This, with ſome difficulty, I accompliſhed, and here I found a prodigious concourſe of people, of both ſexes, and of all ranks and conditions, among whom I obſerved ſome of the principal Canons of the Patriarchal church, in their purple robes and rochets, as theſe all go in the habit of Biſhops; ſeveral Prieſts who had run from the altars in their ſacerdotal veſtments in the midſt of their celebrating maſs; ladies half dreſſed, and ſome without ſhoes; all theſe, whom their mutual dangers had here aſſembled as to a place of ſafety, were on their knees at prayers, with the terrors of death in their countenances, every one ſtriking his breaſt, and crying out, inceſſantly, *Miſecordia meu Dios.*

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

To the EDITOR *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

If you think the following lines will not be unacceptable to the readers of your Magazine, they are very much at your ſervice; and your inſerting them will oblige,

21ſt. Feb. 1789. } SIR,
Yours, &c. C. C.

To a Friend, on the loſs of Two fine Children.

CHildren create us pain and pleaſure,
Yet we eſteem them as a treaſure,
And if they are not in our lot,
We think we're ſlighted or forgot.
If, to our wiſhes, they are ſent,
We ſhould remember the intent;
They're lent us, for a little ſeaſon;
This is ſound doctrine and ſound reaſon.
Sometimes in haſte they're ſnatch'd from us,
And well 'tis ſo, or't might be worſe,
Them, or ourſelves, we ſhou'd deſtroy
By over fondneſs, over joy.
The day that gave Eliza birth,
That day eight years ſhe lay in earth,
Oft you frequent the mournful ſpot,
Eliza cannot be forgot.
Scarcely recovered from this ſtroke,
Your courage feels another ſhock:
'Tis Anne that next muſt bid adieu
To all her friends, to me and you.
'Tis here your loſſes you deplore,
Anne and Eliza are no more.
Yet do not with the Lord diſpute,
But ſtand thou ſtill, and be thou mute,
He hath but taken back his own—
In loſſes you are not alone.
And what to you is ſo great grief,
Wou'd be to others ſweet relief:
Who of their ſenſes are bereft,
Their children being charg'd with Theft.
Some die and leave their babes behind,
To the inhuman, the unkind;
Orphans we ſee are often hurl'd
To the inſults of this baſe world;
But yours you know are gone before,
They're landed ſafe on Zion's ſhore,
And all their pains for ever o'er.
No more let grief your heart diſmay,
With triumph mount *the milky way,*
Tread on the ſtarry planes above,
Enter the manſions fill'd with love,
Lo! There are pleaſures to exceſs;
Of which we can but give a gueſs:
But us with them may Jeſus bleſs!

ON

ON WINTER.

I.

EACH joyous ſeaſon's paſt and fled,
With all their varied charms,
Their wither'd beauties now lie dead,
In winter's frozen arms.

II.

Declining Phœbus' feeble ray,
His faint and ſickly beams,
Scarce cheer the ſhort and darkſome day,
With kind enliv'ning gleams.

III.

The ſable clouds his abſence mourn,
In ſwift deſcendent floods;
The rude north-eaſt howls o'er the bourn,
And roars thro' naked woods.

IV

The warb'ling world that grac'd each ſpray,
Forſake the leafleſs groves;
No more they tune the vocal lay,
Nor chaunt their artleſs loves.

V.

Faſt lock'd the fetter'd rills remain:
No verdure cheers the eyes;
But bound in Winter's icy chain
All nature captive lies.

VI.

The ſtately elm no more is gay,
The honours of its head
Are ſunk in ruin and decay,
All wither'd, fall'n and dead.

VII.

Soon ſhall new charms adorn thee o'er,
Not ſo ſhall youth take wing,
When I decay, I bloom no more,
Nor feel returning Spring.

VIII.

A ſnowy ſhroud now wraps thy limbs,
Juſt ſo ſhall I be dreſt,
When death, from life's deluſive dream,
Shall wake my ſoul to reſt.

MARY's GHOST. AN ELEGY.

Scene—the hall where David Rizzio *was murdered, in the palace of* Holyrood-houſe.

OCTOBER's ſun, in weſtern glory mild,
Gleam'd beauteous o'er Edina's antique ſpires,
A thouſand murmurs hum,—the ſmoke floats wild;
Ah, me what different ſcenes ſurround theſe fires!

Silent and ſad my penſive ſteps I tend,
Where Scotia's monarchs oft have trod before,
To view the Gothic arch, majeſtic bend;
The damps of ages chill the column hoar.

The ſhade fell quivering from the darken'd hill;
Now reſts the herd, nor ſings the herdſman more:
The miſts deſcend, and nature's voice is ſtill,
Save diſtant Fortha's hollow murmuring ſhore.

A pleaſing awe involv'd my riſing ſoul,
Through darken'd time I gaz'd,—each turret frown'd—
Methought I heard a voice!—'twas but the owl;
Again my trembling eye half look'd around.

Again the voice! th' adjacent door creak'd drear;
A feeble gleam ſcarce ſhow'd the diſmal wall;
Scarce ſhow'd a female form, ſolemn! appear,
And ſlowly float along the lengthening hall.

Her ſhape majeſtic, but her look was love,

Her

Herſpeaking eye the embryo thought expreſs'd;
Around her brow the regal chaplet wove,
The ſacred croſs beam'd ardent on her breaſt.

Sudden ſhe ſtartled at the bloody ground:
Theſe ſacred ſtones ſhall moulder and decay,
Thy failings blaze, thy virtues ſleep profound:
Shall rolling ages wear that ſtain away?

Ah! no: while Mary's name, and Mary's woés,
The hoary ſire to liſt'ning youth ſhall tell,
The rude eulogium with a ſigh ſhall cloſe,
" Yet Mary wept when worthleſs Rizzio fell.

She knelt, in angel guiſe each feature mourn'd;
And thrice diſdain the haughty frown renew'd;
And oft to Gallia's climes her eye ſhe turn'd;
And oft the ſilent tear the ſtone be-dew'd.

" Oh, Darnly, how this blood o'er-powers my ſoul;
" Thou couldſt not love me ſure, and treat me ſo?
" Suſpect *me* of a crime! a crime ſo foul?
" Tell to the world thou thought'ſt thy Queen ſo low?

" Too proud to *name* that guilt my heart ne'er knew;
" Too feeling, to endure reproach from thee;
" Thou call'd'ſt me faithleſs, and the fawning crew
" Thought murder* nothing to a wretch like me.

" But hadſt thou ſeen them, Darnly, from this breaſt——
" Inhuman! from this breaſt my child they tore——
" How claſp'd his little hands around my waiſt?
" Even thou had'ſt pity'd, nor ſuſpected more.

" In wild deſpair I heard his infant cry;
" With frantic voice I call'd; yes, call'd on thee:
" Even abject menials from their miſtreſs fly;
" What earthly friend remain'd to counſel me?

" Forſaken now,—where'er I look'd around,
" The ſcornful ſneer ſtill met my downcaſt eye;
" At laſt, the dungeon yawn'd with jaws profound,
" Each creaking hinge exclaim'd—Deſpair, and die.

" Through the drear grate I view'd the vernal bloom;
" In Autumn crown'd, in wint'ry blaſts decay.
" I once ſmil'd too, unconſcious of my doom,
" Till burſting tempeſts drove that ſmile away.

" All day I liſten'd to the bleak winds howl;
" With grim delight beheld the blaſted trees;
" At eve I'd hearken to the ſcreaming owl,
" And joyleſs roſe the ſprightly morn to me.

" Had Mary ne'er beheld proud Scotia's throne,
" Nor heaven in gold the ſparkling gem array'd,
" Perhaps the tenant of ſome vale unknown,
" No Darnly there had ſpurn'd—no friend betray'd."

She

* *The aſſaſſination of* Darnly, *in which ſhe was ſuppoſed to be concerned.*

She ſaid, and vaniſh'd in the gloom profound.
In vain my eyes the beauteous form recall,
In vain my ear wou'd catch the melting ſound:
Its laſt, faint echo, whiſper'd o'er the wall.
My freezing veins no ghoſtly terrors chill,
No glaring meteors ſcare the ſlumbering night,
The breeze blew ſweetly o'er the verdant hill,
And ſcattering clouds unvail the baſhful light.

A. R.

THE DUTIES OF A WIFE.

SMALL is the province of a wife,
And narrow is her ſphere in life;
Within that ſphere to move aright,
Should be her principal delight;
To guide the houſe with prudent care,
And properly to ſpend and ſpare;
To make her huſband bleſs the day
He gave his liberty away;
To form the tender infant mind;
Theſe are the taſks to wives aſſign'd;
Then never think domeſtic care
Beneath the notice of the fair;
But daily your affairs inſpect,
That nought be waſted by neglect.
Be frugal Plenty round you ſeen,
And always keep the golden mean. T.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE HOUSE OF ENVY.

OVID. MET. B. II. V. 761. Tranſlated by a young gentleman who had been only two years at a grammar ſchool at Aſhburton, in Devonſhire.

INFLAM'D with wrath, and full of anxious cares,
To Envy's houſe the goddeſs ſtrait repairs:
Deep in a dreary den the building ſtood,
Defil'd with gore, and black with putrid blood.
No ſun e'er gilded o'er the horrid gloom,
No winds e'er pierc'd within the darkſome room,
No cheerful blaze ſupply'd the place of light,
But all was liſtleſs, cold, and endleſs night.
Here, when Minerva came, ſhe ſtood aloof,
(For wiſdom never enters Envy's roof)
And ſtruck the doors—the doors wide open flew,
And all the Fury open'd to her view.
There the curſt fiend, low ſeated on the ground,
And gorging viper's fleſh, the goddeſs found.
Recoiling at the ſight, with wild ſurprize,
Aſide, ſcarce unappall'd, ſhe turn'd her eyes;
But Envy, ſlowly riſing from the floor,
Left her half-eaten ſerpents ſleep'd in gore,
And dragg'd her hated form, ſoft crawling to the door.
There, when ſhe ſaw the goddeſs dreſt in arms,
In all the ſplendonr of immortal charms,
Sruck at the ſight ſhe groan'd—and all around
Her hollow ſighs diffus'd a mournful ſound:
In her ſharp face a deadly paleneſs reigns,
Her meagre form expos'd her ſtiffen'd veins.
Her haggard eyes wore an eternal ſcoul,
Her teeth, with livid ruſt deform'd and foul;

From

From her green breaſt black gall the fury flung,
And clouds of poiſon roll'd athwart her tongue.
Ne'er did a ſmile her hideous front compoſe,
But what aroſe from miſchief, plague, and woes.
Ne'er did the ſweets of ſleep her eyes beguile,
To ſteal her from her everlaſting toil;
But carking cares, an endleſs train ariſe,
And drive ſoft ſlumbers from her wakeful eyes.
Man ſhe beholds with many a comfort crown'd,
His bliſs diſtracts her, and his pleaſures wound;
Diſtreſſing all, by all alike diſtreſs'd,
She bears her own tormentor in his breaſt.
Altho' the fiend did all her hatred move,
Thus ſpoke the brain-ſprung progeny of Jove:
To Cecrops' city haſte—mark my beheſt,
And pour thy venom in Aglaura's breaſt.
She ſaid, and ſpurn'd the ground—aloft ſhe ſprings,
And cuts the ambient air on ſoaring wings.
Envy, with leer accurſt, purſu'd her flight,
And ſaw her mount to realms of purer light;
Then murm'ring racks her ſoul, to think that ſhe,
Minerva's happy inſtrument muſt be.
Her ſtaff ſhe takes, with knotted thiſtles bound,
And wreath'd with black and pointed thorns around,
Then wrapt in peſtilential clouds ſhe flies,
The flowing corn beneath her ſhadow dies;
The tainted graſs ſinks wither'd on its bed,
And the tall poppies ſick'ning droop their head;
A baneful blaſt the meagre fiend ejects,
Which both the people and their town infects;
But when Tritonia's towers the hag ſurvey'd,
Where peace, and arts, and plenty were diſplay'd,
Scarce did the iron tears to flow forbear,
Becauſe ſhe nothing ſaw that merited a tear.

LINES,

To JONAS HANWAY, *Eſq. on being preſented with his Picture, and a Volume of his Works, by* THO. KYNASTON, *Eſq.*

Groſvenor Place.

ANXIOUS the paths of virtue to purſue,
With joy your portrait and your works I view.
Here every line diſplays religious ſenſe,
There every feature looks benevolence.
O Hanway! faithful friend of God and man,
How doſt thou teach, how grace the Chriſtian plan!
The ſongs of vain miſled philoſophy,
What were they all alas! compar'd to thee?
Theſe taught by nature; ſhe no more could do.
The Goſpel came, and form'd ſuch men as you.

Erratum in our laſt. Page 100. firſt col. line 19. read, "When we "ſpeak, we are *underſtood no further* "*than we are* heard."

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ON SELF—EXPERIENCE, USES OF IT—MISTAKEN NOTIONS ON THIS SUBJECT—BOOKS RECOMMENDED—ON SELF DECEIT—CONCLUSION.

THERE are few of the actions of mankind, eſpecially in the early part of life, in which we do not find viſible traces of the principle of SELF. It is a principle ſo generally predominant, that we may impute to it the greater part, if not all the vices and crimes of the world; and ſo powerful, that the greateſt and beſt of men have found it very hard to counteract its operations.

SELF not only frequently leads us to injure others, but alſo to neglect our own ſafety, by deſpiſing the experience that may be offered to us, and purſuing, at all hazards, an object which we think is neceſſary for our happineſs. Hence the difficulty, in youth, which we find in diſſuading from the indulgence of a favourite paſſion or vice. Although we reaſon both *a priori* and *a poſteriori*, although we offer arguments againſt it, and exhibit inſtances to prove the danger probable, and the miſchief certain, yet the youth overlooks all we have to ſay. He is bent on an object, in the purſuit of which ſelf-gratification is his chief motive; it is in vain to argue with him, for *he* cannot feel the force of words who is already ſubdued by the force of paſſion; and as to the inſtances of danger we offer, although he may believe that we have no intention to deceive him, and that ſuch have actually happened, yet he flatters himſelf that there is none of all thoſe caſes that exactly ſuits his own, and that he ſhall certainly eſcape, whatever may have happened to others. In this manner we may ſuppoſe that men under the influence of paſſion would argue, were they capable at all of arguing; but, although it be a ſpecies of ſelf-deceit, it is to be ſuppoſed that the impulſe of paſſion is too rapid even to admit reflection of any kind.

It is one's own experience only which conquers the obſtinacy of SELF, and teaches us, by loſſes, diſappoint-

ments, disgrace and sufferings, that when we determine to indulge our bad passions, we enter on a warfare in which we are sure to meet with many a defeat, and from which we can never expect to return conquerors. The manner of education in many schools and families is not very favourable to us in this respect. We lay in a large stock of arithmetic, and Greek and Latin, but when we come into busy life, we do not find that Homer can enable us to detect a sharper, or that Virgil can fortify our innocence against the snares of the artful. Some parents, too, in their care for our morals, keep us so thoroughly strangers to vice, as not even to know it when covered, ever so slightly, by the mask of pleasure or hypocrisy. Hence it is so difficult for young men to see through the deceits that present themselves, and hence they fall so easily a prey to pleasure in its bewitching forms and dresses, and to designing hypocrites in their specious professions.

How to give this experience to the young, is, I confess, not an easy matter to determine. Shall we accompany an ingenuous youth to the tavern, the gaming house, and the brothel, with a crew to prevent his falling into the vices practised in such places; as we are told that certain parents in our foreign islands, make their slaves drunk, and exhibit them before their children, that they may conceive an early and strong detestation of that vice? Shall we, in short, introduce them into every haunt of infamy, with the view of fortifying their minds against profligacy? I am afraid the experiment would in all cases be dangerous, and in some absolutely unsuccessful. There is a time of life, when vice appears much less shocking than at any other, and that is in full youth, when the passions are strong, when the call for pleasure, and the solicitations of gaiety are urgent, and when the world is less apt to censure occasional deviations from virtue. This is a critical period in most men's lives, and the character, the consistency, and the happiness of their future life often depends on it. Relaxed as the system of *genteel* morals now is, one thing is certain, that a youth of pleasure will bring an age of pain, and that those who waste the generous passions in effeminacy and vice, will either shorten life, or make it insupportable.

It becomes therefore necessary that in early life, the mind should be strengthened, not by a string of precepts delivered in a dry manner, and enforced by severity, but by a frequent and careful perusal of such works as contain the best and most natural representations of human life and manners—for those are the result of experience, an experience not to be despised because it is cheap, but to be prized because it cannot deceive us, and may prevent our being deceived. The many excellent works in every person's power to purchase, which are in our language, and contain the most valuable remarks on life and manners, render it unnecessary for me to mention them in this place. The use of all experience to be derived from such works is, that it supplies the place of foresight, a quality almost always wanting in youth. It supplies it too in the best manner, by guarding us against the consequences of a pursuit which may be dangerous to ourselves; and not by infusing that low cunning, and selfish artifice, which is a bad sign at every stage of life, but particularly bodes ill in youth. So numerous, indeed, are the frauds practised on unsuspecting young men, particularly in large towns, that it cannot be supposed that any books contain accounts of them, but in all our moral, and especially in our best periodical writings, there are general prin-

principles laid down which cannot fail to be ſerviceable, and ſo much knowledge of life and manners laid open, as, properly improved, will enable us to anticipate much of that wiſdom to which we might have, perhaps, arrived many years hence, at the riſk of life, and the expence of happineſs and reputation.

It is common to refer to Novels for inſtruction of the kind I allude to. But in vain in ſuch works do we look for repreſentations of real life. The authors of them create men and women ſuch as never exiſted, and place them in ſituations ſuch as not one perſon in ten thouſand has any chance to be placed. It was the reproach of falſe philoſophy, before the time of the immortal Lord Bacon, that philoſophers laid down a certain poſition, and adapted their experiments to it, inſtead of making experiments firſt, and deducing poſitions from them. Something of that ſame philoſophy prevails in novel-writing. A ſtory is formed, and all the characters and ſituations muſt be adapted to compleat it. Hence the operations of nature are ſtrangely perverted, and the ways of providence abſolutely burleſqued. It is not from fiction that experience can be acquired; in the affairs of common life we are ſenſible that it is from what really happens, and that only, that we learn wiſdom. Whatever amuſement may be reaped from a peruſal of novels, I believe that it will be univerſally allowed, that he who ſeeks in them for a knowledge of real life and manners, muſt be diſappointed.

Hiſtory is one great ſource of experience, as well as of amuſement; for although the actors are generally of the higheſt ranks, yet the effects of imprudence, of vice, of cowardice, &c. in the deſtruction of nations, families and individuals, and the beauty and advantages of wiſdom, virtue, valour, &c. are no where repreſented ſo forcibly. In reading ſuch accounts, we have the additional recommendation, that they are facts, facts recorded for many centuries, with proofs that carry conviction; and the impreſſion they make on us is leſs, only in *degree* of force, than if they happened in our own time, and before our eyes.

But to return to that experience which is to be derived from books of morality and manners,——one great and principal advantage is, that we are guarded againſt being deceived by OURSELVES. It is not ſufficient to beware of the enemy without, if we continue to harbour a more potent enemy within. Solicitations from others are liſtened to with pleaſure, when aided by the conſent and urgency of the love of pleaſure, in ourſelves. This dictates to an unexperienced mind thoſe many frauds by which we are led to an indulgence of criminal paſſion, and which are too much ſanctioned by the relaxed morals and light converſation of the unthinking part of the age.

Such frauds are—that "youth's the ſeaſon made for joy"—that diſſipation in youth is a proof of a manly ſpirit—that prudence and temperance are marks of a ſneaking mind—that the pleaſures of youth are not to be checked, becauſe they will lead to wiſdom—that wild young men generally turn out beſt, &c. &c.—with many others—all of which would be contradicted, if we were to examine them by any rules of reaſon, and all of which are contradicted by experience which is not unfrequently fatal, and always dangerous. Theſe are frauds which we are eaſily caught by, and ſlight and ſilly as ſuch arguments are, we are glad to be maſters of them, and repeat them with an air of triumph, as affording a complete refutation of the perſuaſions and advice of parents and guardians.

To conclude——a mind once

ſtrengthened can never be weakened. If we conſult our experience in all caſes of profligacy and ruin among the young, we will always find that the mind originally had but a ſcanty portion of furniture, and that that vacancy was eaſily ſupplied by ſchemes of pleaſure, and allurements to vice. To fall occaſionally into vice may be the misfortune of the beſt; but when we ſee a young man perſiſt in the faſhionable vices of the day, and is a habitual drunkard, gameſter and wencher, we may without breach of charity conclude, that while he is much of the profligate, he is nevertheleſs much more of the idiot.

ANECDOTES *of the* MOORS.

(From CHENIER'S Hiſtory of Morocco, *juſt publiſhed.*)

HIS mercy was, ſometimes, as unaccountable as were his murders. A Spaniard had been bribed to ſhoot him, but, miſſing his aim, lodged the two balls with which he had loaded his gun in the pannel of his ſaddle. The Spaniard was ſeized, and it was expected he would have ſuffered a death of torture. The Emperor, however, reproaching him, aſked what he had done to deſerve this uſage; whether the people were tired of him, and if he were not more beloved: after which he took no farther notice, but ſent the man to work among his other Chriſtian ſlaves. The Spaniard ſtill had his fears, and turned Mahometan, but continued to wear his Spaniſh dreſs, perhaps becauſe he had no other. Some years had elapſed, when the Emperor, being among his workmen, aſked him why his head was not uncovered. The Spaniard anſwered he was a Mahometan. The Emperor made enquiries concerning him, and, being informed who he was, ordered his immediate manumiſſion, aſked him a thouſand pardons for having kept him ſo long at work, entirely new cloathed him, and made him a Baſhaw.

To ſuch kind of treatment his grandees were hourly ſubject: today hugged, kiſſed, and preferred; tomorrow ſtripped, robbed, and beaten. The Negro who carried this Emperor's umbrella was remarked to be covered with ſcars. When Iſhmael had done with his lance, it was cuſtomary for him to dart it into the air, and, if it were not caught before it came to the ground, the man appointed for that office was killed. It was obſerved of him, whenever he beat a man ſeverely, that man was in the high road to preferment. The chances were greatly in his favour, that, finding him in chains, ſome few days after, in a wretched condition, the tyrant would call him his dear friend, uncle, or brother; enquire how he became ſo miſerable, as if wholly ignorant of the matter, beſtow his own apparel upon him, which was a mark of great diſtinction, make him as fine as a prince, and bid him go and govern ſome great town. This, it is ſaid, was a part of his barbarous policy. Being convinced he had ſtripped a man of all he poſſeſſed, he then ſent him forth again to glean.

Hypocriſy was one of his greateſt vices, and his example rendered it the faſhionable vice of the court, during his reign. He affected to attribute his proſperity, to the immediate protection of Mahomet, one of whoſe deſcendants he is ſuppoſed. He called himſelf the friend of God, the executor of his councils, and it was neceſſary to ſay that thoſe whom he had maſſacred, in his frenzy, had fallen by the hand of God. Thoſe who ſhould dare to ſay otherwiſe would themſelves have been

been maſacred. The Koran was always borne before him, by his Talbe, as his guide, and the rule of his conduct. His hands were frequently raiſed toward heaven, and not ſeldom while ſtained with human blood. He would often alight to kiſs the earth; and the name of God, and of his prophet, were continually in his mouth, even in his fits of utmoſt fury. He was vain of being himſelf a Talbe, or doctor of the Mahometan law, and preached, in his moſque, in a manner more forcible, it is ſaid, than any other of the Talbes. So confirmed was the opinion that thoſe whom he ſlew went immediately to paradiſe, that the infatuated Moors have come, from the fartheſt extremity of the empire, to entreat the favour of being murdered by his hand. St Olon affirms that, while he was at Mequinez, in the ſpace of three weeks, he had killed forty-ſeven perſons. It was a common mode with him, to ſhow his dexterity, at once to mount his horſe, draw his ſabre, and ſever the head from the body of the ſlave who held the ſtirrup.

His avarice indeed, ſeems even to have exceeded his hypocriſy. On a famous moſque, in the city of Morrocco, were three globes, or as they were called, apples of gold, which were ſaid to have been enchanted. They were placed on this moſque by the wife of the renowned Almonſor, who expended the greateſt part of her jewels and wealth in their conſtruction. Aſtrology had been conſulted, and the magical architect had, by his conjurations, ſo confined certain ſpirits to watch over them, that their removal was held to be impoſſible. The credulous people affirmed that various monarchs, attempting to take them down, had been prevented by ſome fatal accident, and that the devil had broken the necks of all thoſe who had been ſent to execute ſuch commands. They were, at length, undeceived by the covetous Muley Iſhmael. Theſe balls were removed, during his reign, and buried with his other inviſible and uſeleſs treaſures.

The education of the ſons of this Emperor, if education it may be called, was ſuch as to render them even more irrational, barbarous, and brutal, than their father. They received no inſtruction, nor had they any employment, except that of indulging themſelves in all the malicious pranks of boys. At the ſight of any of them, every man was careful to conceal whatever might attract their notice, for they ſeized on all that came to hand, and pilfered with impunity. While Buſnot and the friars of his order were at Mequinez, one of them entered the apartment of theſe fathers. A French merchant, acquainted with their manners, rid them of his company, by giving him two or three blanquils, which he joyfully received, and ran off exceedingly happy. The Jews were peſtered by their viſits. Inſtead of conducting themſelves like the ſons of an Emperor, their behaviour reſembled that of Gipſies, who rob hedges and henrooſts. M. St Olon had a viſit from one, who paid him neither ſalutation nor compliment, but fell on every thing in the chamber that he thought worth his attention. His entrance and exit reſembled that of a monkey, that, ſeeing a baſket of fruit, and having ſtuffed his pouch, whiſks away when he can take no more. This youth, of about twelve or thirteen, carried off a pair of piſtols, and ſome boxes of ſweet meats. After ſerving this noble kind of apprenticeſhip, as they approached the ſtate of mankood, they were ſent, by the Emperor, to govern his various towns and provinces, where the

the unhappy people ſoon too ſenſibly felt the effects of ſuch an education. The female children of Muley Iſhmael, by his concubines, were ſtrangled at their birth.

This Emperor was an early riſer. It was conjectured his reſt was diſturbed by the horrors of his conſcience, and the exactions, cruelties, and murders of which he had been guilty. Waited on in his palace by women, young girls, boys, and eunuchs, ſuch attendants durſt not tell tales; but, according to report, in his camp, his reſtleſsneſs was apparent. Starting from his reveries, he was heard to call upon thoſe he had murdered, and, ſuddenly waking, he would ſometimes aſk for ſome perſon whom he had killed but the day before. If anſwered he is dead, he would reply—"Who kil-"led him?" Perſonal ſafety required the anſwer ſhould be—"We "do not know, but we ſuppoſe God."

It was affirmed he uſed often to call on his favourite Hameda, when walking alone, and when he ſuppoſed he could not be overheard. This Hameda came a boy into his army, where, being noticed, the Emperor gave him a horſe. As he grew up, he became a jocular, pleaſant fellow, and the Emperor indulged his familiarities ſo far that he was allowed to enter the gardens, when Iſhmael was with his women; a liberty no man, before or ſince, ever durſt take. He had the title of Baſhaw of Baſhaws, and the Emperor uſed paſſionately to tell him he never could really be angry with him, and that to kill him was a thing to him impoſſible. It is indeed ſuppoſed he did not deſign his death. It was the conſequence of beating him, with the butt end of his lance, ſo ſeverely that he died the next day of his bruiſes. The Emperor expreſſed much ſorrow, confeſſed he repented of what he had done, ſent him and his phyſicians a bag of money, and entreated him to live.

The common habits, and appearance, of Iſhmael, were very oppoſite to thoſe ideas Europeans entertain of imperial dignity. On the firſt audience M. St Olon received, this Emperor was ſeated on the threſhold of the gate of his Alcaſſave, or palace, on a mat, without a carpet, with ſome Alcaids ſitting upon the bare ground, round him, who were without ſhoes; he had a dirty, ſnuffy, handkerchief over his face, and his legs and arms were bare. As an additional mark of his character, it may be added, his puniſhments were as capricious as they were cruel. He ſometimes ſent for the head of an Alcaid; at others, the meſſenger was to ſpit in his face; give him a box on the ear; or call him cuckold.

Various traits of the character of Muley Daiby are in this work given. According to Braithwaite, this Emperor was in perſon ſix feet ſix inches high, of a fierce and bloated countenance, much pitted with the ſmall pox, wanted his foreteeth, and was, altogether, very ugly. At Mr Ruſſel's firſt audience, he was ſo drunk he could ſcarcely hold up his head. All he ſaid was Buono, Buono; except giving orders that the Chriſtians ſhould have plenty of wine and roaſted pigs, both of which were his favourite luxuries, though both contrary to the Mahometan law. Had not this drunkenneſs rendered him incapable of all buſineſs, Mr Ruſſel's embaſſy, probably, would have been ſucceſsful; for he had gained his heart by the cheſts of Florence wine he had brought, one of which, it is ſaid, this Emperor and his firſt miniſter, a fat Negro, of monſtrous bulk, with two or three other drunken favourites, emptied in one night. After having drunken three or four flaſks himſelf, the Emperor took up another, and hugging it in his arms, pro-

proteſted the Chriſtian, who brought it, ſhould have whatever he came to aſk.

The qualities of his heart and mind were apparent in his youth. He one day met a Jew, and ſwore he would murder him if he did not drink all the brandy in his flaſk. To preſerve his life the man drank the liquor; and, had the Emperor (Iſhmael) paſſed that way, he would certainly have been killed for being drunk.

Another time he obliged a Spaniard and an Engliſhman to wreſtle, and took an oath to diſpatch him who was thrown, which fell to the lot of the Spaniard. He once made a grave oration to a monkey, reproving and informing him that monkeys were not good Muſſelmen, and particularly, that they had ſpilt cooſcooſoo, for which they had been metamorphoſed. (Such is the Mooriſh tradition.) Having ended his harangue, he drew his ſabre, and ſtruck off the head of the monkey.

To add any remarks concerning what the effects of ſuch a government, and ſuch governors, muſt be, were needleſs. The Moors perhaps are as capable as any nation of knowledge and wiſdom. At preſent, unhappily, they merit too well the name of Barbarians.

STORY *of the* UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR.

A Young man whoſe name was Roberts, was waiting at Marſeilles, till ſome paſſenger ſhould enter his boat that he might ferry him over. A perſon preſently came, but, as Roberts had not the air of a boatman, was going again, ſaying, ſince the boatman was not there, he would find another. I am the boatman, ſaid Roberts, where do you wiſh to go? I would be rowed round the harbour, ſaid the paſſenger, to enjoy the freſh air of this fine evening; but you have neither the manners nor the air of a mariner. I am not a mariner, ſaid Roberts, and only employ my time this way on Sundays and holidays, to get money. What, are you avaricious at your age? Ah, Sir, ſaid Roberts, if you knew my reaſon for thus employing myſelf, you would not ſuſpect me of ſo mean a vice. Well, *row* me where I have deſired, and be ſo good as to tell your reaſons. I have only one, but that is a dreadful one; my father is in ſlavery. In ſlavery! Yes, Sir; he was a broker in Marſeilles, and with the money which he and my mother, who is a milliner, had in many years been able to ſave, he purchaſed a part in a veſſel that traded to Smyrna: his deſire to enrich and make his children and his family happy, was ſo ſtrong, that he would go in the ſhip himſelf, to diſpoſe of his property to the beſt advantage: they were met and attacked by a corſair, and my father, among the reſt, was carried a ſlave to Tetuan: his ranſom is a thouſand crowns, but as he had exhauſted almoſt his whole wealth in that unfortunate adventure, we are very far from poſſeſſing ſuch a ſum. My mother and my ſiſters work day and night, and I do the ſame; I am an apprentice to a jeweller, and I endeavour, as you ſee, to profit likewiſe by the Sundays and holidays, when my maſter's ſhop is ſhut. I intended to have gone and freed my father, by exchanging myſelf for him, and was juſt about putting my project into execution, when my mother coming to the knowledge of it, aſſured me it was impracticable and dangerous, and forbad all the Levant Captains to take me on board. And do you ever receive news of your father? Do you know who is his maſter at Tetuan, and what treatment he meets with?

with? His master is intendant of the King's gardens; he is treated with humanity, and his labour is not beyond his strength, as he writes: But, alas! where are the comforts he used to find in the society of his dear wife, and three beloved children? What name does he go by at Tetuan? His name is Roberts; he has never changed his name, for he has no reason to be ashamed of it. Roberts; and his master is intendant of the King's gardens? Yes, Sir. I am affected by your misfortune, and I find your sentiments so noble and so virtuous, that I think I dare predict a happier fate to you hereafter, and I assure you, I wish you all the happiness you deserve: at present I am a little thoughtful, and I hope you will not think me proud because I am inclined to be silent: I would not be, nor be thought, proud, to such men as you. When it was dark, the passenger desired to be rowed to the shore, and as he stepped out of the boat, he threw a purse into it, and ran off with precipitation. The purse contained eight double louis d'ors, and ten crowns in silver. This generosity made the most lively impression upon Roberts, and it was with grief he beheld him run from him so swiftly, without staying to receive his thanks. Encouraged by this assistance, the virtuous family of the Robert's redoubled their efforts to relieve their common parent, and almost denied themselves a sufficiency of the most ordinary food.

Six weeks after, as the mother and the two daughters sat at dinner over a few chesnuts, bread and water, they saw Roberts, the father, enter. Imagine the excess of their joy, their transports, their astonishment. The old man threw himself into their arms, and thanked and kissed them ten thousand times for the fifty guineas which he had received after the purchase of his freedom, for the payment of his passage in the vessel, for the cloaths they had sent him, for all the exactness and care they had taken in every thing that related to his release, and safe return; he knew not how to repay so much zeal, so much love. The mother and the daughters listened, and looked with immoveable surprise at each other; at last the mother broke silence; her son had done it all, she said, though she knew not by what means; and related how from the first moment of his slavery, young Roberts would, had she not prevented him, have gone and taken his father's place; how the family had actually in the house above five hundred crowns towards his ransom, which had most of it been earned by the labours of young Roberts, &c. The father, on hearing this account, was instantly seized with a most painful suspicion, that his son had taken some dishonest method to release him; he could no way else account for it; he sent for his son. Unhappy young man, said he, what hast thou done? wouldst thou have me owe my deliverance to crimes and dishonour? thou wouldst not have kept thy proceedings secret from thy mother, had they been upright; I tremble to think, that so virtuous an affection as parental love should render thee guilty. Be calm, my father, answered the young man; your son, I hope, is not unworthy of you, nor is he happy enough to have procured your deliverance, and to prove how dear to him his father is: no, it is not me, it is, it must be our generous benefactor, whom I met in my boat; he, my mother, who gave us his purse: I'll search through the world but I'll find him; he shall come and see the happiness he is the author of. He then told his father the anecdote before related.

The elder Roberts, having so good a foundation to begin again, soon became rich enough to live at ease, and

and ſettle his children to his ſatisfaction, while the younger made every poſſible effort to diſcover their benefactor. After two years of fruitleſs ſearch, he at laſt met him walking alone on the beach of Marſeilles. He flew to throw himſelf at his feet, but his ſenſations were ſo ſtrong that he fainted. The ſtranger gave him every aſſiſtance, and a crowd of people preſently gathered round them. As ſoon as Roberts came to himſelf, he began to thank him, to call him the Saviour of his family, and to beg of him to come and ſee the happineſs he was the author of, and receive the bleſſings of thoſe whom he had greatly bleſſed. The ſtranger, however, pretended not to underſtand him, and the multitude becoming great by their contention, found an opportunity of mixing with them, and eſcaping from the importunities of Roberts. He was never ſeen or heard of afterwards by his grateful debtors: and though the ſtory was ſo extraordinary, it ſoon made its way through France, was never known till after his death, by his papers, when the famous and immortal MONTESQUIEU was found to be the perſon. The note for 7,500 livres was found, and Mr Mayn, banker of Cadiz, ſaid, he had received it of Monteſquieu, for the releaſe of a ſlave at Tetuan, of the name of Roberts; and it was known, that Monteſquieu uſed to viſit his ſiſter, Madam D'Hericourt, who was married and lived at Marſeilles.

An Account of the Earthquake at Liſbon. *upon the firſt of November* 1755; *now firſt publiſhed. From* Davy's *Letters on Subjects of Literature.*

(Continued from page 148.)

AMIDST this crowd I could not avoid taking notice of an old venerable Prieſt, in a ſtole and ſurplice, who, I apprehend, had eſcaped from St Paul's. He was continually moving to and fro among the people, exhorting them to repentance, and endeavouring to comfort them. He told them, with a flood of tears, that God was grievouſly provoked at their ſins, but that if they would call upon the Bleſſed Virgin, ſhe would intercede for them. Every one now flocked around him, earneſtly begging his benediction, and happy did that man think himſelf, who could get near enough to touch but the hem of his garment; ſeveral I obſerved had little wooden crucifixes, and images of Saints in their hands, which they offered me to kiſs; and one poor Iriſhman I remember held out a St Antonio to me for this purpoſe, and when I gently put his arm aſide, as giving him to underſtand, that I deſired to be excuſed this piece of devotion, he aſked me, with ſome indignation, whether I thought there was a God. I verily believe many of the poor bigotted creatures, who ſaved theſe uſeleſs pieces of wood, left their children to periſh. However, you muſt not imagine, that I have now the leaſt inclination to mock at their ſuperſtitions. I ſincerely pity them, and muſt own, that a more affecting ſpectacle was never ſeen. Their tears, their bitter ſighs and lamentations, would have touched the moſt flinty heart. I knelt down amongſt them, and prayed as fervently as the reſt, though to a much properer object, the only Being who could hear my prayers, or afford me any ſuccour.

In the midſt of our devotions, the ſecond great ſhock came on, little leſs violent than the firſt, and compleated the ruin of thoſe buildings which had been already much ſhattered. The conſternation now became ſo univerſal, that the ſhrieks and cries of *Miſerecordia* could be diſtinctly heard from the top of St Catharine's

hill, at a conſiderable diſtance off, whither a vaſt number of people had likewiſe retreated; at the ſame time we could hear the fall of the pariſh church there, whereby many perſons were killed on the ſpot, and others mortally wounded. You may judge of the force of this ſhock, when I inform you, it was ſo violent, that I could ſcarce keep on my knees, but it was attended with ſome circumſtances ſtill more dreadful than the former. On a ſudden I heard a general outcry, "The ſea is coming in, we ſhall all be loſt."—Upon this, turning my eyes towards the river, which in that place is near four miles broad, I could perceive it heaving and ſwelling in a moſt unaccountable manner, as no wind was ſtirring; in an inſtant there appeared, at ſome ſmall diſtance, a large body of water, riſing as it were like a mountain: it came on foaming and roaring, and ruſhed towards the ſhore with ſuch impetuoſity, that we all immediately ran for our lives as faſt as poſſible; many were actually ſwept away, and the reſt above their waiſt in water at a good diſtance from the banks. For my own part, I had the narroweſt eſcape, and ſhould certainly have been loſt, had I not graſped a large beam that lay on the ground, till the water returned to its channel, which it did almoſt at the ſame inſtant, with equal rapidity. As there now appeared at leaſt as much danger from the ſea as the land, and I ſcarce knew whither to retire for ſhelter, I took a ſudden reſolution of returning back, with my clothes all dropping, to the area of St Paul's: here I ſtood ſome time, and obſerved the ſhips trembling and toſſing about, as in a violent ſtorm: ſome had broken their cables, and were carried to the other ſide of the Tagus; others were whirled round with incredible ſwiftneſs: ſeveral large boats were turned keel upwards; and all this without any wind, which ſeemed the more aſtoniſhing. It was at the time of which I am now ſpeaking, that the fine new quay, built entirely of rough marble, at an immenſe expence, was entirely ſwallowed up, with all the people on it, who had fled thither for ſafety, and had reaſon to think themſelves out of danger in ſuch a place: at the ſame time a great number of boats and ſmall veſſels, anchored near it (all likewiſe full of people, who had retired thither for the ſame purpoſe) were all ſwallowed up, as in a whirlpool, and never more appeared.

This laſt dreadful incident I did not ſee with my own eyes, as it paſſed three or four ſtones' throws from the ſpot where I then was, but I had the account as here given from ſeveral maſters of ſhips, who were anchored within two or three hundred yards of the quay, and ſaw the whole cataſtrophe. One of them in particular informed me, that when the ſecond ſhock came on, he could perceive the *whole* city waving backwards and forwards, like the ſea when the wind firſt begins to riſe; that the agitation of the earth was ſo great, even under the river, that it threw up his large anchor from the mooring; which ſwam, as he termed it, on the ſurface of the water: that immediately upon this extraordinary concuſſion, the river roſe at once near twenty feet, and in a moment ſubſided; at which inſtant he ſaw the quay, with the whole concourſe of people upon it, ſink down, and at the ſame time every one of the boats and veſſels that were near it were drawn into the cavity, which he ſuppoſes inſtantly cloſed upon them, inaſmuch as not the leaſt ſign of a wreck was ever ſeen afterwards. This account you may give full credit to; for as to the loſs of the veſſels, it is confirmed by every body; and with regard to the quay, I went myſelf, a few days after, to convince myſelf of the truth, and could not find even the

ruins

ruins of a place, where I had taken ſo many agreeable walks, as this was the common rendezvous of the factory in the cool of the evening. I found it all deep water, and in ſome parts ſcarcely to be fathomed.

This is the only place I could learn which was ſwallowed up in or about Liſbon, though I ſaw many large cracks and fiſſures in different parts; and one odd phenomenon I muſt not omit, which was communicated to me by a friend who has a houſe and wine cellars on the other ſide the river, *viz.* that the dwelling-houſe being firſt terribly ſhaken, which made all the family run out, there preſently fell down a vaſt high rock near it; that upon this the river roſe and ſubſided in the manner already mentioned, and immediately a great number of ſmall fiſſures appeared in ſeveral contiguous pieces of ground, from whence there ſpouted out, like a *jet d'eau*, a large quantity of fine white ſand, to a prodigious height. It is not to be doubted the bowels of the earth muſt have been exceſſively agitated, to cauſe theſe ſurprizing effects; but whether the ſhocks were owing to any ſudden exploſion of various minerals mixing together, or to air pent up, and ſtruggling for vent, or to a collection of ſubterraneous waters forcing a paſſage, God only knows; as to the fiery eruptions then talked of, I believe they are without foundation, though it is certain I heard ſeveral complaining of ſtrong ſulphureous ſmells, a dizzineſs in their heads, a ſickneſs in their ſtomachs, and difficulty of reſpiration, not that I felt any ſuch ſymptoms myſelf.

I had not been long in the area of St Paul's, when I felt the third ſhock, which though ſomewhat leſs violent than the two former, the ſea ruſhed in again, and retired with the ſame rapidity, and I remained up to my knees in water, though I had gotten upon a ſmall eminence at ſome diſtance from the river, with the ruins of ſeveral intervening houſes to break its force. At this time I took notice the waters retired ſo impetuouſly, that ſome veſſels were left quite dry which rode in ſeven fathom water: the river thus continued alternately ruſhing on and retiring ſeveral times together, in ſuch ſort, that it was juſtly dreaded, Liſbon would now meet the ſame fate which a few years ago had befallen the city of Lima*; and no doubt had this place lain open to the ſea, and the force of the waves not been ſomewhat broken by the winding of the Bay, the lower parts of it at leaſt would have been totally deſtroyed.

The maſter of a veſſel, which arrived here juſt after the firſt of November, aſſured me, that he felt the ſhock above forty leagues at ſea ſo ſenſibly, that he really concluded he had ſtruck upon a rock, till he threw out the lead, and could find no bottom, nor could he poſſibly gueſs at the cauſe, till the melancholy ſight of this deſolate city left him no room to doubt of it. The two firſt ſhocks in fine were ſo violent, that ſeveral pilots were of opinion, the ſituation of the bar, at the mouth of the Tagus, was changed. Certain it is, that one veſſel attempting to paſs throngh the uſual channel, foundered, and another ſtruck on the ſands, and was at firſt given over for loſt, but at length got through. There was another great ſhock after this, which pretty much affected the river, but I think not ſo violently as the preceding, though ſeveral perſons aſſured me, that as they were riding on horſeback in the great road leading to Belem, one ſide of which lies open to the river, the waves ruſhed in with ſo much rapidity, that they were obliged to gallop as faſt as poſſible to the upper grounds, for fear of being carried away.

I was now in ſuch a ſituation, that

* This happened in 1746.

I knew not which way to turn myſelf: if I remained there, I was in danger from the ſea; if I retired further from the ſhore, the houſes threatned certain deſtruction; and, at laſt, I reſolved to go to the Mint, which being a low and very ſtrong building, had received no conſiderable damage, except in ſome of the apartments towards the river. The party of ſoldiers, which is every day ſet there on guard, had all deſerted the place, and the only perſon that remained was the commanding officer, a nobleman's ſon, of about ſeventeen or eighteen years of age, whom I found ſtanding at the gate. As there was ſtill a continued tremor of the earth, and the place where we now ſtood (being within twenty or thirty feet of the oppoſite houſes, which were all tottering) appeared too dangerous, the court yard likewiſe being full of water, we both retired inward to an hillock of ſtones and rubbiſh: here I entered into converſation with him; and having expreſſed my admiration that one ſo young ſhould have the courage to keep his poſt, when every one of his ſoldiers had deſerted theirs, the anſwer he made, was, *though he were ſure the earth would open and ſwallow him up, he ſcorned to think of flying from his poſt.* In ſhort, it was owing to the magnanimity of this young man, that the mint, which at this time had upwards of two millions of money in it, was not robbed; and indeed I do him no more than juſtice, in ſaying, that I never ſaw any one behave with equal ſerenity and compoſure, on occaſions much leſs dreadful than the preſent. I believe I might remain in converſation with him near five hours; and though I was now grown faint from the conſtant fatigue I had undergone, and having not yet broken my faſt, yet this had not ſo much effect upon me as the anxiety I was under for a particular friend, with whom I was to have dined that day, and who lodging at the top of a very high houſe in the heart of the city, and being a ſtranger to the language, could not but be in the utmoſt danger; my concern therefore for his preſervation, made me determine, at all events, to go and ſee what was become of him, upon which I took my leave of the officer.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Extract from Lady Craven's *Journey to* Conſtantinople.

(Concluded.)

Batchiſerai, April 8, 1786.

IN my way hither I dined at the Coſſack Chief's poſt—and my entertainment was truly Coſſack—A long table for thirty people—at one end a half-grown pig roaſted whole—at the other a half-grown ſheep, whole likewiſe—in the middle of the table an immenſe tureen of curdled milk—there were ſeveral ſide diſhes made for me and the Ruſſians, as well as the cook could imagine to our taſte——The old warrior would fain have made me taſte above thirty ſorts of wine from his country, the borders of the Don; but I contented myſelf with three or four, and ſome were very good. After dinner, from the windows I ſaw a fine mock battle between the Caſſacks; and I ſaw three Calmoucks, the ugliſt fierceſt looking men imaginable, with their eyes ſet in their noſe, and uncommonly ſquare jaw-bones--Theſe Calmoucks are ſo dexterous with bows and arrows, that one killed a gooſe at a hundred paces, and the other broke an egg at fifty —— The young Coſſack officers tried their ſkill with them, but they were perfectly novices in compariſon to them—they ſung and danced, but their ſteps and their tones were equally inſipid, void of grace and harmony.

When a Coſſack is ſick, he drinks ſour milk for a few days, and that is the

the only remedy the Coſſacks have for fevers.

Batcheſerai is ſituated in ſo ſteep a valley, that ſome of the hanging pieces of rock ſeem ready to fall and cruſh the houſes——About a mile from the town on the left, I ſaw a troop of well-dreſſed Tartars, there were above a hundred on horſeback; the Kaima-Kan * was at the head of this company, who were come out to meet and eſcort us, but I who did not know this, aſked the Governor if there was a Ruſſian poſt here; which there is above the town, of a thouſand men ——There are five thouſand Tartar inhabitants here; I do not believe there was a man left in his houſe, the ſtreets being lined with Tartarian men on each ſide; their countenances were very ſingular, moſt of them kept their eyes fixed on the ground, as we paſſed; but ſome juſt looked up, and, as if they were afraid of ſeeing a woman's face uncovered, haſtily caſt their eyes downward again; ſome diverted at the novelty, looked and laughed very much.

The Khan's palace is an irregular building, the greateſt part of it is one floor raiſed upon pillars of wood painted and gilt in a fanciful and lively manner; the arch, or laſt-door way, has fine proportions, a large inſcription in gilt letters is the chief ornament—I am told it was perfectly in ruins, but the governor has had it repaired, new gilt and painted for the Empreſs's reception——Court within court, and garden within garden, make a variety of apartments where the Khan walked from his own reſidence to the Harem †, which is ſpacious and higher than the other buildings—What I thought pretty enough was, that ſeveral of the ſquare places under his apartment were paved with marble, and have in the center fountains which play conſtantly—

I never ſaw ſuch a variety of colours—different coloured gold and ſilver mixed together——The Kaima-Kan, and two other principal Tartars, ſupped with us, and I find nothing can exceed the ignorance and ſimplicity of theſe people——The Kaima-Kan is the Khan's firſt miniſter.—He is totally ignorant of the geography of his own country; and ſays that England and Peterſburgh are the ſame thing ——

Sevaſtopole, April 12, 1786.

I muſt not forget to tell you that I went, as I told you I ſhould, to dine with the Kaima-Kan's ſiſter, whoſe harem, with her huſband's houſe, is ſituated in a very romantic manner at the foot of ſome very extraordinary rocks, from which iſſue many clear ſprings, that ſupply the houſes and her bath with perpetual freſh water; there is a ſtrange appearance on the ſummit of thoſe rocks, places where immenſe cables have certainly paſſed and been tied—The Tartarians inſiſt upon it that the ſea once lay at the foot of them--and ſhips were faſtened to them ——We dined in the huſband's apartment, a very dirty ſhabby place for ſo rich a gentleman—Tartarian cookery conſiſts in much greaſe and honey ——After dinner, the Kaima-Kan walked acroſs a yard and I was bid to follow. I did ſo into another court, where four women and ſome young girls met us, and laſt of all his ſiſter—her dreſs was magnificent, particular-

* That word means the Khan's firſt miniſter—a perſon called him Cream of Tartar—which I fearing he ſhould be told of, turned into the Cream of Tartars—which he ſaid was no wonder; as he was ſo——

† Harem means that apartment where the women reſide; which is always a ſeparate building from that which the maſter inhabits—and ſiſters, mothers, wives, or miſtreſſes all inhabit the Harem——

ly

ly her girdle, in the front of which were two circles like bracelet lockets; the centers of them contained two fine emeralds——She offered me a large goblet which held two quarts of ſherbet, an indifferent kind of lemonade—after that coffee, and laſt of all ſweet-meats———We converſed very well by ſigns, ſhe was neither old nor ugly; but how is it poſſible to judge of a countenance hid under bad painting, and eye-brows which join into one ſtraight line drawn acroſs the noſe——My gloves gave her the ſame uneaſy appearance I had ſeen in the other Tartarian woman, ſo I pulled them off, but ſhe was not ſo curious as the other, and it ſeemed to be a high entertainment to her brother to ſee us converſe by ſigns. I wore a *chemiſe* with two rows of very fine lace at the boſom, which I thought would ſurpriſe her; but lace, and every magnificence which is not gold, ſilver, pearl, or diamonds, I am told paſſes unnoticed——Linen is not much in uſe; their ſhifts, and the ſhirts of the men, are generally made of very thin ſilk, or ſilk mixed with cotton, which is ſeldom changed; but the very frequent uſe of baths makes this cuſtom leſs loathſome than it would otherwiſe be—When ſhe had quitted the harem, her brother ſtaid behind a little, and afterwards came up to me, kiſſed the bottom of my gown, and preſented me a very beautiful handkerchief of his ſiſter's embroidery, which the governor told me I muſt accept—I deſired the Kaima-Kan to thank her, and tell her I would keep it for her ſake—It is of muſlin, the borders embroidered with different coloured ſilks, and gold, and what I cannot comprehend, both ſides are the ſame———

I ſhould be glad you could ſee this place—From the ſingularity of the coaſt, the harbour is unlike any other I ever ſaw; it is a long creek that is formed by the Black Sea between two ridges of land, ſo high that The Glory of Catherine, one of the largeſt ſhips in the Ruſſian navy, which is at anchor here, cannot be ſeen, as the ſhore is above the pendant—The water is ſo deep that this ſhip touches the land ——All the fleets in Europe would be ſafe from ſtorms or enemies in theſe creeks or harbours, for there are many. Batteries at the entrance of them, on one ſide, would be ſufficient effectually to deſtroy any ſhips that would venture in, and placed towards the ſea muſt even prevent the entrance of a fleet——The Compte de Wynowitch commands here, and has a little farm at Inkerman, which muſt have once been a very conſiderable and extraordinary town; at preſent the only remains of it are rooms hewn out of the rock. Here is a large chapel, the pillars and altars of which are extremely curious; the ſtone is whitiſh and not unlike marble. I climbed up a ſtair-caſe, and crept into and out of very extraordinary ſpaces large and commodious; I entered at the bottom of theſe ſingular habitations, and like a chimney-ſweeper came out at the top; and though it coſt me not a little trouble in turning and climbing up ſo high, I had no idea I had mounted ſo much till on looking about me I turned quite giddy, in ſeeing the Bay of Inkerman and all the Black Sea, at leaſt two hundred and fifty feet beneath the the place where I ſtood———

MODERN MANNERS.

———*nec*
Parce cadis tibi deſtinatis,
Obliviſo lævia Maſſico
Ciboria exple :—— HOR.

A FOREIGNER of an intelligent and ſpeculative mind arriving in the metropolis of this country, will

will readily imagine, from that contempt of œconomy ſo viſible in its public buildings, and the ſplendour of equipages whirling paſt him in rapid ſucceſſion, that we are an opulent and luxurious people.

Should his introduction to its inhabitants be at the table of an eminent merchant or capital tradeſman, the glitter of the ſide-board, the numerous attendants, variety of wines, and delicacy of the viands, ſeem by no means calculated to weaken that opinion. But when at this ſumptuous board he finds the converſation turn entirely on hard times, heavy taxes, and ſcarcity of money, he will certainly ſuppoſe himſelf in the houſe of an undone Timon, who had collected the ſhattered remains of his once ſplendid fortune to furniſh forth to his friends a farewell entertainment.

I am an elderly man, and by forty years cloſe attention to buſineſs in the line of a broker, have acquired a decent competency, during the latter part of which time I have had leiſure to obſerve (with concern I confeſs) the rapid change in City manners; and as I have ſat at the table of Mr. Deputy Sugarcane, neither the *fumet* of the veniſon, nor the fragrance of the deſert, could eraſe the pleaſing remembrance of the plain joint and marrow-pudding once ſmoaking on the Sunday-board of his worthy father, whoſe plum, acquired by unremitting induſtry, was preſerved by decent frugality, although now reduced by the taſte and elegance of his ſon to ſomething leſs than twenty thouſand pounds. But while I lamented the progreſs of luxury in the capital, I did not conceive its enervating influence was ſo widely diffuſed over the remoter provinces, till neceſſity compelling me, for the firſt time, to take a journey into the North of England, I was convinced it loſt little by travel.

During my ſtay in the country, I received a *card* of invitation to dine with an old correſpondent, Mr. Jeremiah Huckaback, a perſon who from the ſmalleſt beginnings would have ſhortly realized the ſum of ten thouſand pounds in the double capacity of linen-draper and grocer, had he not unfortunately been ſeized with a diſorder too prevalent in this country called the *Politomania*, or, in other words, the ambition of making a genteel appearance.

After dreſſing myſelf as well as a traveller could, at three o'clock I proceeded to the houſe of my friend, who after a cordial reception, eſcorted me into a large room he had converted from a warehouſe into what he called a ſaloon, where we joined a numerous aſſemblage of his friends. After the uſual compliments and introductory converſation had paſſed, I ventured to caſt my eyes round the apartment, whoſe ſtuccoed walls were covered with portraits at full length, moſt of them in armour. Had I not been tolerably well acquainted with my friend's pedigree, I ſhould have venerated them as the warlike forms of his anceſtors; but a portly gentleman called Mr. Sago, obſerving my attention, took me aſide, and after ſeveral ſly hints of *fools and their money*, informed me, they were painted by one Vandyke, who lived in the reign of William the Conqueror; that Mr. Huckaback had purchaſed them at the extravagant price of half-a-guinea a head at the ſale of Sir Jehu Hazard's effects, a gentleman of ſpirit and family, who, notwithſtanding he had kept the very beſt of company, had lately condeſcended to accept an invitation to ſpend a ſeaſon with the governor of the county gaol. I could hardly preſerve my gravity at the ambitious introduction of my friend into this good company. Between two whiſkered viſages hung the ſmiling reſemblance of Captain Huckaback; for you muſt know that this town being within fifty miles of the

ſea,

ſea, my friend, who had been inſtrumental in raiſing, was complimented with the command of a martial phalanx, bound by the tie of honour alone to defend their wives and property from the depredations of thoſe unprincipled renegadoes Paul Jones and Luke Ryan.

His head, tho' not caſed in an helmet, looked very reſpectable in a large white wig in full buckle; his legs, that bore no *ſlender* reſemblance to two upright beer barrels ſupporting a hogſhead in the ſame poſition, were partly enveloped in ſhining gaiters. Beneath his double chin depended the glittering gorget; a crimſon ſaſh begirt his ample waiſt; and the judicious painter, to avoid all appearance of ſtiffneſs, had placed him in that poſition called by military men *ſtanding eaſy*. In about an hour a boy in livery came and announced dinner. On our entrance into the dining-room we were received with great ſtate by Madam Huckaback, dreſſed to the very height of the mode. She was ſupported by her youngeſt daughter Euphraſia (Clementina the eldeſt having run off with her papa's bookkeeper), and Mr. Marc Anthony Huckaback, a boy of fifteen years of age, her only ſon. This young gentleman had been named Antony, with the dignified addition of Marc, in compliment to his paternal grandpapa, an eminent dealer in linen, who ſo religiouſly adhered to the good old maxim of *keep your ſhop and your ſhop will keep you*, that he had borne his on his back through every county in England.

On the birth of her youngeſt daughter, Mrs. Huckaback inſiſted on a ſimilar compliment being paid to her family; but her mamma's name unfortunately happening to be Margery, which name was incapable of a poetical termination, Euphraſia was mutually agreed on, altho' not with all the effect expected. The neighbours, whenever they had occaſion to mention the lady, paſſed ſlightly over Miſs Euphraſia, but were ſure to compenſate for it by the ſtreſs they laid upon Huckaback.

The dinner was ſumptuous and well-arranged, but ill-cooked; for Madam was too much *du bon ton* to look into her kitchen. On the entrance of the deſert, the company began to find leiſure for converſation; and as moſt of them had been in trade, I fully expected a diſſertation on the Stocks, or a diſcuſſion of the Commercial Treaty, in which I flattered myſelf I ſhould make ſome figure. But to my ſurpriſe and mortification, I heard a diſcourſe, hardly intelligible, on the price of oats, the extraordinary qualities of a *bit of blood* then inhabiting our landlord's ſtable, and the chagrin Mr. Overſeer Cardamum muſt feel on being blackballed at the whiſt club held at the Pewter Platter. This converſation was indeed a little relieved by the remarks of the lady of the houſe, and the ſprightly ſallies of her ſon, who ſeemed to have little of the *mauvaiſe honte* in his compoſition. His father deſigned him for the law, and for that reaſon wiſhed he ſhould be made maſter of Latin; but his mamma, who inclined to the army, thought that a lad of his ſpirit ought to employ his *talons* in the ſervice of his country: indeed by his front he ſeemed equally qualified to ſhine at the bar, or at the head of a company of militia.

This difference of opinion occaſioned a little diſpute, in which Mr. Huckaback apprehending a defeat, was obliged to raiſe his voice and declare, that no man could be properly noticed by his ſuperiors without underſtanding Latin; but Mr. Knaveſmire aſſerting that Jack Sweepſtakes, who was the knowingeſt fellow in the world, underſtood Latin no more than the *Pope of Rome*, the army remained maſters of the field of battle,

battle, and Mrs. Huckaback retired with her daughter to trifle at whiſt for only half-crown points till evening, when both ladies were engaged to attend at Mrs. Dripping the tallow-chandler's lady's rout.

The gentlemen, according to a laudable Engliſh cuſtom, were now left to themſelves. Champaign, Madeira, and Sherry, flowed rapidly round. The company reaſſumed their former topic, except Marc Anthony, who hearing I was from London, choſe to attach himſelf to me; and I ſoon found his mamma had not over-rated his ſpirit and accompliſhments. He could ſpeak French ſufficiently to puzzle an Engliſhman who did not underſtand it; played a little on the violin, without ſubmitting to the drudgery of learning the gamut; and informed me, that after he and a party of his ſchoolfellows *had done the uſher over* at the alehouſe, he had rode a match with one of them for five guineas. Here he was interrupted in his ſtory by his papa's calling upon him for a ſentiment; but after he had given 'A Friend and a Bottle,' the jackanapes had the aſſurance to make me his confidant in an intrigue he had with his maſter's maid. By this time, to uſe Mr. Marc Anthony's phraſe, I was nearly *done over*, and took the firſt opportunity of leaving this very genteel company, and retiring to my inn; where being alone, I could not forbear reflecting on the abſurdity of a man in a middle line of life complaining of hard times, and at the ſame time entertaining his friends with all the extravagant luxury of a Lucullus.—Was a common tradeſman content to live as well and no better than an opulent merchant did fifty years ago; would his wife and daughters condeſcend to follow the example of the moſt exalted female in the kingdom; health, competence, and peace of mind would enſue. But that is generally the reſult of an attachment to preſent manners? The father ſtops payment; his creditors, exaſperated at his profuſion, refuſe to ſign his certificate, and conſign him to unavailing repentance in the King's-Bench, his wife left dependant on the precarious bounty of her former friends; his ſon either adds to the preſent alarming liſt of forgeries, or, if he is a man of ſpirit, exerciſes his gallantry on the road; the daughter, already infected by the poiſon of modern novels, falls an eaſy prey to the firſt ſeducer that promiſes to maintain her in her former affluence. It is with reluctance I trace her to the fatal day, when being abandoned by her lover, ſhe is left by an unpitying world to *feel* and deplore the ruinous conſequences of a modern education.

VIATOR.

ANECDOTES of Mrs. FRANCES BROOKE.

THIS lady, whoſe maiden name was Moore, was the daughter of a clergyman, and the wife of the Rev. John Brooke, Rector of Colney, in Norfolk; of St. Auguſtine, in the city of Norwich; and Chaplain to the Garriſon of Quebec. She was as remarkable for her gentleneſs and ſuavity of manners as for her literary talents. Her huſband died on the 21ſt of January laſt, and ſhe herſelf expired on the 26th of the ſame month, at Sleaford, where ſhe had retired to the houſe of her ſon, who has preferment in that country. Her diſorder was a ſpaſmodic complaint.

The firſt literary performance we know of her writing, was "The Old Maid," a periodical work, begun November 15, 1755, and continued every Saturday until about about the end of July 1756. Theſe papers have ſince been collected into one volume twelves. In the ſame

year (1756) ſhe publiſhed "Virginia," a tragedy, with Odes, Paſtorals, and Tranſlations," octavo. In the preface to this publication ſhe aſſigns, as a reaſon for its appearance, "that ſhe was precluded from all hopes of ever ſeeing the tragedy brought upon the ſtage, by there having been two * ſo lately on the ſame ſubject." "If her's," ſhe adds, "ſhould be found to have any greater reſemblance to the two repreſented, than the ſameneſs of the ſtory made unavoidable, of which ſhe is not conſcious, it muſt have been accidental on her ſide, as there are many perſons of very diſtinguiſhed rank and unqueſtionable veracity, who ſaw her's in manuſcript before the others appeared, and will witneſs for her, that ſhe has taken no advantage of having ſeen them. She muſt here do Mr. Criſp the juſtice to ſay, that any reſemblance muſt have been equally accidental on his part, as he neither did, nor could ſee her Virginia before his own was played; Mr. Garrick having declined reading her's till Mr. Criſp's was publiſhed." Prefixed to this publication were propoſals for printing by ſubſcription a poetical tranſlation, with notes, of Il Paſtor Fido, a work which probably was never compleated.

In 1763 ſhe publiſhed a novel, intitled, "The Hiſtory of Lady Julia Mandeville," concerning the plan of which there were various opinions, though of the execution there ſeems to have been but one. It was read with much avidity and general approbation. It has been often, however, wiſhed that the cataſtrophe had been leſs melancholy; and of the propriety of this opinion the authoreſs herſelf is ſaid to have been ſatisfied, but did not chuſe to make the alteration. In the ſame year ſhe publiſhed, "Letters from Juliet Lady Cateſby to her friend Lady Henrietta Campley," tranſlated from the French, 12mo.

She ſoon afterwards * went to Canada with her huſband, who was Chaplain to the Garriſon at Quebec, and there ſaw thoſe romantic ſcenes which are ſo admirably painted in her next work, entitled "The Hiſtory of Emily Montague," 4 vols. 12mo. 1769. The next year ſhe publiſhed "Memoirs of the Marquis of St. Forlaix," in 4 vols. 12mo. On her return to England accident made her acquainted with Mrs. Yates, and an intimacy was formed between them which laſted as long as that lived; and when ſhe died, Mrs Brooke did honour to her memory by a eulogium printed in the Gentleman's Magazize. If we are not miſtaken, Mrs. Brooke had with Mrs. Yates for a time ſome ſhare in the Opera Houſe. She certainly had ſome ſhare of the libellous abuſe which the management of that theatre during the above period gave birth to.

* Theſe were Virginia, by Mr. Criſp, acted at Drury-lane February 1754; and Appius, by Mr. Moncrief, acted at Covent-garden March 1755.

* The following anecdote has only newſpaper authority for its truth:—The evening before her departure to Canada, ſome friends met at her apartments to take their farewell. Miſs Hannah Moore, Miſs Seward, Mr. Keate, Dr. Johnſon, and Mr. Boſwell, were amongſt her viſitors. As Dr. Johnſon was obliged to leave the company early, he roſe, and wiſhing her health and happineſs, went ſeemingly away. In a few minutes a ſervant came to acquaint Mrs. Brooke that a gentleman in the parlor wiſhed to ſpeak with her. She accordingly went down ſtairs, where ſhe found the Doctor, who ſaid to her, "Madam, I ſent for you down ſtairs that I might kiſs you, which I did not chuſe to do before ſo much company."

We

We have already ſeen that her firſt play had been refuſed by Mr. Garrick. After the lapſe of ſeveral years ſhe was willing once more to try her fortune at the theatre, and probably relying on the influence of Mrs. Yates to obtain its repreſentation, produced a tragedy which had not the good fortune to pleaſe the Manager. He therefore rejected it, and by that means excited the reſentment of the authoreſs ſo much that ſhe took a ſevere revenge on him in a novel publiſhed in 1777, intitled "The Excurſion," in 2 vols 12mo. It is not certainly known whether this rejected tragedy is or is not the ſame as was afterwards acted at Covent-garden. If it was, it will furniſh no impeachment of Mr Garrick's judgment. It ought, however, to be added, that our authoreſs, as is ſaid, thought her invective too ſevere; lamented and retracted it.

In 1771 ſhe tranſlated "Elements of the Hiſtory of England, from the Invaſion of the Romans to the Reign of George II." from the Abbe Millot, in 4 vols. 12mo. In January 1781, the "Siege of Sinope," a tragedy, was acted at Covent-garden. This piece added but little to her reputation, though the principal characters were well ſupported by Mr. Henderſon and Mrs. Yates. It went nine nights, but never became popular; it wanted energy, and had not much originality; there was little to diſapprove, but nothing to admire.

Her next and moſt popular performance was "Roſina," acted at Covent-garden in December 1782. This ſhe preſented to Mr. Harris, and few pieces have been equally ſucceſsful. The ſimplicity of the ſtory, the elegance of the words, and the excellence of the muſic, promiſe a long duration to this drama. Her concluding work was "Marian," acted laſt year at Covent-garden with ſome ſucceſs, but very much inferior to Roſina.
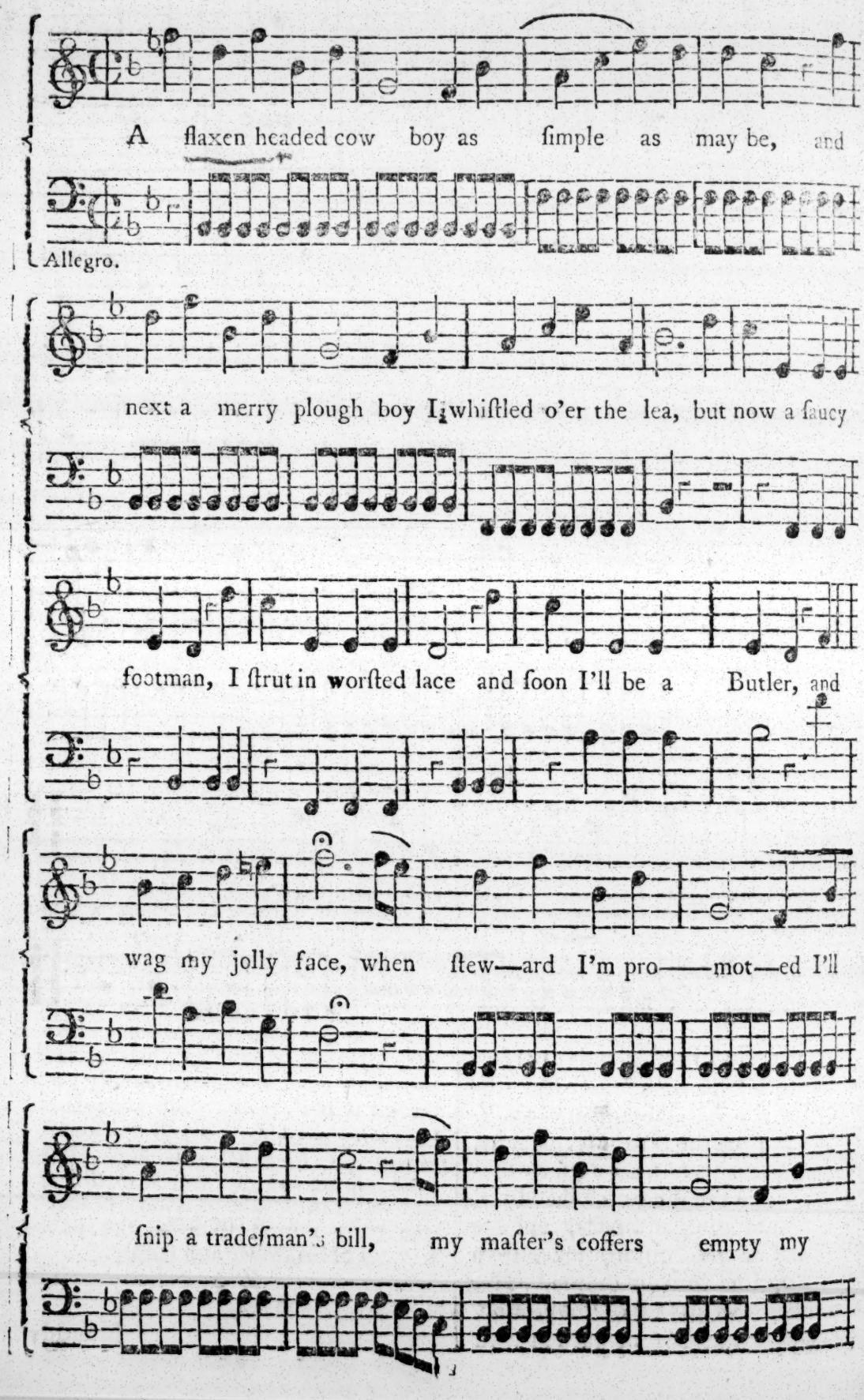
Mrs. Brooke is thus celebrated in Mr. Duncombe's FEMINEAD:
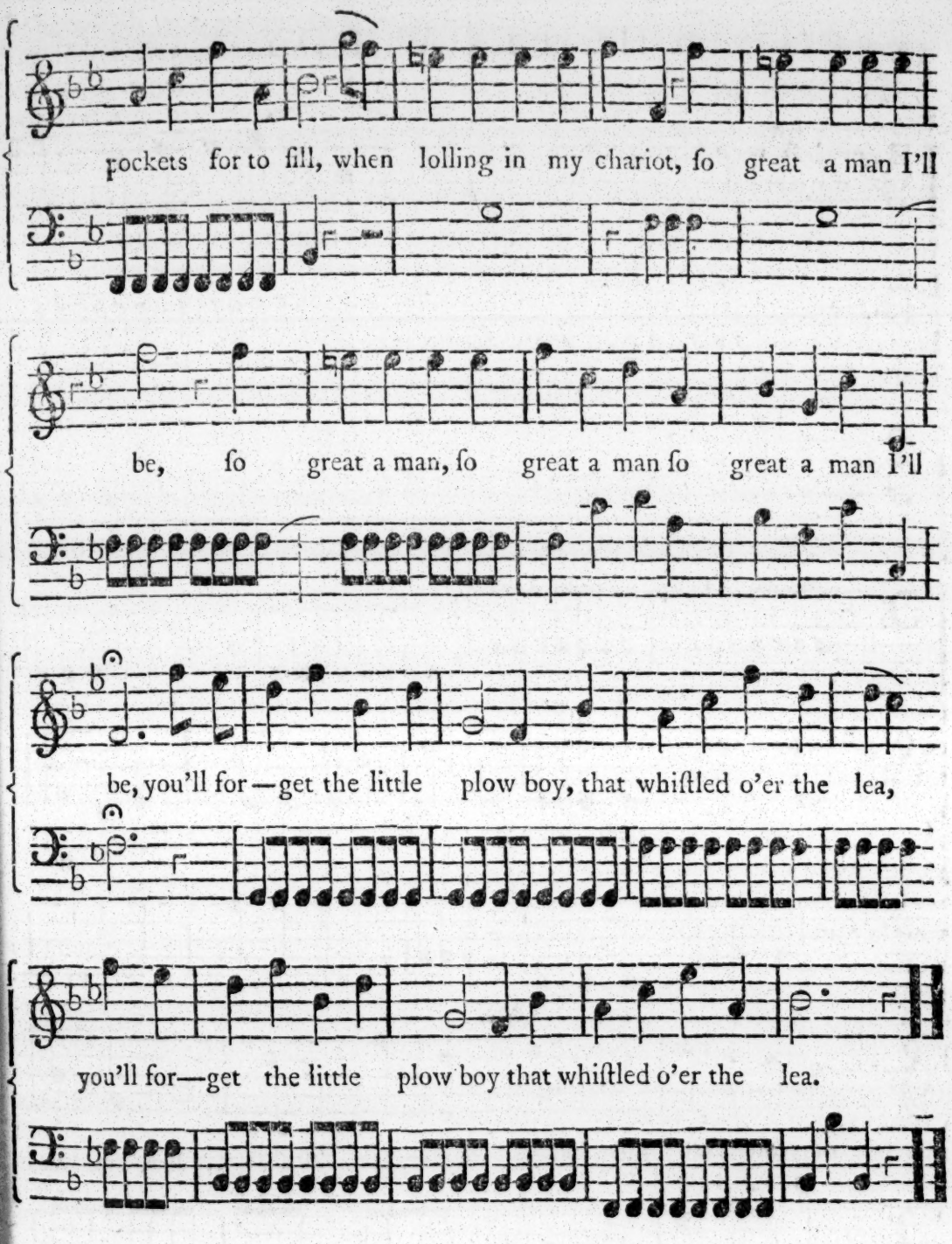
What magic powers in Celia's numbers dwell,
Which thus th' unpractis'd breaſt with ardour ſwell
To emulate her praiſe, and tune that lyre,
Which yet no bard was able to inſpire!
With tears her ſuffering Virgin we attend,
And ſympathize with father, lover, friend!
What ſacred rapture in our boſom glows,
When at the ſhrine ſhe offers up her vows!
Mild Majeſty and Virtue's awful power
Adorn her fall, and grace her lateſt hour.

Remarkable Inſtance of the Inſtability of Human Affairs.

LATELY died in Birmingham workhouſe, where he had found an aſylum for the laſt twelve years of his life, Richard Steynor, aged 78, ſon of Robert Steynor, of Droitwich, Eſq; who was nephew and heir of Sir Richard Steynor, ſo diſtinguiſhed for his defeat of the Spaniſh Plate Fleet off Cadiz; and for leading the van of the fleet under Blake, when the Spaniſh galleons were deſtroyed in the harbour of Santa Cruz. For theſe gallant actions he was firſt knighted by Oliver Cromwell, and afterwards by King Charles II. Robert Steynor, above-mentioned, was once poſſeſſed of 1000l. per annum, but engaging in a law-ſuit with the ſalt company of Droitwich, about a right to ſink for a ſalt ſpring upon his own freehold eſtate, by which (though he emancipated his neighbours, and reduced the price of ſalt from 2s. per buſhel to 4d. whereby government have been enabled to raiſe an amazing revenue,) he ruined himſelf and family; and this his only ſurviving child was ſuffered to end his days in a pariſh workhouſe, where the punctual diſcharge of the little offices the infirmities of old age had left him capable of doing, procured him more reſpect than all the public ſervices of his father and family.

THE PLOW BOY.


A flaxen headed cow boy as ſimple as may be, and
Allegro.
next a merry plough boy I whiſtled o'er the lea, but now a ſaucy
footman, I ſtrut in worſted lace and ſoon I'll be a Butler, and
wag my jolly face, when ſtew—ard I'm pro——mot—ed I'll
ſnip a tradeſman's bill, my maſter's coffers empty my



II.

I'll buy votes at Elections, but when I've made the pelf,
I'll ſtand poll for the Parliament, and then vote in myſelf.
Whatever's good for me, Sir, I never will oppoſe;
When all my Ayes are ſold off, why then I'll ſell my Noes;
I'll bawl, harangue, and paragraph, with ſpeeches charm the ear,
And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll ſit down a peer.
In Court or City honour ſo great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little Plow boy, that whiſtled o'er the lea.

Monthly Chronicle, and Review of Politics.

IN our laſt monthly Chronicle, p. 78. we gave the Limitations and Reſtrictions which a majority of Parliament judged neceſſary to be put upon the office of Prince Regent.

Jan. 29. A committee of both houſes waited upon the Prince of Wales with the addreſs of the houſes of Lords and Commons. His Royal highneſs was pleaſed to give the following anſwer.

My Lords and Gentleman,

" I think you for communicating to me the reſolutions agreed to by the two Houſes, and I requeſt you to aſſure them, in my name, that my duty to the King my father, and my anxious concern for the ſafety and intereſt of the people, which muſt be endangered by a longer ſuſpenſion of the Royal authority; together with my reſpect for the united deſires of the two Houſes, outweigh in my mind every other conſideration, and will determine me to undertake the weighty and important truſt propoſed to me, in conformity to the reſolutions now communicated to me.

" I am ſenſible of the difficulties that muſt attend the execution of this truſt, in the peculiar circumſtances in which it is committed to my charge; of which, as I am acquainted with no former example, my hopes of a ſucceſsful adminiſtration cannot be founded on any paſt experience. But confiding that the limitations on the exerciſe of the Royal authority, deemed neceſſary for the preſent, have been approved by the two Houſes, only as a temporary meaſure, founded on the loyal hope, in which I ardently participate, that his Majeſty's diſorder may not be of long duration; and truſting, in the mean while, that I ſhall receive a zealous and united ſupport in the two Houſes, and in the nation, proportioned to the difficulty attending the diſcharge of my truſt in this interval, I will entertain the pleaſing hope, that my faithful endeavours to preſerve the intereſts of the King, his Crown, and people, may be ſucceſsful."

Earl Waldgrave then reported, that the committee appointed by the two Houſes had waited upon her Majeſty with the addreſs, and that her Majeſty had returned the following moſt gracious anſwer:

My Lords and Gentlemen,

" My duty and gratitude to the King, and the ſenſe I muſt ever entertain, of my great obligations to this country, will certainly engage my moſt earneſt attention to the anxious and momentous truſt intended to be repoſed in me by Parliament. It will be a great conſolation to me to receive the aid of a council, of which I ſhall ſtand ſo much in need, in the diſcharge of a duty, wherein the happineſs of my futnre life is indeed deeply intereſted, but which a higher object, the happineſs of a great, loyal, and affectionate people, renders ſtill more important!"

Lord Camden in the houſe of pears, moved that letters patent be iſſued under the great ſeal to empower commiſſioners to open the parliament. The commiſſion was directed to the Prince of Wales, Dukes of York, Glouceſter, and Cumberland, the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, Lord Thurlow, Earl Camden, and the other great officers of State. On this the Duke of York deſired that his name and that of his royal brother and uncle ſhould not be inſerted in the commiſſion; and the Duke of Cumberland for himſelf made the ſame requeſt.

The great ſeal having been put to the commiſſion, Parliament proceeded to the conſideration of the regency bill, which was read, and carried to the houſe of peers for their concurrence. It was there debated, clauſe by

by clauſe; but the final ſettlement of it was ſtopped by his Majeſty's ſpeedy convaleſcence, which being pronounced by the phyſicians, was notified to the houſe by the Chancellor on the 19th of February, who moved to adjourn till Tueſday following, the 24th.

Feb. 24. A further adjournment till Monday March 3.

March 2. A further adjournment till Thurſday March 5.

March 5, Adjournment till Tueſday March 10.

His Majeſty's health being, to the univerſal joy and happineſs of the nation, quite reſtored, the neceſſity of a regency quite done away, and government returned to its proper channel, the Parliament was opened on Tueſday the 10th of March, by Commiſſioners from his Majeſty. The houſe of Commons being ſummoned in the uſual manner to attend the houſe of Peers, the Lord Chancellor ſaid,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

His Majeſty not thinking fit to be preſent here this day in his Royal perſon, has been pleaſed to cauſe a commiſſion to be iſſued under his Great Seal, authoriſing and commanding the Commiſſioners, who are appointed by former letters patent, to hold this Parliament, to open and declare certain further cauſes for holding the ſame: Which commiſſion you will now hear read.

And the ſame being read accordingly, the Lord Chancellor then ſaid,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

IN obedience to his Majeſty's commands, and by virtue of both commiſſions already mentioned to you, (one of which has now been read) we proceed to lay before you ſuch further matters as his Majeſty has judged proper to be now communicated to his Parliament.

His Majeſty being, by the bleſſing of Providence, happily recovered from the ſevere indiſpoſition with which he has been afflicted; and being enabled to attend to the public affairs of his kingdom, has commanded us to convey to you his warmeſt acknowledgments for the additional proofs which you have given of your affectionate attachment to his perſon, and of your zealous concern for the honour and intereſts of his Crown, and the ſecurity and good government of his dominions.

The interruption which has neceſſarily been occaſioned to the public buſineſs will, his Majeſty doubts not, afford you an additional incitement to apply yourſelves, with as little delay as poſſible, to the different objects of national concern which require your attention.

His Majeſty has likewiſe ordered us to acquaint you, that, ſince the cloſe of the laſt ſeſſion, he has concluded a treaty of defenſive alliance with his good brother the King of Pruſſia, copies of which will be laid before you: That his Majeſty's endeavours were employed, during the laſt ſummer, in conjunction with his allies, in order to prevent, as much as poſſible, the extenſion of hoſtilities in the north, and to manifeſt his deſire of effecting a general pacification: That no opportunity will be neglected, on his part, to promote this ſalutary object; and that he has, in the mean time, the ſatisfaction of receiving, from all Foreign Courts, continued aſſurances of their friendly diſpoſitions to this country.

Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,

We are commanded by his Majeſty to acquaint you, that the eſtimates for the current year will forthwith be laid before you; and that he is perſuaded of your readineſs to make the neceſſary proviſions for the ſeveral branches of the public ſervice.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

We have it particularly in charge from his Majeſty to aſſure you, that you cannot ſo effectually meet the moſt earneſt wiſh of his Majeſty's heart, as by perſevering in your uniform exertions for the public welfare, and by improving every occaſion to promote the proſperity of his faithful people from whom his Majeſty has received ſuch repeated and affecting marks of invariable zeal, loyalty, and attachment, and whoſe happineſs he muſt ever conſider as inſeparable from his own.

A motion for an addreſs to his Majeſty was made in both houſes, and carried unanimouſly.

On

On this happy occaſion, the cities of London and Weſtminſter were illuminated in a manner ſurpaſſing all deſcription for grandeur and magnificence. Not only the metropolis, but every town and village in the kingdom ſeemed to vie with each other, who ſhould teſtify their loyalty in the moſt conſpicuous manner.

IRELAND.

The ſettlement of a Regency, which in England was the labour of ſome months, was diſcuſſed in a few days.

Parliament agreed, by a majority of 19 in the houſe of peers, and 59 in the houſe of commons, to addreſs the Prince to take upon him the Regency of Ireland, without any reſtriction whatever, but with all the powers, prerogatives, and juriſdictions belonging to the crown and government thereof.

The Lord Lieutenant having declined tranſmitting the addreſs, Parliament appointed Deputies to preſent it to his Royal Highneſs; theſe were, the Duke of Leinſter and Lord Charlemont from the Peers, and Meſſ. Conolly, O'Neill, Ponſonby, and Stuart, from the Commons, who arrived in London the 26th of February, and next day waited on the Prince of Wales with their addreſs, to which his Royal highneſs made the following anſwer.

" *My Lords and Gentlemen,*

" The addreſs from the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons of Ireland, which you have preſented to me, demands my warmeſt and earlieſt thanks. If any thing could add to the eſteem and affection I have for the people of Ireland, it would be the loyal and affectionate attachment to the perſon and government of the King my father, manifeſted in the addreſs of the two Houſes.

What they have done, and their manner of doing it, is a new proof of their undiminiſhed duty to his Majeſty, of that uniform attachment to the Houſe of Brunſwick, and their conſtant care and attention to maintain inviolate the concord and connection between the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, ſo indiſpenſibly neceſſary to the proſperity, the happineſs, and the liberties of both.

If in conveying my grateful ſentiments on their conduct, in relation to the King my father, and to the intereſt of the two kingdoms, I find it impoſſible to expreſs adequately my feelings; on what relates to myſelf, I truſt you will not be leſs diſpoſed to believe, that I have an underſtanding to comprehend the value of what they have done, an heart that muſt remember, and principles that will not ſuffer me to abuſe their confidence.

But the fortunate change which has taken place in the circumſtance which gave occaſion to the addreſs agreed to by the Lords and Commons of Ireland, induces me to delay for a few days giving a final anſwer, truſting, that the joyful event of his Majeſty's reſuming the perſonal exerciſe of the Royal authority, may then render it only neceſſary for me to report thoſe ſentiments of gratitude and affection to the loyal and generous people of Ireland, which I feel indelibly imprinted on my heart."

Tueſday March 10. the Commiſſioners from Ireland waited on the Prince of Wales, at Carleton Houſe, to take leave of his Royal Highneſs, and to receive his final anſwer reſpecting the addreſs from the Parliament of that country.

The ſubſtance of the Prince's anſwer was to thank them for the very friendly manner of conveying the ſentiments of the two Houſes—to congratulate the kingdom on the event that made his acceptance of the propoſed meaſure no longer neceſſary—to recommend concord between the two countries, as the chief ſource of mutual ſtrength—and finally to expreſs his grateful ſatisfaction that the Parliament of Ireland ſhould ſo laudably

laudably endeavour to preserve the King's prerogative from being diminished.

The Commissioners, with the Noblemen and Gentlemen who were present, after partaking of a cold collation prepared for them, took leave of his Royal Highness, and departed for Ireland this morning.

MINUTES OF HIS MAJESTY'S INDISPOSITION;

(Continued from vol. 1. p. 824.)

Dec. 30. Not a good night, but calm this morning.

31. Little sleep in the night; this morning as usual.

Jan. 1. Many hours yesterday in a good state; this morning better than usual.

2. Quiet as before; good night; in a comfortable way this morning.

3. Passed the day quietly yesterday; disturbed evening; good rest; calm morning.

4. Four hours sleep; comfortable this morning.

5. Less tranquil last night; three hours sleep; in a state of tranquillity this morning.

6. Quiet yesterday; little disturbed evening; good night; and calm morning.

7. Good night; calm morning.

8. Very composed yesterday; good night; quiet this morning.

9. Very composed yesterday; good night; and calm this morning.

10. Quiet yesterday; not a good night; quiet this morning.

11. Unquiet last night; tranquil this morning.

12. Some sleep in the night; quieter than yesterday.

13. Seven hours and a half sleep; not unquiet this morning.

14. Three hours sleep at intervals; and not unquiet this morning.

15. Four hours sleep; quiet the rest of the night: not calm this morning.

16. Quiet evening yesterday; four hours and a half sleep; and is as he was yesterday morning.

17. Restless night; not calm this morning.

18. Calm before noon yesterday; remarkably composed the rest of the day; slept seven hours; but is as usual this morning.

19. Passed great part of yesterday in composure; restless night; not calm morning.

20. Good night; not quiet this morning.

21. Eight hours and a half sleep; not quiet this morning.

22. Quiet yesterday evening; disturbed night; not calm this morning.

23. Not calm yesterday; good night; more calm this morning than yesterday.

24. Quiet yesterday; four hours sleep in the night; not quiet this morning.

25. More calm than usual yesterday even; good night; not unquiet morning.

26. Quiet yesterday; three hours and a half sleep; not quiet this morning.

27. Much disturbed yesterday; restless night; not quiet this morn.

28. Quiet yesterday; good night; quiet this morning.

29. Passed the day without irritation yesterday; very good night; calm this morning.

30. Restless night, unquiet this m.

31. Quiet yesterday, good night, as usual this morning.

Feb. 1. Passed yesterday quietly, good night, quiet this morning.

2. As yesterday.

3. Passed yesterday quietly, good night, and much as usual this morn.

4. Passed yesterday quietly, a very good night, and calm this morning.

5. Composed yesterday, a good night, and quiet this morning.

6. Passed yesterday quietly, four hours and a half sleep, and not unquiet this morning.

7. Paſſed yeſterday in a compoſed manner, a very good night, and compoſed this morning.

8. Continued in a compoſed ſtate yeſterday, a very good night, and calm this morning.

9. Quiet yeſterday, a good night, quiet this morning.

10. Paſſed yeſterday in a ſtate of compoſure, had four hours ſleep, and more than uſual recollection this morning.

11. Continued in the ſame ſtate of compoſure as yeſterday, had a very good night, and is better this morning than yeſterday.

12. In a progreſſive ſtate of amendment.

13. His Majeſty had four hours ſleep in the night, and is going on very well this morning.

14. In a gradual ſtate of amendment.

15. His Majeſty had a very good night, and continues in a ſtate of improvement.

16. Making a progreſs in amendment.

17. In a ſtate of amendment for ſome time paſt, and now in a ſtate of convaleſcence.

18. Proceeds in a fair way of recovery.

19. Continues to advance in recovery.

20. Makes daily progreſs in recovery.

21. His M. happily advances in recovery.

22. Uninterrupted progreſs in recovery.

23. Still advances towards recovery.

24. That advancement ſtill continues.

25. Progreſs to recovery for ſome time gradual and regular; and his M. appears this morning to be free from complaint.

26. An entire ceſſation of illneſs,

Feb. 27. His Majeſty continues FREE FROM COMPLAINT.

Feb. 28. By his Majeſty's command, the phyſicians report diſcontinued from this day.

A Form of Prayer and Thankſgiving to Almighty God.

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all comforts, and the ſtrength of thoſe who put their truſt in thee, we proſtrate ourſelves before thy divine Majeſty, and humbly preſume to offer up our prayers and thankſgivings for thy mercy vouchſafed to our moſt gracious Sovereign.

"Thou haſt raiſed him from the bed of ſickneſs; thou haſt again lifted up the light of thy countenance upon him, and bleſſed him with ſure truſt and confidence in thy protection. Confirm, O Lord, we beſeech thee, the reliance which we have on the continuance of thy goodneſs; and ſtrengthen and eſtabliſh in him, if it be thy good pleaſure, the work of thy mercy.

"Grant that he may lead the reſidue of his life in thy fear, and to thy glory; that his reign may be long and proſperous; and that we, his ſubjects, may ſhew forth our thankfulneſs for thy loving-kindneſs, and for all the bleſſings which, through his juſt and mild government, thou beſtoweſt upon us. To this end may we be enabled, by thy grace, to maintain a deep and lively ſenſe of thy good Providence, to pay due obedience to his lawful authority, to live in Chriſtian charity towards each other, and to walk before thee in all virtuous and godly living.

"Finally, We pray thee to keep him in perpetual peace and ſafety; and to grant, that, this life ended, he may dwell with thee in life everlaſting, through Jeſus Chriſt, our Lord and Saviour. Amen."

[London Gazette.

Form

Form of Prayer compoſed by Biſhop Skinner, uſed in the Chapels of the Scotch Epiſcopal Churches under the Biſhop's inſpection.

O Almighty and moſt merciful Lord God, who art the gracious hearer of prayer, and knoweſt what is good for man in all conditions of life: We thine unworthy ſervants, who lately appeared before thee, with fervent ſupplications for our afflicted Sovereign, deſire now, with thankful hearts, to bleſs thy holy name, for lending a gracious ear to our petitions. In the time of trouble we called upon thee, O Lord, and thou haſt heard us. All glory be to thee, our reconciled God, who haſt not rejected the prayers of thy ſervants, nor turned thy face away in diſpleaſure. Accept now, we humbly beſeech thee, this public tribute of thanks and praiſe, for the King's recovery, and the happy proſpect of his renewed ability for diſcharging the important truſt committed to him. In all that he has to do, for thy glory and the welfare of his people, let thy wiſdom be his guide, and let thine arm ſtrengthen him. Preſerve him long in health of body and vigour of mind, for a bleſſing to theſe kingdoms, and a comfort to thoſe of his own houſe.

Continue thy mercy and loving kindneſs to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family. Defend them from all the evils and dangers of this mortal ſtate, and endue them with every grace and virtue, ſuitable to the exalted ſtation, in which thy providence has placed them.

We make alſo our ſupplications to thee, O Lord, for all that are in authority under our King and Governor, eſpecially thoſe to whom he has committed the chief management of the national affairs; that thou wouldſt be pleaſed to direct and proſper their adminiſtration for the public good, and grant that all things may be ſo ordered and ſettled, for the ſafety, honour, and welfare of our Sovereign and his kingdoms, that under him his dutiful ſubjects may lead quiet and peaceable lives, in all godlineſs and honeſty: for this is acceptable to thee, our God and Saviour. So we that are thy people, and the ſheep of thy paſture, will be always giving thee thanks, and ſhewing forth thy praiſe, O bleſſed JESUS, who liveſt and reigneſt, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

ODE *on his* MAJESTY'*s happy Recovery.*

Hic dies vere mihi feſtus, atras
Eximet curas: ego nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Cæſare terras.

HORACE.

BRITONS rejoice, your pray'rs are heard,
Pray'rs for your ſuff'ring King preferr'd
To Heav'n's Almighty Pow'r;
Let ev'ry loyal heart rejoice,
Each loyal Muſe exert her voice,
To hail the happy hour.
Britannia's Guardian Angel brings
Health, reaſon, comfort on his wings,
To ſoothe the Royal breaſt;
Sweet peace of mind again returns,
No more the raging fever burns,
That robb'd his ſoul of reſt.
" My Lord! my Life! " his Conſort cries,
While tears of rapture from her eyes,
Love's trueſt language, ſtart;
" Thus do I claſp—too happy Queen!
" With health reſtor'd, and mind ſerene,
" The Monarch of my heart?"
His royal offſpring to his knees
Clinging

Clinging with ſpeechleſs joy he ſees,
And raiſes with a ſmile.
Long ſuch endearments may he prove!
Long may his Queen's and children's
The cares of State beguile! (love
The nation ſhares the gen'ral joy,
Swiftly the happy tidings fly
Britannia's ſhores around;
O'er hill and dale, o'er earth and air,
Glad echoes on their pinions bear
The animating ſound.
Thrice honour'd WILLIS! 'tis to thee
Our warmeſt praiſe is due; and ſee!
A grateful nation brings
A Civic Wreath to grace that brow,
To whoſe ſagacity we owe
The kindeſt, beſt of KINGS.
Now, huſh'd for ever be the name
Of Faction; and the gen'rous flame
Of Patriots brighter glow!
No ſtrife or conteſt now be known,
But who ſhall firſt approach the throne
Their loyalty to ſhew.
Foremoſt in love as well as place,
Go, PRINCE, the bleſs'd occaſion grace
With filial ſmiles ſincere;
With ſweet humanity reſign
The ſceptre that was *almoſt* thine,
And Heav'n's decrees revere.
Th' immortal Pow'r that reigns on high,
For ends no mortal can deſcry,
Our ſev'ral taſks ordains;
Tis thine, perhaps, to rule to-day;
To-morrow, with unrivall'd ſway,
Thy Sire reſumes the reins*.
Yet ſigh not, Prince; thy filial love
Shall to thy future ſubjects prove
An earneſt of delight;
When full of glory, full of days,
Heav'n calls him hence, a nation's praiſe
Thy virtue ſhall requite.

State of Affairs Aboard.

Though the carnage of war ſeems for the preſent to be ſuſpended, the preparations for renewing it are every where revived.

On the 20th paſt, his Swediſh Majeſty had a meeting with the magiſtrates, and 50 Antients of the citizens at the Town-hall in Stockholm, in which they mutually agreed to defend the State againſt the attacks of the common enemy. The above parties have never before met, ſince the time of the memorable revolution about 16 years ago, in that country.

In conſequence of the above meeting, the preparations for war have attained freſh vigour, and a courier has been ſent to Copenhagen, with letters addreſſed immediately to his Daniſh Majeſty, which cauſed a viſible commotion at that Court.

In the mean time, M. de Kahitchoff, the Ruſſian Miniſter at the Hague, having demanded of the States General, if they had authoriſed Mr. Elliott, the Britiſh Miniſter at Copenhagen, to uſe threats when he addreſſed the Prince of Heſſe, Commander of the auxiliary troops of Denmark, is ſaid to have received for anſwer, that their High Mightineſſes intention in offering their mediation to the Empreſs and to the King of Sweden, was friendly, and made only with a view to accelerate the negociation for peace, as much as it could depend upon their efforts; and that poſitive orders had been given to the Dutch Miniſter (the Baron de Nagel) at the Court of London, to complain if the Britiſh miniſter had exceeded his commiſſion: upon the whole, there is little doubt of the war being proſecuted with vigour in this quarter, the moment the term of the truce is expired.

The conqueſt of Ockzakow, by the ſacrifice of *only* 12,000 men, has been repreſented ſo *glorious* for the Ruſſians, that her Imperial Majeſty is levying troops throughout her immenſe empire, in order to carry on the war. Highly incenſed againſt the

* Of Government.

the Poliſh republick, ſhe has ventured to quarter troops in one part of the Poliſh territories, and to excite diſturbances in another.

In the mean time his Pruſſian Majeſty, whoſe coffers are full, and whoſe troops are in the beſt condition, uſes every incitement to enſpirit the Polanders to rouſe from their lethargy, and by their exertions ſeize the opportunity which now offers to recover their rank in the general ſyſtem of Europe.

The Emperor, perhaps a little piqued at the unexpected ſucceſs of the Ruſſian General Potemkin, whom he had held cheap as a warrior, has notwithſtanding been obliged to temporize, and to ſend a deputation to Peterſburg, to congratulate her Imperial Majeſty on the important conqueſt of Ockzakow; and even to invite the great officers of ſtate and of war to a grand muſical concert on the occaſion, in which the portrait of the Empreſs was expoſed to public view, crowned with green laurels, and illuminated with great taſte and magnificence. The next day Te Deum was ſung, and every outward demonſtration of joy was exhibited, though its ſincerity was not without ſuſpicion. Be that as it may, his Imperial Majeſty is inceſſantly employed in deviſing the means of opening the enſuing campaign early, with the whole force of his empire.

The Marquis de B——'s affair.—He had left three bills in his pocket; his valet only found two, which he brought to his maſter. 'Give me the other,' ſaid the Marquis. The man proteſted there were but two. 'I allow you but one inſtant,' ſaid the young gentleman, contracting his brows, 'to produce me the third. 'I know nothing of it.' The Marquis immediately drew a piſtol, and lodged its ball in the poor man's body! He fell! but as he breathed, the young hero was not ſatisfied, he therefore run his ſword through him twice, and ſtamped upon his body. The ſervant was ſuppoſed to be dead, when his waſher-woman brought the third bill. She had found it as ſhe was going to throw his waiſtcoat into her tub. The Marquis poſted to Verſailles, where he found the King already informed of the affair. 'I can forgive,' ſaid the King, 'the effect of a momentary violence of 'temper, but never aſſaſſination!' The poor wounded wretch is dead; but the family of the Marquis have influence enough to attempt his pardon, and perhaps obtain it.

EDINBURGH,

March 10. Died at Edinburgh, Sir Charles Douglas, Bart. Rear Admiral of the Blue. This gallant officer was deſcended from an ancient and reſpectable family in the county of Fife. His ſervices are well known to all who are acquainted with the Naval Hiſtory of Great Britain. He had a conſpicuous ſhare in many of the moſt brilliant actions of the two laſt wars. In the beginning of May 1776, when the river St Lawrence was frozen up, he forced his way in the Iſis man of war, for fifty or ſixty leagues, through thick fields of ice, and relieved Quebec, then beſieged by the Americans. By this wonderful exertion, executed under circumſtances of the moſt imminent danger, and which would have appalled a mind of leſs vigour and enterprize, the province of Canada was ſaved. For this great ſervice, Capt Douglas was created a Baronet of Great Britain—but the moſt important benefit he did his country was in the celebrated battle on the 12th of April 1782, when Admiral Rodney defeated the French fleet in the Weſt Indies. Sir Charles Douglas acted as firſt Captain on board the Admiral's ſhip, and the victory, on that glorious day, was, in a great meaſure, attributed to his conduct and ſkill, and it has been aſſerted, that, if his advice had been followed, to purſue the crippled enemy, the whole of the French fleet would have been captured or deſtroyed. In 1787, Sir Charles was created a Rear Admiral of the Blue, with a view to command a fleet, which was to have been ſent to the coaſt of Holland, if war had then broke out with France—and he was lately appointed to the command on the Halifax ſtation, for which a fleet is now fitting out.

The

THE following are the appointments for the enſuing Spring Circuits—
SOUTH—*Lord Juſtice Clerk* and *Lord Hailes.*
Ayr, Wedneſday, April 8.
Dumfries, Monday, April 13.
Jedburgh, Saturday, April 18.
NORTH—*Lords Henderland* and *Swinton.*
Perth, Wedneſday, May 6.
Inverneſs, Tueſday, May 12.
Aberdeen, Tueſday, May 19.
WEST—*Lords Eſkgrove* and *Stoneſield.*
Stirling, Tueſday, April 14.
Glaſgow, Saturday, April 18.
Inverary, Friday, April 24.

ABERDEEN.

Died in Hanover Pariſh, Jamaica, Dec. 13, 1788, univerſally lamented, Doctor Robert Brands of the Iſland of Jamaica, youngeſt ſon of Mr James Brands deceaſed of Ferry Hill.

On Friday February 20th ult. died Mr William Nicoll, advocate in Aberdeen.

Extract of a letter from Huntly, February 16th.

Yeſterday two men being in great danger fording Divron at Artlach, about two miles above Huntly; one James Machatly, whoſe wife's burial they were going to attend, jumped into the water to their aſſiſtance, and brought one of the men ſafe out; after which he went in again to endeavour to reſcue the other. He got hold of him, and was doing what he could to bring him out, but the water bore them both down and ſeparated them. By the aſſiſtance of a dog belonging to a gentleman near the place who happened to be at hand, the man who was firſt in danger was brought out alive, and is in a ſafe way. The dog was put in again to the water, but after ſeveral ſtruggles, loſing ſight of the man, came out of the water without him. He was taken out dead a conſiderable diſtance below where he went into the water. Medical aſſiſtance was immediately ſent for from Huntly, but without effect.

What makes the above ſtill more mentable, the man's wife who was drowned, was only delivered of a child about three weeks ago, which with other ſeven are now left without parents.

Fiars for Kincardine, Crop 1788.

	L.		
The price of the boll of Oat. meal,	6	16	0
White Oats with Fodder,	7	16	0
Ditto without Fodder,	6	18	0
Brocked Oats with Fodder,	6	12	0
Ditto without Fodder,	5	14	0
Bear with Fodder,	8	0	0
Ditto without Fodder,	6	12	0
Peaſe with Fodder,	8	0	0
Ditto without Fodder,	6	6	0
Wheat,	12	12	0

All Scotch Money.

JOHN BURNETT, Sh. Clk. Dep.

On Wedneſday February 11th died, Alexander Milne of Crimonmogate, Merchant in this place.

On Sunday February the 8th curt. the King's boat belonging to this place, ſailed from Colliſton, and ſoon after overſet in a hard gale of wind. The crew of the boat conſiſted of ſeven men, and a fiſherman paſſenger, all of whom periſhed. They left 7 widows and families in the moſt diſtreſsful circumſtances. Subſcriptions are ſet on foot in this place for their relief, and we truſt the bare narration of this melancholy event will be ſufficient to call forth the exertions of that eminently conſpicuous. The names of the unfortunate men are, W. Milne, R. Maſſon, A. Anderſon, R. Lyal, W. Paterſon, G. Adams, and J. Baxter, boatmen; and one Philp, a fiſherman, paſſenger.

Feb. 6th died at Manſe of Auchterleſs, Mrs Sarah Gee, ſpouſe to the Rev. Mr Alexr. Roſe, miniſter of Auchterleſs.

On Saturday March 7th curt. Alexander Duthie Eſq; of Ruthrieſ-

on

on, Advocate in Aberdeen, was elected Preſident of the incorporated ſociety of Procurators in this place, in the room of Mr William Nicol deceaſed.

ABERDEENSHIRE FIARS.

Extract fiars of the victual underwritten for crop and year 1788, made up in preſence of the Sheriff, upon the 25th of February 1789.

	Sterling. L.	Sh.	D.
Price of the Boll of			
Great oats with fodder		14	
Ditto without fodder		10	6
Brocked oats with fodder		12	
Ditto without fodder		9	
Small oats with fodder		9	6
Ditto without fodder		7	6
Bear with fodder		15	
Ware bear with fodder		11	8
Ditto without fodder		10	
Farm or market bear without fodder		13	4
White meal nine ſtone		12	
Farm meal eight ſtone		10	6
Market malt		16	8
Peaſe		13	
Wheat		18	
Rye		10	6

Extracted by
JOHN GORDON, Sher. Clerk Dep.

BANFFSHIRE EIARS.

Crop 1788.	Sterling. L.	Sh.	D.
Wheat		1	
Beſt bear with fodder		16	8
Beſt bear without fodder		13	
Beſt oats with fodder		14	
Beſt oats without fodder		9	
Second bear with fodder		14	6
Second bear without fodder		11	
Second oats with fodder		13	
Second oats without fodder		8	
Oatmeal		11	
Peaſe		11	

Banff, 23d February 1789.

ALEXANDER TILLARY.

Wedneſday February 25th ult. was married at Broom, Mr Alexander Duncan, ſurgeon, of Cullen, to Miſs Duncan, daughter of John Duncan, Eſq; Jamaica.

GENERAL ILLUMINATION.

In conſequence of the auſpicious event of his Majeſty's recovery, the Magiſtrates of this City publiſhed an advertiſement on Monday the 9th, recommending to the inhabitants to illuminate all their windows fronting the ſtreet, upon Friday night, from ſeven to ten o'clock. And that evening, the whole town was moſt elegantly illuminated, in a manner which ſhowed the real joy felt by the citizens on this joyful occaſion. It would be endleſs to mention all the inſcriptions, figures, and devices, diſplayed in the windows of private citizens. The center window of the Town Hall was filled with a tranſparent painting on Perſian ſilk, of the Royal Arms, with his Majeſty's initials, and underneath this motto:

HEALTH RESTORED TO OUR BELOVED KING,

which had a fine effect. The center window of the New Inn diſplayed an elegant full length picture (painted by Mr Thomſon of this place) of his Majeſty in a ſitting attitude, with a Guardian Angel over his head, having a ſcroll with this motto, "GREAT JOY:" the picture being a ſtriking likeneſs, and being fully ſhown by concealed lamps, was much admired. Though the night was very ſtormy, the concourſe of people on the ſtreets exceeded any thing of the kind ever remembered by the oldeſt inhabitant; and it is with much ſatisfaction we are able to ſay, from authority, that there was not the ſmalleſt diſturbance or damage done to any one perſon—indeed, all ranks of the inhabitants ſeemed to be actuated by only one principle, the moſt heartfelt joy and ſatisfaction, on the happy occaſion of their aſſembling together.

The neighbouring city of Old Aberdeen was alſo well illuminated; as was Gilcomſton, the Hardgate, and all the ſuburbs.

Extract of a letter from Banff, dated Friaay March 13.

This day a meeting was held of the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Freeholders of the county, the Earl of Findlater in the Chair; a congratulatory addreſs to his Majeſty, on his auſpicious recovery, was unanimouſly and cordially agreed to, and ſent to the county member, to be preſented to his Majeſty. Same day, the

the Magiſtrates and Town Council of Banff tranſmitted to the Earl of Fife, a ſimilar addreſs, to be alſo preſented. At ſeven o'clock in the evening, in conſequence of an order from the magiſtrates, the town was illuminated in a very ſplendid and elegant manner, and the feſtivity of the evening conducted with the greateſt regularity and decorum. The Gardener Society in a particular manner diſtinguiſhed themſelves on the above joyful occaſion, by aſſembling in their Hall when the illumination commenced, where a ſuitable entertainment was provided, drank ſeveral toaſts proper for the occaſion, ſpent the evening in a decent and becoming manner, and parted with that friendſhip and decorum which has ever diſtinguiſhed the Society ſince its commencement.

The illuminations of Duff-Houſe, formed a very grand and ſtriking object.

The Ladies of the Nobility and Gentry of Banffſhire are to addreſs her Majeſty, to congratulate her on the King's recovery, an event in which the beſt and worthieſt of Queens was ſo tenderly intereſted.

In ſhort, our correſpondent adds, the expreſſions of heartfelt ſatisfaction and joy were unbounded, and hitherto unequalled.

Thurſday Mar. 12. the inhabitants of the town of Old Meldrum teſtified their affection to his Majeſty, and joy on account of his late happy recovery, by a general illumination, bonfires, &c.

On the 4th current was married here, James Robertſon, Eſq; of Jamaica, to Miſs Maria Innes, youngeſt daughter of the deceaſed Alexander Innes, Eſq; of Cathlaw.

On Monday the ſecond of March current, came on in Mariſchall College, in terms of the foundation charter of that Univerſity, the election of the Lord Rector and his aſſeſſors, and of the Dean of Faculty, for the year commencing the firſt of March current, when the following gentlemen were unanimouſly choſen:

The Honble FRANCIS GARDEN, Eſq; of Gardenſton, one of the Senators of the College of Juſtice, Lord Rector.

Geo. Moir, Eſq; of Scotſtown, Dean of Faculty.

John Abercrombie, Eſq; Provoſt of Aberdeen,
Dr George Skene, phyſician in Aberdeen,
Dr Duncan Shaw, one of the miniſters of Abdn.
John Roſs, Eſq; profeſſor of the oriental languages in King's College,
} the Lord Rector's Aſſeſſors

Return of Diſpenſary Patients in Aberdeen and Footdee, who have had the advice and attendance of a phyſician at their own houſes, from the 1ſt of March 1788, to the 1ſt of March 1789.

Patients recommended, 1437—Cured, 1167; Dead, 58; Improper, 120; Under cure, 92; In all, 1437.

After having enjoyed ſome ſeaſonable ſpring weather, we have again experienced all the rigours of winter. On Monday the 9th about 2 in the morning, it began to ſnow; and has continued almoſt without intermiſſion ever ſince. Not only the roads, but even the ſtreets were impaſſable at ſome times. On Thurſday the 12th a cart ſtuck ſo faſt among the ſnow in Queenſtreet, that it required the labour of ſeveral men with ſpades to dig it out; communication with the country is in a great meaſure ſtopped; the Friday ſouth poſt arrived on Saturday morning, and the Saturday poſt on Sunday morning, being carried on men's ſhoulders, as no horſe could travel betwixt this and Stonehaven. Next week, however, the road to Stonehaven was cleared by the ſpirited exertions, of Meſſrs. Wilkie and Maſſon, Vintners, who employed near 100 men for this purpoſe.

Tueſday the 17th, the Magiſtrates and Council of this city, at a full meeting called for the purpoſe, unanimouſly agreed to a loyal and congratulatory Addreſs to his Majeſty, on his happy recovery from his late indiſpoſition; which was immediately ſigned by the Provoſt, in name of the Council, and appointed by them to be tranſmitted to Sir David Carnegie, their Member of Parliament, in order to be forwarded by him to the Secretary of State.

Same week, the Mariſchal College and Univerſity of Aberdeen voted a Congratulatory Addreſs to the King, on account of his Majeſty's happy recovery.

THE

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Elegant EXTRACTS.

On the Style of the Sacred Hiſtory.

From Dr Campbell's valuable work, entitled, *The Four Goſpels, tranſlated from the Greek, with preliminary Diſſertations, and Notes Critical and Explanatory*, 2 vol. quarto.

THERE is another ſpecies of ſimplicity, beſide ſimplicity of ſtructure, and ſimplicity of ſentiment, for which, beyond all the compoſitions I know in any language, Scripture hiſtory is remarkable. This may be called ſimplicity of deſign. The ſubject of the narrative ſo engroſſes the attention of the writer, that he is himſelf as nobody, and is quite forgotten by the reader, who is never led by the tenor of the narration ſo much as to think of him. He introduces nothing as from himſelf. We have no opinions of his, no remarks, conjectures, doubts, inferences; no reaſonings about the cauſes or the effects of what is related. He never interrupts his reader with the diſplay of either his talents or his paſſions. He makes no digreſſions: he draws no characters: he gives us only the naked facts, from which we are left to collect the character. The utmoſt he does in characteriſing, and that but ſeldom, is compriſed in a very few words. And what is thus ſaid, is not produced as his opinion, either of the perſon or of the thing, but as the known verdict of the time, or perhaps, as the deciſion of the Spirit. No attempt to ſhine by means of the expreſſion, compoſition, or ſentiments. Plainneſs of language is always preferred, becauſe the moſt natural, the moſt obvious, and the beſt adapted to all capacities. Though in ſtyle by no means ſlovenly, yet in little points, as about thoſe grammatical accuracies which do not affect the ſenſe and perſpicuity of the ſentence, rather careleſs than curious.

As our Lord's hiſtory is occupied, partly with what he ſaid, and partly with what he did, this occaſions in the Goſpels a two-fold diſtinction of ſtyle and manner; firſt, that of our Saviour, as it appears in what he

ſaid; ſecondly, that of his hiſtorians, as it appears in their relation of what he did. I ſhall conſider briefly how the different ſorts of ſimplicity above mentioned, may be applied to each of theſe.

As to the ſimplicity of ſtructure, it may be ſaid in a very eminent degree to belong to both. It is in itſelf regarded more as a quality of narration, but is by no means excluded from the other kinds of compoſition. Beſides, in our Lord's diſcourſes, particularly his parables, there is a great deal of narrative. Simplicity of ſentiment appears more in the dialogue part, and in the teaching, than in the narration, which is almoſt confined to what is neceſſary for information and connection. It may be objected, that our Lord's figurative manner of teaching is not perfectly compatible with ſimplicity. But let it be obſerved, that there is a ſimplicity of manner in the enunciation of the ſentiments directly ſignified, which a piece of writing that admits a figurative or allegorical meaning, is as ſuſceptible of, as one that admits only a literal interpretation. Greece has not produced a more genuine ſpecimen of this than we have in the Apologues of Eſop, which are all nevertheleſs to be underſtood figuratively. In Cebes's Table, which is an allegory, there is great ſimplicity of diction. It is only with the expreſſion of the literal or immediate ſentiment, that this quality is concerned. And nothing ſurely can in this particular exceed the parables of our Lord. As theſe are commonly in the ſtyle of narration, they are ſuſceptible of the ſame ſimplicity of ſtructure as well as of ſentiment, with the hiſtorian's narrative, and are, in this reſpect, hardly diſtinguiſhable from it.

But the third ſort mentioned belongs peculiarly to the hiſtorian. In our Lord's diſcourſes, though the general and ultimate object is the ſame throughout, namely the honour of God by the recovery of men, the particular and immediate object varies with the ſubject and occaſion. At one time it is to inſtruct his hearers in one important doctrine or duty, at another time in another; ſometimes to refute one error, at other times another; now to rebuke what is wrong, then again to encourage in the practice of what is right. We have all the variety of threats and promiſes, prohibitions and precepts, rebukes and conſolations, explanation and refutation, praiſe and blame. Theſe undoubtedly require a conſiderable variety in the ſtyle and manner. Now there is occaſion for nothing of this kind in the narrative. The hiſtorians with whom we are here concerned, do, in their own character, neither explain nor command, promiſe nor threaten, commend nor blame, but preſerve one even tenour in exhibiting the facts entirely unembelliſhed, reporting, in ſingleneſs of heart, both what was ſaid, and what was done, by their Maſter, likewiſe what was ſaid, and what was done, to him, by either friends or enemies. Not a ſyllable of encomium on the former, or of invective againſt the latter. As to their Lord himſelf, they appear to regard his character as infinitely ſuperior to any praiſe which they could beſtow: and as to his perſecutors, they mingle no gall in what they write concerning them; they do not deſire to aggravate their guilt, in the judgment of any man, either by giving expreſsly, or by ſo much as inſinuating, through the ſeverity of their language, their opinion concerning it.

Nay, which is more remarkable, the names of the high-prieſt and his coadjutor, of the Roman procurator, of the tetrarch of Galilee, and of the treacherous diſciple, are all that are mentioned of the many who had a hand

hand in his profecution and death. In regard to the four firſt, it is manifeſt that the ſuppreſſion of the names, had the facts been related, would have made no difference to contemporaries; for in offices of ſo great eminence poſſeſſed by ſingle perſons, as all thoſe offices were, the official is equivalent to the proper name, which it never fails to ſuggeſt; but ſuch a ſuppreſſion would have made to poſterity a material defect in the hiſtory, and greatly impaired its evidence. In regard to the fifth, it is ſufficient to obſerve, that without naming the traitor, juſtice could not have been done to the eleven. Whereas of thoſe Scribes and Phariſees who bargained with Judas, of the men who apprehended Jeſus, of the officer who ſtruck him on the face at his trial, of the falſe witneſſes who depoſed againſt him, of thoſe who afterwards ſpat upon him, buffeted and mocked him, of thoſe who were loudeſt in crying *Away with him; Crucify him; Not this man but Barrabbas;* of thoſe who ſupplied the multitude with the implements of their mockery, the crown of thorns, the reed, and the ſcarlet robe, of thoſe who upbraided him on the croſs with his inability to ſave himſelf; or of the ſoldier who pierced his ſide with a ſpear; no name is given by any of the hiſtorians.

It may be ſaid, 'The names have not been known to them.' This may have been true of ſome of their names, but cannot be ſuppoſed to have been true of them all, and that, with regard not to one, two, or three, but to all the four Evangeliſts. The witneſſes muſt have been perſons of the country, and at leaſt occaſional hearers of our Lord. It was no doubt, chiefly the people of Jeruſalem, who tumultuouſly demanded his execution, who derided him with the title of Meſſiah, and who inſulted him even on the croſs. Curioſity on ſuch occaſions leads men to enquire about perſons who act a principal part in a ſcene ſo tragical; and that the diſciples were not beyond the influence of this motive, is evident from the whole of the ſtory. The names of the Roman ſoldiers concerned in this tranſaction might have been unknown to them, and probably little minded by them; but the actions of their countrymen muſt have excited another kind of emotion, as it more nearly affected all his followers.

Now this reſerve in regard to the names of thoſe who were the chief inſtruments of his ſufferings, is the more obſervable, as the names of others to whom no ſpecial part is attributed, are mentioned without heſitation. Thus Malchus, whoſe ear Peter cut off, and who was immediately after miraculouſly cured by Jeſus, is named by John; but nothing further is told of him than, that he was preſent when our Lord was ſeized, and that he was a ſervant of the high prieſt. Simon the Cyrenian, who carried the croſs, is named by no fewer than three of the Evangeliſts; but we are alſo informed that in this ſervice he did not act voluntarily, but by compulſion. Joſeph of Arimathea and Nicodemus are the only members of the Sanhedrim, except the high prieſt, who are mentioned by name; but they were the only perſons of that body who did not concur in condemning the Son of God, and who, though once fearful and ſecret diſciples, aſſumed the reſolution to diſplay their affection, at a time when no one elſe ventured openly to acknowledge him. Our Lord's biographers, whilſt they are thus far ready to do juſtice to merit, avoid naming any man without neceſſity, of whom they have nothing to ſay that is not to his diſhonour. To the virtuous and good they conciliate our eſteem and

love, an effectual method of raiſing our admiration of virtue and goodneſs, and exciting in us a noble emulation; but our contempt and hatred they direct againſt the crimes, not againſt the perſons of men; againſt vices, not againſt the vicious; aware that this laſt direction is often of the moſt dangerous tendency to Chriſtian charity, and conſequently to genuine virtue. They ſhowed no diſpoſition to hold up any man to the Chriſtians of their own time, as an object of either their fear or their abhorrence, or tranſmit his name with infamy to poſterity.

Though this holds principally in what concerns the laſt great cataſtrophe, it appears in ſome degree in every part of the hiſtory. Except in the caſe of Herodias, which from the rank of the perſonages concerned, muſt have been a matter of notoriety and public ſcandal, and therefore required a more public reprehenſion, the names are never mentioned, when what is related reflects diſgrace on the perſons. Of the Scribes and Phariſees who watched our Lord, and on different occaſions, diſſembling eſteem, aſſailed him with captious and enſnaring queſtions, of thoſe who openly aſcribed his miracles to Beelzebub, called him a madman, a demoniac, and what they accounted worſe than either, a Samaritan, who accuſed him of aſſociating with the profligate, of Sabbath-breaking, of intemperance and blaſphemy, of thoſe Sadducees who by their ſophiſtry vainly attempted to refute the doctrine of the reſurrection, of thoſe enraged Nazarenes his fellow-citizens who would have carried him by force to a precipice, that they might throw him down headlong, no names are ever mentioned; nor is the young but opulent magiſtrate named, who came to conſult him as to what he muſt do to obtain eternal life; for though there were ſome favourable ſymptoms in his caſe, yet as, by going away ſorrowful, he betrayed a heart wedded to the world, the application did not terminate to his honour. But of Simon the Phariſee, who invited our Lord to his houſe, and who, though doubtful, ſeemed inclinable to learn, of Jairus, and Bartimeus, and Zaccheus, and Lazarus, and his ſiſters Mary and Martha, and ſome others, of whoſe faith, repentance, gratitude, love, and piety, the moſt honourable teſtimony is given, a very different account is made.

Some may object that this conduct in the firſt diſciples is imputable to a weak and timid policy. They were afraid to raiſe againſt themſelves powerful enemies, whoſe vengeance might prove fatal to their perſons, and ruinous to their cauſe. It happens luckily, for ſilencing this pretext, that in other things, they gave the moſt unequivocal proofs of their fortitude; beſides, that the exceptions above mentioned include almoſt all the perſons poſſeſſed of ſuch authority civil or ſacred, united with ſuch a diſpoſition, as could render their reſentment an object of terror to thoſe who were obnoxious to it. That the difference thus marked between the evil and the good is, on the contrary, in the true ſpirit of their Maſter, might be inferred, as from ſeveral other paſſages, ſo in particular, from that ſimilitude wherein the rewards and puniſhments of another ſtate are ſo well exemplified. A name is given to the poor man who was conveyed by angels to Abraham's boſom: the other, who was conſigned to torments, is diſtinguiſhed ſolely by the epithet *rich*. A particularity from which we may learn an inſtructive leſſon of modeſty and caution in regard to names, when what truth compels us to ſay, is to the diſadvantage of the perſons, and that it ſufficeth that we conſider particular puniſhments as ſuited to particular actions,

tions, without referring them to known individuals, or leading the thoughts of others to refer them.

But as to the penmen themſelves, and their fellow-diſciples, in recording their own faults, no ſecret is made of the names. Of this the intemperate zeal of the ſons of Zebedee on one occaſion, and their ambition and ſecular views on another, the incredulity of Thomas, the preſumption of Peter, and his lamentable defection in the denial of his Maſter, not to mention the prejudices and dulneſs of them all, are eminent examples. Theſe particulars are all related, by the ſacred hiſtorians, with the ſame undiſguiſed plainneſs, which they uſe in relating the crimes of adverſaries: and with as little endeavour to extenuate the former, as to aggravate the latter. Nor have they on the other hand, the remoteſt appearance of making a merit of their confeſſion. In one uniform ſtrain they record the moſt ſignal miracles, and the moſt ordinary events. In regard to the one, like perſons familiariſed to ſuch exertions of power, they no more expreſs themſelves either with heſitancy or with ſtrong aſſeverations, than they do in regard to the other. Equally certain of the facts advanced, they recite both in the ſame unvaried tone, as faithful witneſſes, whoſe buſineſs it was to teſtify, and not to argue.

Moſes and the other writers of the Old Teſtament Scriptures were all prophets, a character with which, conſidered in a religious light, no merely human character can be compared. None therefore could be better authoriſed than they, to pronounce directly, on the quality both of the agents and of the actions mentioned in their hiſtories. In this view of the matter, they had no ſuperior, even in the moſt eminent perſonages whoſe lives they recorded. An unreſerved plainneſs of cenſure or approbation was in them therefore becoming, as it entirely ſuited the authority with which they were veſted. But was not the ſituation of the Evangeliſts, it may be aſked, the ſame in this reſpect, as they alſo wrote by inſpiration? It is true, they were inſpired, and at leaſt equally entitled to the prophetical character with any who preceded them; but they were not entirely in the ſame ſituation. In the Old Teſtament, the ſacred penmen were the mouth of God to the people. In the Goſpels, the writers appear ſolely as Chriſt's humble attendants, ſelected for introducing to the knowledge of others, this infinitely higher character, who is himſelf in a ſupereminent ſenſe the mouth, the oracle of God. It is this ſubordinate part of uſhers which they profeſſedly act. Like people ſtruck with the ineffable dignity of the Meſſiah whom they ſerve, they loſe no opportunity of exhibiting him to the world, appearing to conſider the introduction of their own opinion, unleſs where it makes a part of the narration, as an impertinence. As modeſt pupils in the preſence of ſo venerable a teacher, they lay their hand upon their mouth, and, by a reſpectful ſilence, ſhow how profound their reverence is, and how ſtrong their deſire to fix all the attention of mankind upon him. They ſink themſelves, in order to place him in the moſt conſpicuous point of view: they do more; they, as it were, annihilate themſelves, that Jeſus may be all in all. Never could it be ſaid of any preachers, with more truth than of them, that they preached not themſelves, but Chriſt Jeſus the Lord. Deeply impreſſed with their Maſter's inſtructions, and far from affecting to be called Rabbi, or to be honoured of men as fathers and teachers in things divine, they never allowed themſelves to forget that they had only one Father who is in heaven,

and

and only one Teacher the Meſſiah. The unimpaſſioned, yet not unfeeling manner, wherein they relate his cruel ſufferings, without letting one harſh or ſevere epithet eſcape them, reflecting on the conduct of his enemies, is as unexampled as it is inimitable, and forms an eſſential diſtinction between them and all who have either gone before or followed them, literate or illiterate, artful or artleſs, ſceptical or fanatical. For if, in the latter claſſes, the illiterate, the artleſs, and the fanatical, fury and hatred flame forth, wherever oppoſition or contradiction preſents them with an occaſion; the former, the literate, the artful, and the ſceptical, are not leſs diſtinguiſhable for the ſupercilious and contemptuous manner in which they treat the opinions of religioniſts of all denominations. The manner of the Evangeliſts was equally removed from both. Add to this, that without making the leaſt pretences to learning, they nowhere affect to depreciate it; but, on the contrary, ſhew a readineſs to pay all due regard to every uſeful talent or acquiſition.

An Account of the Earthquake at Liſbon, *upon the firſt of November* 1755; *now firſt publiſhed. From* Davy's *Letters on Subjects of Literature.*

(Concluded.)

AS I thought it would be the height of raſhneſs to venture back through the ſame narrow ſtreet I had ſo providentially eſcaped from, I judged it ſafeſt to return over the ruins of St Paul's to the river ſide, as the water ſeemed little agitated. From hence I proceeded, with ſome hazard, to the large ſpace before the Iriſh convent of Corpo Santo, which had been thrown down, and buried a great number of people who were hearing maſs, with ſome of the friars; the reſt of the community were ſtanding in the area, looking, with dejected countenances, towards the ruins; from this place I took my way to the back ſtreet leading to the Palace, having the ſhip yard on one ſide, but found the further paſſage, opening into the principal ſtreet, ſtopped up, by the ruins of the Opera-houſe, one of the ſolideſt and moſt magnificent buildings of the kind in Europe, and juſt finiſhed at a prodigious expence; a vaſt heap of ſtones, each of ſeveral tons weight, had entirely blocked up the front of Mr Briſtow's houſe, which was oppoſite to it, and Mr Ward, his partner, told me the next day, that he was juſt that inſtant going out at the door, and had actually ſet one foot over the threſhold, when the weſt end of the Opera houſe fell down, and had he not in a moment ſtarted back, he would have been cruſhed into a thouſand pieces.

From hence I turned back, and attempted getting by the other way into the great Square of the Palace, twice as large as Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, one ſide of which had been taken up by the noble quay I ſpoke of, now no more; but this paſſage was likewiſe obſtructed by the ſtones fallen from the great arched gate-way. I could not help taking particular notice, that all the apartments wherein the Royal Family uſed to reſide, were thrown down, and themſelves, without ſome extraordinary miracle, muſt unavoidably have periſhed, had they been there at the time of the ſhock. Finding this paſſage impracticable, I turned to the other arched-way which led to the new Square of the Palace, not the eighth part ſo ſpacious as the other, one ſide of which was taken up by the Patriarchal church, which alſo ſerved for the Chapel Royal, and the other by a moſt magnificent building of modern architecture, probably indeed

deed by far the moſt ſo, not yet compleatly finiſhed: as to the former, the roof and part of the front walls were thrown down, and the latter, notwithſtanding their ſolidity, had been ſo ſhaken, that ſeveral large ſtones fell from the top, and every part ſeemed disjointed. The Square was full of coaches, chariots, chaiſes, horſes, and mules, deſerted by their drivers and attendants, as well as their owners.

The nobility, gentry, and clergy, who were aſſiſting at divine ſervice when the earthquake began, fled away with the utmoſt precipitation, every one where his fears carried him, leaving the ſplendid apparatus of the numerous altars to the mercy of the firſt comer, but this did not ſo much affect me, as the diſtreſs of the poor animals, who ſeemed ſenſible of their hard fate; ſome few were killed, others wounded, but the greater part which had received no hurt, was left there to ſtarve.

From this Square, the way led to my friend's lodgings, through a long, ſteep and narrow ſtreet; the new ſcenes of horror I met with here exceed all deſcription; nothing could be heard but ſighs and groans. I did not meet with a ſoul in the paſſage who was not bewailing the death of his neareſt relations and deareſt friends, or the loſs of all his ſubſtance: I could hardly take a ſingle ſtep without treading on the dead, or the dying: in ſome places lay coaches, with their maſters, horſes, and riders, cruſhed in pieces; here, mothers with infants in their arms; there, ladies richly dreſſed, prieſts, friars, gentlemen, mechanics, either in the ſame condition, or juſt expiring: ſome had their backs or thighs broken, others vaſt ſtones on their breaſts; ſome lay almoſt buried in the rubbiſh, and crying out in vain to the paſſengers for ſuccour, were left to periſh with the reſt.

At length I arrived at the ſpot oppoſite to the houſe where my friend, for whom I was ſo anxious, reſided, and finding this as well as the contiguous buildings thrown down (which made me give him over for loſt) I now thought of nothing elſe but ſaving my own life in the beſt manner I could, and in leſs than an hour got to a public-houſe, kept by one Morley, near the Engliſh burying-ground, about half a mile from the city, where I ſtill remain, with a great number of my countrymen, as well as Portugueſe, in the ſame wretched circumſtances; having almoſt ever ſince lain on the ground, and never once within doors, with ſcarcely any covering to defend me from the inclemency of the night air, which at this time is exceeding ſharp and piercing.——Perhaps you may think the preſent doleful ſubject here concluded; but, alas! the horrors of the firſt of November are ſufficient to fill a volume. As ſoon as it grew dark, another ſcene preſented itſelf little leſs ſhocking than thoſe already deſcribed—the whole city appeared in a blaze, which was ſo bright that I could eaſily ſee to read by it. It may be ſaid, without exaggeration, it was on fire at leaſt in an hundred different places at once, and thus continued burning for ſix days together, without intermiſſion, or the leaſt attempt being made to ſtop its progreſs.

It went on conſuming every thing the earthquake had ſpared, and the people were ſo dejected and terrified, that few or none had courage enough to venture down, to ſave any part of their ſubſtance; every one had his eyes turned towards the flames, and ſtood looking on with ſilent grief, which was only intertupted by the cries and ſhrieks of women and children calling on the ſaints and angels for ſuccour; whenever the earth began to tremble, which was ſo often this night, and indeed I may ſay ever ſince, that the tremors more or leſs

did

did not cease for a quarter of an hour together. I could never learn, that this terrible fire was owing to any subterraneous eruption, as some reported, but to three causes, which all concurring at the same time, will naturally account for the prodigious havock it made; the first of November being All Saints Day, a high festival among the Portuguese, every altar in every church and chapel (some of which have more than twenty) was illuminated with a number of wax tapers and lamps, as customary; these setting fire to the curtains and timber work that fell with the shock, the conflagration soon spread to the neighbouring houses, and being there joined with the fires in the kitchen chimnies, increased to such a degree, that it might easily have destroyed the whole city, though no other cause had concurred, especially as it met with no interruption.

But what would appear incredible to you, were the fact less public and notorious, is, that a gang of hardened villains, who had been confined, and got out of prison when the wall fell, at the first shock, were busily employed in setting fire to those buildings which stood some chance of escaping the general destruction. I cannot conceive what could have induced them to this hellish work, except to add to the horror and confusion, that they might, by this means, have the better opportunity of plundering with security. But there was no necessity for taking this trouble, as they might certainly have done their business without it, since the whole city was so deserted before night, that I believe not a soul remained in it, except those execrable villains, and others of the same stamp.

With regard to the buildings, it was observed, that the solidest, in general, fell the first.

The whole number of persons that perished, including those who were burnt, or afterwards crushed to death whilst digging in the ruins, is supposed, on the lowest calculation, to amount to more than sixty thousand; and though the damage in other respects cannot be computed, yet you may form some idea of it, when I assure you, that this extensive and opulent city is now nothing but a vast heap of ruins, that the rich and poor are at present upon a level; some thousands of families which but the day before had been easy in their circumstances, being now scattered about in the fields, wanting every conveniency of life, and finding none able to relieve them.

A few days after the first consternation was over, I ventured down into the city, by the safest ways I could pick out, to see if there was a possibility of getting any thing out of my lodgings, but the ruins were now so augmented by the late fire, that I was so far from being able to distinguish the individual spot where the house stood, that I could not even distinguish the street, amidst such mountains of stones and rubbish which rose on every side. Some days after, I ventured down again with several porters, who, having long plied in these parts of the town, were well acquainted with the situation of particular houses; by their assistance, I at last discovered the spot; but was soon convinced, to dig for any thing here, besides the danger of such an attempt, would never answer the expence, and what further induced me to lay aside all thoughts of the matter, was the sight of the ruins still smoaking, from whence I knew for certain, that those things I set the greatest value on, must have been irrecoverably lost in the fire.

On both the times when I attempted to make this fruitless search, especially the first, there came such an intolerable stench from the dead bodies, that I was ready to faint away, and though it did not seem so great this last time, yet it had like to have been more fatal to me, as I contracted a fever by it, but of which, God be prais-

praiſed, I ſoon got the better.

Thus, my dear friend, have I given you a genuine, though imperfect account, of this terrible judgment, which has left ſo deep an impreſſion on my mind, that I ſhall never wear it off.

Affecting Circumſtances relative to the Family and Fate of a MAHOMEDAN CHIEF, *who had conducted the Siege of Tellicherry. Extracted from the Second and improved Edition of* MEMOIRS OF THE WAR IN ASIA, *juſt publiſhed.*

THE reinforcements being all arrived, and every proper diſpoſition made for the ſally and attack, the troops, ſixteen hundred in number, on the 8th of January, 1782, at two o'clock in the morning, were under arms, and at three marched in files, by the center to the Braſs Pagoda, an important ſtation in the lines, which takes its name from a covering of braſs plates on a large and venerable Gentoo place of worſhip. Here the engineer had opened a ſpace through which the troops might march out of the lines.—They halted 'till near four o'clock, that they might arrive at the enemy's camp juſt at the dawning of the day. Having blown, according to orders, the priming powder out of the pans of their guns, they marched in profound ſilence, through marſhy ground, till they turned Putney-hill, where a battery was erected that ſcoured the camp, ſituated in its rear. This the advanced party attacked and took without ſuffering the ſmalleſt loſs. At the ſame time, the main body formed the line on the ſhoulder of the hill, facing the enemy's camp, which they had evacuated in the greateſt confuſion. Surdar Cawn, their General, was diſcovered on horſeback, at ſome diſtance, leading on a party of his men. Another party, drawn together in a confuſed manner, on the extremity of Bench-hill, adjoining to that of Putney, was gallantly diſperſed by the Lieutenants Hodges and Wheldon, with two companies of ſepoys. The line, in the mean time, advanced through the enemy's camp, by files, in two columns. Surdar Cawn, after ſome reſiſtance, being wounded in the ankle, threw himſelf, with many of his braveſt and moſt faithful followers, into a fortified houſe, formed in the cavity of a rock, at Corichee, the manſion of his women and the repoſitory of his treaſures, determined not to ſurvive the diſgrace of a defeat, but to defend himſelf to the laſt extremity. The men, in token of deſperation, looſing their hair, diſplayed colours on the houſe, with the ſound of horns and other martial muſic.

In this ſituation, that reſolute body of men waited to receive our troops, when Lieutenant Woodington, the Major of Brigade, with a part of the grenadier ſepoys, halted to attack the houſe, and, whilſt he was giving orders to his men, was wounded through both his legs with a muſket ball. The main body, under Major Abington and Captain Carpenter, ſoon came up, and, about the ſame time, a party of marines and ſepoys, under Captain Pruin and Lieutenant Bute, that had been landed from the veſſels in the rear of the houſe, which was thus completely ſurrounded. This habitation, porte fires being put in the guns, and fired on the thatched roof, by the contrivance of the Engineer, was ſet on fire, and the defendants, after a reſiſtance of two hours, were compelled to ſurrender or to periſh in the flames.

The ſucceſs of this day was very great. The enemy's General, and many officers of diſtinction, with upwards of 2000 men, were taken priſoners. All their guns, more than fifty in number, fell into the hands of

the victors, with much ammunition, two lacks of rupees, a large collection of grain, ſeven elephants, a great deal of cordage and timber, and many horſes and draught bullocks.

But the general joy was not a little damped by the ſituation of Lieutenant Woodington, the only European officer who was wounded on this memorable occaſion, and whoſe loſs to the army, for he was a very meritorious and active officer, was greatly lamented.

When the fortified houſe, in which the unfortunate Surdar Cawn made his laſt ſtand was ſet on fire, many of his family and other adherents, in order to avoid the flames, began to drop down from the walls, amidſt the fire of the ſepoys. Among theſe were ſeven of the fineſt women of the Eaſt, who compoſed the Cawn's ſeraglio. Captain Chriſtie, who happened to paſs by the ſpot where the women threw themſelves down from the battlements of the haram, immediately ſtopped the firing, at the hazard of his life, ran up to their aſſiſtance, and received them, one after another, in his arms. In the mean time a party of ſailors belonging to the Bombay cruizers, that had co-operated with the land-forces, in this attack on Surdar Cawn's laſt refuge, came up, and, for the ſake of plunder, began to tear off the womens ear-rings, while theſe unfortunate ladies, afraid of even ruder treatment, and uncertain of their fate, endeavoured to put an end to their exiſtence. But Captain Chriſtie, partly by his authority as an officer, and partly by a ſeaſonable diſtribution of the jewels, in which the ladies cheerfully ſeconded him, was enabled, though with difficulty, to ſave them from farther violence, by reſtoring order among the ſailors. The poor women, when they found themſelves under ſecure protection, gave vent to their gratitude, in embracing the knees, and bathing the feet of their protector with tears of joy. Captain Chriſtie, accompanied by Lieutenant Hawkes of the artillery, who had come up to lend his aſſiſtance in this generous act of gallantry, immediately conducted them to the commanding officer. They were then returned, ſafe, to their Lord, who had teſtified the moſt agonizing anxiety concerning their fate. When they came in his preſence, he looked ſternly in their faces, and manifeſted ſymptoms of trouble, anguiſh, and deſpair. But, after he had converſed with them for ſome time, his countenance ſoftened into tears of joy, and he expreſſed the ſtrongeſt emotions of the gratitude for the delicate manner in which his women had been treated by the Britiſh officers. "You," ſaid he, enjoy the fortune of this day, and you deſerve it. Go, therefore, to a room, (which he deſcribed) in the fortified houſe, where you will find, for your reward, two lacks of rupees." Above 20,000l. was, accordingly, divided among the army.

The Cawn, when he was taken, expected immediate death, enquired why it was delayed, and regarded the humanity of the Engliſh, in ſparing him, with aſtoniſhment. "If you mean," ſaid he, to the officers into whoſe hands he fell, "to ſave my life, reſtore my wives and children."—The joy that ſprung up in his mind, on receiving this pledge of the merciful intentions of the Engliſh, was not laſting. He died, ſoon after, of grief and agony of mind, rather than any conſequence of his wound, deſiring, as the laſt favour from Major Abington, that his family might be ſent to Seringapatam. His requeſt was readily granted, and punctually performed.

Account of an Apparition *which made a great Noiſe in* France *about the end of the laſt Century.*

A BELIEF in ſpirits and apparitions has prevailed in al ages

ages of the world, and many abſurd fables have been propagated reſpecting thoſe beings, which were probably invented to ſerve particular purpoſes, or had their origin in ignorance and ſuperſtition. Whether the following relation be of this kind or not, we ſhall not pretend to determine, but we are of opinion that it merits ſome attention, on account of the noiſe which it made at the Court of France about the end of the laſt century.

The ſmall city of Salon in Provence, where the famous Noſtradamus * was buried, produced another kind of Prophet, who made his appearance at the Court of France in the month of April, 1697.

A ſpectre, which many believed to be that of this celebrated aſtrologer, appeared, as is ſaid, to a certain perſon of that city. After having made him promiſe, under pain of death, to obſerve the moſt profound ſecrecy with regard to what it was about to diſcloſe, the ſpectre commanded him to go to the Intendant of the province, and to procure a letter from him which might enable him on his arrival at Paris, to have a private audience of the King. "As to what you are to ſay to his Majeſty," continued the phantom, "you will not know until the evening before you are introduced at Court, when I will appear to you and give you farther inſtructions. But reflect, I beſeech you, that your life depends upon this ſecret, which I enjoin you to make known to no perſon whatever but the Intendant of the province."

On theſe words the ſpectre diſappeared, and left him half dead with fear. Scarcely had he recovered from his terror, when his wife arrived, and obſerving him to be diſordered, inſiſted, but in vain, to know the cauſe; the menaces of the phantom had made ſo deep an impreſſion on his mind, that ſhe could not make him give her any ſatisfaction; but the refuſal of her huſband having excited her curioſity the more, the poor man found himſelf reduced to ſuch a ſituation that he was not allowed to enjoy a moment's repoſe; he was therefore ſo weak as to tell her the whole ſtory, which coſt him his life, according to the prediction of the apparition. The woman, on this, was greatly terrified; but as ſhe imagined that the accident which had happened to her huſband might have been only the effects of a mind diſordered by ſome dream, ſhe reſolved, both on her own account, and out of reſpect for the memory of her huſband, to entruſt the ſecret of this cataſtrophe only to a few of her relations and intimate friends.

The ſame ſpectre having appeared to another inhabitant of the ſame

* Noſtradamus, a phyſician and famous aſtrologer of the ſixteenth century, was born at St Remy, a ſmall village in the dioceſe of Avignon, on the 13th of December, 1503. He ſtudied at Montpellier, and travelled afterwards into Thouloufe and Bourdeaux. On his return to Provence, he publiſhed, 1555, his ſeven firſt Centuries, which King Henry II. of France eſteemed ſo much, that he wiſhed to ſee the author, and having ſent for him, preſented him with two hundred crowns of gold. In 1551, he publiſhed his three laſt Centuries, and died at Salon, on the 2d of July, 1566, aged ſixty-three. He was buried in the church of the Cordeliers, where his epitaph is to be ſeen. The following diſtich made upon this prophet, and attributed to Stephen Jodelle, is well known.

Noſtra damus, cum falſa damus, nam fallere noſtrum eſt;
Et cum falſa damus, nil niſi noſtra damus.

city ſome time after, who was ſo imprudent as to inform his brother, and who, on that account, was puniſhed in the ſame manner, theſe two deaths, as tragical as terrible, became the general ſubject of converſation, not only at Salon, but in the whole country to the diſtance of ſixty miles around.

This ſpectre, however, ſhewed itſelf again to a farrier, whoſe houſe was not far diſtant from thoſe of theſe two victims; but this man, more prudent than the latter, immediately waited upon the Intendant, and having, tho' with much difficulty, obtained a private audience, according to the injunctions of the phantom, he was treated as a madman, and ordered to go back to the place of his abode, to get himſelf cured of his phrenſy. "I allow, Sir," ſaid the farrier, who was accounted by the people of Salon a very ſenſible man, "that my behaviour may appear to you ridiculous and abſurd; but if you will be pleaſed to order your ſubſtitute to enquire ſtrictly into the ſudden death of two of the inhabitants of our city, who were charged by the phantom with the ſame commiſſion which I am now come to execute, I have reaſon to hope that you will ſend for me before eight days are expired."

The Intendant having ordered a proper enquiry to be made reſpecting the death of theſe two imprudent men, the farrier, whoſe name was Francis Michel, was ſent for, as he expected. The magiſtrate now received him very favourably, heard him with much attention, gave him diſpatches to the Marquis of Barbeſieaux, who was Miniſter of State and Secretary for Provence; and, having ſupplied him with money to defray his expences, wiſhed him a good journey.

As the Intendant was afraid that a young miniſter, ſuch as the Marquis of Barbeſieaux, might tax him with too much credulity, and raiſe a laugh againſt him at Court, he took care to incloſe in his diſpatches, not only the informations taken at Salon by his ſubſtitute, but alſo the certificate of the Lieutenant General of Juſtice, atteſted and ſigned by all the officers under his command.

When Michel arrived at Paris, he was much embarraſſed reſpecting what he ſhould ſay to the Miniſter, as the phantom had not appeared to him, according to its promiſe. But that evening, as we are told, the ſpectre, after having drawn aſide the curtain of his bed, and bid him fear nothing, told him what he ſhould ſay to the Miniſter, reſerving only a certain circumſtance which he was to communicate to the King alone. "You will meet with difficulties, no doubt," ſaid the phantom, "in procuring a private audience; but take care not to be diſcouraged, and ſuffer no one to diſcover your ſecret, either by means of the Miniſter or any one elſe, if you wiſh to avoid inſtant death."

The Miniſter, as may well be ſuppoſed, did not fail to do every thing in his power to diſcover the myſtery; but the farrier, whoſe reſolution was proof againſt every effort, and who knew that his life depended upon his ſecrecy, concluded with ſaying, "in order that you may not imagine that I have nothing but chimeras to tell his Majeſty, you may inform him from me, that while he was hunting laſt at Fountainbleau, he himſelf ſaw the ſame phantom, and his horſe was ſo frightened, that he ſtarted aſide; but as the ſpectre appeared only for an inſtant, his Majeſty conceived it to be an illuſion, and did not ſpeak of it to any one."

The Marquis, ſtruck by ſo ſingular a circumſtance, thought it dan-

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gerous to heſitate or delay, and that it was his duty to inform the King both of this extraordinary perſon's arrival at Verſailles, as well as of the converſation which he had held with him; but the Miniſter was very much ſurpriſed when the King, after a moment's ſilence, conſented to ſee him privately, and even the ſame day.

What paſſed at this ſtrange interview was kept a profound ſecret. All we know is, that, after this pretended prophet had remained three or four days at Court, his Majeſty conſented that he ſhould take leave as ſoon as ever he ſhould ſet out for the chace.

It is even aſſerted, that the Duke de Dutas, a Captain of the King's guards, ſaid then, in ſuch a manner as to be heard by all around, "Sire, if your Majeſty had not ordered me to permit that man to approach your perſon, I ſhould have been very far from doing it: for if he is not a fool, your Majeſty is not noble;" and that the King replied, with a ſmile, "How often we judge badly of our neighbour! That man, my Lord Duke, is much wiſer than you and many others think."

It may be readily imagined what impreſſion ſuch words muſt make upon thoſe who heard them. Every attempt, therefore, was made to diſcover what had paſſed between this man and the Marquis of Barbeſieaux, as well as at his conference with the King. The people, always credulous, and on that account fond of the marvellous, thought that the taxes which a long and bloody war had rendered neceſſary, were the true motive of it, and in conſequence of this they expected ſpeedy relief; but they ſubſided, nevertheleſs, till peace was concluded.

After the prophet had taken leave of the King, he returned to his province with ſome money which the Miniſter gave him, with orders at the ſame time not to ſay a word to any one concerning the object of his journey.

The portrait of this man, ſo celebrated, at leaſt at the time when this circumſtance happened, was deſigned and engraved by Roullet, an eminent artiſt, and publiſhed by authority. It is ſtill preſerved in the port folios of the curious, and repreſents a man of about the age of thirty-five or forty, whoſe phyſiognomy is ſtrongly marked with character, and diſplays much ſhrewdneſs and good ſenſe.

Suicide of a French Gentleman.

SATURDAY Feb. 17. a French gentleman, ſeemingly of faſhion, committed the deſperate act of ſuicide in Greenwich Park.

The following are the particulars, as we have collected them, that attended this melancholy tranſaction.

He had been at the Ship Tavern in Greenwich from Thurſday with a lady and ſervant. On Saturday morning, he ſent the lady to town and diſcharged his ſervant, at the ſame time preſenting him with his trunk containing a great quantity of wearables, and alſo added two valuable watches. He then called on Sir Hugh Palliſer, at Greenwich Hoſpital, offering him a ſum of money to be diſtributed among the ſeamen of the Hoſpital: this however the Governor thought proper to decline, alledging, that as they wanted for no comfort whatever, his donation in that form would be uſeleſs.

The unfortunate Gentleman then retired, refuſing to tell his name—The remainder of Saturday was ſpent in viſiting different inhabitants in Greenwich, among whom he diſtributed ſeveral ſums of money to the amount of 150l. or 200l.—particularly, meeting the young gentleman of Dr. Egan's Academy,

my, as they walked, he threw amongſt them eight guineas and a half. This circumſtance being reported to the Doctor, he was ſtruck with ſuſpicion of the intended fact, and the Gentleman being ſeen to enter the Park, he diſpatched one of his aſſiſtants, together with a young gentleman, after him. They accordingly croſſed him as he walked, and entering into converſation invited him to take tea at the Doctor's. He ſeemed happy to meet with thoſe who could converſe with him in his native language, and acknowledging the politeneſs of the invitation, pulled forth a watch he had ſtill remaining, and forced it on the young gentleman, requeſting him to wear it for his ſake, obſerving he ſhould have no further occaſion for it.

Having walked ſome diſtance in the Park, his natural politeneſs led him back part of the way with his companions—but taking his leave of them before they quitted the Park, they had not proceeded far when they were alarmed with the report of a piſtol, and running back found him ſtretched on the ground and lifeleſs.

It appears he applied a caſe of piſtols to his forehead, by which the roof of his ſkull was nearly ſhattered to pieces, and rendered his diſſolution inſtantaneous. The piſtols bore the marks of the *Gens d'Armes* of France on them, by which it may be conjectured he belonged to that corps.

In perſon he was tall, and remarkably handſome, and in manners elegant and polite, ſo as to impreſs thoſe who were witneſſes to his behaviour and his fate with the moſt lively regret.

A TRANSLATION of a French letter found in the pocket of the unfortunate *Monſ. Minant de Brie*, who ſhot himſelf in Greenwich Park, on Feb. 14, at a quarter paſt ſix o'clock in the evening, as mentioned above.

Addreſſed to "Him who ſhall find it."

"Two o'clock in the afternoon, and three hours before my death.

"That I might prevent any further enquiries, and at the ſame time apologize for the trouble I muſt create you, I thought proper to leave theſe few lines, Sir, and beſeech you to grant me a little portion of ground for my interment.

"The *indifference* of my relations, the repugnance I feel at acting as an impoſtor, the *perfidy* of one whom I tenderly loved, are weighty motives in a mind of ſenſibility which has thrown off the fetters of prejudice, to terminate my exiſtence by thoſe means which only can give eaſe to the wretched.—I am far from aiming at lofty things, neither am I incapable of encountering misfortunes; but had I been ſo happy as to have been bleſſed with the conſtancy of my beloved friend, who alone could have endeared and made me cheriſh life, I ſhould have met the approach of death with horror; but now I ſurvey it with ſmiles, and even have been long deſirous of putting a period to my exiſtence. The fear of diſturbing the tranquility of my family, induced me to form a pretence for leaving my country, in order to find a ſilent tomb. London and Paris, with all their boaſted pleaſures, have by no means convinced me that life is preferable to death; on the contrary, it would be folly to labour under affliction without the hopes of cure.

"This is my opinion, let every man act as he pleaſes; you will conſider me as a fool:—I rather chuſe to be thought ſo, than to lengthen out my unſupportable ſufferings.—I cannot diſcover any real enjoyment in life—eating, drinking, and ſleeping conſtitute the principal employments of it; and as of all theſe ſleeping is undoubtedly the ſweeteſt, I ſhall take this evening ſome *pills*, which will make me ſleep a long time.

"Were the four elements to reunite, and after a thouſand combinations reſtore me to life, I would not conſent to live but under the Engliſh Government, where happineſs alone exiſts, and which ought to ſerve as a model for all the nations of the earth——But no!—In vain ſhould this body be formed again, by a concourſe of the four elements of

by

which it is compoſed. For I have *ſeen* every thing, *enjoyed* every thing, and I wiſh not to renew my exiſtence!"

Extracts from the Memoirs of BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE, *General in the Pruſſian Infantry.*

CHARLES de la Motte Fouque, Lord of Saint Surin, Thonaiboutonne, and of Greve, ſays he, quitted France and his poſſeſſions on account of his religion, after the revocation of the edict of Nantz in 1684, and retired to the Hague, where he married Suſan de Robillard. The ſecond ſon of this marriage, Henry Auguſtus, Lord of la Motte Fouque, is the perſon of whom I now ſpeak, and was born at the Hague, on the 4th of February, 1698.

Nature ſeems to have deſtined him to be the favourite of fortune, by giving him a majeſtic ſtature, a penetrating ſpirit, and invincible courage. His taſte for polite literature ſoon brought his natural talents to maturity. From his earlieſt years he ſhewed uncommon genius. He was only eight years of age when he entered the Court of Deſſau as page to the reigning Duke of Anhalt, where his inclination for arms ſoon found an opportunity of diſplaying itſelf. When Duke Leopold was ready to conduct the Pruſſian army to Stralſund in 1715, againſt Charles XII. young Fouque was deſtined to remain with the Ducheſs. He had, however, a ſtrong inclination for going to the war, and being unable to obtain permiſſion, he formed a reſolution of quitting the court privately, and of enliſting at Halle in the Duke's regiment.

This ſtep could not diſpleaſe the Prince, ſince it announced his valour; but young Fouque was obliged to make his firſt campaign as a private ſoldier, and he was not appointed Enſign till after the expedition at the Iſle of Rugen; he was made Lieutenant in 1719; Captain in 1723, and in 1729 he obtained a company.

He neglected no opportunity of acquiring knowlege, and of diſtinguiſhing himſelf by an indefatigable zeal in the diſcharge of his duty. He read the lives of great men, made choice of models, and laid down certain principles for his conduct in life, from which he never departed.

The old Duke of Deſſau was the firſt who taught him the art of war, and Fouque ſoon ſhewed that he was ſucceſsful in his imitation. His merit, indeed, did not remain concealed. In 1725, Frederick William beſtowed upon him ſome marks of eſteem, and the heir to the crown diſcovered qualities in him which rendered him worthy of his affection. He admired, above all, the vivacity of his wit, and his greatneſs of mind. In a word, Frederick, great in his choice of friends, as in all his actions, ranked Captain Fouque among his. He ſought for his company, and he was never happy at Rheinſberg but when he was with him. Fouque, on the other hand, returned this friendſhip with a prudent dignity which ſecured its duration.

The King himſelf favoured this connection, and permitted Fouque to attend his ſon in the priſon of Cuſtrin.* About this time Fouque married Elizabeth Maſſon, and was promoted to the rank of firſt Captain in the regiment of Anhalt.

The harmony which ſubſiſted between him and his Chief the Prince of

* It is well known that Frederick William carried his ſeverity ſo far as to forbid light in the priſon where his ſon was confined; but when the officer of the guard put out the candle of his auguſt priſoner, Fouque lighted his, telling the officer that the King, in his order, ſpoke of the candle of the Prince, and not of that of any other perſon.

Anhalt,

Anhalt, was interrupted in 1728 by ſome incidents which had great influence upon the lot of the former. It was in conſequence of his diſcontent that he quitted the Pruſſian ſervice, and obtained his diſcharge the year following in quality of Major.

When a man of honour becomes a victim to the nobleneſs of his ſentiments, his diſgrace even adds a new luſtre to his merit. Fouque's life had hitherto rolled on in the boſom of friendſhip and fortune. While the favourite of Frederick, he was a member of the moſt illuſtrious ſociety then exiſting. Rheinſberg was the temple of the muſes, and the ſanctuary of friendſhip. Frederick, the Princes his brothers, Kayſerling, Chazot, Fouque, and other young heroes were the prieſts of theſe divinities.

They created among themſelves an order after the principles of the famous Bayard, the croſs of which had for emblem, a ſword reſting upon a crown of laurels, with this device, Without fear, and without reproach. Fouque, however was obliged to ſeparate from this ſociety compoſed then of twelve Knights, of whom he was the grand maſter; but being accuſtomed to an active life, he reſolved to purſue his military career elſewhere. Though Frederick did not ſeparate from his friend without pain, he favoured his reſolution, and conſented to his departure, hoping that in future he ſhould have the power of diſpoſing of his lot himſelf.

Major Fouque repaired then to Copenhagen, and entered into the ſervice of the King of Denmark, in quality of Lieutenant-Colonel; but the King of Pruſſia, Frederick-William, having died on the 31ſt of May, 1740, Frederick the IIId was no ſooner monuted upon the throne, than he recalled him. The new monarch received him with much tenderneſs, honoured him with the order of merit which he had juſt created, beſtowing upon him at the ſame time, ſome other marks of his favour. On the 26th of July the King made him Colonel, and commandant of the new regiment of Camas, and charged him with the care of exerciſing it at Potſdam, under his own eyes, whilſt Colonel de Camas, who was at the head of it, reſided in France, to which the King had ſent him.

Though born with an ardent diſpoſition, he meaſured all his ſteps with the moſt ſagacious foreſight. Impartial and diſintereſted, he was ſcrupulouſly upright. He loved the ſoldiers, and endeavoured to promote their happineſs; but he was not on that account leſs ſevere in making them obſerve military diſcipline, even in the midſt of the enemy's country. Indefatigable in the duties of his employment, the defender of oppreſſed innocence, the benefactor of the wretched, and zealous for the ſervice of his ſovereign, he puniſhed with rigour all thoſe who violated his orders. He never decided but after mature deliberation and ſtrict inquiry; but his ſentences were irrecoverable. To this character he united heroiſm, a regard for religion, and a taſte for the arts and ſciences.

Of all thoſe who knew Fouque, no one, if he is free from prejudice, will accuſe me of flattery or of partiality in this portrait. The criticiſing mind, accuſtomed to glide over the truth, often transforms real merit into a fault. The inactive and negligent man complains of the rigour of his maſters, when they wiſh to ſubject him to labour, to exactneſs, and to order. The ſpirit of independence calls ſubordination ſlavery, and the guiltieſt criminal will dare to brand with the odious epithet of tyranny, the juſt puniſhment inflicted on him for his crimes. Thus the upright man becomes the object of public cenſure, for having diſcharged his duty with the moſt ſcrupulous fidelity. The ſage who acts from principles of honour and probity, deſpiſes thoſe applauſes which give delight to the fool; a conſciouſneſs of his own merit, makes him brave the perſecutions of envy.

But

But even envy is forced to render justice to the merit of General Fouque; she blames only his severity, and this severity even is the foundation of his glory. He was under the necessity of using it to make himself be obeyed: without it, order and good discipline would not have been established so readily in the county of Glatz. Besides, every body allows, that General Fouque was no less equitable than severe; that he himself was as rigorous an observer of his duty as he wished that others should be, and that most of those who felt the severity of his discipline were indebted to him for their instruction, and blessed him as a father.

In consequence of the authority with which the monarch entrusted him, the civil government was no less subject to him than the military. Vigour and good order were the basis of his operations, and these qualities particularly shone forth whenever he appeared. His penetrating eye pierced even into the cottage of the wretched. Encouraged by his example, all his inferiors observed their duty with scrupulous exactness, and it was thus he completed in Silesia, and above all, in the county of Glatz, a reformation of the government.

On the 23d of January, 1751, the King appointed him to be a Lieutenant-General, and on the 2d of September following, honoured him with the order of the black eagle.

He came, according to custom, to assist on Sunday at public worship in the French church, and after service, he pitched upon a place in the nave of the church, where he wished to be buried. Next morning he made his grave to be arranged, and took such measures as were necessary to prevent the fatal effects that might one day be caused by the corruption of his body.

Having thus prepared the place of his grave, he next thought of his coffin. One day, that he was remarkably gay and cheerful, after having eat with a good appetite, and when his family and friends were overjoyed to see him so well, he ordered his servants to retire after they had taken the things away, and desired me to get a coffin made for him. This melancholy order, so unexpected from a man whom I loved as my father, quite overcame me. He himself, however, recalled my lost senses, endeavoured to convince me that his end was approaching, made some farther arrangements, and told me that I must submit to his will.

When the coffin was ready, I caused it to be placed in the night time in a private apartment, and informed him when he awoke what I had done. Scarcely was he dressed, when he made me conduct him thither, and, uncovering his head, which was white as snow, he surveyed the coffin with a placid countenance, sat down upon it, and ordered a German hymn to be repeated to him, which begun thus:

Des grab ist: hier ist mein bette
Wo ich den tod umarmen soll, u. s. w.

Here is the grave, here is the sepulchre in which I must embrace death.

Methinks I still see this respectable old man; *this Knight without fear, and without reproach*, surrounded by his family, who, in vain, endeavoured to conceal their tears. No, this affecting scene will never be effaced from my memory.

After Fouque had settled his affairs, he renounced every thing in order to prepare for death. On the 28th of April, 1774, he became considerably weakened, and was obliged to leave the table where his family were assembled, to take some repose. Next morning he desired that the sacrament might be administered to him publickly in his chamber: after which ceremony he blest all his children in the most solemn manner, and took leave of all the bystanders; after that moment he waited with great tranquillity for the stroke of death, which he had braved so often in battle.

On the ſecond of May he awoke at the break of day, ſaid his prayers, aroſe, changed his linen as uſual, and immediately returned to bed.

Some of his family was going to read a prayer to him, when Baron de Thonaiboutonne entered the apartment to enquire after his health, and to beg his permiſſion to ſupply the place of his uſual reader. Fouque permitted him, ſqueezing his hand with great tenderneſs, and turning upon his ſide, ſunk into eternal ſleep. I uſe this expreſſion, becauſe I do not know one more proper, to deſcribe the inſenſible paſſage of this great man from life to death. He was not obliged to ſtruggle long againſt the effects of its agony, and he triumphed, without pain, over his laſt enemy.

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ON THE PENANCES OF MONASTIC LIFE—A NEW DEFINITION OF LUXURY—MODERN PENANCE—FAR SUPERIOR TO THE ANCIENT—EATING A GREATER PENANCE THAN FASTING—ON MOTIVES—AN IMPROVEMENT ON ANCIENT PENANCES SUGGESTED TOO LATE.

IN a former paper ſome notice was taken of the general propenſity of mankind to aim at what it is leaſt eaſy to obtain, and to purſue that which it is moſt difficult to overtake. Although this was mentioned rather in a way of cenſure, yet I would not have it underſtood that any thing there ſaid was directed againſt that proper emulation and becoming rivalry which leads to excellence, (as far as excellence is poſſible on earth) in the ſciences, in arts, or in arms. One ſpark of that emulation is worth a whole life of plodding in the ſame unvaried track, without a wiſh to meliorate, or a deſire to be ſuperior.

But with the ſubject of that paper, is connected the conſideration of the many mortifications men ſubmit to, and the many diſappointments they voluntarily hazard in the gratification of a favourite paſſion, or in the purſuit of a favourite object. The ancients, particularly the Chriſtian fathers, and the Biographers of the Calendar Saints, entertain us with moſt wonderful relations of the many auſterities they willingly impoſed on themſelves for the ſake of religion. It makes modern fleſh *to creep* (as the ſaying is) to read of men whipping themſelves until the blood ran down to their heels—of their taking knives, lancets, &c. and cutting, ſlaſhing, gaſhing, ſtabbing, tearing, and piercing their bodies, and after all, inſtead of unguents of the apothecary, applying ſalt and vinegar to their wounds, that they might not miſs the leaſt atom of agony—Their ſleeping on beds of iron, without pillows or bolſters, their being clothed in ſhirts of horſehair, eating raw herbs, often ſleeping on the bare ground, making pilgrimages barefooted, or with nails in their ſhoes, with many other kinds of puniſhments voluntarily inflicted, make up ſuch a catalogue of ſelf torments as one cannot read of without ſhuddering.

Terrible as theſe relations are, and even highly exaggerated as they have been by the hiſtorians of the times, I am inclined to think, that the preſent days are not days of eaſe and luxury, but that our mortifications and penances are as numerous, and (I hope to be able to prove) much more grievous to bear, than any thing we read of in Monaſtic Hiſtory. This age is by ſome ſturdy moraliſts called an age of Luxury. This I deny,

deny, and I do not deny——— I deny it in the ſenſe they mean; but I do not deny it in the ſenſe I think ought to be put upon it; ſo that, as I have the moſt profound reſpect for all moral writers, and eſpecially for my contemporaries, I am happy to think that our difference of opinion is merely verbal, and that when we have mutually given our meaning of the term, Luxury, there will be found no difference at all in ſentiment. By the term Luxury, they mean that pleaſant and voluptuous eaſe in which perſons of fortune live, but in my definition I exclude every idea of eaſe or pleaſure. So that we both agree that the age is an age of Luxury, although we differ in our uſe of the appellatives given to the term.

If we conſider that ſyſtem of morals, or rather manners, which is comprehended in the word *Luxury*, it muſt be very evident that we cannot connect with them the common notions of eaſe and pleaſure. And I think that a very few remarks will ſuffice to prove, that there is nothing in the auſterities of the ancients which is not far exceeded by the voluntary penances and mortifications of the modern worſhippers of Taſte and Faſhion. In a word, it will be found that the latter exceed the former as far as pain of mind exceeds pain of body, and how much that is, I wiſh all my readers to gueſs, but none to experience.

Whoever has ſeen the prodigious concourſe of people ſqueezing into a theatre, already too much crouded to contain thoſe in it, may have ſome idea of one of the common mortifications to which we ſubject ourſelves—That it is not the ſpectacle to be ſeen, but the mere love of penance that makes us do this, will be very evident if we conſider, that the ſpectacle itſelf is really a matter of much indifference; ſo much ſo, that it ſignifies not whether it be one of Shakeſpeare's tragedies, one of Aſtley's horſes, a dancing dog, a ſparring match, a ſtone eater, a new actor, or a ventriloquiſt—But theſe are ſmall mortifications, and peculiar to all mankind; let us come to thoſe which are more ſerious.

The old Monks thought much of their whippings, and it muſt be allowed they were ſevere; but what would they have thought of our Devotees, who for whole years together ſwallow ſlow poiſon, in quantities not ſufficient at once to extinguiſh life, but admirably calculated to mortify the body with aches, racking pains, and every ſpecies of terrible torment? —nay ſometimes ſufficient to deprive them for hours together of their ſenſes, which on their return are accompanied with dreadful and agonizing pains in the head, ſtomach, and bowels, violent reachings, &c? leaving behind them debility and all its concomitants? And what would they moreover have ſaid, had they known that this is all voluntary——— that there is no article in our creed, no law in our ſtatute-book, ordering them, in fact no neceſſity impoſed on us in the performance of thoſe mortifications? They would not have ſaid that ſuch lives were lives of eaſe and pleaſure. And when they had contemplated one of our Devotees in the act of penance, his blood boiling, his eyes red and inflamed, his pulſe at 140, his limbs tottering under him, his ſpeech imperfect, but as far as intelligible, calling upon the *Devil to take him and all his companions*, what would they have thought, but that the Deity he worſhipped impoſed ſevere penances for ſins, and that there was nothing in the penances of popery compared to the voluntary mortifications of proteſtant MEN OF SPIRIT. Compared indeed to the ſufferings of our men of blood and ſpirit, the puniſhments of the ancient Monks

as gentle as the whipping Sancho Panza inflicted on himſelf in order to diſenchant the Dulcinea of Don Quixote, for an account of which, ſee the laſt volume of that incomparable Hiſtory.

This part of my ſubject naturally leads me to mention the *faſtings* which the ancient Devotees impoſed on themſelves, and ſubmitted to at the riſk even of their lives. Perhaps the growing influence of butchers and poulterers in this kingdom rendered it neceſſary that faſtings ſhould be diſcouraged. But if faſting was intended to *mortify* the body, it will appear from what I have advanced above, that we take a much more effectual way of doing that, and at the ſame time properly conſult the intereſts of our markets; it is not, indeed, neceſſary to ſay another word upon this ſubject. If the body is to be puniſhed, there cannot be a more effectual method than by overcharging it.

It may be ſaid that the ancients have more merit, becauſe they did penance for their ſins, whereas, ſay they, what are the motives of your modern devotees? And here now is the ſuperior merit of the moderns, for they have no motive, end, or aim that I could ever diſcover. They are mortified for mortification's ſake. They have no reward nor hope of reward, or if the latter, they always confeſs themſelves diſappointed, which is juſt the ſame thing. No, our devotees are certainly perfectly diſintereſted—real pleaſure they have none, real pain they have as often as they perform penance. And permit me to mention another circumſtance ſo much in their favour, that it muſt for ever ſilence the advocates for the old diſcipline. The ancient devotees, we know, lived to great ages; in full health and vigour both of body and mind: they might flog their bodies, ſleep upon iron pillows, or wear horſe-hair *chemiſes*—but none of thoſe things appear to have ſhortened their lives; nor do we hear that hanging, drowning, or ſhooting themſelves was any part of their ſyſtem—Now—how does the queſtion ſtand?—Our modern penances are directly calculated to ſhorten life, and what is more, to render what remains of it painful—how many, who have lived to be incapable of doing penance any more, are tormented by the conſequences, and, ſo to ſpeak, appendixes of their former works: But for one who does ſurvive the ſeverity of penance, an hundred fall *martyrs* to it, ſome in the very act: and indeed, a wearineſs of life and a diſtaſte for its beſt comforts are marks ſo characteriſtic of our modern devotees, that they have repeatedly been known to cloſe the ſcene by a piſtol, or a ſword. There is nothing equal to this in the annals of monaſtic or heremitical life.

I have now proved the great ſuperiority of the voluntary mortifications of the moderns over that of the ancients, in one particular, that of mortifying the body. In my next I ſhall conſider the ſubject in another light. From what has been ſaid, however, it is plain that if the ancient Devotees had been acquainted with modern manners, they would greatly have altered their mode of penance; in mortifying the body they would have lived in a tavern inſtead of a cell, have drank wine inſtead of water, and had recourſe to a cook inſtead of a cat and nine tails.

Account of an EXTRAORDINARY DARKNESS, *in a Letter dated* Boſton, *May 9th*, 1780; *from Doctor* GORDON'S Hiſtory of the American War.

THIS day has been rendered very remarkable by an extraordinary

nary phænomenon, which demands a particular relation. An unuſual darkneſs came on between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, and continued to increaſe. Your friend, having been accuſtomed to dark days in London, and frequently obſerved from his ſtudy the bright ſhining ſun gradually and at length totally eclipſed, as it deſcended behind the thick vapour which hung over the city, regarded it with no ſpecial attention, till called to do it by his neighbours, who were much alarmed. He dined by candle light about one. After that it grew much lighter; and he walked about five o'clock to a tavern, a mile diſtant on the road to Boſton, to meet a ſelect committee of Roxbury, on ſpecial buſineſs. When they had finiſhed about eight at night, he ſet out for home, not ſuſpecting but that, being fully acquainted with every foot of the road, he ſhould eaſily return notwithſtanding its being extremely dark. There were houſes all the way, though at a conſiderable diſtance from each other. He marked the candle-light of one, and with that in his eye went forward till he got up to it; but remarked that the appearance of the place was ſo different from what was uſual, that he could not have believed it to be what it was, had it not been from his certain knowledge of its ſituation. He caught the light of a ſecond houſe, which he alſo reached; and thus on. At length the light being removed from the laſt he had gained a ſight of, ere he was up with it, he found himſelf in ſuch profound darkneſs, as to be incapable of proceeding, and therefore returned to the houſe he had paſſed, and procured a lanthorn. Several of the company having further to go, were on horſeback. The horſes could not at all direct themſelves; and by the manner in which they took up and put down their feet on the plain ground, appeared to be involved in total darkneſs, and to be afraid leſt the next ſtep ſhould plunge them into an abyſs. The gentlemen ſoon ſtopt at another tavern, and waited for the benefit of the moon: but after a while, finding that the air received no acceſſion of light from it, when they were certain it was riſen, they had recourſe to candles to aſſiſt them in getting home. In ſome inſtances horſes felt the forcible operation of the darkneſs ſo ſtrongly, that they could not be compelled by their maſters to quit the ſtable at night, when wanted for particular ſervice. The ſhifting of the wind put an end to it; and at midnight it was ſucceeded by a bright moon and ſtar-light. The degree to which it aroſe, was different in different places. In moſt parts of the country it was ſo great in the day-time, that the people could not tell the hour by either watch or clock, nor dine, nor manage their domeſtic buſineſs without the light of candles. The birds having ſung their evening ſongs, had diſappeared, and were ſilent: pigeons and fowls retired to rooſt: the cocks crew as at day-break; objects could not be diſtinguiſhed but at a very little diſtance; and every thing bore the appearance and gloom of night. The extent of this darkneſs was extraordinary. It was obſerved as far eaſt as Falmouth. To the weſtward it reached to the furtheſt parts of Connecticut, and to Albany. To the ſouthward, it was obſerved all along the ſea coaſts; and to the north as far as the American ſettlements extend. We are told that a veſſel at ſea found herſelf incloſed for a while in a cloud of this darkneſs; and as ſhe ſailed, paſſed inſtantly from the verge of it into a clear light.

This phænomenon appears to have been owing to the clouds being highly

highly charged with ſmoke, which they had been collecting for days, from the fires in the back country. It is the American cuſtom to make large fires in the woods, for the purpoſe of clearing the lands in the new ſettlements. This was practiſed in the ſpring of the preſent year in a much greater degree than uſual, through the interruption that had been given to that buſineſs for a few years by the war. In the county of York, in the weſtern parts of New Hampſhire and Maſſachuſetts, and in Vermont, uncommonly large fires had been kept up to the extent of many ſcore miles, all round the frontiers. Thus the people in the new towns had been employed for two or three weeks: beſide, ſome large and extenſive fires had raged in the woods for ſeveral days before they could be extinguiſhed. The weather being clear, the air weighty, and the winds ſmall and variable for ſeveral days; the ſmoke, inſtead of diſperſing, roſe and conſtantly collected in the air, till the atmoſphere was loaded with ſuch an uncommon quantity of it, as proved in combination with other vapours the parent of the preceding darkneſs.

An Account of the Attempt of MAHOMED ALLY *to ſubvert the Government of* MYSORE, *and his Failure therein; contained in a Letter from Mangalore, dated February* 30, 1784.

WHILST Tippoo lay encamped on the plains before the fortreſs of Mangalore, a circumſtance happened which involved in its event, in a great meaſure, the intereſts of the Britiſh empire in India; but by the unfortunate failure of ſo grand a project, a glorious opportunity was loſt for placing the company in a much more eligible ſituation than they have hitherto known. The particulars of this circumſtance, being both curious and intereſting, I ſhall briefly recite in the following words:

The tyrannical and deſpotic diſpoſition of Tippoo Sultan, ſince his acceſſion to the ſovereignty of Myſore, induced Mahomed Ally (who commanded the right wing of his army, and who was by far the moſt able and experienced general he had), together with ſeveral of the principal officers, to form the deſign of depoſing him, and of placing Kerrem Saib, his younger brother, on the throne. In order to inſure ſucceſs to this undertaking, Mahomed Ally carried on a correſpondence with Colonel Campbell, who commanded the garriſon of Mangalore, wherein he promiſed to make ſuch a diviſion in Tippoo's army as would give the colonel an opportunity of obtaining a complete victory. Tippoo, by ſome means, procured intelligence of this conſpiracy; to obviate which, called for his utmoſt exertion, ability, and addreſs. He perceived that his troops began to murmur, and that a general diſcontent was becoming prevalent throughout his army, inſtigated by thoſe who were framing his deſtruction. Deciſive meaſures were immediately requiſite to prevent his ruin. He therefore, by a well-timed ſeverity, and an execution of ſome of the ringleaders, brought back many to loyalty, through fear. Tippoo being thus far ſucceſsful, now removed from his court all thoſe who were, as he believed, in the intereſt of Mahomed Ally, and excluded them from holding any great command. He then ſelected from a lower claſs of people thoſe who would, he was ſure, from gratitude and intereſt, ſtrongly oppoſe any meaſure that might tend to the diſadvantage of the prince, who had raiſed them from obſcurity, taking care at the ſame time that none but thoſe who poſſeſſed abilities inferior

to

to himſelf, ſhould occupy any important ſtations, and which were carried on under his own immediate inſpection. But Mahomed Ally ſtill retained his honours and command: for it appeared to Tippoo, that to have attempted to diveſt him of them at that moment, would have been as dangerous as it would have been impolitic. His authority was ſo great, and ſo readily and chearfully executed by the troops under his immediate command, as to render ſuch an attempt not only extremely precarious and doubtful, but its failure muſt have ended in the deſtruction of Tippoo himſelf; and it was more than probable that it would have failed, as he was not ſufficiently prepared to cruſh ſo dangerous an inſurrection.

Vigorous preparations were now making on either ſide, and the balance of power was ſo equal, that men could form no judgment how it would be decided. Mahomed Ally's friends were ſtrong, zealous for the cauſe in which they were engaged, unanimous, and determined in their meaſures. Tippoo's friends were numerous, but moſt of them were new; of no experience, conſequently not to be confided in; but if their maſter loſt his empire, they muſt loſe their lives, or return to their original obſcurity; and this was the only conſideration that had weight with Tippoo. The day at length arrived to decide this important affair—an opportunity offering for both parties, by the following circumſtance:

The killedar (or commandant) of the fort of Mangalore, at the time of its ſurrender to General Matthews, fled from Tippoo's dominions, well aware that he ſhould be put to death for capitulating with the Engliſh on terms, which Tippoo declared to be diſhonourable; but in December laſt returned to camp, at the invitation of Mahomed Ally, who promiſed to ſtand forth his protector againſt the vengeance of Tippoo. On his arrival in camp, Tippoo, exaſperated at his boldneſs, which he deemed an inſult, directed a gallows to be erected on the moſt conſpicuous place, which was followed by an order for his immediate execution. As ſoon as this reached the ears of Mahomed Ally, he went and expoſtulated with Tippoo on the impropriety of ſuch an act, and of the diſgrace that it would throw on his character; adding with a firm tone of voice, "That it was "his opinion that the killedar had "ſtrictly done his duty in the defence "of Mangalore." Tippoo remained inflexible and enraged at the freedom of Mahomed Ally's diſcourſe, and repeated the order for the execution of the killedar. Mahomed Ally forbad the order; and prevented the guards from ſeizing the perſon of the killedar, by taking him on his own elephant, and carrying him to the head of the troops, who were by this time drawn out and accoutered, ready for any order from Mahomed Ally.

Tippoo being now determined to loſe his crown, or cruſh the rebellion, ordered his troops to be immediately under arms, and detached a conſiderable force, under the command of a brave and confidential officer, to cut off all communication with Colonel Campbell. This was a judicious ſcheme indeed, and unfortunately for us, that gallant officer was ignorant of the circumſtance. Mahomed Ally, having now headed his troops, marched to the hill where the gallows was erected, and placing the rope round his own neck, gave his troops a ſhort but clear account of Tippoo's conduct in this tranſaction, adding, "That if "a perſon was thus to be re-"warded for doing his duty, no one "could be ſafe under the government "of a man, who, from caprice and "cruelty, would take away the life "of a brave and good ſoldier, as was "the killedar." After he had proceed-

ceeded thus far, perceiving that his troops were violent in their exclamations againſt Tippoo, he thought it a fit opportunity for diſcloſing his ſentiments to them, which they unanimouſly approved of, and called to him to take the rope from his neck, and lead them on to victory or death. His anſwer was, he muſt be firſt aſſured, that they were ſincere in their profeſſions; and that if he thought they would not act like men and ſoldiers in the cauſe they were now engaged in, he would that inſtant die before them, calling at the ſame time to a French ſurgeon, who chanced to be near, to feel his pulſe, and ſay, "If it did not beat like a man who "was fearleſs of death?" The ſurgeon replied in the affirmative. His troops now with one voice called out, that they would ſtand by him to the laſt; and urged to be led on. Mahomed Ally now took the rope from his neck, and again headed the troops.

By this time, Tippoo in perſon was aſcending the hill with his party. Mahomed Ally now moved forward to meet him; but perceiving that three companies of Europeans, compoſed of Engliſh and German deſerters, and part of Lally's corps, who were in the ſervice of Tippoo, but had been commanded by Mahomed Ally, were wheeling off to the right, called to them, to know where they were going, and whether it was not their intention to aſſiſt him, as they had promiſed? They replied, "That they "had come to the reſolution of re-"maining neuter; and for that pur-"poſe were marching to a little diſ-"tance, to be ſpectators, and to a-"wait the iſſue." Tippoo ſeeing a halt, and perceiving how matters ſtood, moved towards the Europeans, who had grounded their arms, bowed very low to them three times, and returned them thanks for their laudable behaviour, and then advanced to Mahomed Ally, who had been thrown into confuſion by the unexpected conduct of the Europeans.

A ſmart conflict enſued—and the engagement became general, and bloody. Mahomed Ally at laſt gave way, and retreated with the few friends who remained, to a neighbouring hill, where they were purſued and ſurrounded by Tippoo. The action was again renewed, and again became bloody; but ended by Mahomed Ally's being taken priſoner. The remainder of the party ſeeing their general in confinement, threw down their arms, and called for quarter. Mahomed Ally was now carried to a private place, where he was compelled to ſwallow poiſon; and the killedar, together with the paymaſter-general, who had favoured his cauſe, were, with near two hundred people, executed on the hill.

Thus was the fineſt opportunity loſt that ever offered for the ſubverſion of tyranny.

Extracts from an ingenious Eſſay, publiſhed at Bruſſels: On the grievous Torments inflicted in Germany in the Room of capital Puniſhments.

THE object of this little treatiſe is too intereſting in the preſent ſituation of things, when the ſpirit of philoſophy pervades the tribunal of criminal juriſdiction, not to have its ideas recorded, particularly as they reſpect the regulations of a prince whoſe actions have been very much the ſubject of converſation in this kingdom.

After having paid homage to the humanity of the emperor, and to his ſeveral reforms in the criminal juriſdictions, the author declares his intention is ſolely to notice the change of puniſhments.

"They have," ſays he, "baniſhed the

the forfeiture of life, an equitable, uſeful, and humane intention; but are not the penalties ſubſtituted inſtead thereof, of the ſame kind? I know only a few of them; they make humanity tremble.

"What in truth is the brand on the cheek with which certain criminals are marked? Has the judge forgot that we ought never to inflict external puniſhments, that we ought never to baniſh from the mind of the criminal the hope of entering again into ſociety, of being reſtored to his right of a citizen, after having ſufficiently expiated his fault? but this brand deprives him of his enjoyment for ever."

Our author then paſſes to the deſcription of another puniſhment.

"Humanity revolts," ſays he, "at the aſpect of thoſe miſerable wretches condemned to drag boats on the Danube!" Theſe he deſcribes as "livid, disfigured, ſcarce covered with rags, ſtruggling with painful efforts againſt the rapidity of the river; their irons have worn their garments, and ate away their fleſh; the blood is running from them, and their ulcers generate worms. Good heavens;" exclaims he, "I would afford them ſome relief, but a pitileſs conductor prevents me, and makes uſe of the name of Joſeph to juſtify his barbarity!"

"Aſk any of them their ſituation.—They know no repoſe; every day is witneſs of their toil.—When overtaken by night, they ſleep on the ſhore among hard ſtones;—their food is bad, and in quantity ſcarce ſufficient to ſupport them. Exhauſted nature refuſes them ſtrength, yet they are compelled to exertion by blows. Do they appear to ſink under it? they muſt go on, or die. Death, at length, kindly relieves ſome of them from their torments; but the ſurvivour is obliged to drag along with him the almoſt expiring carcaſe of his fellow-ſufferer."

Here the author makes ſome judicious reflections. "Is it not eaſy to reconcile public utility, juſtice, and humanity? ſhould we not remember they are men? that it is poſſible to reſtore them one day to ſociety; and that this pleaſing hope ought never to be taken from them. If we oblige them to labour, ſhould it not be in proportion to their abilities? ſhould they not have food ſufficient to ſupport them? ſhould not their bodies be defended from receiving injury by their chains? And if ſick, ſhould they not be relieved, and remedies employed to reſtore them?

"Let us then employ ſuch means as humanity dictates; let us give them a hope of liberty, after having expiated their crimes by a long puniſhment; and there is ſcarce any criminal you cannot reform, and reſtore one day to ſociety. If this is doubted, aſk the good Quakers, who preſide over the houſes of correction in the United States; they employ work, tenderneſs, and firmneſs. The priſoner muſt work, or if he refuſes, is reduced to the loweſt allowance of food; if he returns to his work, his allowance is increaſed, and they are encouraged by the hopes of eaſe, reward, and liberty. By this means there are few who are not reformed.

"I could," continues our author, "ſtop here, but there is one puniſhment which ſurpaſſes the reſt in barbarity; this is the puniſhment of the *poſts*, to which aſſaſſins are faſtened for life, in ſuch a manner as not to be able to ſtir from it, or lay down—bread, water, and ſoup occaſionally are their only nouriſhment. The wheel is not to be compared to this, becauſe in a few hours their torments have an end; but this extends even every day, every hour, every minute, for a length of time. They know no other change but what ariſes from the variation of the ſeaſons, and thoſe increaſe their afflictions; the ſun burns,

and the cold benumbs their limbs; they wiſh for death, but it does not come to relieve them; nor do they ſee an end of their ſufferings. But I leave thoſe deſcriptions; may they induce the legiſlators to employ other means! Barbarity never corrects men, and we ought to ſeek in puniſhments, not the means of tormenting, but of reforming them.

Dr. Franklin's Addreſs to the United States of America.

IF the following addreſs to the inhabitants of the United States of America, by the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Franklin, on the diſaffection that has prevailed towards the new ſyſtem of government introduced in that country, is thought worth a place in your uſeful Repoſitory, the immediate inſertion of it will oblige J. B.

A ZEALOUS advocate for the propoſed Federal Conſtitution in a certain public aſſembly, ſaid, that 'the repugnance of a great part of 'mankind to good government was 'ſuch, that he believed, that if an angel from heaven was to bring down 'a conſtitution formed there for our 'uſe, it would nevertheleſs meet with 'violent oppoſition.' He was reproved for the ſuppoſed extravagance of the ſentiment; and he did not juſtify it. Probably it might not have immediately occurred to him that the experiment had been tried, and that the event was recorded in the moſt faithful of all hiſtories, the Holy Bible; otherwiſe he might, as it ſeems to me, have ſupported his opinion by that unexceptionable authority.

The Supreme Being had been pleaſed to nouriſh up a ſingle family, by continued acts of his attentive providence, till it became a great people; and having reſcued them from bondage by many miracles performed by his ſervant Moſes, he perſonally delivered to that choſen ſervant, in preſence of the whole nation, a *conſtitution* and code of laws for their obſervance, accompanied and ſanctioned with promiſes of great rewards, and threats of ſevere puniſhments, as the conſequence of their obedience or diſobedience.

This conſtitution, though the Deity himſelf was to be at its head, and it is therefore called by political writers a *Theocracy*, could not be carried into execution but by the means of his miniſters; Aaron and his ſons were therefore commiſſioned to be, with Moſes, the firſt eſtabliſhed miniſtry of the new government.

One would have thought, that the appointment of men who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in procuring the liberty of their nation, and had hazarded their lives in openly oppoſing the will of a powerful monarch who would have retained that nation in ſlavery, might have been an appointment acceptable to a grateful people; and that a conſtitution framed for them by the Deity himſelf, might, on that account, have been ſecure of an univerſal welcome reception; yet there were, in every one of the *thirteen tribes*, ſome diſcontented, reſtleſs ſpirits, who were continually exciting them to reject the propoſed new government, and this from various motives.

Many ſtill retained an affection for Egypt, the land of their nativity; and theſe, whenever they felt any inconvenience or hardſhip, though the natural and unavoidable effect of their change of ſituation, exclaimed againſt their leaders as the authors of their trouble, and were not only for returning into Egypt, but for ſtoning their deliverers*. Thoſe inclined to idolatry were diſpleaſed that their

* Numbers, chap. xiv.

golden

golden calf was deſtroyed. Many of the chiefs thought the new conſtitution might be injurious to their particular intereſts, that the *profitable places* would be *engroſſed by the families and friends of Moſes and Aaron*, and others equally well-born excluded*. In Joſephus, and the Talmud, we learn ſome particulars, not ſo fully narrated in the Scripture. We are there told, that Corah was ambitious of the prieſthood, and offended that it was conferred on Aaron, and this, as he ſaid, by the authority of Moſes only, *without the conſent of the people*. He accuſed Moſes of having, by various artifices, fraudulently obtained the government, and deprived the people of *their liberties*; and of CONSPIRING with Aaron to perpetuate the tyranny in their family. Thus, though Corah's real motive was the ſupplanting of Aaron, he perſuaded the people that he meant only the *public good*; and they, moved by his inſinuations, began to cry out, "let us maintain the *common liberty* of our *reſpective tribes*; we have freed ourſelves from the ſlavery impoſed upon us by the Egyptians, and ſhall we ſuffer ourſelves to be made ſlaves by Moſes? If we muſt have a maſter, it were better to return to Pharaoh, who at leaſt fed us with bread and onions, than ſerve this new tyrant, who by his operations has brought us into danger of famine."—Then they called in queſtion the reality of his conferences with God, and objected the *privacy of the meetings*, and the *preventing any of the people from being preſent* at the colloquies, or even approaching the place, as grounds of great ſuſpicion. They accuſed Moſes alſo of *peculation*, as embezzling part of the golden ſpoons and the ſilver chargers that the princes had offered at the dedication of the altar†, and the offerings of gold by the common people‡, as well as moſt of the poll-tax‖; and Aaron they accuſed of pocketing much of the gold of which he pretended to have made a molten calf. Beſides *peculation*, they charged Moſes with *ambition*; to gratify which paſſion, he had, they ſaid, deceived the people, by promiſing to bring them *to* a land flowing with milk and honey; inſtead of doing which, he had brought them *from* ſuch a land; and that he thought light of all this miſchief, provided he could make himſelf an *abſolute prince*§. That to ſupport the new dignity with ſplendor in his family, the partial poll tax, already levied and given to Aaron*, was to be followed by a general one†, which would probably be augmented from time to time, if he were ſuffered to go on promulgating new laws, on pretence of new occaſioned revelations of the divine will, till their whole fortunes were devoured by that ariſtocracy.

Moſes denied the charge of *peculation*; and his accuſers were deſtitute of proofs to ſupport it; though *facts*, if real, are in their nature capable of proof. "I have not," ſaid he (with holy confidence in the preſence of God), "I have not taken from this peo-

* Numbers xvi. 3. And they gathered themſelves together againſt Moſes and againſt Aaron, and ſaid unto them, Ye take too much upon you, ſeeing all the congregations are holy, *every one of them*,—wherefore then lift ye up yourſelves above the congregation?

† Numbers vii.

‡ Exodus xxxv. 22.

‖ Numbers iii. and Exodus xxx.

§ Numbers xvi. 13. Is it a ſmall thing that thou haſt brought us up *out of a land* flowing with milk and honey, to kill us in this wilderneſs, except thou make thyſelf *altogether a prince* over us?

* Numbers iii.

† Exodus xxx.

people the value of an aſs, nor done them any other injury." But his enemies had made the charge, and with ſome ſucceſs among the populace, for *no kind of accuſation is ſo readily made, or eaſily believed, by KNAVES, as the accuſation of knavery.*

In fine, no leſs than two hundred and fifty of the principal men, "famous in the congregation, men of renown‡," heading and exciting the mob, worked them up to ſuch a pitch of phrenſy, that they called out, Stone 'em, ſtone 'em, and thereby *ſecure your liberties;* and let us chooſe other captains that may lead us back into Egypt, in caſe we do not ſucceed in reducing the Canaanites.

On the whole it appears, that the Iſraelites were a people jealous of their newly-acquired liberty, which jealouſy was in itſelf no fault; but that, when they ſuffered it to be worked upon by artful men, pretending public good, with nothing really in view but private intereſt, they were led to oppoſe the eſtabliſhment of the *new conſtitution*, whereby they brought upon themſelves much inconvenience and misfortune. It farther appears from the ſame ineſtimable hiſtory, that when, after many ages, that conſtitution was become old and much abuſed, and an amendment of it was propoſed, the populace, as they had accuſed Moſes of the ambition of making himſelf a *prince*, and cried out, *ſtone him, ſtone him;* ſo, excited by their high prieſts and SCRIBES, they exclaimed againſt the Meſſiah, that he aimed at becoming *king* of the Jews, and cried out, *crucify him, crucify him!* From all which we may gather, that popular oppoſition to a public meaſure is no proof of its impropriety, even though the oppoſition be excited and headed by men of diſtinction.

To conclude, I beg I may not be underſtood to infer, that our General Convention was divinely inſpired when it formed the new federal conſtitution, merely becauſe that conſtitution has been unreaſonably and vehemently oppoſed; yet I muſt own I have ſo much faith in the general government of the world by PROVIDENCE, that I can hardly conceive a tranſaction of ſuch momentous importance to the welfare of millions now exiſting, and to exiſt in the poſterity of a great nation, ſhould be ſuffered to paſs without being in ſome degree influenced, guided, and governed by that omnipotent, omnipreſent, and beneficent Ruler, in whom all inferior ſpirits live and move, and have their being. B. F.

‡ Numbers xvi.

Deſcription of ſeveral curious NATURAL CAVES, *near* KILKENNY, *in* IRELAND.

ABOUT two miles from Kilkenny, in the neighbourhood of the park-houſe of Donmore, are a number of caves, as curious, perhaps, as any mentioned in natural hiſtory, except thoſe of Antiparos in the Archipelago. After a difficult deſcent of about one hundred feet, the entrance into this ſubterraneous world is gained. The appearance of the firſt cavern is uncommonly aweful, and gives riſe to an idea of a grand Gothic ſtructure in ruins. The ſolemnity of this place is not a little increaſed by the gaiety of thoſe ſcenes that preſent themſelves on every ſide previous to our entering it: the floor is uneven, and ſtones of various ſizes are promiſcuouſly diſperſed upon it: the ſides are compoſed of ragged work, in ſome parts covered with moſs, and in others curiouſly froſted; and from the roof, which is a kind of arch, ſeveral huge rocks project beyond each other, that

that ſeem to threaten inſtant ruin. The circumference of this cave, is not leſs than two hundred feet, and its height about fifty. Here is a ſmall but continual dropping of water from the cieling, and a few petrefactions reſembling icicles.

This place has its inhabitants; for immediately on entering into it you are ſurpriſed with a confuſed noiſe, which is occaſioned by a multitude of wild pigeons: hence there is a paſſage towards the left, where by a ſmall aſcent a kind of hole is gained, much like, but larger than the mouth of an oven, which introduces to a place where by the help of candles, daylight being entirely excluded, a broken and ſurprizing ſcene, of monſtrous ſtones heaped on each other, chequered with various colours, inequality of rocks over head, and an infinity of ſtalactical ſtones, preſents itſelf. Nature, one would imagine, deſigned the firſt cave as a preparative for what remains to be ſeen; by it the eye is familiarized with uncommon and aweful objects, and the mind tolerably fortified againſt thoſe ideas that reſult from a combination of appearances unthought of, ſurprizing, and menacing. The ſpectator flatters himſelf that he has nothing to behold more aweful, nor any thing more dangerous to meet, than what he finds in the firſt cavern; but he ſoon diſcovers his miſtake; for the bare want of that light which dreſſes nature with gaiety is alone ſufficient to render the ſecond far more dreadful. In the firſt he fancies ruin frowns upon him from ſeveral parts; but in this it is threatened from a thouſand vaſt rocks rudely piled on each other, that compoſe the ſides, which ſeem bending in, and a multitude of no ſmaller ſize are pendant from the roof in the moſt extraordinary manner; add to this, that by a falſe ſtep one would be daſhed from precipice to precipice. Indeed, it would be matter of much difficulty, or rather impracticable, to walk over this apartment, had not nature, as if ſtudious for the ſafety of the curious, cauſed a ſort of branches to ſhoot from the ſurface of the rocks, which are remarkably unequal, and always damp. Theſe branches are from four to ſix inches in length, and nearly as thick: they are uſeful in the ſummits of the rocks to prevent ſlipping, and in the ſides are ladders to deſcend and aſcend with tolerable facility. This aſtoniſhing paſſage leads to a place far more curious than any of the reſt. On entering into it, one is almoſt induced to believe himſelf ſituated in an ancient temple, decorated with all the expence of art: yet, notwithſtanding the beauty and ſplendour that catch the eye on every ſide, there is ſomething of ſolemnity in the faſhions of the place, which muſt be felt by the moſt ordinary ſpectator. The floor in ſome parts is covered with a cryſtalline ſubſtance; the ſides in many places are incruſted with the ſame, wrought in a mode not unlike the Gothic ſtile of ornament, and the top is almoſt entirely covered with inverted pyramids of the like elegantly white and lucid matter. At the points of theſe ſtalactical ſtrata are perpetually hanging drops of pellucid water; for when one falls, another ſucceeds: theſe pendent gems contribute not a little to the glory of the roof, which when the place is properly illuminated appears as if formed of the pureſt cryſtal.

Here are three extraordinary and beautiful congelations, which, without the aid of a ſtrong imagination, may be taken for an organ, altar, and croſs. The former, except when ſtrictly examined, appears to be a regular work of art, and is of a conſiderable ſize; the ſecond is of a ſimple form, rather long than ſquare; and

and the third reaches from the floor to the roof, which may be about twenty feet. Theſe curious figures are owing either to water that fell from the upper parts of the cave to the ground, which coagulated into ſtone from time to time, until at length it acquired thoſe forms which are now ſo pleaſing; or perhaps they partake of the nature of ſpar, which is a kind of rock plant. The former ſeems to be the moſt probable ſuppoſition, as theſe figures in colour and conſiſtence appear exactly like the icicles on the top, which are only ſeen from the wet parts of the caverns, and in this place there is a greater oozing of water, and a much larger number of petrifactions, than in any other. When this curious apartment has been ſufficiently examined, the guides lead you for a conſiderable way through winding places, until a glimmering light agreeably ſurprizes. Here the journey of above a quarter of a mile through this parts is ended; but upon returning into the firſt cavern, the entrance into other apartments, leſs curious indeed, but as extenſive as thoſe we have deſcribed, offers itſelf. The paſſages into ſome of theſe are ſo very low, that there is a neceſſity of creeping through them; by thoſe we proceed till the noiſe of a ſubterraneous river is heard: farther than this none have ventured.

Poetry.

From "ARUNDEL," *a Novel.*

FAST by the Medway's ſilver tide,
Beneath the woodbine's fragrant ſhade,
Love's roving god by chance eſpied
A ruſtic grot, and thus he ſaid—

'Hail, Grot! ſo ſilent and ſo ſweet,
'Impending o'er this glaſſy ſtream,
'Be henceforth thou my favour'd ſeat,
'Propitious to the lover's theme!

'Here if the modeſt youth eſſays
'With faultering lips to move the fair,
'In the cold damſel's heart I'll raiſe
'A pity that ſhall grant his prayer.

'Here if the ſtubborn maid ſhall ſpy
'The melting tear his cheek bedew,
'I'll launch an arrow from his eye
'Shall pierce her proud heart thro' and thro'.

'Then wild and raging all amain
'With her tormented boſom's ſmart,
'Save me, ſhe'll cry, oh, eaſe my pain,
'And draw his arrow from my heart!

'He with fond arms encircling round,
'Shall preſs her to his faithful breaſt,
'And the ſame hand that gave the wound
'Shall lull its agonies to reſt.'

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF MRS. THROCKMORTON'S BULLFINCH.

Lugete o Veneres Cupidineſque!

YE nymphs! if e'er your eyes were red
With tears o'er hapleſs fav'rites ſhed,
Now ſhare Maria's grief;
Her fav'rite, even in his cage,
(What will not hunger's cruel rage?)
Aſſaſſin'd by a thief.

Where Rhenus ſtrays his vines among,
The egg was laid from which he ſprung;
And though by nature mute,
Or only with a whiſtle bleſt,

Well-

Well taught he all the ſounds expreſt
Of flagellet or flute.

The honours of his ebon poll
Were brighter than the ſleekeſt mole,
His boſom of the hue
With which Aurora decks the ſkies,
When piping winds ſhall ſoon ariſe,
To ſweep up all the dew.

Above, below, in all the houſe,
(Dire foe alike of bird and mouſe)
No Cat had leave to dwell;
And Bully's cage ſupported ſtood
On props of ſmootheſt-ſhaven wood,
Large-built and latticed well.

Well-latticed—but the grate, alas!
Not rough with wire of ſteel or braſs,
For Bully's plumage ſake;
But ſmooth with wands from Ouſe's ſide,
Of which, when neatly peel'd and dried,
The ſwains their baſkets make.

Night veil'd the pole—all ſeem'd ſecure—
When, led by inſtinct ſharp and ſure,
Subſiſtence to provide;
A beaſt forth fallied on the ſcout,
Long-back'd, long-tail'd, with whiſker'd ſnout,
And badger-colour'd hide.

He, entering at the ſtudy-door,
Its ample area 'gan explore
And ſomething in the wind
Conjectur'd ſniffing round and round,
Better than all the books he found,
Food, chiefly, for the mind.

Juſt then, by adverſe Fate impreſs'd,
A dream diſturb'd poor Bully's reſt,
In ſleep he ſeem'd to view
A rat faſt clinging to his cage,
And, ſcreaming at the ſad preſage,
Awoke, and found it true.

For, aided both by ear and ſcent,
Right to his mark the monſter went—
Ah, Muſe, forbear to ſpeak,
Minute, the horrors which enſued!
His teeth were ſtrong, the cage was wood—
He left poor Bully's beak!

Oh had he made that too his prey!
That beak, whence iſſued many a lay
Of ſuch melliſluous tone,
Might have repaid him well, I wot,
For ſilencing ſo ſweet a throat,
Faſt ſtuck within his own.

Maria weeps, the Muſes mourn.—
So when, by Bacchanalians torn
On Thracian Hebrus' ſide,
The tree-enchanter Orpheus fell,
His head alone remain'd to tell
The cruel death he died.

ODE for the PAUPER CHARITY at Bath: the Words by Mr. Meyler, the Muſic by Signor Rauzzini.

RECITATIVE.

WITHIN a lowly hut, where walls
Can ſcarce exclude the blaſt;
Where ſickneſs pines, and miſery calls,
Lo! yon poor wretch is caſt.

AIR.

Sleep from his eyes has ta'en her flight,
He loaths the day, yet dreads the night
That brings increaſing pangs:—
Fever to ſcorch afreſh his veins,
Or madneſs to diſtract his brains,
Or hunger with her fangs.
Shrunk is his once well-ſinewed frame,
And wan the eye, whoſe former gleam
Beſpoke a mind ſerene;
His deepened groans, his lengthened ſighs,
His breaſt where ſtrong convulſions riſe,
Forebode the cloſing ſcene.

RECITATIVE.

Beſide his bed,
With hope, with dread,
His wretched help-mate ſtands,
With murmurs meek,

Tear

Tear-furrow'd cheek,
She wrings imploring hands.

AIR.

While by the dying ember's light
The eye ſurveys in naked plight
Four helpleſs infants lie;
Faint, famiſh'd, two have ceas'd to groan,
The ſtronger twain but feebly moan
And unavailing cry.

SONG.

Yet not unavailing, ſee yonder appear
Humanity's ſons, to diſpel every fear;
To offer Hygeia's bleſt cup to the weak,
The cords of deſpair and affliction to break,
To cheer the wan eye, and to ſooth the wrung breaſt,
And uſher contentment—the long abſent gueſt,
Diffuſe health and plenty, give miſery eaſe,
And pour mercy's oil on the wounds of diſeaſe.

CHORUS.

Then bleſt be the patrons of this hallow'd ſcheme,
Whoſe eyes, like their God's, with benevolence beam.

THE VOICE WE LOVE.

SOFT is the Zephyr's breezy wing,
And balmy is the breath of Spring;
When o'er the ſilent dewy vale
Its mingled ſweets it doth exhale,
Stolen from the varied flower,
Gliſt'ning with an ev'ning ſhower,
From the vi'let's nectar'd dew,
From the roſe of bluſhing hue;
And from ſweet thyme, empurpling all the ground,
It gathers rich perfume, and ſhed its odour round.
Yet ſay, what ſweets can half ſo fragrant prove,
As the ſoft breath of thoſe we fondly love?

Go liſten to the ſofteſt lute—
The moſt perſuaſive, magic ſong;
And hear the ſweet reſponſive flute,
The wild melodious ſtrains prolong;
Attend a while the ſoft impaſſion'd lyre,
That melts the frozen heart, and kindles fond deſire.

Simplicity thy ſteps ſhall lead,
To the ſimple, verdant mead;
For to humble plains belong
The oaten pipe and paſt'ral ſong:
Untutor'd in the ſchool of art,
They breath the impulſe of the heart;
Hear the ſtrain, and mark it well—
There do Love and Honour dwell.

Whiſpering from among the trees,
Sighing to the paſſing wind;
Echoing back the evening breeze,
The ſoft Eolian harp you'll find:
Mark its wild, uncertain meaſure,
This is Fancy's ſweeteſt treaſure,
There ſhe reigns, and while ſhe ſings,
Fairy fingers kiſs the ſtrings.
There the blue-eyed pleaſures meet,
There is Love's moſt fav'rite ſeat,
There of Hope, the lov'd retreat,
And ev'ry thing that's ſoft, and ev'ry thing that's ſweet.

Of all the rapt melodious tones,
That heaven deſcended Muſic owns,
Recall the ſoft, the magic ſtrain,
That ſeem'd to vibrate on thine heart,
And could a tranſient joy impart
As the wild numbers linger'd thro' the plain.

Then ſay, fond youth, upon thy penſive breaſt,
Is not this Truth indelibly impreſt—
'No dulcet ſounds can ſo harmonious prove,
'As the ſoft accent of the voice we love?

CESARIO.

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THE TRIFLER,

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THE SUBJECT OF THE LAST PAPER CONTINUED—PENANCE INFLICTED ON THE MIND—CONTEMPT OF RICHES—MEANS OF GETTING RID OF RICHES—DISTASTE OF THE COMFORTS OF LIFE—SUBJECT CONCLUDED—

IN my laſt paper I undertook to prove (and am of opinion have done it ſucceſsfully) that the auſterities of the ancient monks, hermits and ſaints, were nothing when compared to the voluntary penances inflicted on themſelves by the modern worſhippers of faſhion and *bon ton*. I proceed now to give ſome farther proofs of our ſuperiority in reſpect to the mortifications inflicted on our *minds*, a ſpecies of penance which our forefathers never practiſed.

The ancients boaſt, indeed, of their contempt of riches, and of their preferring on all occaſions the hardſhips of life to the comforts and conveniences of it. But in thoſe two reſpects our modern *Heautontimorumeroi* far exceed them.

1. AS TO CONTEMPT OF RICHES. That which one never had, one is not very likely to covet. The ancients were always poor, and from habits of poverty became in time to like it, eſpecially when they ſaw what inconveniences riches occaſioned to thoſe who poſſeſſed them. Far different is the caſe with our Devotees. They are generally born to opulence, but in time, whether owing to education or other circumſtances, or, which is the moſt charitable ſuppoſition, to the ſame real contempt for riches which the ancients entertained, they ſoon acquire a diſtaſte, a loathing of money; and as this appears in youth and health, it cannot be attributed to their having outlived their good humour, and having quarrelled with ſociety. But whatever be the cauſe, the conſequence is, that their time is divided between two things, contriving ſchemes for getting rid of money, the root of all evil, as they know by experience, and executing the ſchemes they have contrived. And as the common methods of parting with money are found inſufficient

to conſume it ſoon enough, various odd experiments have been tried, of which the ancient Devotees, had they been ever ſo rich and tired of riches, could have no idea. One of the chief of theſe experiments, and the moſt ſucceſsful of them, is by uſing a number of pieces of paper marked with red and black ſpots; the red ones are called *diamonds* and *hearts*, the black ones *ſpades* and *clubs*. There is no ſaying at preſent whence thoſe names aroſe, nor is it material. Thoſe pieces of paper are divided among four perſons, an equal number to each, and by a particular method of mixing them together, which it would be tedious here to deſcribe, it ſo happens that a perſon who has entered a room with a thouſand pounds in his pocket, leaves it without a penny; or if he have no money at the time, his word is ſufficient, as people who take this method of parting with their money, are moſt punctual in fulfilling any promiſes they may have made. This transfer of property is entirely performed by the pieces of paper we ſpeak of, and it is perhaps the moſt expeditious way poſſible. Others who are tired with the bits of paper, get rid of their money by means of two cubic pieces of ivory, with black ſpots upon them, which they throw from a wooden machine with great violence upon the table. By means of theſe and the pieces of paper, ſome men not far advanced in years have made ſhift to get rid of many thouſand pounds in a very ſhort time; nay, ſuch has been their contempt of riches, that they have even waſted their laſt penny, or if they reſerved a ſmall moiety, it has been generally too ſmall to enable them to live in their own country. Now, the ancients would have thought it ſacrifice enough if they had parted with their money for value received, or for ſome conſideration, ſuch as building churches, portioning young maidens, erecting fine houſes and villas, giving expenſive entertainments, &c. But no ſuch ambitious or vain motives influence our Devotees. On the contrary, nothing is more ſhocking to them than the neceſſity of beſpeaking any thing from a tradeſman—except indeed the neceſſity of paying for it. They are deſirous, when they have parted with their money, that no veſtige ſhould remain, nothing to put them in mind that they ever poſſeſſed any—and that this may be more effectually accompliſhed, when the laſt ſhilling is gone, their horſes, carriages, equipage, and furniture go with it.—If this be not ſuperior ſelf-denial, exalted penance, and the very acerbity of mortification, I give up all knowledge of words, all experience of men and things.

I might mention here various other methods daily practiſed by our Devotees for the more effectual diſburſements of their fortunes, ſuch as keeping horſes, and what is called *betting;* but as theſe methods are well known, I ſhall paſs to another part of my ſubject.

2. THEIR PREFERRING THE HARDSHIPS OF LIFE TO THE COMFORTS AND CONVENIENCIES OF IT. This was the great, the favourite boaſt of the ancients; but how much our Dealers in penance excel them in this, every one muſt be ſenſible who knows what the comforts of life are, and with what contempt they are viewed. One part of the ancient diſcipline was to avoid all commerce with the ſex, that is, by marriage. The ſame doctrine prevails ſtill; but is refined upon in ſuch a manner as to make it far more conducive to mortification than the ancients had any notion of. They avoid marriage (to uſe their own phraſe) "as they would avoid the Devil"; but in lieu of that, they chuſe a female companion who may aſſiſt them in getting rid of every comfort in life; to her humours they

they live in perpetual ſubjection; ſhe enjoys what money is not diſpoſed of by the papers or ivory cubes above mentioned, and it is remarkable that thoſe ladies ſo perfectly coincide with their keepers' ideas of penance, that they never ceaſe to give them all the trouble in their power, haraſſing their minds by a ſeries of jealous whims, diſappointments, caprices and levities, until ſometimes they drive them out of their ſenſes, or, what is more difficult, out of their country. Can any plan be conceived ſo well calculated for deſtroying the comforts of life? Can any man better evince his contempt for eaſe and comfort, than by adopting ſuch a plan? what is the pitcher of water, the iron bed, and the cat o'nine-tails compared to this? Nothing—The ancient diſciplinarian aimed at a few penances—Ours is a MASTER OF MORTIFICATIONS! (I mean no offence to Mr C——).

Of the other comforts of life, ſuch as ſocial friends, rational converſation, books, independence of mind, with a long liſt of *et ceteras*, it is not neceſſary to ſay much, as from what has been already advanced, it muſt be plain that they are totally deſtroyed, and never admitted to interfere with the penance of a *Man of Spirit*.

It has already been mentioned, that the ancients, ſeverely as they might caſtigate their bodies, lived to great age, in good health, and free from care and turmoil. This, whatever their advocates may ſay to the contrary, was really a life of eaſe, a down-bed, a ſmooth pillow, compared to the voluntary ſufferings of the Devotees of the preſent day. Their age is ſeldom great; their health is gone before they have known its value; and, leaſt there might ſtill be comfort in freedom, we find them not unfrequently prefer the horrors of a jail to the comforts of a free houſe, which they might enjoy, were they to remit but a little of the hard penance they have enjoined themſelves. Of the piſtol, the ſword and the rope, we ſpoke in the preceding paper, and leaſt it ſhould be ſuppoſed that thoſe means are had recourſe to, in order to finiſh their penance, it muſt be added, that the caſe is otherwiſe, and that they never hang or ſhoot themſelves until they have ſo completely exhauſted all the various forms and modes of mortification, that not a ſingle fleabite remains, not a ſingle ſhilling to part with. And let me not forget to mention that, like the ancient diſciplinarians, the world allows them the name of MARTYRS, diſtinguiſhing the particular ſpecies of Martyrdom which they ſuffered, thus, *A. B. fell a Martyr to drinking*—B. C. *a glorious Martyr to the Turf*—D. E. *an eminent Martyr in the cauſe of Whiſt*—F. G. *martyred in his twenty ſeventh year by an Opera Dancer, &c.* I have materials by me for a complete *Hiſtory of Modern Martyrdom*, which I intend ſoon to publiſh. It will far exceed any thing recorded by Fox or Clerk, in their celebrated Hiſtories.

Thus I have briefly ſhown that when we conſider the particular characteriſtics of the age, we ought to be cautious, and not admit it to be an age of *eaſe*, or an age of *pleaſure*, without duly weighing and conſidering the meaning and import of thoſe terms. The lives I have deſcribed are not lives of eaſe; they may indeed be called feeble attempts at pleaſure; but it is pleaſure never attained, while the attempt invariably brings on a train of evils, diſappointments and ſorrow, diſtreſs of body, and vexation of ſoul. In giving the preceding account, I would have my readers take notice that I have taken no ſide. I thought it proper to rectify the miſtakes of paſt hiſtorians, and prevent thoſe of future ones, in reſpect to the pretended ſuperiority of the ancient modes of penance

nance over the preſent—but I have carefully avoided any other partiality towards the latter, than what naturally ariſes from the love of hiſtoric truth. I leave it entirely to my readers to conſider the ſubject attentively and judge for themſelves—My purpoſe in writing theſe two papers, to ſpeak ſeriouſly, was to demonſtrate, that although virtue does not always meet with its reward, and never with its full reward in this world, yet that folly and vice are ever attended even here with their juſtly merited concomitants, pain and ſorrow, a diſeaſed body and a wounded ſpirit.

DESCRIPTION *of the* MISSISSIPPI, *and of the inhabitants of* LOUISIANA, *from* De Page's *Voyage: tranſlated from the French.*

ABOVE ten leagues from the entrance of Miſſiſſippi is the ſeparation of the branch of the river, which forms the ſouth-eaſt mouth. A little higher up on the ſame ſhore, we ſaw the oyſter coves, which fiſh are of a prodigious ſize, and their ſhells are uſed to make lime, there being no lime-ſtone in this country. Theſe marſhy ſhores, as well as all thoſe on the coaſt, ſerve as retreats for a vaſt number of water fowl of every denomination:—they are ſo fat, that they have rouzed the induſtry of the inhabitants of New Orleans to extract an oil from their fat, which forms a ſmall branch of commerce.

Fifteen leagues from the mouth we found the ſtraight of the *Plaquemines*, ſo called from a wild fruit, which is pretty good. The land begins to riſe above the water. The river is ſkirted with large, high, and majeſtic trees; which being intermixed with many ſtreets, form a very thick wood. On going into theſe woods, the ſoil, covered with decayed leaves, preſents ſome agreeable walks when they are not interrupted by trees fallen by age, or by ſtagnant waters, which cannot find a paſſage: the thickneſs of the trees forms a ſhade, impenetrable by the ſun. The ſwans and the *ordinaux* amuſe the eye of their captors; the plumage of the latter is equal to any birds in Europe. The river has plenty of wild ducks and other birds fit for eating, in places adapted to harbour them. Many ſorts of large fiſh are caught by the line; among others dabs and thornbacks: the ſharp weapon which the former have, both at the head and tail, and the ſecond over its whole body, may make the fiſhermen repent of too great alertneſs; the wound they make is followed by a ſwelling of the parts injured.

We ſoon began to find inhabitants, and ſome plantations of rice and Indian corn. We ſcarcely ever ſaw rice in any places but where the land being only about one or two feet above the level of the water, may leave a paſſage to the channels neceſſary to water the fields. As to the Indian corn, it is ſowed in all parts of Louiſiana, but the harveſt is in no part ſo fine and abundant as in this. The houſes of the inhabitants are agreeable enough; they build them ſome few feet above the level of the ground, to guard them from the damp of the earth, and from ſerpents or other venomous animals; which are, however, very much to be dreaded. The floors are formed of large ſquare timber, joined to each other, and ſupported by beams and other timbers fixed in the earth, which are the foundations of the building. They have four ſides, with a gallery to each; the rooms are in the middle; they have but one ſtory, and are covered with ſhingles, or very thin pieces of cypreſs wood, cut, faſtened, and arranged like our ſlates in Europe. Every houſe is in the middle of the little

little plantation it belongs to, which may be about a hundred paces ſquare, and which are ſituated by the ſide of ſome water. The fineſt trees which occupied the ſpace before it was cleared, were uſed for the conſtruction of the habitation, or for fences to the field; the reſt were burnt to avoid the trouble of cutting them down, or grubbing them up. But in more modern plantations, the roots are permitted to remain, by reaſon of the great labour required to grub them up and carry them away: they are only deſtroyed by length of time, and periſh by dryneſs or rottenneſs.

Eight leagues higher up, we came to the Engliſh Reach; and five leagues higher, we anchored on the 28th of July, oppoſite New Orleans. This city is about a league diſtant by land from a lake which communicates with the territories of Mobille, ceded to England. It is about thirty leagues from the mouth of the river; the ſhores of which are cultivated and well inhabited from between three or four leagues above the Reach of Plaquemines. It is pretty well built, with brick, the key is ſpacious and roomy, the ſtreets are large and broad, and the king's houſe is handſome. It is tolerably populous, the inhabitants have good conſtitutions, are of a robuſt make, and of a manly and lively character. This city is the fixed reſidence of merchants, workmen of all ſorts, of the garriſon, and the officers of the government. The coloniſts, who are employed in the cultivation of their grounds, are fixed at a diſtance, on account of their commerce with the ſavages, and reſide in the city only in the intervals of their work or trade.

We cannot too much admire the courage of the inhabitants of Louiſiana, who embracing the life of the ſavage, from a deſire to make their fortune, put on even their dreſs, and undergo the moſt painful labour, and often for a very inconſiderable emolument. Some wander on the ſea-ſide to make oil from the fat of the water fowl; others go four or five hundred leagues inland, to hunt bears, deer, and mooſe; the ſkins of which, and the dried fleſh, they bring back. Others go into the woods to cut cedar, cypreſs, and maple wood, with which this colony carries on a great trade to America. Some of them tranſport the productions of their country to the iſlands, and bring back goods for the Indian and other branches of trade: and laſtly, others of them, to carry theſe ſame goods from four to five hundred leagues inland, undertake to row that diſtance againſt a very rapid current. During their hunting they never eat any thing but the fleſh of the beaſts they take; nor have they any other cloathing than a looſe frock, and a piece of cloth round their waiſt. They always travel by water, and make uſe of canoes, or trunks of trees hollowed, to carry their families to the trading or hunting ſtations. When they come there, a cabin of boughs of trees, covered over with mud, is all their habitation. Some of them employ themſelves in ſearching for trees, called *ciriers*; from the ſmall branches of which they get wax, which they extract in the following manner, by a ſort of lye-waſhing; they cut the ſmall branches ſufficiently ſmall, and put them into a tub on a kind of ſtand, which leaves ſome diſtance between the tub and the ground; they throw over it a lixivium, which they let remain two days; the oily particles of theſe branches inſenſibly ſeparate, fall to the bottom of the rub, and form a kind of ſediment; which, when it is congealed, affords a cake of greeniſh wax, pretty firm, with which they make tapers. All theſe employments render them robuſt and ſtrong, and accuſtom both their body and their minds to a reſolution and labour,

with

with which they return to the city to enjoy themſelves, after having attained the object of their purſuit.

We paſſed our time in admiring the beauty of the country; and now ſaw, for the firſt time, thoſe men we call ſavages. Their manners made us think that they had nothing of the ſavage, but the name; and that we had given it them on account of their plain manners, and a method of living harder than ours. We particularly admired the ſerenity and phlegm which they always preſerve, not being affected in that lively manner, with good or ill fortune, as we are. The attraction which fine forms have in our eyes made us examine with care thoſe of the two ſexes, whoſe ſtrong muſcles, unencumbered with fat, and of a reddiſh cheſnut colour, fixed our attention. Although figure forms the moſt intereſting part of man, we took leſs pleaſure in obſerving that of the Indian ſavages, than the beauty and robuſt make of their bodies, thighs, and legs. The women have not large breaſts, but firm and plump; and they uſually mark them with a roſe round the nipple with gun-powder. Their hair is rough, and cut about four figures in length; their foreheads are bound with a bandage of earthen or glaſs beads; they wear a large ſcarf or ſling of the ſame kind; and the women have their arms and legs ornamented with like bandages. The men have their waiſt covered with deer-ſkin or ſtripes of cloth, which paſs between their thighs. Thoſe of the women are alſo covered with ſkins or pieces of cloth of a greater length, which hang down to the middle of their thighs. They have alſo large ſkins and blankets to keep them from the cold, which completely cover them when they ſit down.

Theſe ſavages come to New Orleans to provide themſelves with ſuch luxuries or ſuperfluities as we have taught them the uſe of, which they barter for their poultry, or the produce of their hunting or their fiſhing. We bought ſome fiſh of them, which was but badly prepared, but ſufficiently to preſerve it. They dry the outſide over a fire, ſo that it becomes a cruſt; and the inſide, deprived of that moiſture which would corrupt it, and defended from that exterior air by the cruſt, will keep a long time.

CHARACTER *of the American* GENERAL LEE, *in a Letter from a gentleman at Philadelphia to* DR. GORDON, *author of the Hiſtory of the Riſe, Progreſs, and Eſtabliſhment of the Independence of the* United States *of* America.

THE character of this perſon is full of abſurdities and qualities of a moſt extraordinary nature. His underſtanding was great, his memory capacious, and his fancy brilliant. His mind was ſtored with a variety of knowledge, which he collected from books, converſation, and travels. He was a correct and elegant claſſical ſcholar; and both wrote and ſpoke his native language, with perſpicuity, force, and beauty. From theſe circumſtances he was, at times, a moſt agreeable and inſtructive companion. His temper was naturally ſour and ſevere. He was ſeldom ſeem to laugh, and ſcarcely to ſmile. The hiſtory of his life is little elſe than the hiſtory of diſputes, quarrels, and duels, in every part of the world. He was vindictive to his enemies. His avarice had no bounds. He never went into a public, and ſeldom into a private houſe, where he did not diſcover ſome marks of ineffable and contemptible meanneſs. He begrudged the expence of a nurſe in his laſt illneſs, and died in a ſmall dirty room in the Philadelphia Tavern, called the Canaſtoe-waggon,

[de-

[deſigned chiefly for the entertainment and accommodation of common countrymen] attended by noone but a French ſervant, and Mr. Oſwald the printer, who once ſerved as an officer under him. He was both impious and profane. In his principles he was not only an infidel, but was very hoſtile to every attribute of the deity. His morals were exceedingly debauched. His manners were rude, partly from nature, and partly from affectation. His appetite was ſo whimſical as to what he ate and drank, that he was at all times, and in all places, a moſt troubleſome and diſagreeable gueſt. He had been bred to arms from his youth; and ſerved as lieutenant colonel among the Britiſh, as colonel among the Portugueſe, and afterwards as aid-de-camp to his Poliſh majeſty, with the rank of major general. Upon the American continent's being forced into arms for the preſervation of her liberties, he was called forth by the voice of the people, and elected to the rank of third in command of their forces. He had exhauſted every valuable treatiſe, both ancient and modern, on the military art. His judgment in war was generally ſound.—He was extremely uſeful to the Americans in the beginning of the revolution, by inſpiring them with military ideas, and a contempt for Britiſh diſcipline and valour. It is difficult to ſay, whether the active and uſeful part he took in the conteſt, aroſe from perſonal reſentment againſt the king of Great Britain, or from a regard to the liberties of America. It is certain he reprobated the French alliance and republican forms of government, after he retired from the American ſervice. He was, in the field, brave in the higheſt degree; and with all his faults and oddities, was beloved by his officers and ſoldiers. He was devoid of prudence, and uſed to call it *a raſcally virtue*. His partiality to dogs was too remarkable not to be mentioned in his character. Two or three of theſe animals followed him generally wherever he went. When the congreſs confirmed the ſentence of the court-martial, ſuſpending him for twelve months, he pointed to his dog and exclaimed, "Oh! that I was that "animal, that I might not call *man* "my brother."—Two virtues he poſſeſſed in an eminent degree, viz. ſincerity and veracity. He was never known to deceive or deſert a friend; and was a ſtranger to equivocation, even where his ſafety or character were at ſtake. He died on Wedneſday evening, October 2, 1782, after being confined to his bed from the evening of the preceding Friday. His diſorder was a defluxion on the lungs, of three months ſtanding, which produced ſomething like a ſpurious inflammation of the lungs, accompanied with an epidemic remitting fever.

Singular Cuſtoms of the Chineſe.

[*From Abbe Groſier's Deſcription of China, juſt publiſhed*].

"FUneral rites," ſays the Abbe, "are conſidered by the Chineſe as the moſt important of all their ceremonies. The day of one's death is always very ſplendid in China, and people receive more honour and homage at that period, than ever they did when alive.

"A few moments after a perſon has expired, he is dreſſed out in his richeſt attire, and with every badge of his dignity. He is then placed in the coffin which has been purchaſed for him, or which he himſelf had provided in his lifetime; for one of the moſt anxious cares that engage the attention of a Chineſe, is to provide himſelf of a coffin, and not to delegate

gate that buſineſs to his ſucceſſors.—Thoſe, often, who are not worth above nine or ten piſtoles, employ the greater part of their money for this purpoſe. Sometimes the coffin remains twenty years uſeleſs in the family, and is conſidered by the head of it as the moſt valuable piece of furniture in his poſſeſſion. In caſes of poverty, when all other means fail, the ſon often ſells himſelf, or becomes a ſlave, to procure his father a coffin.

"Rich people frequently expend a thouſand crowns to have a coffin of precious wood, ornamented with different colours. Thoſe of citizens who are only in eaſy circumſtances, are much leſs expenſive. They are formed of ſtrong planks, ſix inches in thickneſs, and often more, which laſte for many years. In order that they may better reſiſt the injuries of time, they are daubed over with pitch and bitumen, and afterwards varniſhed, which prevents them from exhaling any diſagreeable ſmell.

"The cuſtom of opening dead bodies is not practiſed in China. It would be conſidered there as an act of cruelty, worthy of puniſhment, to ſeparate the heart and entrails from the body, in order to inter them apart. The Chineſe would be no leſs ſhocked and offended, to ſee, as in Europe, the bones of people deceaſed, heaped one upon another. A Chineſe is ſure of being always buried entire, unleſs he has loſt ſome of his limbs by accident. Their manner of interment is generally as follows: They firſt ſprinkle, in the bottom of the coffin, a ſmall quantity of lime; they then lay the body in it, taking care to place its head on a pillow, and to add a great deal of cotton, in order that it may remain more ſteady, and be prevented from ſhaking. They uſe cotton, likewiſe, with ſome other means, to preſerve the body in the ſame poſition in which it is firſt placed. The lime and the cotton ſerve alſo to receive the moiſture which may iſſue from it.

"In this manner the body remains expoſed ſeven days, but theſe may be reduced to three, if any ſubſtantial reaſon renders it neceſſary. During this interval, all the relations and friends, who are purpoſely invited, come and pay their reſpects to the deceaſed. The neareſt relations even remain in the hall of ceremony, which is then hung with white, but ſome pieces of black, or violet-coloured ſilk, are here and there interſperſed, as well as ſome other ornaments of mourning. Before the coffin is placed a table, upon which ſtands the image of the deceaſed, or a carved ornament inſcribed with his name. Theſe are always accompanied with flowers, perfumes, and lighted wax candles.

"It is cuſtomary for thoſe who enter the hall, to ſalute the coffin, in the ſame manner as if the perſon it contains were ſtill in life. They proſtrate themſelves before the table, and knock their foreheads ſeveral times againſt the earth; they afterwards place upon the table ſome perfumes and wax candles, which they have taken care to provide for that purpoſe. The intimate friends of the deceaſed, or thoſe who are ſuppoſed to have been ſo, accompany theſe ceremonies with frequent ſighs, and other marks of ſorrow, either real or pretended.

"The ſalutation which they have made to the body of the deceaſed, is returned by the eldeſt ſon, accompanied by his brothers. The latter come forth from behind a curtain, which hangs on one ſide of the coffin, but they do not walk, they creep on the ground, and drag themſelves along, until they reach the ſpot where thoſe ſtand whom they are going to ſalute. After which, without riſing up, they return in the ſame manner to their former ſtation. The

ſame

ſame curtain conceals alſo the women, who every now and then ſend forth diſmal and mournful cries.

" Thoſe who come to pay their reſpects in this manner to the dead, are afterwards conducted into another apartment, where they are treated with tea, and ſometimes with dried fruits and ſweetmeats. A diſtant relation, or ſome intimate friend of the family, is deputed on ſuch an occaſion to be maſter of the ceremonies; he introduces the viſitors, and in like manner accompanies them to the door, when they are about to depart.

" Thoſe who live in the neighbourhood of the place go in perſon to pay their reſpects to the deceaſed, but thoſe who are indiſpoſed, or whoſe habitations are at too great a diſtance, ſend a note of excuſe, which is entruſted to the care of a domeſtic. All theſe viſits are afterwards returned by the eldeſt ſon of the deceaſed, but complimentary billets are generally ſubſtituted for real viſits. The cuſtom is not to be at home when he calls.

" The relations and friends of the deceaſed are again informed of the day fixed for performing the funeral rites. Few of them ever fail to attend, acording to invitation.

" The proceſſion commences by a troop of men, who march in a ſingle file, carrying different figures, made of paſteboard, ſome of which repreſent ſlaves, others lions, tigers, horſes, &c. Other troops follow, who walk in two files: ſome of theſe carry ſtandards, ſome carry flags, or cenſers filled with perfumes; while others play plaintive and melancholy airs, on different muſical inſtruments. We find that muſic has been always uſed at the funeral ceremonies of every ancient nation. Theſe muſicians immediately precede the coffin, which is covered with a canopy in form of a dome, and entirely compoſed of violet-coloured ſilk; its four corners are ornamented with the like number of tufts, made of white ſilk, very neatly embroidered, and covered at the top with net-work. The coffin is placed upon the bottom of this machine, and is carried by ſixty-four men. The eldeſt ſon, cloathed in a canvas frock, having his body bent and leaning on a ſtaff, follows near the coffin; and behind him his brothers and nephews, but neither the one nor the other are dreſſed in canvas.

" Next come the relations and friends, all clad in mourning, and followed by a great number of chairs, covered with white ſtuff, which contain the wives and female ſlaves of the deceaſed. Theſe ſhew particular marks of ſorrow, and make the air reſound with their cries; but in general the lamentations of the Chineſe, in ſuch ceremonies, are ſo methodical, in ſpite of all their noiſe that an European would be induced to conſider them as the effects of cuſtom and art, rather than the natural effuſions of a mind agitated and oppreſſed with grief.

" When they arrive at the burying-place, the coffin is depoſited in a tomb appropriated for it, not far from which there are tables ranged in different halls. Theſe tables have been expreſsly prepared for the purpoſe of giving a repaſt to the aſſiſtants, which is ſerved up, after the ceremony, with the greateſt ſplendour.

" This repaſt is ſometimes followed by freſh marks of homage rendered to the corpſe; but theſe are often changed into thanks returned to the eldeſt ſon, who anſwers only by ſigns. But if the deceaſed was a grandee of the empire, a certain number of his relations never leave the tomb for one or two months. There they reſide, in apartments which have been previouſly prepared for them, and they renew the marks

of their grief and ſorrow every day, together with the children of the deceaſed.

" The magnificence of theſe funeral ceremonies is augmented, in proportion to the dignity and riches of the deceaſed. In the proceſſion which attended the corpſe of the eldeſt brother of the Emperor *Kang hi*, there were more than ſixteen thouſand people, all of whom had particular offices aſſigned them relating to the ceremony.

" Burying-places in China are always ſituated at a ſmall diſtance from a city or town, and generally upon ſome eminence. It is uſual to plant pines and cypreſſes around them. We find that this cuſtom has exiſted at the ſame period in different nations who never had the leaſt communication one with another. The form of the Chineſe tombs is various, according to the different provinces, and according to the ſituation of thoſe for whom they are intended. The poor are contented with placing the coffin under a ſhade, covered with a roof of thatch; others encloſe it in a ſmall building of brick, in the form of a tomb. Thoſe of people in affluence are in the figure of a horſe-ſhoe, well whitened, and finiſhed with great taſte; but thoſe of the mandarins, and great people, are much more ſumptuous and elegant. A vault is firſt conſtructed, in which the coffin is ſhut up; over this vault is raiſed a pyramid of earth, well beat together, about twelve feet in height and ten in diameter. A layer of lime and ſand laid over this earth, makes a kind of plaſter, which renders the whole very durable and ſolid: various kinds of trees are planted around the tomb, in regular order. A large and long table of white marble, well poliſhed, is placed before it, upon the centre of which are to be ſeen a cenſer, accompanied by two vaſes, and the ſame number of candleſticks, of exquiſite workmanſhip. But this is not all: a great number of figures, repreſenting officers, eunuchs, ſoldiers, ſaddled horſes, camels, lions, tortoiſes, &c. are ranged round the tomb in different rows; and F. *Du Halde* aſſures us, that the whole produces a very ſtriking effect. It appears, at leaſt, more calculated to make a deep impreſſion upon the multitude, than the coſtly decorations of our funeral monuments in Europe.

" Some of the Chineſe have carried their filial attachment ſo far, as to preſerve in their houſes, for three or four years, the bodies of their deceaſed fathers. Mourning continues in China three years, and during this long interval they abſtain from the uſe of fleſh and wine; they can aſſiſt at no entertainment or ceremony, nor can they frequent any public aſſembly. When they have occaſion to go abroad, which is even not permitted them at firſt, the chair in which they are carried is commonly covered with a white cloth. Theſe are general rules for every Chineſe who is in mourning; but thoſe who preſerve the bodies of their fathers in their houſes for ſeveral years, impoſe on themſelves a great many other duties: they uſe no other ſeat, during the day, but a ſtool, covered with white ſerge, and no other bed but a plain mat, made of reeds, which is placed near the coffin.

" When a Chineſe dies in a province in which he was not born, his children have a right to tranſport the body to the burying place of their anceſtors. This right has been even converted into an indiſpenſable duty. A ſon who ſhould be wanting in this reſpect, would be diſgraced in his family, and his name would never be placed in the hall of anceſtors—a place reſerved to honour their memory, of which we ſhall ſpeak here-

hereafter. Beſides this the coffin cannot be carried through any town; it muſt be conveyed round part of its circumference, in order to regain the direct road. Permiſſion from the Emperor ſometimes abridges theſe difficulties, but it is forbidden, in any caſe whatever, to inter a perſon lately dead in the grave of another, unleſs it has intirely loſt its figure.

" With regard to the hall of anceſtors, it is a vaſt building, conſidered as common to all the branches of the ſame family, and deſtined for the following purpoſe: All theſe branches repair thither at a certain ſeaſon of the year. Sometimes they amount to ſeven or eight thouſand perſons, whoſe fortune, dignity and rank in ſociety are all very different, but there no diſtinction is known. The man of letters, the mechanic, the mandarin, the labourer, are all on a level in theſe aſſemblies: age alone regulates precedency. The oldeſt always takes place of all the reſt, even although he may be the pooreſt in company.

" The diſtinguiſhing ornament of this hall is a long table ſet againſt the wall, upon which is generally ſeen the image of one of their anceſtors, who has filled ſome office of diſtinction in the empire, with honour to himſelf, or who has been rendered illuſtrious by his talents and abilities. Sometimes it contains only the names of men, women, and children belonging to the family, inſcribed upon tablets, together with their age, the day of their death, and the dignities they enjoyed at that period: theſe tablets are ranged in two rows, upon ſteps, and are only about a foot high each.

" It is in ſpring that theſe relations aſſemble in this hall. They ſometimes repair thither in autumn alſo, but a ſtrict obſervance of this cuſtom is not always neceſſary. The only privilege allowed to the richeſt on theſe two occaſions, is to prepare an entertainment, and to treat the whole family at their own expences. We muſt obſerve, that the entertainment appears to have been prepared for their anceſtors only, and that they firſt pay reſpect to their memory; for they never permit themſelves to touch a bit of any thing, until an offering has been made to them.

" The homage rendered to anceſtors in this hall, which is conſecrated to them, does not free the Chineſe from the obligation they are under of viſiting their real burying-place once or twice a year. It is generally in the month of April that they diſcharge this duty. They begin by plucking up the weeds and buſhes that ſurround the ſepulchre, after which they renew thoſe ordinary marks of reſpect, affection and grief, which were ſhewn at the funeral; and conclude by placing wine and proviſions upon the tomb, which ſerve to dine their aſſiſtants.

" Such are the marks of honour which the Chineſe pay to their deceaſed relations, and which they conſtantly renew in memory of them. Theſe at firſt were, perhaps, the ſimple dictates of nature, ſupported by cuſtom, but at preſent they are eſtabliſhed into a law, which cannot be broken with impunity. *Confucius* ſaid, *Render to the dead the ſame duty and reſpect as if they were ſtill preſent and alive.* This is only an advice; but the counſels of *Confucius* have in China become precepts.

" It may, perhaps, be ſuperfluous to obſerve that families who are very poor have no hall to honour the names of their anceſtors. They are ſatisfied with placing the names of their neareſt relations, who have departed this life, in the moſt conſpicuous part of their houſes. We muſt not ſearch for the manners and cuſtoms of a nation among the poorer ſort of people; they can neither ſet an

example themſelves, nor imitate that of others.

CHARACTER *of the* PRINCE *of* WALES.

THIS great perſonage, who is heir apparent to the throne of Great Britain, and who, from a recent event, was near being called much earlier to the exerciſe of regal authority than was expected, has been as much the object calumny as any perſon exiſting.

To develope the character, to trace the diſpoſition (ſays a modern author), of the earlier and more perſonal tranſactions of him, upon whom the happineſs of millions will in a certain degree depend, and who will probably govern one of the moſt enlightened nations of Europe, arreſts the mind by every motive that can intereſt us, both as individuals and men. And as the unhappy ſituation of his royal father brought him in view of a more early connection with the people than from the courſe of nature might be expected, we ſhall endeavour to trace thoſe outlines of his character which afford hopes of future happineſs under his ſway.

Moving hitherto as it were in a private circle, and as yet in early life, a diſplay of his talents and diſpoſition at large is not to be expected. He is not, even by his enemies, ſuppoſed to be deficient either in the natural powers of the underſtanding, or the acquirements of education. His manners are ſaid to be affable and engaging, his converſation, ſenſible, judicious, and polite; at the ſame time, his diſpoſition is full of animation and paſſion; and whether in purſuit of an honourable purpoſe, or in temporary deviation into error, he is never guided by a cold and phlegmatic moderation.

To illuſtrate his character by his actions—The firſt occaſion in which his perſonal diſpoſition became a ſubject of public obſervation, was in 1783, during the adminiſtration of the Duke of Portland.—A mutual cordiality was known to ſubſiſt between the heads of this adminiſtration and the Prince of Wales; parliamentary notice was given of an intended meſſage from his Majeſty, the ſubject of which was generally underſtood to be an increaſe of the Prince's revenue. Whether the miniſters in this buſineſs acted with precipitation, or that the King, after having conſented to the meaſure, thought proper, on reflection, to withdraw his conſent; there ſoon appeared an unwillingneſs to proceed, and it was thought the miniſters would have reſigned, thinking they could not retract with honour.—In this emergency the Prince interpoſed, declared himſelf ſatisfied with his income, and not deſirous of any increaſe, unleſs it came freely from the King.

In 1786, the well-known connection with a certain lady took place; he had hitherto ſhewn a *general* regard only for the fair ſex; now his particular attachment to her became conſpicuous, he was obſerved to be frequently at her houſe, and to attend her often in public; from hence the malicious tongue of ſlander took occaſion to raiſe a rumour that they were privately married; although ſuch an event was impoſſible, being particularly guarded againſt by the royal marriage act, which declares all ſuch marriage null and void. However it ſuited the purpoſe of certain perſons to debaſe the character of the heir apparent; and the lady being of the Roman Catholic perſuaſion, it was ſcarcely poſſible to conceive how deep an impreſſion was made upon the minds of many well meaning individuals. It is by no means difficult to ſuggeſt from whence this attack firſt aroſe, which will ſoon appear to have been

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deſtitute of every foundation in truth.

However the errors of his conduct may have given occaſion to his enemies to cenſure him here, he ſoon gave an opportunity to the candid part of mankind to make a more favourable eſtimate of his character.

The Prince, either from a generous diſpoſition, or from the heedleſſneſs of youth, had contracted debts to the amount of 200,000l. and upwards. In this ſituation, he did not look with indifference on the inconveniences and diſtreſſes which muſt fall on his creditors; he felt like a man of virtue and honour. He is ſaid to have applied to his royal father for aſſiſtance, and on receiving an anſwer from him by Lord Southampton, that he would not interfere, he took but one day to deliberate on the conduct he ſhould hold.

He immediately reſolved to ſuppreſs the eſtabliſhment of his houſhold, abridge every uſeleſs expence, and ſet apart an annual ſum for the liquidation of his debts. His horſes for the turf were ſold, his building at Carleton Houſe was ſtopped, and he retired voluntarily from the ſplendour to which by his ſtation he was entitled, rather than forfeit that honour or integrity, which men of all ranks ſhould poſſeſs.

Yet could not this ſatisfy his enemies; it was, as has been ſaid, the intereſt of individuals to degrade his character, and the applauſe he met with was only from the virtuous few, who knew how to make a juſt eſtimate of actions.

If the Prince had in this affair called forth ſome of the virtues of his mind, he had ſoon an opportunity to exerciſe the greateſt of the cardinal virtues, fortitude. The attempt on the life of his royal father, by an unhappy maniac, is too well known to be repeated. The prince was at Brighthelmſtone when he heard of the affair; without a moment's delay he poſted to Windſor, and had an interview with his royal mother; but although the king knew he was in the houſe, he did not ſee him. Thus the buſy tools, who had long cauſed a private coolneſs between the father and ſon, found means to make the breach apparent and public. The king's character will not permit us to believe he would have conducted himſelf ſo, had not his mind been poiſoned by ſome ſecret adviſers. The prince has, however, ſince ſhewn it has by no means decreaſed his filial affection.

For near a year his highneſs bore his humiliating ſituation with patience, when his friends thought proper to make an effort to relieve him. The taſk was reſerved for Mr. Alderman Newnham, who has ever been a ſteady adherent to the Prince, and to the party which have ſupported him. That gentleman, on the 27th of April, declared his deſign to make a motion for an addreſs to the king, to take the Prince's ſituation into conſideration. The miniſter and his adherents ſaw too clearly the conſequence of this motion to permit it to come forward. The Prince's errors were canvaſſed publicly in the Houſe of Commons; the affair of Mrs. F. was brought forward, and to the ſurprize of his enemies, the moſt explicit anſwer was given to it. The miniſter, not chooſing to give any further oppoſition to a meaſure which might have borne him down before it, gave way, and a vote was paſſed to give that relief to the Prince which his neceſſities required.

His conduct in the above trying circumſtances muſt, by every candid mind, be confeſſed to have great merit; and his conſtant and unwearied attention to his royal father, during his unhappy indiſpoſition, is ſuch as cannot be ſufficiently applauded.

From theſe traits of his character,

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we may entertain hopes of happineſs under his ſway. The youth who endeavours to repairs the errors of his conduct as ſoon as they are made known to him, does all that can be expected from man; and he who has ſhewn himſelf careful in the exerciſe of ſome virtues, we may hope will in time ſhew that he poſſeſſes them all.

[Biog. Mag.

Review.

In our laſt, we gave an Extract from Dr. Campbell on the Goſpels; the following account of the work, extracted from the Analytical Review for March, cannot fail to be generally acceptable to our readers.

The Four Goſpels, tranſlated from the Greek: with preliminary Diſſertations, and Notes critical and explanatory. By George Campbell, D. D. F. R. S. Edinburgh; Principal of the Mariſchal College, Aberdeen. 2 Vol. in 4to. Price Two Guineas in boards. 1789.

WE are happy to have it in our power to give to the public ſo early an account of this important and learned work, which we have ſo long wiſhed to ſee, and which we have read with uncommon pleaſure.

The firſt volume (of 700 pages) contains a dedication to the preſent Biſhop of Carliſle, a Preface, and twelve preliminary Diſſertations.

In the preface, our author gives an account of the origin and preparation of the work. As far back as the year 1750 he formed the deſign of collecting criticiſms on the New Teſtament; and particularly to take notice of ſuch propoſed alterations on the manner of tranſlating the words of the original as appeared to expreſs the meaning with more perſpicuity or energy.—In this way he proceeded many years, merely for his own improvement; till he found that he had made a new verſion of a conſiderable part of the book. Having, afterwards, occaſion to turn his thoughts more cloſely to Scriptural Criticiſm, he entered into a more minute examination of the ſubject; of which the preſent work was the reſult. On ſome of the points re-examined, he found reaſon to change his firſt opinion; on others he was confirmed in the judgment he had formerly adopted.

'I have always (ſays he) laid it down as a rule in my reſearches, to diveſt myſelf, as much as poſſible, of an exceſſive deference to the judgment of men; and I think that in my attempting this, I have not been unſucceſsful—but, at the ſame time, I have been ready to give a patient hearing and impartial examination, to reaſon and argument, from what quarter ſoever it proceeded. That a man differs from me on ſome articles, has given me no propenſity to reject his ſentiments on other articles; neither does the concurrence of his ſentiments with mine on ſome points, make me prone to admit his ſentiments on others. Truth I have always ſought; and if a man may pronounce ſafely on what paſſes within his own breaſt, I am warranted to ſay, I have ſought it in the love of Truth.'

Our author here points out with great ſhrewdneſs, the difference which, he thinks, there exiſts between

'The impartial ſeekers of truth, and thoſe who, under the appearance of exalting human reaſon, idolize all their own conceptions and prejudices. In what concerns revelation, reaſon has a twofold province; firſt, to judge whether what is preſented to us as a revelation from God, be really ſuch or not; ſecondly, to judge what is the import of the teſtimony given.—With the firſt, (the evidences of the truth of

of our religion) I am not here concerned. The great deſign of this work is, to deliver with plainneſs, in our own tongue, a very eſſential part of what was, more than ſeventeen centuries ago, communicated in another tongue, to the inhabitants of countries remote from ours. It was in order the more effectually to anſwer this end, that I determined, on reflection, to add to the Verſion the preliminary Diſſertations and the Notes.'

Dr. C. then takes notice of the principal difficulties which a modern tranſlator of the holy ſcriptures has to encounter: ariſing chiefly from the diſtance of time; the difference of manners; the change that has gradually been made in the acceptation of many terms, and the inveterate prejudices of religious ſyſtem.

'Hence (ſays he) the propriety of *Scholia* or notes, for vindicating a new verſion.—For (adds he very juſtly) it is not on account of any peculiar obſcurity in ſacred writ, that more has been judged requiſite in this way with regard to it, than with regard to any other writings; but partly on account of certain peculiarities in the caſe; and partly on account of the ſuperior importance of the ſubject.'

As, in illuſtrating the principles on which ſome of the Author's tranſlations are founded, a great deal more ſeemed neceſſary to do juſtice to the argument, than could with propriety be thrown into the notes; it was deemed expedient to diſcuſs ſome points more fully in preliminary diſſertations.

This however is not the only uſe they were meant to anſwer. Though there has appeared, ſince the revival of letters, a numerous liſt of Critics on the Bible, little has been done, our Authors thinks,

'For aſcertaining the proper, and, in ſome reſpects, peculiar rules of criticiſing the Sacred Books; for pointing out the difficulties and dangers to which the different methods have been expoſed; and the moſt probable means of ſurmounting the one, and eſcaping the other. Something in this way has been attempted here."

Dr. C. obviates the objections that have lately been made by ſome otherwiſe 'knowing and ingenious men,' againſt giving new tranſlations of any part of ſcripture; and combats them by much the ſame reaſonings, as Dr. Geddes has employed in the *appendix* to his *proſpectus* of a new tranſlation of the bible. In fact, the ſame objections have been made againſt every new tranſlation, from the beginning: and—

'It is remarkable (ſays our author) that from the days of Jerom to the preſent, the ſame terrible forebodings have always accompanied the undertaking, and vaniſhed on the execution; inſomuch that the fatal effects predicted, have never afterwards been heard of.

'Some perhaps (continues he) are ready here to interpoſe, *if new tranſlations were only to be uſed as private helps for underſtanding the ſcriptures, they would not be objected to; but what has alarmed the minds of men is, that ſome attempts have been made to perſuade the public, of the need there is for a new and more correct verſion of the bible, with the ſanction of the higher powers for the uſe of the churches.* As to any project of this kind I can ſay very little, as I know not in particular what is projected: at the ſame time I muſt acknowledge, that in the general view, it appears to me a very delicate point. To eſtabliſh a verſion of ſcripture by human authority in the public ſervice of God, to the expreſs excluſion of every other verſion, is a meaſure, about the propriety of which, at any time, I am far from being

being ſatisfied*. The public uſe of particular tranſlations of the bible, for many centuries, took its riſe from the general uſe of them in private; and to this private uſe, no doubt, the favourable opinion of the paſtors (but more, we preſume, the high idea that was entertained of the tranſlator's abilities) greatly contributed. But then the effect was produced gradually and tacitly; in conſequence of which it appeared the reſult of the people's free choice; though not formally declared, well enough underſtood. It was in this way that the old *Italic* firſt came into uſe in the Latin church; and it was in this way, from the growing predilection of the people, that the preſent Vulgate at length ſupplanted it.

'Immediately after the Reformation, the opportunity was very favourable for procuring, among thoſe who favoured it, a welcome reception to any verſion of the bible into the vulgar tongue, which had the approbation of the heads of the party; and if, from the changes in their rulers, there had been ſome changes in relation to the ſcriptures to be read in the congregation, what was eſtabliſhed was of ſo ſhort continuance, that the mind could hardly be ſaid to be pre-occupied by it.

'But the caſe at preſent is widely different. Learning is in more hands—critics are multiplied. The preſs is open; and every cavil, as well as every argument, is quickly circulated. Beſides, the prepoſſeſſion in favour of the tranſlation to which we have been ſo long habituated, is, at this day, very ſtrong. Add to all this, that the religious, as well as the civil rights of mankind, were never better underſtood; the genuine principles of toleration had never greater influence. How, then, ſhould we be affected, upon hearing that we are commanded, under pains and penalties, by our ſuperiors, to read, and cauſe to be read in our churches, ſuch a particular tranſlation of the bible only, and never more to admit into the ſacred ſervice, that verſion to which we have been hitherto all our lives accuſtomed, and for which we have contracted a high veneration?

'For my part, I will not diſſemble the matter: I ſhould think ſuch a meaſure exceedingly incongruous to the ſpirit of that religion, which the legiſlators perhaps intended to ſerve by it; and no leſs unſeaſonable, in reſpect of the age and country wherein we live. I perfectly agree with Tertullian, that "religion and coercion of mind are utterly incompatible".

'But is there nothing then—(ſays Dr. C.) which can with propriety be attempted by the higher powers, ſpiritual or temporal, for promoting the ſucceſs of an accurate tranſlation of the bible?—The utmoſt (he anſwers) which, in my judgment, can be done, if ſuch a verſion ſhould, in any future period, be offered to the public, is to remove the obſtructions which thoſe powers have heretofore raiſed to prevent its introduction; and to permit, not command, the uſe of it.'

All this ſeems to be dictated by reaſon itſelf; and we truſt it will, conſequently, have its due effect on the public.

Dr. C. concludes his moſt ſenſible and well written preface with theſe words:

'I am not very confident of my own

* We are as little ſatisfied as Dr. C. We conſider it as one of the greateſt inſtances of eccleſiaſtico-political tyranny; and wonder how it could ever take place in a proteſtant country. *The ſanction of higher powers* can give no intrinſic value to any verſion, and tends only to perpetuate error and prevent improvement.

own reaſonings. I am ſenſible that, on many points, I have changed my opinion, and found reaſon to correct what I had judged formerly to be right. The conſciouſneſs of former miſtakes, proves a guard to preſerve me from ſuch a preſumptuous confidence in my preſent judgment, as would preclude my giving a patient hearing, to whatever may be urged from reaſon or ſcripture, in oppoſition to it. TRUTH has been in all my inquiries, and ſtill is, my great aim. To her I am ready to ſacrifice every perſonal conſideration; but am determined not, knowingly, to ſacrifice her to any thing. To Lucian's advice to the Hiſtoriographer, μονη δοτεον τη αληθειᾳ, which I have inſcribed in the title, it is my intention ſacredly to adhere.'

Having, by theſe extracts, made our readers acquainted with the nature of Dr. C.'s work, and his manner of treating it, we ſhall now give, barely, the contents of his diſſertations, which take up the whole remainder of the firſt volume.

They are twelve in number, and are regular introductions, one to another.

The *firſt* contains many excellent, and ſome new obſervations on the language and idiom of the New Teſtament; on the diverſity of ſtile, and on the inſpiration of the ſacred writers.

In the *ſecond* diſſertation Dr. C. treats of the cauſes to which the principal differences in languages are imputable; the origin of the changes produced in the language and idiom of the Jews; and the principal difficulties to be encountered in tranſlating the ſacred books.—All this is curious, and laboured with great care.

Diſſertation the *third* is an excellent piece of writing, on the ſtyle of the ſcripture hiſtory, particularly the goſpels.—The objections of the celebrated oratorian, F. Simon, againſt the perſpicuity of the ſcripture ſtyle, are here fairly and judiciouſly confuted.

Diſſertation the *fourth* conſiſts of obſervations, (and excellent obſervations they are) on the right method of proceeding in the critical examination of the books of the New Teſtament.—We were particularly pleaſed with what he ſays in Section 12, &c. about interpreting ſcripture from the *analogy of faith*, and verbal *etymology*.—Nothing, we think, can more readily miſlead an interpreter than theſe two guides.

In diſſertation the *fifth*, Dr. C. endeavours to aſcertain the proper import of ſome particular words and phraſes uſed in the goſpel, to prepare the reader for his verſion of them.

Diſſertation the *Sixth*, is an inquiry into the differences in the import of ſome words commonly thought ſynonymous.

In diſſertation the *ſeventh*, the author makes many pertinent remarks on the titles of honour, that moſt frequently occur in the New Teſtament, ſuch as Rabbi, &c.

Diſſertation the *eighth* is employed in diſcuſſing a number of points, relative to the weights, coins and meaſures; the rites, ſects and feſtivals; the dreſſes, judicatories and offices, mentioned in the New Teſtament; to which there are not any terms that perfectly correſpond in modern languages. In general Dr. C. would retain the original name; (and, we think, very juſtly) except when there is no danger of miſtaking, or weakening the ſenſe from the uſe of equivalent, or nearly equivalent words. He here takes occaſion to expoſe the abſurdity of *Le Cene*'s rules of tranſlating. Le Cene, however, did not, in his tranſlation, always follow the ridiculous rules laid down in his *project*. He does not render, Matthew v. 15. *Neither do men light a candle to put it under a meaſure, that contains*

about a pint leſs than a peck: but, *One lights not a lamp, to put it under a buſhel**.

Diſſertation the *ninth* is an enquiry, whether certain names, which have been adopted into moſt tranſlations of ſcripture in the weſt, coincide in meaning with the original terms from which they are derived, and of which they are uſed as the verſion.—This excellent piece of reaſoning contains remarks on the words commonly rendered *myſtery, blaſphemy, ſchiſm, hereſy*: but which, as Dr. C. clearly ſhews, do not convey to moderns preciſely the ſame ideas, which the Greek words conveyed to Chriſtians in the time of the apoſtles.

In diſſertation the *tenth*, Dr. C. conſiders the chief things to be attended to in tranſlating; namely,—to expreſs as much as poſſible the character of the author's ſtile,—to give to the verſion ſo far the quality of an original, as to appear natural and eaſy. This leads the author to take notice of two extremes in tranſlating;

'From one of which we derive what is called a *cloſe* and *literal*; from the other a *looſe* and *free* tranſlation. Each has its advocates. But though the latter kind is moſt patronized, when the ſubject is a performance merely human, the general ſentiments, as far as I am able to collect them, ſeem rather to favour the former, when the ſubject is any part of holy writ. And this difference appears to proceed from a very laudable principle, that we are not entitled to uſe ſo much freedom with the dictates of inſpiration, as with the works of a fellow-creature †.

'It often happens however (continues our author) on ſuch general topicks, when no particular verſion is referred to as an example of exceſs on one ſide, or on the other, that people agree in words, when their opinions differ; and differ in words when their opinions agree. For I may conſider a tranſlation as *cloſe*, which another would denominate *free;* or as *free*, which another would call *cloſe*. Indeed I imagine that, in the beſt ſenſe of the words, a good tranſlation ought to have both theſe qualities. To avoid all ambiguity, therefore, we ſhall call one extreme *literal*, as manifeſting a greater attention to the letter than to the meaning; the other *looſe*,* as implying under it not liberty but licentiouſneſs.'

We cannot help tranſcribing a part of the concluſion of this diſſertation.

'Theſe examples (ſays Dr. C.) may ſuffice to ſhew, that if tranſlators ſhall think themſelves entitled, with Beza and Le Cene, &c. to uſe ſuch liberties with the original, in order to make it ſpeak their own ſentiments, we ſhall ſoon have as many bibles as we have ſects, each adapted to ſupport a different ſyſtem of doctrine and morality.—Of ſo much conſequence it is in a tranſlator to baniſh all party conſiderations, to forget as far as poſſible that he is connected with any party; and to be ever on his guard, leſt the ſpirit of the ſect abſorb the ſpirit of the Chriſtian; and he appear to be more the follower of ſome human teacher, a Calvin, an Arminus, a Socinus, a Pelagius, an Arias or an Athanaſius—than of our only divine and rightful teacher, Chriſt.'

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* On n'allume pas une lampe, pour la mettre ſous un boiſſeau.

† Might not a *Montanus* or a *Malvenda*, make uſe of this plea?

* This is indeed the moſt proper term it can be called by. For a tranſlation may be *free*, and yet rigorouſly *ſtrict;* we would have ſaid, *literal*, if the meaning of that word had not been perverted to ſignify ſuch verſions as meaſure, not weigh, the words of the original.

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It is remarkable, and muſt give pleaſure to every liberal mind, that a divine of the church of Scotland, and a divine of the church of Rome, ſhould, treating on this ſubject, coincide in ſentiment, and almoſt in words. See Dr. Geddes's *Proſpectus*, &c. p. 141, 142.

Diſſertation the *eleventh*.—Of the regard which, in tranſlating ſcripture into Engliſh, is due to the practice of former times; particularly of the common Engliſh verſion. In this diſſertation, the Doctor takes occaſion to examine the rules for tranſlating laid down by Father Simon; and ſhews that they are often inconſiſtent—ſometimes contradictory.—The truth is, we believe, that Father Simon had no ſettled rules of tranſlating: and that his ſuperior judgment was too often the dupe of his prejudices, and not ſeldom of his paſſions.

'With regard to the common Engliſh tranſlation, (ſays Dr. C.) though not entirely exempted from the influence of party and example, it is upon the whole, one of the beſt of thoſe compoſed ſo ſoon after the reformation. I may ſay juſtly that, had it not been for an immoderate attachment, in its authors, to the Geneveſe tranſlators, it had been ſtill better; for the greater faults with which it is chargeable, are derived from this ſource.'

Our author, then, brings many proper inſtances of words and phraſes in the common verſion, that ſhould be changed in a new tranſlation.—Of all which changes, except perhaps one or two, we cannot withhold our approbation.

The *twelfth* and laſt diſſertation, is a more particular account of what Dr. C. has attempted in his tranſlation of the goſpels, and in the notes that accompany them.—The ſubject he divides into five heads.—The firſt comprehends all that concerns the eſſential qualities of the verſion.—The ſecond what relates to the various readings of the original.—The third contains remarks on the particular Engliſh dialect employed in this verſion.—The fourth what regards the outward form of it; and the fifth ſome account of the notes.

Whoever reads this diſſertation with any degree of attention (and we recommend a ſerious peruſal of it, to every biblical ſtudent) will be convinced how difficult a thing it is to tranſlate with juſtneſs, perſpicuity and energy; and of the indiſpenſible neceſſity every tranſlator is under of ſtudying well the genius of both idoms, in order to tranſfer the true meaning of one language into another.

On Mediocrity of Fortune.

IT is remarkable of the age in which we live, that thoſe men who (according to a great exemplar of wiſdom) ought to feel beſt ſatisfied with their lot, are on the contrary, generally ſpeaking, leaſt inclined to be ſo.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches!" was the prayer of a wiſe man, who knew that by the former he might be ſubjected to hardſhips which might tempt him to diſbelieve, and conducted by the latter to that perfect ſtate of earthly independence which might obliterate all thoughts about, the exiſtence of God.

I repeat it, that the man who is placed by Providence in a middle ſphere between affluence and penury, is more apt to be diſſatisfied with his fortune, than the poor peaſant, who, while he eats the hardeſt cruſt and drinks the cold taſteleſs draught, careleſs as unexpectant of to-morrow's fare, ſcarcely ever *thinks* of a ſtate to which he has no hope of attaining.

Thoſe who are placed in that intermediate ſtation of life for which the pious Agur prayed, being nearer to the ſun-ſhine of proſperity, feel ſomething of its heat and much of its attraction. A thouſand welcome (though deluding) dreams ſuggeſt a thouſand circumrotations of fortune's wheel, by which they *may be* placed in happy independence—ſo natural is it for hope to enter even at the ſmalleſt aperture, and not unfrequently to break through what is barely pervious.

Suppoſe a man employed in a ſituation which may produce an income of an hundred pounds a year, daily and hourly he is liable to accidents which make him feel his dependence; perplexities in his buſineſs frequently occur, and he caſts an eager glance on the fortune of the maſter of a chariot; or thinks he may without a crime wiſh for a change with the ſolitary independent, who on a ſmaller income even than his own, but who is maſter of his time, lives uncontrolled an eaſy, careleſs life, unpleaſing to God, as it is not uſeful to man.

The Lottery naturally preſents itſelf, and the great lottery of life, Marriage, to his ſanguine mind.

Into the firſt he ventures heedleſs with his little all, upon the weak reflection, that to ſome one the great prizes muſt be drawn, and wherefore not to him? "Should I be fortunate (he will ſay), the tranſition from this hated ſubordination is the work but of a moment, and happineſs will then be mine for ever and for ever!" But haſt thou conſidered, vain man! that deſtiny is not in thy weak hand, and that to be gratified in all thy blind deſires would ſoon be thy deſtruction? Wiſhes for better fortune, while you enjoy a competency, are wicked and vain; and the chances for a worſe, are more numerous than your covetouſneſs will allow you to ſee. Remember, that if you can hope, by the momentary tranſition, to be made rich, two-fold is the probability that it may caſt you from your preſent ſtate of mediocrity into that of pining penury and woe.

To change the ſcene, perhaps he will turn his mind to Matrimony, and to become independent, ſell for life his peace of mind, and every rational pleaſure, for the cankered carcaſe of ſome dowered widow, whoſe perſon will be his continual deteſtation and diſgrace, and whoſe mind too probably is the receptacle of all that is narrow, all that is rancorous, and in a word all that we can imagine of Erebus. But then he is independent; he keeps a chariot, and tinſelled ſervants wait upon his nod. Miſtaken man; thy *former* ſtate was happineſs, the error was your own. If the cares (and thoſe of the leſſer kind) incident to humanity were thine, ſo were the alternate joys which ſweeten and enliven it.—Then you ate the bread of peace, and might (by ſubduing a contemptible paſſion) have lived content and guiltleſs.—But you have choſen the other courſe. To avoid ſubordination to *one*, who was bound by intereſt to render your burthen as light as poſſible, you have voluntarily enſlaved yourſelf to a thouſand nameleſs evils, ariſing from the paſſions of an ungovernable woman, whoſe wealth (the fatal object of your wiſhes, and with your acquiſition of which ſhe will probably too juſtly upbraid you) can only ſerve to make your miſery more conſpicuous to the world.

Extract from Captain Dixon's *Voyage to the* North-Weſt Coaſt of America. *Written in the form of Letters, by by a perſon on board the* Queen Charlotte.

Port Mulgrave, May 1787.

THE extremes of the bay we came to anchor in, the even-

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ing of the 23d of May, bore from Weſt to North 42 deg. Weſt; and the point round which our intended harbour lay, North 20 deg. Eaſt; our diſtance from the ſhore leſs than a mile. During the time we were warping into the bay, ſeveral canoes came along-ſide us. We accoſted the people with ſome of the words in uſe amongſt the natives of Prince William's Sound, but they had not the leaſt idea of their meaning: indeed it was pretty evident at firſt ſight, that theſe people were a different nation, from the conſtruction of their canoes, which were altogether of wood, neatly finiſhed, and in ſhape not very much unlike our whale-boats.

To the Southward of our preſent ſituation was a narrow creek, which appeared to lead a great diſtance into the country, and widened as it advanced in ſhore.

Early in the morning of the 24th, we ſaw a number of the natives on the beach, near the entrance of this creek, making ſignals for us to come on ſhore: a ſmoke was alſo ſeen, which proceeded from behind ſome pines, at a ſmall diſtance round the point. On this Captain Dixon went in the whale-boat to ſurvey the place, thinking it probable, from theſe circumſtances, that the Indians chiefly reſided here; and ſhould there be convenient anchorage, the ſituation would be a more eligible one than that found out by Mr Turner. He found a number of inhabitants, and two or three temporary huts: but the entrance into the creek was too ſhallow to admit our veſſel; ſo at eight o'clock, having a freſh Eaſterly breeze, we weighed anchor and began to ply into the harbour to the Northward. At two o'clock we came to anchor in eight fathom water, over a bottom of ſoft mud, within piſtol ſhot of the ſhore, and very near two large Indian huts.

We were now compleatly land-locked, being entirely ſurrounded by low iſlands, where ſcarcely any ſnow could be ſeen, and well ſheltered from any wind or weather whatever.

The people ſeemed very well pleaſed at our arrival, and a number of them preſently came along ſide us. They ſoon underſtood what we wanted, and an old man brought us eight or ten excellent ſea otter ſkins. This circumſtance, together with our having as yet ſeen no beads, or other ornaments, or any iron implements, gave us reaſon to conclude, that no trading party had ever been here, and conſequently that we ſhould reap a plentiful harveſt; but our conjectures on this head were built on a ſandy foundation; for on a further acquaintance with our neighbours, they ſhewed us plenty of beads, and the ſame kind of knives and ſpears we had ſeen in Prince William's Sound; and as a melancholy proof that we only gleaned after more fortunate traders, what furs they brought to ſell, excluſive of the ſmall quantity juſt mentioned, were of a very inferior kind.

From the 25th of May to the 1ſt of June, our trade was inconſiderable: we were frequently viſited by the people who lived in the creek I juſt now ſpoke of, but they belonged to the ſame tribe with our neighbours, and poſſeſſed very few furs of any conſequence.

I have already obſerved, that we were ſurrounded by a number of ſmall iſlands; theſe forming various creeks and harbours, Captain Dixon propoſed ſurveying the whole, hoping that ſo extenſive a ſound as this appeared to be, contained a much greater number of inhabitants than we had hitherto ſeen; but as yet the weather had been ſo thick and hazy, attended with conſtant rain, that this deſign was fruſtrated. However the morning of the 1ſt of June proving tolerably clear,

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he went in the whale-boat at ten o'clock, in order to examine the adjacent harbours, taking with him one of the Indians, who had frequently been on board, and who was a tolerably intelligent fellow, as a guide.

At five in the afternoon, Captain Dixon returned from his ſurvey, which had by no means anſwered his expectations. He had found ſeveral huts ſcattered here and there, in various parts of the ſound, but they were moſtly inhabited by people whom we had already ſeen; and there was not a ſingle ſkin of any value amongſt them: indeed our ſucceſs at this place fell greatly ſhort of what we had reaſon to expect, from its promiſing ſituation, and the firſt appearance of inhabitants; but this poverty was not diſcovered on a ſudden, for though the whole that we purchaſed here conſiſted only of about ſixteen good ſea otter ſkins, two fine cloaks of the earleſs marmot, a few racoons, and a parcel of very inferior pieces and ſlips of beaver, inſufficient to fill *one ſingle* puncheon; yet it was not till the 3d of June, (ten days from the time of our coming into the harbour) that we found the natives ſcanty ſtock of furs not only exhauſted, but that they had ſtripped themſelves almoſt naked, to ſpin out their trade as far as poſſible. The tedious delay was occaſioned by the ſlow, deliberate manner in which theſe people conduct their traffic. Four or ſix people come along-ſide in a canoe, and wait perhaps an hour before they give the leaſt intimation of having any thing to ſell; they then, by ſignificant ſhrugs and geſtures, hint at having brought ſomething valuable to diſpoſe of, and wiſh to ſee what will be given in exchange, even before their commodity is expoſed to view, for they are particularly careful in concealing every thing they bring to ſell. Should this manœuvre not ſucceed, after much deliberation, their cargo is produced, and generally conſiſts of a few trifling pieces of old ſea otter ſkins, and even then, a conſiderable time is taken up before the bargain is concluded; ſo that a whole day would frequently be ſpent in picking up a few trifles. Such, however, was our preſent ſituation, in regard to trade, that we patiently ſubmitted to the tantalizing method of theſe people, in hopes that ſomething better might poſſibly be brought to us; but finding they were ſtripped almoſt naked, and not the moſt diſtant probability of any better ſucceſs, Captain Dixon determined to leave this place the firſt opportunity.

I ſhall now endeavour to give ſome account of this place and its inhabitants. As there is good reaſon to ſuppoſe that we were the firſt diſcoverers of this harbour, Captain Dixon named it Port Mulgrave, in honour of the Right Honourable Lord Mulgrave. Our anchoring place is ſituated in 59 deg. 32 min. North latitude, and 140 deg. Weſt longitude. How extenſive the ſound is, I cannot ſay; it contains a number of ſmall low iſlands; but at intervals, when the fog cleared up, we could diſcern high mountainous land, to the Northward and Weſtward, at about ten leagues diſtant, entirely covered with ſnow, and which we judged to be part of the continent. Theſe iſlands, in common with the reſt of the coaſt, are entirely covered with pines, of two or three different ſpecies, intermixed here and there with birch, hazle, and various kinds of bruſh-wood.

Shrubs of different ſorts appeared to be ſpringing up, but their vegetation was not ſufficiently advanced for us to diſtinguiſh what they were: yet the weather was tolerably mild, the mean of the thermometer being 46 deg.

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We found some wild geese and ducks here, and tho' not near so numerous as at Montague Island, yet they were more easily come at. Captain Dixon frequently went on shore, to take the diversion of shooting, and seldom returned without some game, which not only proved an excellent treat for us, but at the same time gave the Indians such an idea of fire-arms, that their behaviour was perfectly inoffensive, and they never attempted to molest us.

The number of inhabitants contained in the whole sound, as near as I could calculate, amounted to about seventy, including women and children; they in general are about the middle size; their limbs straight and well shaped, but like the rest of the inhabitants we have seen on the coast, are particularly fond of painting their faces with a variety of colours, so that it is no easy matter to discover their real complexion; however, we prevailed on one woman, by persuasion, and a trifling present, to wash her face and hands, and the alteration it made in her appearance absolutely surprised us; her countenance had all the chearful glow of an English milk-maid; and the healthy red which flushed her cheek, was even *beautifully* contrasted with the whiteness of her neck; her eyes were black and sparkling; her eye-brows the same colour, and most beautifully arched; her forehead so remarkably clear, that the transfucent veins were seen meandering even in their minutest branches—in short, she was what would be reckoned handsome even in England: but this symmetry of features is entirely destroyed by a custom extremely singular, and what we had never met with before, neither do I recollect having seen it mentioned by any Voyager whatever.

An aperture is made in the thick part of the under lip, and increased by degrees in a line parallel with the mouth, and equally long: in this aperture, a piece of wood is constantly wore, of an eliptical form, about half an inch thick; the superficies not flat, but hollowed out on each side like a spoon, though not quite so deep; the edges are likewise hollowed in the form of a pully, in order to fix this precious ornament more firmly in the lip, which by this means is frequently extended at least three inches horizontally, and consequently distorts every feature in the lower part of the face. This curious piece of wood is wore only by the women, and seems to be considered as a mark of distinction; it not being wore by all indiscriminately, but only those who appeared in a superior station to the rest.

The language here is different from that of Prince William's Sound, or Cook's River; it appears barbarous, uncouth, and difficult to pronounce: they frequently used the word *Amcou*, which signifies a Friend, or Chief, and their numerals reckon to ten; but I was not able to procure any farther specimen of their language, as they are very close and uncommunicative in their dispositions.

Their habitations are the most wretched hovels that can possibly be conceived; a few poles stuck in the ground, without order or regularity, inclosed and covered with loose boards, constitute an Indian hut; and so little care is taken in their construction, that they are quite insufficient to keep out the snow or rain: the numerous chinks and crannies serve, however, to let out the smoke, no particular aperture being left for that purpose.

The inside of these dwellings exhibits a compleat picture of dirt and filth, indolence and laziness; in one corner are thrown the bones, and remaining fragments of victuals left at their meals; in another are heaps of fish, pieces of stinking flesh, grease, oil, &c.; in short, the whole served

to

to shew us, in how wretched a state it is possible for human beings to exist: and yet these people appear contented with their situation, and probably enjoy a much greater portion of happiness and tranquility, than is to be found under the gilded roofs of the most despotic monarch.

'Tis probable, that the chief reason why these Indians take no greater pains in the structure of their habitations is, that their situation is merely temporary: no sooner does the master of a tribe find game begin to grow scarce, or fish not so plentiful as he expected, than he takes down his hut, puts the boards into his canoe, and paddles away to seek out for a spot better adapted to his various purposes, which, having found, he presently erects his dwelling in the same careless manner as before.

I before took notice, that their small canoes were neatly finished *; the very reverse is the case with their large ones: they are made entirely of one large tree, rudely excavated and reduced to no particular shape, but each end has the resemblance of a butcher's tray, and generally are large enough to hold twelve or fourteen people. Whilst we lay here, these people supplied us very plentifully with halibut, which we bought of them for beads and small toys. The place where these halibut were caught, is in the offing round the point of land we first made in the morning of the 23d of May. Our whale-boat was one day sent with seven hands to this place, on a fishing party; but their success was greatly inferior to that of *two* Indians, who were fishing at the same time, which is rather extraordinary, if we consider the apparent inferiority of their tackle to ours. Their hook is a large simple piece of wood, the shank at least half an inch in diameter; that part which turns up, and which forms an acute angle, is considerably smaller, and brought gradually to a point: a flat piece of wood, about six inches long, and near two inches wide, is neatly lashed to the shank, on the back of which is rudely carved the representation of an human face.

I cannot think that this was altogether designed as an ornament to their hooks, but that it has some religious allusion, and possibly is intended as a kind of Deity, to ensure their success in fishing, which is conducted in a singular manner. They bait their hook with a kind of fish, called by the sailors *squids*, and having sunk it to the bottom, they fix a bladder to the end of the line as a buoy, and should that not watch sufficiently, they add another. Their lines are very strong, being made of the sinews or intestines of animals.

One man is sufficient to look after five or six of these buoys; when he perceives a fish bite, he is in no great hurry to haul up his line, but gives him time to be well hooked; and when he has hauled the fish up to the surface of the water, he knocks him on the head with a short club, provided for that purpose, and afterwards stows his prize away at his leisure: this is done to prevent the halibut (which sometimes are very large) from damaging, or perhaps upsetting his canoe in their dying struggles. Thus were we fairly beat at our own weapons; and the natives constantly bringing us plenty of fish, our boat was never sent on this business afterwards.

They dress their victuals by putting heated stones into a kind of wicker basket, amongst pieces of fish, seal, porpoise, &c. and covered up close; sometimes they make broth and fish soup by the same method, which they al-

* One of these was brought home by Captain Dixon, and is now in the possession of Sir Joseph Banks.

always preferred to boiling, though we gave them some brass pans, and pointed out the mode of using them.

The Indians are particularly fond of chewing a plant, which appears to be a species of tobacco; not content, however, with chewing it in its simple state, they generally mix lime along with it, and sometimes the inner rhind of the pine-tree, together with a resinous substance extracted from it.

When we came into this harbour, on the 23d of May, our attention was a good deal engaged by the sight of a number of white rails, on a level piece of ground, not far from the creek which I have already observed was situated to the Southward of us. These rails were about a mile and a half from the vessel, and appeared, at that distance, to be constructed with such order and regularity, that we concluded them beyond the reach of Indian contrivance, and consequently that they were erected by some civilized nation. Captain Dixon, willing to be satisfied in this particular, took an opportunity of going to the spot, and to his great surprize, found it to be a kind of burying-place, if I may be allowed to call that so, where dead bodies are not deposited in the earth. The manner in which they dispose of their dead is very remarkable: they separate the head from the body, and wrapping them in furs, the head is put into a square box, the body in a kind of oblong chest. At each end of the chest which contains the body, a thick pole, about ten feet long, is drove into the earth in a slanting position, so that the upper ends meet together, and are very firmly lashed with a kind of rope prepared for the purpose.

About two feet from the top of this arch, a small piece of timber goes across, and is very neatly fitted to each pole; on this piece of timber the box which contains the head is fixed, and very strongly secured with rope; the box is frequently decorated with two or three rows of small shells, and sometimes teeth, which are let into the wood with great neatness and ingenuity; and as an additional ornament, is painted with a variety of colours; but the poles are uniformly painted white. Sometimes these poles are fixed upright in the earth, and on each side the body, but the head is always secured in the position already described.

What ceremony is used by these people, in depositing their dead in this manner, we never could learn, as nothing of the kind happened during our stay in the harbour.

Besides the skins I have mentioned already, we purchased a few bears, and some land beaver; but I rather think, that the marmot cloaks were procured by these people from some neighbouring tribe.

Toys were the article of trade held in the first estimation here, and next to these, pewter basons were best liked.

Beads served to purchase pieces of skins that were of little value, but the deep blue, and small green, were the only sorts that would be taken in barter; indeed our traffic at this place was so very circumscribed, that there was not the least occasion to shew the people any great variety of articles, as it only served to distract them in their choice, and made their slow method of trading still more tedious.

I have now given thee such an account of this place, and its inhabitants, as my observation from time to time furnished me with; thou art not to expect them methodical, or well digested; however, the perusal may serve thee for a momentary amusement.

From the London Chronicle.

THE following are the principal outlines of an excellent diſcourſe on his Majeſty's recovery, which was preached in St. Andrew's church, Plymouth, by the Reverend Mr. Gandy. Being written entirely from memory, they may convey an idea (though a very faint one) of the excellent original.

" For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things. ROMANS, xi. 6."

The preacher began with ſome prefatory remarks, ſaying, that the words of the text were ſpoken of God, and implied the extent of the divine agency and interpoſition throughout all nature; he then proceeded to remark on the three ſeparate diviſions of the words of the Apoſtle.

On the firſt, " of God," he ſhewed what an infinite number of bleſſings we derive from the bounteous Author of nature; through him we live, and move, and have our being. We may trace the Almighty through the moſt minute parts of the creation; all ultimately contribute to the end for which they were made; through animate and inanimate nature (as far as our narrow comprehenſion can penetrate), nothing is without its uſe. What a noble and ſublime idea of the Father of the univerſe is afforded by contemplating the heavenly bodies, all retaining their order and properties, all inceſſantly performing their various revolutions round the bright luminary of the world.

Man receives from the Almighty every capacity of mind and body to qualify him for his ſtation; ſent into this ſchool to be educated for a future eternal abode, we are told to be virtuous and be happy; if we are not ſo, it is not by the will of our Creator, or by any reſtraint on our actions, but by our perverſion and miſapplication of our talents.

Secondly, the abundant kindneſs of God to his creatures is every day viſible in the preſent comforts we enjoy, and in the hopes we feel of a reward hereafter. Indeed the merciful attributes of the Divine Being are evident from the voluntary homage of mankind. Why ſhould we pray to him if he would not hear us, why ſhould we love him if he had not firſt loved us? What a ſtupendous inſtance he has given of his love to mankind, in ſending his only Son into the world to ſave ſinners from deſtruction by the ſacrifice of his own perſon!

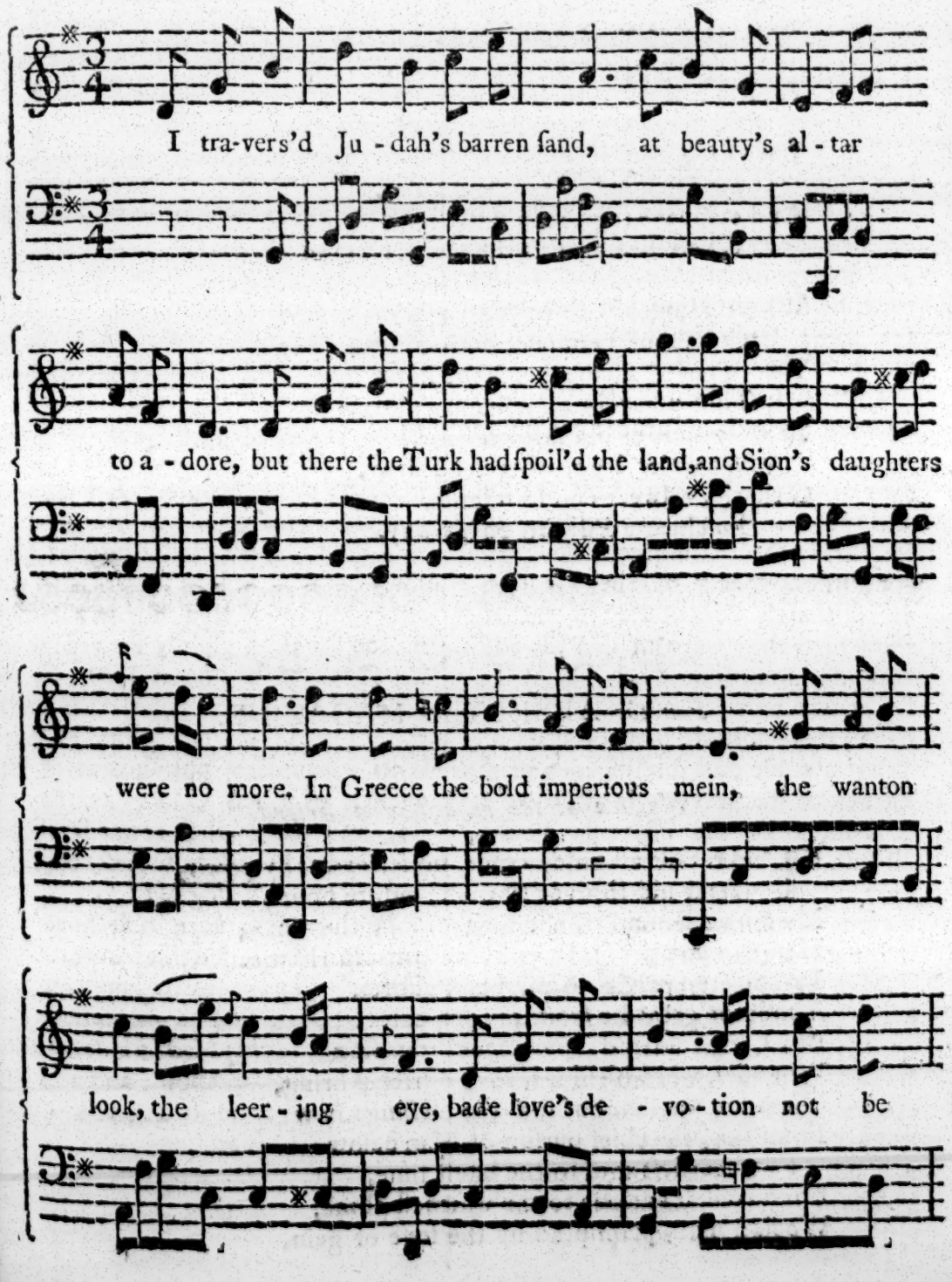
We cannot ſufficiently adore the goodneſs of the Almighty for his merciful reſtoration of our Sovereign from his late ſevere calamity, with which for the puniſhment of our ſins he ſaw it good to afflict him. At length the prayers and intreaties which we have offered up to the throne of grace have been heard; God hath in his wrath remembered mercy, and reſtored our beloved Monarch to the earneſt petitions of his people. Let us with contrite and penitent hearts return and ſin no more, leſt a heavier calamity befal us, (Here the preacher was exceedingly affected, his own feelings on the occaſion plainly ſhewed the benevolence of his heart.) Mr. G. obſerved on the third head, that every thing tended to the glory of God. The exemplary puniſhment of the wicked glorified God's averſion to ſin, and the endleſs rewards of the good were unceaſing ſubjects of praiſe and glory in the higheſt.
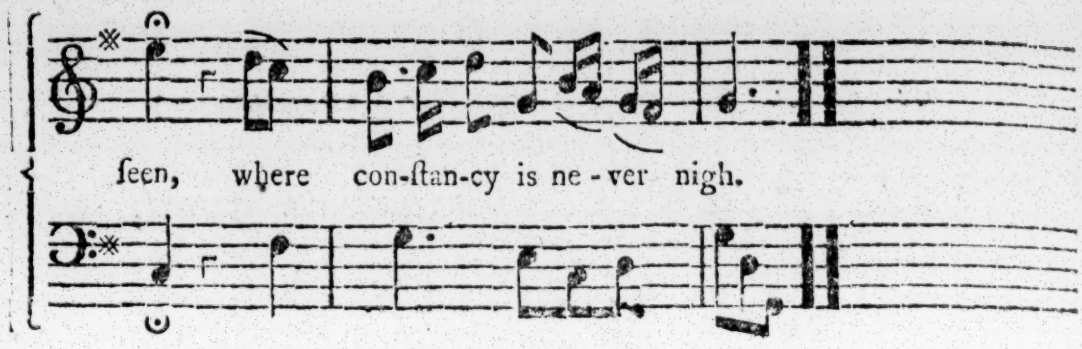
With a few more reflections the preacher concluded this truly excellent ſermon, elegant in its language, admirably connected in argument and reaſoning, compoſed no doubt purpoſely on this occaſion; and as ſuch, it does honour to its author as a man and as a Chriſtian.

The favourite Song (from the Opera of ROBIN HOOD)

" I travers'd Judah's barren Sand,"

BY MR SHIELD.





II.

From thence to Italy's fair ſhore,
I bent my never-ceaſing way,
And to Loretto's temple bore,
A mind devoted ſtill to pray.
But there, too, ſuperſtition's hand
Had ſicklied ev'ry feature o'er,
And made me ſoon regain the land
Where beauty fills the weſtern ſhore.

III.

Where Hymen with celeſtial pow'r
Connubial tranſport doth adorn;
Where pureſt virtue ſports the hour
That uſhers in each happy morn.
Ye daughters of old Albion's iſle,
Where'er I go, where'er I ſtray,
O charity's ſweet children ſmile,
To chear a Pilgrim on his way.

POETRY.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

ON RICHES,

Written at the requeſt of a Friend.

THE taſk aſſign'd, come, muſe, exert thy pow'r,
And aid thy vot'ry in the leiſure hour;
My friend demands, nor now prolong the time;
He gave you proſe, ſo you muſt furniſh rhyme.
Perhaps too partial to my weak efforts,
A taſk too great he from my pen extorts.
But I, embolden'd, now advent'rous ſing
What ills, what bleſſings, love of riches bring,
Great are the ills, but few the bleſſings flow
From this, the chief purſuit of Man below.
From earlieſt ages to the lateſt time,
From coldeſt nations to the warmeſt clime,
We find man, prompted by the love of gain,

To

To bear with hardſhips, and encounter pain.
To gain thee, gold, what ſchemes are left untried?
For thee, whole nations have with blood been dy'd.
For thee, what country has not been explor'd,
Or what Peru not felt the conq'rors ſword?
In ſearch of thee, men will all perils mock,
E'en Egypt's artificial mounts are broke.
Such root the love of wealth takes in our mind,
All other purſuits muſt be left behind.
To heed a lib'ral thought men then deny,
And gold, more gold, is ſtill the hunters cry.
So 'twas with Carthage, where wealth held its ſeat,
And ſtopt the arts from ent'ring at her gate,
To ſordid views all other views gave way,
And uncontroul'd the love of gain held ſway.
Had her ſons wealth? they ſought no other good,
And av'rice ſtampt them with ingratitude.
But why on ancients ſhould our ſpleen be thrown,
Are not the ſame things with the moderns known?
By various methods ſtrive both young and old,
To gain that ſtrife-promoter, pow'rful gold;
To claſp't they laws divine and human break,
And for a guinea many riſk their neck.
See yonder hoſt this ſecret ſpring obey,
Who mixes water with his beſt tokay,
And Traffic too, well vers'd in praiſe and puff,
Gives home-made wares for India's fineſt ſtuff.
If faults are found, all but himſelf he blames,
'Tho' beſt Jamaica flavours of the Thames.
To ev'ry ſtranger ſhews a great regard,
And ſmiling ſerves, if cent. per cent. reward.
The vent'rous youth will leave his native home,
And for thee, wealth, in foreign countries roam.
To weeping friends he bids a long adieu,
Leaves all that's dear, to catch at that in view,
He heeds no counſel that his purpoſe ſhakes,
No friend he chuſes but what int'reſt makes;
Regardleſs of his toil, ſo wealth he gain,
He dares the dangers of the ſtormy main.
He wanders patient o'er each dreary coaſt,
Nor pines at ſcorching heat or chilling froſt.
And ſtill reſolv'd his firſt great plan t' obey,
Returns the Nabob of another day.
Unhappy Afric—curſe the love of gold,
For it whole millions of thy tribes are ſold;
Thy ſons of mis'ry leave their native coaſt,
For nations too that of their freedom boaſt.
By helliſh traffic are condemn'd to toil
For petty tyrants of a petty iſle,
Who deaf to all the ills which they inflict,
Their fellow creatures from life's joys reſtrict.

With them, mild pity's tongue is ever mute,
Who level human nature with the brute,
Mark but the arguments theſe tyrants urge,
" T'encreaſe our wealth, we keep them to the ſcourge."
Yet oft we ſee, by ſure degrees, tho' ſlow,
They, e'en themſelves, ſlaves to this idol grow.
Obſerve how Varo lives—mark well his plan,
For all his wealth you would not be the man.
His ſole delight is in what gold affords,
To heap up treaſures and increaſe his hoards,
In ſecret dread of ev'ry mortal near,
Each whiſtling breeze turns robbers by his fear.
No ſlave toils harder, none whoſe caſe is worſe,
And what was ſought as bleſſings, turns a curſe.
No charity is dealt at Varo's door,
By him all men are ſhunn'd that look but poor,
A bare ſubſiſtence to himſelf he gives,
And he who treaſures wealth yet hardly lives.
'Twere endleſs to recount the various ills
With which the love of gold our boſom fills;
Friends againſt friends will boldly plead their cauſe,
And for an acre, brothers ſeek the laws.
But does it not ſome bleſſings ever yield?
Yes, unto thoſe not againſt pity ſteel'd.
Whoſe lib'ral minds in lib'ral deeds have ſhone,
Nor barely treaſure for themſelves alone.
Who to mean ſordid views are ne'er confin'd,
But by their bounty ſhare with all mankind.
Who from diſtreſs, like Howard, dry the tear,
Or, like a Gardenſton, infant Cities rear.
When to the world ſuch good we realize,
Then, and then only, riches we ſhould prize.

Aberdeen, 13 April 1789. J. I.

SONNET,

By a HUSBAND, *not a* MODERN FASHIONABLE ONE.

WHEN on thy boſom I recline,
Enraptur'd ſtill to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life:
I glory in the ſacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools deſpiſe,
Of huſband and of wife.

One mutual flame inſpires our bliſs,
The tender look—the melting kiſs,
E'en years have not deſtroy'd:
Some ſweet ſenſation ever new
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wiſh—'tis all for thee—
Haſt thou a wiſh—'tis all for me—
So ſoft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well-pleas'd to ſee our happy days,
And bid us live and love.

If cares ariſe (and cares will come,)
Thy boſom is my ſofteſt home,

I lull me there to reſt:
And is there aught diſturbs my fair,
I bid her ſigh out all her care,
And loſe it in my breaſt.

Have I a joy—'tis all her own—
For her's and mine are all but one—
Our hearts are ſo entwin'd,
That like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in cloſeſt amity,
'Tis death to be disjoin'd.

An Account of the EXPEDITION *to* BOTANY BAY.

THE two ſhips of war named the Sirius and Supply, with the tranſports under the command of Commodore Phillips, have made good their voyage to Botany Bay; of this important arrival, intelligence has been brought by the Prince of Wales, Moore, one of the tranſports which carried out the convicts. The Prince of Wales buried only one convict. The diſpatches for government are not yet arrived, as the Borrowdale tranſport, by which commodore Phillips ſent them, as well as a third tranſport in company, have not reached England.

On the arrival of this ſquadron at Botany Bay, the deſtined ſpot was found not to have water ſufficient for the ſupply of the new ſettlement: a council was in conſequence held, and the ſhips weighing anchor ſtood away for Jackſon's Bay, where Nature's gifts appeared equal to all their wiſhes: the verdure ſtrong and rich, and the ſprings of the beſt water: the face of the country too poſſeſſing great variety, and well clothed with wood.

The moment commodore Phillips had made good the landing of the marines, and ſome lines of limitation were marked out, the convicts were put on ſhore; and the artizans among them, with thoſe belonging to the ſhips, proceeded to cut down wood to form their habitations. This taſk continued for ſome time during the hours of day, and in the evening the workmen and others returned on board the ſhipping, leaving only the marines, and a detachment of the ſeamen, to guard the works as they advanced toward completion. The natives, when they diſcovered the preparations on foot, and that their viſitors were likely to become ſtationary, appeared ſo diſſatisfied, that ſeveral pieces of ordnance were mounted on the lines to awe them; they however kept at a diſtance, and though they did not provoke a fire, they declined all communication.

Of the convicts and others, from the departure of the ſquadron from Portſmouth, to the time the ſhip which brings the advice left Jackſon's Bay, only 40 appear to have died; and to compenſate for this loſs, 42 infants were born.

Three of the convicts were induced to try their fortunes among the natives, where they hoped to have a favourable reception: two of theſe were in this expedition killed and eaten; and the third, after ſubſiſting on roots for ſome time in the woods, returned, almoſt periſhed through hunger. This operated to deter further adventures of a like nature.

The cattle fared very unpropitiouſly; ſome of the cows died during their paſſage; and others, after their landing, ſtrayed ſo far into the woods, as to be irrecoverably loſt. The ſheep did not thrive; the herbage did not afford the nutriment of their native paſture, and no ſtock, it is feared, will ever be reared from them. The pigs were in a ſtate of better proſperity; and moſt of the poultry promiſe to be beneficial.

When the Prince of Wales tranſport quitted Jackſon's Bay, which was on the 15th of July laſt, a very fine crop of grain was preſented to the eye. This occupied 12 acres of ground

ground, all that could poſſibly be cultivated before the ſeaſon was too far gone for a crop for greater extent.

The fiſh immediately on the coaſt are found to be very indifferent. The natives live chiefly on teſtaceous fiſh, and the ſmall quadruped which Cooke deſcribes; the hind legs of which are much longer than the fore ones. The ſkins of ſeveral of theſe animals have been ſtuffed and brought to England. An attempt was made to bring ſome of them alive, but failed.

The Prince of Wales is ſaid to have continued her courſe through the South Sea after ſhe left New Holland, and paſſed through the Streights of Magellan. She parted company with the Borrowdale on the 15th of Auguſt laſt, but fell in with her at Rio Janeiro; they ſailed from that place together, but loſt company again on the 24th of December laſt. Capt. Maſon, the maſter of the Prince of Wales, died on his paſſage home, and Mr Moore, the mate, ſucceeded to the command. Four of her ſeamen alſo died.

Capt Phillips, the governor of the ſetlement, and Major Roſs, the deputy governor, together with Capt. Hunter, Lieut. Ball of the Supply tender, and Lieut. Long of the marines, were all well when the tranſport abovenamed ſailed for England.

ABERDEEN.

March 18th died at the Manſe of Rathven, the Revd Mr George Grant, miniſter of that pariſh, in the 80th year of his age, and 55th of his miniſtry, much and juſtly regretted by all his friends and acquaintances.

On March the 28th was held the graduation in King's College; when the following young gentlemen received the degree of Maſter of Arts, viz. Meſſrs George Innes, Alexander Moriſon, George Monro, Andrew Anderſon, Gregory Grant, Gavin Hay, James Shaw, James Fordyce, Gordon Roy, James Longmore, John Balfour, James Mc Donald, John Cruikſhank, Francis Nicoll.—Profeſſor Thomas Gordon preſided at the ceremony; and the young gentlemen in their orations acquitted themſelves much to the approbation of the Profeſſors and a numerous audience.

Extract of a letter from Banff, dated March 24th.

On Sunday morning laſt, William Chriſtie, a cottager at Muiryhill, pariſh, of Alva, near this place not making his appearance as uſual, a neighbour went to his houſe, but could not procure admiſſion; he puſhed up the window, and ſaw the unfortunate man ſtretched on the floor. The neighbours immediately broke up the door, which was locked, and no key to be found. Many wounds appeared on the body, particularly about the head. Two bloody knives were found near him; but from the appearance of the wounds, it would ſeem that other weapons had alſo been uſed. As it was well known in the country that he had money lying by him, it is ſuppoſed that had induced the murderers to perpetrate the horrid deed.

March 25. was held in the Mariſhal College, the annual competition among the ſtudents in the Greek Claſs, for the Silver Pen given by the Right Honourable The Earl of Buchan.—The exerciſe preſcribed was a verſion from the Greek, into Latin and Engliſh, which ſeveral of them performed very much to the ſatisfaction of the Profeſſors, who adjudged the prize to JAMES BANNERMAN, Son to Dr Bannerman of this place.

Died on Sunday the 29th March much and juſtly regretted, the Revd Mr George Knowles, Miniſter of Birſe, in the 39th year of his age, and 10th of his miniſtry.

S. in our next.

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. XXXV.] Thurſday May 7, 1789. [Price 3d.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

"*He that has given God his worſhip, and man his due, has nothing to fear.*"——SENECA.

SIR,

I Apprehend one of the moſt uſeful ends of Magazines, &c. is to point out thoſe little blemiſhes in the conduct of men, which are accounted too trivial and inſignificant to be animadverted upon from the pulpit, tho' in ſtrictneſs of ſpeech no failing can be called little or trivial which is contrary to the will of the ſupreme being: Nevertheleſs there are ſome things obſervable in the conduct of men which are certainly culpable, but which if reproved by the publick teachers would be attended with no good effect, and tho' pointed out by a friend in the moſt inoffenſive manner, would rather beget reſentment than promote reformation, by hurting that ſelf-conceit which is ſo natural to man; for it is certain, our ſelf-eſteem does not always ariſe from ignorance of our failings, but from a fooliſh conceit that others do not ſee them. But if an indecorum is deſcribed in a periodical publication, it is likely to be more beneficial, becauſe no particular individual is ſingled out, as the reader may know that he himſelf is ſuch a perſon, and the reproof will be much more kindly received than to ſay, "Thou art the man." That it is the duty of all men to endeavour as much as in them lies to impreſs upon their minds, a reverential awe for the deity, is a doctrine of natural as well as revealed religion; and few have been ſo bold as deny the neceſſity thereof. Whoever reads with attention the writings of heathen philoſophers, will find they were at much pains to inculcate and inforce this duty. This reverence is certainly incumbent upon all rational beings in all ages, in every place, and on all occaſions; yet it is ſo in a peculiar manner when men aſſemble together for the purpoſes of divine worſhip, and every degree of deviation from that ſerious and devout deportment which becomes dependent creatures, is highly blameable in any place, but certainly more ſo in the place or places appropriated to the worſhip of God. But under the chriſtian diſpenſation,

one would think no man who profeſſed himſelf a follower of its author could be charged with a want of decency in the place where his honour dwells. Yet true it is, that there are ſome of the members of that church, with which I am connected, who meet regularly every ſabbath morning, ſome time before public worſhip begins, whoſe converſation is far from being compatible with that diſengagement from worldly affairs which chriſtianity requires on the ſabbath—It were to be wiſhed that theſe words "*Not ſpeaking thine own words on that holy day*" were more attended to by a few men whoſe very names I have now before me, and I could wiſh them wrote over a ſecluded corner of our church, which may be called the "Appointed place of rendezvous where all thoſe" —traders—"meet." I could eaſily mention the converſe which I hear as I paſs by, but as that would clearly diſcover their employments and occupations I chooſe rather to decline doing it. Only, I may juſtly aver that thoſe men are ſometimes (like the clean fowls in the ark), to be ſeen only in pairs, yet at other times they meet like the unclean in ſevens.

Charity obliges me to believe they have not conſidered the impropriety of this their conduct. I hope they will conſider it a little more attentively hereafter, and if they cannot procure proper information about worldly affairs thro' the ſix days of the week, they will chooſe ſome place more ſecret and more proper than the church. It is remarkable that the author of chriſtianity, never gave greater ſigns of deteſtation and abhorrence of any practice, than of this of which I have been ſpeaking. Amongſt many pernicious conſequences attending ſuch a conduct, I ſhall mention only two, —one with reſpect to themſelves, the other reſpecting their offſpring. If it is true that the cares of this world and the deceitfulneſs of riches choak the word, then of conſequence ſuch perſons cannot profit by what they hear, and if they do not profit they muſt loſe. Secondly, if it is true that example is of more force than precept, then children and young men will be more ready to imitate this their conduct than follow their better advice. As in ſome ſenſe we are accountable for the conduct of the riſing generation, ſurely that man is blameable who not only goes aſtray himſelf, but wilfully miſleads others, who would have trembled at ſuch things if they had not ſeen others going before them. I am far from recommending an inattention to the concerns of this life, I know man has a body as well as a ſoul, and both ought to be attended to, but the wiſe man juſtly obſerves, there is a time to every thing under the ſun. Neither would I encourage a ſuperſtitious regard for any place, ſeeing the Almighty's preſence is not local nor confined to any place, but

——"His temple is all ſpace,
His altar earth, ſea, ſkies."

yet certainly the inſpired writer ſaid truth when he declares, "Holineſs becometh thy houſe, O Lord, forever." S.

Biographical Anecdotes of Mrs FITZHERBERT.

THIS lady, whoſe name has recently made ſo much noiſe in the world, is daughter of Mr J. Smith, late of Toncaſtle in Shropſhire: a gentleman of reputable character and family.

She was married very early in life; has had two huſbands; and was left by Mr Fitzherbert, her ſecond huſband, in very comfortable, or rather independent circumſtances.

As Mrs Fitzherbert kept the firſt company, and œconomy not being among her virtues, ſhe ſoon found her fortune inadequate to her expence, and

and was conſiderably in debt, when her charms captivated the affections of the prince.

Being a Roman Catholic, it is more than probable that her preſent connection, even without marriage, may be ſanctified by an abſolution ſufficient to ſatisfy her conſcience; for what is it that the Pope cannot do by virtue of his infallibility? That power which granted a diſpenſation to the late King of Portugal, enabling him to marry his niece, and which, in more inſtances than one, has allowed a man to have two wives, and created other exceptions to the general maxims of morality and precepts of religion, could, no doubt, be eaſily prevailed upon to quiet the conſcience of a female diſciple, by allowing her to participate in all the pleaſures of matrimony without performance of the ceremony.

Indeed, if the lady's conſcience be at eaſe, ſhe is in point of worldly ſituation as dignified as if an actual marriage had taken place: for ſuch marriage being *void* in law, could neither increaſe her dignity, nor ſerve any end that ſhe may not at preſent accompliſh.

For theſe reaſons Mr Fox's aſſertion in the Houſe of Commons, that he had authority to declare the Prince was not married, deſerves implicit credit; and the motion of Mr Rolle in the Houſe of Commons on that ſubject was properly rejected. Yet it is to be wondered at, that under theſe circumſtances we find Mrs Fitzherbert viſiting and receiving viſits from women of the firſt faſhion.

If report ſpeaks right, this lady has lately ſhown an independent ſpirit and diſintereſted mind ſeldom found in her ſex. A ducheſs's coronet and an annuity of twenty thouſand pounds has been refuſed, —but the motive for this extraordinary inſtance of ſelf denial has not tranſpired.

Conſidering this connection, abſtracted from religious prohibitions, thoſe of libertine principles ſay it argues good ſenſe and prudence in the Prince, as protects his health from the ill effects of indiſcriminate amours; and what can be more conducive to the improvement of a man's mind and manners, than intimate converſation with a woman of poliſhed education and knowledge of the polite world? Fallacious reaſoning!

A REMARKABLE HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

IN a ſmall work, entitled the Maxims and Intereſts of Princes and Sovereign States, attributed to Henry Duke of Rohan*, we find the following ſingular relation.

Sigiſmund, King of Sweden, immediately after he was elected King of Poland, made a treaty with the States of Sweden, by which he bound himſelf, to ſpend every fifth year in Sweden, ſo that when he had reſided four years in Poland, he was obliged to reſide one in Sweden.

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* Henry Duke of Rohan, Peer of France, born in 1579, was one of the greateſt generals of his time. Henry IV. under whoſe auſpices he ſerved his firſt campaigns, entertained a high eſteem for him. After the death of that monarch, he became the head of the Calviniſts, and rendered himſelf as formidable by his genius as by his ſword. He died on the 13th of April, 1638. Voltaire has characteriſed him in the following lines.

Avec tous les talens, le Ciel l'avoit fait naitre
Il agit en heros, en ſage il ecrivit;
Il fut meme grand homme en combatant ſon maitre,
Et plus grand lorſqu'il le ſervit.

The war which he afterwards had with the Turks, the Ruſſians, and the Tartars, rendering it neceſſary for him not to quit Poland, and to make every poſſible reſiſtance againſt ſo powerful enemies, he omitted for fifteen years, to diſcharge his promiſe. To make amends in ſome meaſure for this deficiency, the Jeſuits, who had ſufficient influence over him, engaged him to chooſe forty of their number, to compoſe a Senate, who ſhould reſide at Stockholm, and manage the affairs of the kingdom; he even gave them a patent, by which he inveſted them with all the privileges of royal authority.

While this Senate were at Dantzick ready to ſail for Stockholm, the King commanded that they ſhould be received with the ſame honours as if he himſelf were preſent. The public council upon this was aſſembled, at which Charles, uncle of Sigiſmund, the prelates, and all the princes of the empire reſolved to make preparations for their entering in the moſt ſuperb and magnificent manner.

In a private council, however, they formed reſolutions quite contrary; for the Prince ſaid, that he could not bear to ſee a Senate of prieſts govern the nation, to the prejudice of the honour of all the princes and nobility of the kingdom; and all thoſe who were preſent were of the ſame opinion.

The archbiſhop then roſe, and ſaid, "ſince his Majeſty diſdains to be our ſovereign, we ought no longer to acknowledge him as ſuch, or to conſider ourſelves as his ſubjects. His authority is ſuſpended, ſince he has conveyed it to the Jeſuits, who compoſe this Senate. The Jeſuits have not yet been acknowledged; in the interval, therefore, between the demiſſion of the Sovereign authority, on the part of the King, and the exerciſe of it on the part of the Senate, I abſolve you from your allegiance, and from all right which the King may aſſume over you, or his other ſubjects of Sweden."

The Prince of Bothnia, then going up to Prince Charles, embraced him, and ſaid, "I acknowledge no other King but you; I conſider you as obliged to defend us, your moſt affectionate ſubjects, and to aſſiſt us to drive away theſe vermin, who compoſe this Senate." All the reſt followed his example, and made the ſame acknowledgment.

Having agreed to obſerve the moſt profound ſecrecy, they reſolved to go and meet the Senate, who were on board a large galley, which had been ordered to remain at anchor at the diſtance of two leagues from Stockholm, under the pretence of conducting it into the harbour with more magnificence in the night-time, when the artificial fire-works which were prepared for that purpoſe, would appear with greater brilliancy and ſplendour.

At the hour appointed for receiving the Senate, Prince Charles, accompanied by twenty or thirty veſſels, went to meet them, and ſurrounding the galley in which they were, under the appearance of firing a ſalute, he made his cannon play upon it, ſo that being pierced by the bullets in ſeveral places, it was ſoon filled with water, and ſunk to the bottom, while no one ſeemed in the leaſt diſpoſed to aſſiſt a ſingle Jeſuit. On the contrary, they told them to perform miracles, as they had done in India and Japan, and to ſave themſelves by walking on the water. The noiſe of the cannon, and the obſcurity occaſioned by the ſmoke prevented this affair from being perceived, and Charles, as if he had conducted the Senate to the city, entered it in triumph, and having repaired to the church, where the

the *Te Deum* was ſung, afterwards went and ſupped upon what had been prepared for the Senate.

The Jeſuits of the city of Stockholm, having gone to look for the Senatorial fathers, perceived after midnight, that they were loſt, upon which they fixed up bills of excommunication againſt Charles and his adherents, who had deſtroyed the Senate. They alſo inſtigated the people to rebel; but they were ſoon expelled, and Charles made open profeſſion of the Lutheran religion.

King Sigiſmund undertook a war againſt him in the year 1604, which continued two years; at length, a treaty was made, on account of the incurſions of the Tartars, into Poland, on the one ſide, and of the Ruſſians and Coſſacks on the other, without prejudicing, however, the rights of his ſon Caſimir, who afterwards mounted the throne, and who bore the arms of Sweden, quartered with thoſe of Poland.

It will be readily allowed, that this anecdote has all the appearance of a fiction, which the Duke of Rohan, or his editor, both Calviniſts, might have invented, from a hatred of the Jeſuits, and this will appear the more probable, as neither Puffendorf nor any of the authors who have written in French concerning the Hiſtory of Sweden, make the leaſt mention of it*.

* Du Freſnoy, in his *Methode pour Etudier l' Hiſtoire*, ſpeaking of this anecdote, ſays, that though related by other writers, it is not to be found in the works of any correct hiſtorian, who has written concerning Sweden, and obſerves that it is ſcarcely poſſible, that humble eccleſiaſtics ſhould have had the ſilly and ridiculous vanity to wiſh to riſe to ſo exalted a degree of dignity and power.

The following account of the gallant Behaviour of our countrymen, in very trying circumſtances, is taken from "Memoirs of the War in Aſia," juſt publiſhed.

ACCOUNT *of the* WONDERFUL CAPTURE *of* BEDNORE, By the ENGLISH ARMY,

Under the Command of GENERAL MATTHEWS.

IN January 1783, General Matthews landed from Bombay, with 400 Europeans, and 1000 Sepoys, at Rajah Mandroog, near Margee, about three hundred miles northward of Pananah. He took Onore by ſtorm, with ſeveral ſmall forts of little conſequence. At Cundapore, on the 17th of January, he was joined by the troops from Pananah, under the command of Colonel Macleod. This army conſiſted now of 1500 effective Europeans, and 4000 Sepoys, with a proportionate number of Laſcars and artillery--two twelve pounder field pieces, four ſix pounders, two two pounders, and two one pounder amuzettes. For each of theſe guns, it was with difficulty that he found conveyance for an hundred rounds of ammunition; thirty rounds of muſket ammunition each man, excluſive of what they carried in their pockets, and four days proviſion, which both Europeans and Sepoys carried on their backs. On the 23d of January, in the evening, this army was ſet in motion, directing their line of march towards the great paſs which leads to the table-land of Hindoſtan, over that chain of mountains which runs from Cape Comorin, northward, into Perſia.

Having marched about three miles, they halted at a place where a branch of the road towards the paſs ſhoots off to Mangalore. On the 24th they marched to a village called Soull. The enemy took poſſeſſion of ſome hills covered with bruſh-wood, about four miles from our encampment. They were driven before our men with conſiderable loſs on their ſide; but on ours only eight or ten men wounded. There is a river which runs quite cloſe to the village of Soull, by means of which the General expected to be met at that place, with ſeveral boats laden with pro-

Proviſions. But on his arrival there, he found the river only a ſmall ſtream, not ſix inches deep.

Diſappointed of the ſtores expected by water at Soull, our army depended wholly on accidental ſupplies. For the Europeans to a man, and many of the Sepoys, had thrown off their proviſions at the late ſkirmiſh. They found rice enough in the village for preſent refreſhment to the Sepoys; but both beef and arrack was wanting to the Europeans. Next day they marched five miles to Siddapore, where they found 2000 bags of rice.—Though the journey was ſhort, the ſpace of nine hours was conſumed in accompliſhing it. The roads were ſo bad, and the number of draught cattle ſo ſcanty, that they were obliged, in ſeveral places, to put the bullocks of two guns to one, and then to return for the other gun.

On the morning of the 26th, our army marched to a fort and village, ſix miles diſtant, ſituated at the foot of the Ghaut, and called Huſſain Gurry. Above halfway, between this place and Siddapore, the enemy filled the trees acroſs the road, and lined the thick bruſhwood on either ſide. About four hundred yards from the place where this abbatis began, they took advantage of a ſteep eminence, with a batta field in front, to throw up a breaſt-work, which they lined with two or three thouſand men. The right wing of our army, commanded by Colonel Macleod, ſoon drove the parties from the woods, and purſuing them with all the ardour of Highlanders, penetrated the breaſtwork before the enemy were aware of their approach. Macleod himſelf was the firſt man that mounted the work. The 42d regiment bravely ſupported the gallantry of their Colonel, and the Sepoys, the courage of the Europeans. Four hundred of the enemy were put to the bayonet, as they fled with precipitation from the village of Huſſain Gurry to the fort. The army that was oppoſed to our troops on the occaſion, and which amounted nearly to 7,000 men before this encounter, had been very daring. On our encampment at Cundapore, which they had continually harraſſed, they proceeded at laſt to make, at two different times, a furious attack. But from this day they were ſtruck with a panick, and never made any conſiderable reſiſtance.

The joy of our army on their arrival at Huſſain Gurry, was damped by a proſpect of the difficulties which they had yet to encounter. They had upwards of ſixty wounded men, and only 30 doolies, and no proviſion of any kind. The two actions in which they had been engaged, had ſo far expended their muſket ammunition, that they had not more than what was ſufficient to repleniſh their cartouch boxes: and the fort appeared ſo well built, that they could not entertain any hopes of reducing it with their field pieces, even if they had been properly ſupplied with ammunition.—But all the powder was expended that had been allo ted for the amuzettes, and about one third of that of the ſix pounders. A general anxiety and indignation againſt the man whoſe imprudence had brought them into this critical ſituation, was loudly reſounded throughout the army. The General himſelf began to be alarmed, and talked of returning on his ſteps. But conveyance was wanted for the wounded. A retreating army would be cloſely preſſed and harraſſed by the enemy, in a country peculiarly adapted to that mode of fighting: and how was it poſſible for them, in ſuch circumſtances of adverſity, to defend themſelves without ammunition?

In this dilemma, one of the inhabitaants of the village of Huſſain Gurry, offered to give an account of the fort for a reward. The General, even in his preſent alarming ſituation, is ſaid to have betrayed the ſordid paſſion that predominated in his nature, by reſtraining his bounty on this important occaſion, to the pitiful ſum of a ſingle rupee. He was informed that the fort was ſquare, but not ſo ſtrong behind as in front. The General then procured guides, who were to conduct Colonel Macleod, with one diviſion of the army, and Colonel Mackenzie Humberſtone, with another, ſo that they ſhould aſcend the Ghaut, and come in rear of the various batteries erected in the great road for its defence, while he himſelf, at the head of a third, ſhould amuſe them in front. But Macleod and Humberſtone having cloſely examined their intended conductors, found that they differed very much in their accounts.

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The guide appointed to Humberſtone, told him very fairly, that he muſt not be angry with him if he ſhould miſs the road; that he could not be anſwerable for it, though he would undertake to do his beſt. Macleod's guide told him nearly the ſame thing; and he found, that inſtead of being brought round to the rear of the batteries by day-break, as was expected by the General, the utmoſt he could hope for would be to reach them in the afternoon of the enſuing day. Beſides the diſcouragement ariſing from their guides, the troops had been under arms from two in the morning till noon; and though a ſcanty ſupply of rice had been found in the village for thoſe who were off duty, yet they wanted reſt. But a very large proportion of our men had been on duty cloſe under the fort, and had not been refreſhed by either reſt or proviſions. The want of ſubſiſtence was an inſuperable obſtacle to the General's plan, which was accordingly abandoned. The return of day, by diſcovering a ſecret which the Engliſh Commander ought to have known ſooner, delivered our little army from the more painful anxiety and ſuſpenſe. What they had taken for a fort, appeared to be only a barrier thrown acroſs the road, with two ſhort flanks, and that in the rear it had no defence of any kind. In this poſt which had been deſerted by the enemy at three o'clock in the morning, they found all they wanted; a ſufficient ſupply of muſket ammunition, plenty of rice, and fifteen pieces of very fine artillery. Our troops being refreſhed by a night's reſt, preſſed onward up the paſs. Colonel Macleod was ſent with his guide through the woods, to gain the rear of the batteries, as at firſt propoſed. While one party of our men amuſed the enemy in front, others puſhed through the jungle on each ſide, and at night they found themſelves at the top of the Ghaut, a paſs ſo difficult and inacceſſible, that it required not for its defence the aid of any batteries. A handful of reſolute men might defend it with ſmall arms againſt numbers.

It was exceedingly fortunate, that the inability of our men to proceed, from want of proviſions, prevented all attempts to execute the General's plan of gaining the rear of the batteries through bye-ways; for Colonel Macleod, after ſtruggling a great part of the day through impenetrable thickets, and coming, at laſt, to an impaſſable precipice, was told by his guide, that he might hang him if he pleaſed, that he had loſt the road, and could ſay nothing more on the ſubject. The Colonel, with his party, was obliged, of courſe, to return to Huſſain Gurry. Here he refreſhed his men with food, and four hours ſleep. The battery being by this time in poſſeſſion of our troops, Colonel Macleod marched up the paſs without reſiſtance.

Though our army had now gained the ſummit of the Ghaut, and ſo many difficulties and dangers were ſurmounted, yet ſtill the reduction of Bednore remained to be accompliſhed; and this appeared, on reaſonable grounds, to be impoſſible. They had not any battering artillery. Neither their twelve nor ſix pounders could mount the Ghaut, in the ſpace between the lower and the middle batteries; ſo that even the poſſeſſion of the paſs could not give the command of the country to which it led. But the ſame good fortune that carried them ſafe through ſo many hazards, ſupplied their wants on this critical occaſion.—They found in the upper battery, beſides immenſe magazines, five iron eighteen pounders, and ſeveral braſs field pieces.

All, however, they have to apprehend, is not yet over. A report prevails, that an army, forty thouſand ſtrong, is advancing towards Hyder Nagur, under the command of Mahomed Ally.—This force may come up with them before the reduction of that place; and the whole fate of the expedition ſeems yet to tremble on the uncertain iſſue of one deciſive battle.

In theſe circumſtances, to crown the ſeries of our good fortune, behold, in our camp, a meſſenger from the Governor of Bednore, with propoſals of ſurrendering that extenſive and wealthy country, with all its forts and treaſures, of governing it under the Company, and joining their troops for the purpoſe of mutual defence! This voluntary ſurrender of the moſt important town and fortreſs in the enemy's dominions, was chiefly owing to the ſingular merit of an individual in the Company's ſervice, which well deſerves to be recorded.

Captain Donald Campbell, of the com-

Company's military eſtabliſhment at Madras, had arrived from England at Bombay, in March 1782, and having taken his paſſage on board a veſſel bound for Fort George, was ſhipwrecked on Hyder's coaſt, where nine, out of twelve Europeans that were with him, loſt their lives. Campbell, one of the ſurviving three, was made priſoner, ſtripped naked, and marched in that condition, to the fort of Hyder Nagur, where he remained ten months, and four of theſe in irons. During the period of his confinement, he was uſed with lenity or ſeverity, according to the humour of Hyat Saheb, Hyder's favourite ſon-in-law, and his principal Jemmidar in the Bednore provinces. The Captain had often entertained this man with an account of the ſituation and power of the Britiſh nation, and of the Eaſt India Company in Bengal and Madras, as well as at Bombay, with a view of perſuading him to throw off all ſubordination and allegiance to Tippoo Saib, and depend ſolely upon the Engliſh. The Jemmidar, aware that he was a conſtant object of jealouſy and hatred to Tippoo, liſtened to the inſinuations of Campbell with inward ſatisfaction. It was, perhaps, to conceal that ſatisfaction, and to prevent the ſuſpicions to which his intercourſe with this Engliſh officer might give birth, that he once refuſed to ſee him, and loaded him with heavier irons.

Captain Campbell, meanwhile, by his fellow priſoners, the 29th battalion of Madras Sepoys, was informed of the movement of General M's army, but remained in great uncertainty with regard to his own ſafety. On the 26th of January, when Matthews had gained the ſummit of the Ghaut, he received an order to appear before the Jemmidar. At the ſame time, he was privately informed that it was intended to put him to death. The Captain, though he gave little credit to this report, being apprehenſive of impriſonment in Seringapatnam, availed himſelf of the aſſiſtance of the reporter, who was a perſon of diſtinction, to make his eſcape. But, ſoon after he was at liberty, he began to reflect on the different converſations that paſſed betwixt himſelf and Hyat Saheb, his treatment of him previous to the time when he threw him in irons, the death of Hyder, the character of Tippoo Saib, the information he had received concerning the mutual jealouſy that ſubſiſted between the Jemmidar and the Sultan, the nature of the government, which admitted of ſudden revolution, the ſituation and diſpoſition of the natives, and other circumſtances. Under the influence of theſe conſiderations, as well as thoſe of his own undermined conſtitution and unpromiſing views, both at home and in India, Captain Campbell embraced the generous reſolution of returning back at all hazards, and endeavouring to draw over the Governor of Bednore to the intereſts of the Engliſh. He accordingly returned to the fort, put himſelf under the power of the Jemmidar, and fortunately perſuaded him to make an offer to General Matthews, of delivering up Hyder Nagur, with all the other forts, and the whole diſtrict of Bednore, under his charge, to the Eaſt-India Company, and acting as their friend and ſervant, on condition of being continued in his preſent ſituation, with the ſame authority which he had enjoyed under Hyder. To theſe propoſals, of which Captain Campbell was the bearer, the General immediately agreed. The Captain returned inſtantly to Hyder Nagur, and with the aſſiſtance of the Carnatic Sepoys, priſoners at large, many of whom he formerly knew, in order to prevent thoſe tumults which often ariſe in moments of important deciſion, and change from ſudden conſternation and repentance, ſeized the arſenal, the powder magazines, and the gates of the fortreſs.

By ten o'clock in the morning, on the 28th of January, Brigadier General Matthews, with the 100th regiment, and two battalions of Sepoys, took peaceable poſſeſſion of Hyder Nagur, the principal ſeat of Hyder Ally's wealth, power, and ſplendour. The fort was occupied by a party of Sepoys; the reſt of the troops were encamped under the walls.

Feudal Conſuetudes; or, The Superior and Vaſſal. A Tale.

IT was in thoſe days when feudal ſubordination ſhone out in all its pom-

pompous pride, and when the connections of Superior and Vaſſal were the ſource at once of the moſt grievous oppreſſion, and of the moſt romantic ſenſe of obligation entertained by the Vaſſal towards his Lord, that the facts took place, from which the following ſtory is drawn.

Cumin (for the chief of a clan got no other appellation than the general name by which the clan was diſtinguiſhed) was about the middle of the thirteenth century reckoned the moſt powerful chieftain in Scotland, being elevated and ennobled by the number, the courage, and the proweſs of his retainers. He had lived chiefly at his lordly caſtle, and had as yet no acquaintance with the court, ſo that having hardly any notion of a Superior, and having never ſeen any that could call himſelf his equal, he poſſeſſed all the haughtineſs of a proud Baron, and had none of that pliability of temper, by which to win the affections, tho' the ideas of the times ſecured to him the fidelity and attachment, of his vaſſals and dependents.

On the death of King Alexander the Second in 1249, ſome of Cumin's wiſeſt counſellors, who were themſelves his vaſſals, and had been the ſervants alſo of his father, adviſed the young chief to repair to Edinburgh, where his power would certainly procure for him the higheſt influence and authority during the nonage of the new king. Cumin was ambitious, and he reliſhed the advice, but there was a cauſe which attached him to his home, and gave him a ſecret reluctance at the idea of leaving it. Albert, the Vaſſal of Cumin, dying without a ſon, left his lovely daughter, the fair Albertina, in the budding bloom of youthful charms, the inheritreſs of his paternal eſtate; and ſhe being then only 13 years of age, her young Superior had claimed his right to the cuſtody of his Vaſſal. It was not wonderful, that when a few years had ripened the beauties of the young heireſs, the force of her charms ſhould have pierced even the unſoftened boſom of the imperious chief. He felt their full effect, and this ſtrongeſt of paſſions rent in pieces his indignant heart; for could he, who might, without aſpiring, ſeek the higheſt bride that Scotland owned; could he without a ſtruggle, bend to the daughter of his own Vaſſal? His heart, even while it melted with love, revolted at an idea ſo repugnant to his pride. While oppoſite paſſions thus enſlaved the chief of Cumin caſtle, and before he had diſcloſed to any one the uneaſy ſecrets of his mind, he was adviſed, as I have mentioned, to repair to Edinburgh, and he reſolved to go, in the vain idea that ſome fairer and ſome higher born beauty than Albertina might divert his mind from ſo degrading a connection. To the Scottiſh court he accordingly bent his courſe, taking with him the ableſt counſellors among his vaſſals, with a large retinue of his dependants, and appeared with all the ſplendor of his high rank among the nobles there, "*Velut inter ignes luna minores.*"

On the birth day of Cumin, the brother of that chief, who had been left to ſupport the hoſpitality of his caſtle, gave a feaſt, and all the country round, as well as the vaſſals of Cumin, were invited to ſhare in the general joy. A tournament was proclaimed, at which every champion ſhould challenge to the combat any one who would not confeſs the preference over all her ſex, of the charms and attractions of her whom he loved. The liſts were prepared, and all looked on in expectation of the firſt youth who ſhould dare the chiefs to battle, in this animating cauſe. Quickly appeared, mounted on a dark cheſnut horſe, and armed with a ſilver coat of mail, the gallant Henry de Lindeſay. He was the vaſſal of Cumin, and his father had received a large territory from that chieftain's predeceſſor in return for many great ſervices he had rendered him.

De Lindeſay was yet only 19 years of age, and as a ward-vaſſal of Cumin's, reſided in his Superior's caſtle. He was formed with all the genuine marks of ſtrength and dignity, and in his manly face there was a daring boldneſs, which was chaſtened, though not diminiſhed by the ſoftneſs of his dark blue eyes, which beamed at the ſame time heroiſm and benevolence. Such was he who now came forward, and delivered his inſtructions to the herald, who called aloud to the liſtening audience, "The faireſt of the daughters of Caledonia is the lovely Albertina: In her are united the beſt graces and the faireſt virtues of her ſex. In reliance on the force of the truth which he aſſerts, more than on the ſtrength of his arm, Henry de Lindeſay defies all the chiefs of the land to name her equal."

Silence prevailed over the field, while the challenger with ſtately ſtep rode over the level turf, and ſurveyed the ſurrounding crowd, till a knight entered the liſts mounted on a black ſteed and dreſt in black armour, having no inſignia upon his ſhield. The herald again proclaimed—"An unknown chief, though not inferior to the nobleſt on the field, advances to check the preſumption of De Lindeſay. He denies not the charms of Albertina, but thinks Henry de Lindeſay unworthy of the office of her champion." The combatants glanced their fierce eyes on each other, but De Lindeſay knew not his antagoniſt, for the viſor of his helmet covered his face. Each ſpurred on his fiery ſteed, and when they approached, each protended his hoſtile ſpear. The arm of the unknown knight was better nerved, and the brave De Lindeſay muſt have fallen to the ground, but with admirable preſence of mind he checked the impetuous fury of his horſe, and forced him to retire a few ſteps, then ſpringing forward with renewed vigour, he transfixed the arm of his ſtout opponent, and hurled him to the earth. Springing inſtantly from his horſe, he flew to raiſe his vanquiſhed foe, and lifting the viſor from his face, what was his aſtoniſhment to diſcover that the black knight was the chief of Cumin caſtle. He having come unknown to ſee the ſports on his birth day, was filled with indignation at his young Vaſſal declaring himſelf thus publickly the lover of Albertina, and came forward confident of victory, thinking thereby to ſtop the further progreſs of De Lindeſay's paſſion. What then muſt have been the ſenſations of this haughty perſonage thus overcome? Rage and honour quivered on his lips. Silently and ſullenly he regained his horſe, and without any token of thanks to his gallant enemy for his aſſiſtance, rode off the field.

There was one perſon preſent highly intereſted in this ſcene. Albertina was there, and her gentle boſom was agitated by a thouſand fears for her beloved Henry, for he was beloved with the tendereſt affection that ever warmed a female breaſt, and on his obtaining the victory, ſhe could hardly forbear expreſſing the joy which ſparkled in her animated eyes. But when ſhe ſaw that Cumin was his antagoniſt, her apprehenſions revived, and ſhe feared that De Lindeſay would feel the effects of the haughty chieftain's revenge. Nor was her mind altogether at reſt on her own account, for from the appearance of Cumin, and declared purpoſe of his fighting, ſhe was forced to recollect a number of accidental circumſtances, which now combined to perſuade her that he loved her. Meantime the ſucceſsful champion, though ſorry to have fought with his Superior, felt not any cauſe to reproach himſelf, but his imagination was ſtruck with dreadful ſuggeſtions from the diſcovery, which it appeared evident to him, Cumin had made of a paſſion for his fair Vaſſal.

The

The aſſembly diſſolved, and all the ſports of the day were at an end, being checked by the ill timed appearance of the chief, in whoſe honour they were held; but De Lindeſay left not Albertina, till by preſſing his ſuit with the moſt ardent ſolicitation, he obtained from her a promiſe, that ſhe would be his and his only. Numberleſs, however, were the difficulties which ſtood in the way of the completion of that promiſe which made De Lindeſay the happieſt of men; for by Feudal Conſuetudes, the Superior was entitled to the forfeiture of any Vaſſal's eſtate who ſhould marry without his conſent, and that conſent it ſeemed in the preſent inſtance impoſſible to gain. Theſe were not obſtacles ſufficient to check the ardency of De Lindeſay's paſſion; but Albertina, who conſidered the circumſtances of their ſituation more diſpaſſionately, prevailed on her lover to await ſome favourable opportunity, which fortune might preſent them with, to join themſelves in marriage without reducing themſelves from the affluence of their preſent condition to wretchedneſs and poverty.

Cumin was in the mean while torn by various contending paſſions, whoſe violence had been inflamed and rendered malignant by the late circumſtance, which inſpired him with ſentiments of the deepeſt revenge, againſt the generous youth, who had unconſciouſly offended him. De Lindeſay prudently withdrew himſelf from the caſtle, and retired for a ſhort time to his own eſtate, where he employed himſelf in hunting, and the other amuſements of the country. He was quickly rouſed by a billet which he one day received from his beloved miſtreſs, beſeeching him to come inſtantly to relieve her from the tyranny of Cumin, who had made the moſt alarming attacks on her virtue, and ſhe informed him that Cumin was then abſent from home, but was quickly expected to return. De Lindeſay inſtantly collected a ſmall body of the braveſt of his ſub-vaſſals, and prevailed on them to aſſiſt him in carrying off Albertina, and in guarding her from the attempts which Cumin would aſſuredly make to recover the cuſtody of her perſon. Thus attended, he haſted to Cumin caſtle, and having forced his way into the outer hall, flew to Albertina's apartment, and taking her into his arms, ruſhed back through a croud of opponents, and placed her on a horſe which he had brought for her.

It was now night, and the moon emitted a few faint glimmering rays thro' a veil of ſilver clouds, which guided the quick flight of the trembling Albertina, as her enraptured Henry conducted her from the reſidence of cruelty and brutality to his own ſeat, when as they proceeded they ſaw before them two bodies of armed men engaged in battle, one of which was much inferior in point of number to the other, and on liſtening they diſcovered the voice of Cumin on the weaker ſide. He is my Superior, exclaimed De Lindeſay, and he is likely to be oppreſſed.—I muſt fly to his aſſiſtance.—Without waiting for anſwer, he left a ſtrong party to guard Albertina, and mixed in the battle. He fought with ſo much valour, and ſo well ſupported by his gallant attendants, and the brave chieftain himſelf exerted his proweſs with ſo much vigour and addreſs, that they ſlew or diſabled the greateſt part of their enemies. The leader of the band ruſhed forward with deſperate rage, and his uplifted ſword was juſt going to deſcend on the head of Cumin, when De Lindeſay with his keen edged ſabre ſmote the ruffian's arm, and made the ſword drop from his lifeleſs hand, and Cumin followed the blow, by piercing him to the heart. His ſurviving followers inſtantly fled, while he lay weltering in his blood, and regarded the chief with the unamiable aſpect of inſatiated and diſappointed revenge, nor did the near ap-

proach of death which he evidently felt, ſoften the aſperity of his eye. Villainous race, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to Cumin, may the curſe of Monteith for ever blaſt your progeny, and may they know as I have done, the pangs of being the marked objects of inſolent oppreſſion, and the ſtill more direful torture of impotent reſentment. So ſaying, he expired. Cumin looked aghaſt with aſtoniſhment and horror—He remembered the name, though not the perſon of Monteith, who had been a troubleſome neighbour to his father, on account of his proud and unyielding diſpoſition, and whom that chief had accordingly by force of arms ſtripped of his poſſeſſions. Thus reduced to poverty and deſpair, the unhappy man, after in vain applying to the ſovereign for redreſs, which the influence of his enemy rendered it impoſſible for him to obtain, gave up his whole ſoul to a thirſt for vengeance. Theſe ſentiments, would in the minds of moſt men, have been buried in the grave of their object, but the plans of Monteith were, with equal virulence, directed againſt the young chief, who would have fallen a ſacrifice to the vindictive treachery of a man whom he had never injured, but for the timely aſſiſtance rendered him by De Lindeſay.

Generous De Lindeſay, exclaimed Cumin, graſping his hand, when he turned from the gloomy ſpectacle before him, how little did I deſerve this friendly interpoſition! But I ſhall hereafter ſtudy to deſerve it. De Lindeſay modeſtly anſwered, that having done nothing more than his duty, he had no claims to any degree of merit from it. But what propitious accident, ſaid Cumin, brought you to my aid at this hour, and thus attended? Who are thoſe whom I diſcover not far off?—Ha! Is it Albertina that I behold?—The moon tranſiently glanced her pale beam for a moment on the ſide of the hill, and diſplayed the fair beauty to the aſtoniſhed eyes of Cumin.—It is Albertina, ſaid De Lindeſay, and Albertina ſhall be mine: This arm ſhall defend her againſt every hazard. Approach not, therefore, Cumin, for by yonder ſtarry heaven, I ſwear, I will not yield her up. De Lindeſay, anſwered Cumin aloud, recalling him as he was riding off to join his party, you have ſaved my life. I thank you for it, but it is a heavy price to yield up Albertina.—Yet, generous youth, I ſhall ſubmit to her award—Let her decide the preference, though I fear I have too juſtly forfeited all claim to her eſteem.—I pledge my honour to fulfil my engagement.

Together they advanced to the place where Albertina ſtood, half exanimate with her fears for her brave protector, whoſe return ſhe awaited with apprehenſive expectation. When ſhe ſaw him return accompanied by Cumin, ſhe was much ſtartled, and betrayed evident ſymptoms of uneaſineſs, which was quickly diſpelled by De Lindeſay, who aſſured her, that ſhe was ſafe from danger, and then communicated to her the reference which was made to her. Cumin ſtood penſively ſilent, while ſhe gave her hand to De Lindeſay, and aſked him if he could doubt her conſtancy after the proofs ſhe had given him of her confidence in his love and honour. May ye be happy in each other, exclaimed their noble chief; it is a hard ſtruggle, but I have overcome myſelf. Return then with me to the caſtle which you have left, and believe me, that nothing ſhall ever happen to make you again wiſh to fly from it. They returned together, and next day Cumin gave his ſolemn aſſent to the marriage of Henry and Albertina, which was immediately ſolemnized, and the chieftain, after giving the hand of his lovely Vaſſal to her happy De Lindeſay, felt a ſerenity of mind, which nothing but a ſenſe of the propriety of his own conduct could have af-

afforded him in the fatal moment, which made the object of his fondeſt affections the wife of another. He devoted his attention wholly to views of ambition, and, on every occaſion, received the moſt unequivocal proofs of ſincere attachment, from his gallant Vaſſal, Henry De Lindeſay.

New and Curious Observations *in* Natural History.

Continued from page 132. *of our Magazine for March.*

White Rooks.

A Gentleman in the country had two milk-white rooks in one neſt. A booby of a carter, finding them before they were able to fly, threw them down and deſtroyed them, to the regret of the owner, who would have been glad to have preſerved ſuch a curioſity in his rookery. I ſaw the birds myſelf nailed againſt the end of a barn, and was ſurpriſed to find that their bills, legs, feet, and claws were milk-white.

Influence of Food on Colour.

A few years ago I ſaw a cock bullfinch in a cage, which had been caught in the fields after it was come to its full colours. In about a year it began to look dingy; and, blackening every ſucceeding year, it became coal-black at the end of four. Its chief food was hempſeed. Such influence has food on the colour of animals! The pied and mottled colours of domeſticated animals are ſuppoſed to be owing to high, various, and unuſual food.

Snakes.

Snakes have a faculty of ſtinking *ſe defendendo*. I knew a gentleman who kept a tame ſnake, which was in its perſon as ſweet as any animal while in good humour and unalarmed; but as ſoon as a ſtranger, or a dog or cat, came in, it fell to hiſſing, and filled the room with ſuch nauſeous effluvia as rendered it hardly ſupportable.

Vipers.

Providence has been ſo indulgent to us as to allow of but one venomous reptile of the ſerpent kind in theſe kingdoms, and that is the viper. Common ſallad-oil is a ſovereign remedy againſt the bite of the viper. As to the blind worm (*anguis fragilis*, ſo called becauſe it ſnaps in ſunder with a ſmall blow) I have found on examination, that it is perfectly innocuous. A neighbouring yeoman (to whom I am indebted for ſome good hints) killed and opened a female viper about the twenty-ſeventh of May: he found her filled with a chain of eleven eggs, about the ſize of thoſe of a blackbird; but none of them were advanced ſo far towards a ſtate of maturity as to contain any rudiments of young. Though they are oviparous, yet they are viviparous alſo, hatching their young within their bellies, and then bringing them forth. Whereas ſnakes lay chains of eggs every ſummer in my melon beds, in ſpite of all that my people can do to prevent them; which eggs do not hatch till the ſpring following, as I have often experienced. Several intelligent folks aſſure me that they have ſeen the viper open her mouth and admit her helpleſs young down her throat on ſudden ſurpriſes, juſt as the female opoſſum does her brood into the pouch under her belly, upon the like emergencies; and yet the London viper-catchers inſiſt on it, to Mr. Barrington, that no ſuch thing ever happens. The ſerpent kind eat, I believe, but once in the year; or, rather, but only juſt at one ſeaſon of the year. Country people talk much of a water ſnake, but, I am pretty ſure, without any reaſon; for the com-

common ſnake *(coluber natrix)* delights much to ſport in the water, perhaps with a view to procure frogs and other food.

On Auguſt the 4th, 1775, we ſurpriſed a large viper, which ſeemed very heavy and bloated, as it lay in the graſs baſking in the ſun. When we came to cut it up, we found that the abdomen was crowded with young, fifteen in number; the ſhorteſt of which meaſured full ſeven inches, and were about the ſize of full-grown earth-worms. This little fry iſſued into the world, with the true viper-ſpirit about them, ſhewing great alertneſs as ſoon as diſengaged from the belly of the dam: they twiſted and wriggled about, and ſet themſelves up, and gaped very wide when touched with a ſtick, ſhewing manifeſt tokens of menace and defiance, though as yet they had no manner of fangs that we could find, even with the help of our glaſſes.

To a thinking mind nothing is more wonderful than that early inſtinct which impreſſes young animals with the notion of the ſituation of their natural weapons, and of uſing them properly in their own defence, even before thoſe weapons ſubſiſt or are formed. Thus a young cock will ſpar at his adverſary before his ſpurs are grown; and a calf or a lamb will puſh with their heads before their horns are ſprouted. In the ſame manner did theſe young adders attempt to bite before their fangs were in being. The dam however was furniſhed with very formidable ones, which we lifted up (for they fold down when not uſed) and cut them off with the point of our ſciſſars.

There was little room to ſuppoſe that this brood had ever been in the open air before; or that they were taken in for refuge, at the mouth of the dam, when ſhe perceived that danger was approaching; becauſe then probably we ſhould have found them ſomewhere in the neck, and not in the abdomen.

Great Utility of Worms.

Lands that are ſubject to frequent inundations are always poor; and probably the reaſon may be becauſe the worms are drowned. The moſt inſignificant inſects and reptiles are of much more conſequence, and have much more influence in the œconomy of Nature, than the incurious are aware of; and are mighty in their effect, from their minuteneſs, which renders them leſs an object of attention; and from their numbers and fecundity. Earth-worms, though in appearance a ſmall and deſpicable link in the chain of Nature, yet, if loſt, would make a lamentable chaſm. For, to ſay nothing of half the birds, and ſome quadrupeds, which are almoſt entirely ſupported by them, worms ſeem to be the great promoters of vegetation, which would proceed but lamely without them, by boring, perforating, and looſening the ſoil, and rendering it pervious to rains and the fibres of plants, by drawing ſtraws and ſtalks of leaves and twigs into it; and, moſt of all, by throwing up ſuch infinite numbers of lumps of earth called worm-caſts, which, being their excrement, is a fine manure for grain and graſs. Worms probably provide new ſoil for hills and ſlopes where the rain waſhes the earth away; and they affect ſlopes, probably to avoid being flooded. Gardeners and farmers expreſs their deteſtation of worms; the former becauſe they render their walks unſightly, and make them much work: and the latter becauſe, as they think, worms eat their green corn. But theſe men would find that the earth without worms would ſoon become cold, hard-bound, and void of fermentation; and conſequently barren.

A Bee Eater.

We had in this village more than twenty years ago an idiot boy, whom I well remember, who, from a child, ſhewed a ſtrong propenſity to bees; they were his food, his amuſement, his ſole object. And as people of this caſt have ſeldom more than one point in view, ſo this lad exerted all his few faculties on this one purſuit. In the winter he doſed away his time, within his father's houſe, by the fire ſide, in a kind of torpid ſtate, ſeldom departing from the chimney-corner; but in the ſummer he was all alert, and in queſt of his game in the fields, and on ſunny banks. Honey-bees, humble-bees, and waſps, were his prey wherever he found them: he had no apprehenſions from their ſtings, but would ſeize them *nudis manibus*, and at once diſarm them of their weapons, and ſuck their bodies for the ſake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his boſom between his ſhirt and his ſkin with a number of theſe captives; and ſometimes would confine them in bottles. He was a very *merops apiaſter*, or *bee-bird*; and very injurious to men that kept bees; for he would ſlide into their bee-gardens, and, ſitting down before the ſtools, would rap with his finger on the hives, and ſo take the bees as they came out. He has been known to overturn hives for the ſake of honey, of which he was paſſionately fond. Where metheglin was making, he would linger round the tubs and veſſels, begging a draught of what he called bee-wine. As he ran about he uſed to make a humming noiſe with his lips, reſembling the buzzing of bees. This lad was lean and ſallow, and of a cadaverous complexion; and, except in his favourite purſuit, in which he was wonderfully adroit, diſcovered no manner of underſtanding.

Curious Method of catching Fiſh in the River Volga, with ſome Obſervations reſpecting Caviar and Iſinglaſs.

From Pallas's Travels.

THERE is no country in the world, where ſo many ingenious methods are employed, or ſo great a diverſity of machines uſed to catch fiſh, as along the Volga. The greater part of theſe methods and machines are unknown elſewhere. Beſides various kinds of nets, ſuch as the trawl, ſeine, &c. the inhabitants of thoſe countries uſe alſo a fiſh trap called *Gorodba*, which deſerves a particular deſcription.

For this method of fiſhing, they make choice of a part of the river where the bottom is ſmooth, quite from the bank to the middle of the ſtream; they then ſink in it a row of ſtakes, or large poſts, which croſs part of the bed of the river, forming either a right or an obtuſe angle, the interior part of which fronts the lower part of the current. The tops of thoſe ſtakes muſt riſe above the ſurface of the water, or the ice. Having proceeded thus far, they take other hurdles, of a length ſufficient to reach from the top of the water to the bottom, where, by means of large ſtones, they fix them in ſuch a manner, that the ſtream forcing them againſt the ſtakes, they remain as it were cemented to them, and form a kind of dyke, which obliges the fiſh that are proceeding up the river to glide along by the ſide of it, in order to ſearch for ſome opening that may afford them a paſſage. In the angle of this dyke an opening is left about two or three fathoms in breadth, which conducts to a ſquare chamber, incloſed, in like manner, on three ſides by ſtakes and oſier hurdles, and in which the fiſh are caught. When the dyke croſſes a part of the river obliquely, without form-

forming an angle, a double chamber conſtructed like the preceeding, is formed about the middle of it; but theſe chambers are placed againſt that ſide of the dyke which faces the lower part of the river, that the entrance of them may be oppoſite the ſhore. In both caſes the fiſhermen take care to have the ice continually open above theſe chambers during the whole winter, and they erect a ſtraw hut upon the opening, large enough for them to walk eaſily around the hole, and to keep a ſmall fire lighted to warm themſelves.

It may be eaſily perceived, that in either caſe the fiſh which follow the dyke, ſeeking a paſſage to go up the river, are obliged to enter theſe chambers. In order that the fiſhermen may be informed of the arrival of the fiſh, and enabled to catch them, the interior part of the chamber is diſpoſed in the following manner. In the bottom they place a ſquare frame, compoſed of ſtrong poles, and filled up with net-work of ſmall cords, and in ſummer of oſier twigs. To each of the four corners of this frame is tied a ſtrong cord, fixed to two levers placed above the opening in the ice, by means of which they raiſe the wooden frame. Above the entrance of the chamber they keep a falling grate made of poles and net-work, ſo that it entirely ſhuts the opening when it is let down to the bottom; and in order that they may know the moment when the fiſh have entered the trap, and let down the grate, they place before the entrance ſeveral pieces of packthread, faſtened at one end to a ſmall ſtick that floats acroſs the water, from which they proceed like ſo many radii, and end at the wooden frame placed at the bottom of the chamber. Theſe pieces of packthread are diſpoſed in ſuch a manner, that no large fiſh can enter without touching ſome of them, and conſequently without ſhaking the ſtick which floats on the ſurface of the river. As ſoon as the fiſhermen perceive it move they let down the grate, and drawing up the frame in the bottom by means of the wooden levers, every thing contained in the chamber is raiſed along with it. After having drawn out the fiſh with iron hooks, they let down the wooden frame, and draw up the grate, which ſhuts the chamber, to be ready for a new capture. Three people are ſufficient for this labour.

In order that they may not be obliged to watch the whole night, they have deviſed a very ſimple method by which the fiſh ſhut themſelves in, and at the ſame time give notice of their misfortune. For this purpoſe they fix to the falling grate a few ſtones, by the weight of which it ſinks to the bottom when it is left without any thing to ſupport it. They then raiſe upon a beam, placed acroſs the hole made in the ice, three pieces of wood in the form of the figure four, one of which ſupports the falling grate, and another is fixed to the pieces of packthread that are ſpread out before the entrance of the chamber. All theſe bits of wood are joined in ſuch a manner, that the leaſt thing deranges them. As ſoon as the fiſh touch the packthreads the grate falls, ſhuts the entrance of the chamber, and at the ſame time pulls another piece of pack thread communicating with a bell, by the ringing of which the fiſhermen are awaked, and immediately haſten to ſeize their prey, and to put their machinery again in order.

This ingenious machine is erected in ſummer, when the water is ſettled at its uſual height, and the fiſhermen catch, until the river begins to be frozen, theſe large ſturgeons which furniſh iſinglaſs, common ſturgeons, and other fiſh which go up the river. When the current begins to carry ſhoals of ice along with it, they take the whole away, and the machine is not

not erected again until the beginning of January, at which time the white ſalmon begin to aſcend the river in great numbers These are almoſt the only fiſh caught until the ſpring, when the machine is again taken down on account of the breaking of the ice.

Beſides theſe *ouſtchiougui*, or large dykes, they raiſe alſo a great number of ſmall ones upon the ice, which extend only a ſhort way from the ſhore; by means of theſe they catch ſmall fiſh and abundance of lampreys with a kind of nets called *ſeti* by the Ruſſians; but this method of fiſhing is not conſidered as of much importance. When the water of the river is high, they catch different kinds of ſturgeon with large caſting nets called *nevoidi*, which is the principal method of fiſhing in the country.

The moſt eſteemed fiſh of the Volga, and thoſe which ſell beſt, are white ſalmon and different kinds of ſturgeon. The former are tranſported freſh in winter to the northern parts of Ruſſia; afterwards none are ſent, but ſalted and dried in the ſmoke, as is done with the red ſalmon in other places. This ſalmon would be moſt delicious, did the fiſhermen underſtand how to manage it properly, but they prepare it badly, and on that account it is almoſt ſpoilt.

The different kinds of ſturgeon caught in ſummer or autumn, are carried alive to the ponds in the neighbourhood of the Volga, when the waters have retired. The fiſhermen even drag them along in the river, to ſome ſpot not far from theſe ponds, by a cord which is put into their mouths, and comes out at their gills. They are kept there until the beginning of winter, at which time they catch them again with nets, and tranſport them to different parts, by covering them with ice. Of all the ſpecies of ſturgeon none is leſs in requeſt than that which furniſhes iſinglaſs; it is, however, ſalted in large quantities: the head of the fiſh is then called *baſchka*; and the belly *teſcha*. The common ſturgeon and the ſevriouga ſell much better than the former.

The ſpawn of theſe fiſh, which forms caviar, is tranſported during winter without being ſalted. That which is prepared from the ſpawn of the ſturgeon and the ſevriouga together is the moſt eſteemed. The eggs of the ſpawn are ſeparated from their ligaments, by making them paſs gently through a ſieve, or a net, with ſmall meſhes, called *grochotki*. From a large ſturgeon five pouds, or one hundred and ſixty-five pounds of caviar are ſometimes procured. The common ſturgeon never furniſhes more than thirty pounds, and the ſevriouga from ten to twelve. Large quantities of it are ſalted during ſummer, and tranſported in barrels. The manner of preparing it is as follows: After having cleaned the caviar well, and ſalted it repeatedly, it is put into caſks, the bottoms of which are full of holes like a ſieve, and a great number of weights are put upon the top of them, in order to preſs out all the moiſture; ſometimes, it is put into a cloth bag, in which it is well ſqueezed; it is then cloſely packed into barrels, and ſome of the oil of the fiſh is poured over it to preſerve it from corruption. In ſome places a kind of caviar is made of the ſpawn of the white ſalmon and the pike; but before the eggs of the latter are ſalted, care is taken to waſh them in boiling water, to deſtroy that viſcous ſubſtance which ſurrounds them. The Ruſſians call this *kraſnaia ikra*, red caviar. They conſider the eggs of the barbel and the bream as unwholeſome, and for this reaſon they give them to their geeſe and poultry.

Nothing is thrown away that belongs to the ſturgeon. The inteſtines are eaten freſh. Along the back there runs a large nerve, called by the Ruſ-

ſians *veziga*, which they take care to ſeparate from it. When dried it is accounted a great delicacy, and is ſold at a very dear rate. They take out alſo the air bladder, from which they prepare that fiſh-glue known under the name of ichtyocolla or iſinglaſs. The bladder of the common ſturgeon is moſt eſteemed, and that of the large ſturgeon is next. The bladder of the ſterlet is ſaid to furniſh the ſtrongeſt glue, on account of its viſcoſity; it is alſo the beſt for inlaid work. Theſe different bladders, while freſh, are ſteeped in water, and afterwards dried, their firſt pellicle is then taken off, and they are rubbed until all the blood veſſels appear and loſe their humidity. When this is done, the white ſhining membrane, which is that properly which produces the glue, is rolled into all manner of figures and dried anew. The beſt is rolled up in the form of little crowns, the ſecond in quality has the figure of a book, and the commoneſt kind is dried, ſuch as it is. In the environs of Sinbirſk, and along the banks of the Volga, the inhabitants extract from theſe bladders, by melting them while freſh, a kind of glue, which they pour into moulds of different forms. Along the Oka, where they fiſh only for ſterlets or ſmall ſturgeons, they take the air bladders of theſe fiſh, and having beat them, lay them in ſome place to dry, and the glue is made. The air-bladder alſo of the glanis is prepared for the ſame purpoſe on the banks of the Volga, but care muſt be taken to pound it before it is put over the fire, and as it does not melt entirely, it is neceſſary to ſtrain it through a cloth. It is ſaid, that the glanis produces the ſtrongeſt and beſt glue for the uſe of cabinet-maker. In ſeveral places the fiſhermen have begun to make glue from the air-bladders of the barbel Of all the ſpecies of large fiſh the *ſilurus glanis* is the leaſt eſteemed. Its ſkin, however, is made uſeful, which is not the caſe with that of other fiſhes. As it is very thin and ſmooth, like that of the eel, it is ſtretched out to dry, and becomes tranſparent. It is then ſold to the peaſants, and above all to the Tartars, who uſe it for their windows inſtead of glaſs. The latter employ, for the ſame purpoſe, the epiploon or caul of different animals, well cleaned and dried. The ſkin of the glains is much better than a piece of bladder, for covering the mouths of thoſe bottles in which animals are preſerved, becauſe they prevent more the evaporation of the ſpirits of wine.

Account of a ſingular Sleeper.

ABOUT the middle of September laſt, Elizabeth Perkins, wife of Thomas Perkins, labourer, in the pariſh of Morley St. Peter, about two miles from Attelburgh, Norfolk, without any previous malady or indiſpoſition, fell into a profound ſleep, and continued ſo three days and nights; and, after waking, and going about her houſhold affairs, at night went to bed, and ſlept again for the ſame ſpace of time.--This method of ſleeping and waking about twice a week, held her till the month of January, ſince which time her ſleeps have increaſed to ſix days and ſeven nights, viz. from every Sunday night to the Sunday morning following, and continued ſo ever ſince; although her intervals of waking are thus protracted, yet, when ſhe gets up, which ſhe does at the cuſtomary hour of riſing, ſhe never complains of either hunger or thirſt; her appetite is moderate and her diet the ſame as uſual; her ſpirits lively and cheerful, but ſomewhat emaciated in body, which, from the want of regular aliment, is a circumſtance not to be wondered at.

at. She is almoſt continually watched by ſome of her neighbours, ſo that there is no probability of her being an impoſtor. Many attempts have been made to rouſe her from her lethargy, ſuch as violently ſhaking her, calling loudly in her ear, raiſing her from the bed, &c. but all their efforts have hitherto proved ineffectual, till the periodical time of waking arrives, when, to the aſtoniſhment of the ſurrounding neighbourhood, ſhe is fully emancipated from the ſhackles of Morpheus.

CURIOUS LISTS,

Reſpecting the Priſons of Great Britain and Ireland.

THE following is the average number of perſons confined at one time in the priſons in Ireland.

Debtors	—	550
Criminals	—	1000
		1550
Suppoſed omitted	—	20
		1570

Account of the number of Priſoners in the goals and priſons of England and Wales, at the laſt time they were viſited in 1787 and 1788.

Debtors	2011
Felons, &c.	2052
Petty Offenders	1412
In the Hulks	1937
Suppoſed omitted	70
Total	7482

The numbers confined in the London Priſons and in the Hulks, at the time they were viſited in 1788.

Debtors	—	927
Felons, &c.	—	2670
Petty Offences		538
Total		4135

Which is far more than a half of the number confined in the whole kingdom.

According to an exact calculation preſented to the Houſe of Commons, the average number of priſoners ordered for tranſportation in England in one Year, is 960.

Account of the number of priſoners convicted of capital crimes in Scotland from January 1760 to May 1782:

Condemned	—	76
Pardoned	—	22
Executed	—	54

And the number from January 1783 to Auguſt 1787, is,

Condemned	—	58
Pardoned	—	15
Executed	—	43

The number executed in London and Middleſex, from Dec. 1783 to Dec. 1788, is 324.

Near eight times as many as in all Scotland, about the ſame ſpace of time.

Obituary of Eminent Perſons.

Nov. 30. AT Florence, aged 98 years, ſeven months, and twenty-three days, Domenico Maria Manni, the Neſtor of the Literati of Italy. Indefatigable to the laſt, he conſtantly attended his ſtudies, which reflect a luſtre upon his country. He was a good Chriſtian, and the beſt of citizens, ſtrict in the duties of his profeſſion, and attentive to all around him. He paid the debt of Nature with perfect reſignation, and in full poſſeſſion of his faculties.

1789. *Lately*, at Florence, Zuccarelli, the celebrated painter, whoſe works are well known and much

eſteemed in England.

In a fit of apoplexy, as he was entering a public meeting at Edinburgh, Admiral Sir Charles Douglas. He was originally in the Dutch ſervice, and it was not without ſome difficulty that he was enabled to obtain rank in the Engliſh navy. The war before laſt, however, his ſervices were ſuch, that he was promoted through the various ranks of the ſervice till he became a poſt-captain. In the peace which ſuceeded, upon his going to St. Peterſburg, his Majeſty conferred the rank of baronet on him. Sir Charles was a native of Scotland, and ſo excellent a linguiſt, that he ſpoke ſix European languages extremely correct. On the war with America breaking out, he had a broad pendant given him, and he commanded the ſquadron employed in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. His ſervices here obtained him very flattering honours on his return to England; and after Brereton was diſmiſſed for miſconduct from the Duke, of 98 guns, Sir Charles was appointed to command her. In this ſhip he cultivated his mechanical propenſity ſo much in the improvement of the guns, and the uſe of locks inſtead of matches, that the practice was univerſally adopted throughout the navy. On the death of Lord Rodney's favourite officer, Capt. Young, Sir Charles was recommended, by the Lords of the Admiralty, as a fit ſucceſſor to manage the important concerns of the Weſt India fleet; and, owing to his great ability, Lord Rodney has never failed to confeſs, that the advantages of the day were greatly improved. It has often been aſſerted, that, had Sir Charles's advice been purſued, more might have been effected. Sir Charles, when preſſed upon this ſubject, always replied, "We had a great deal to do, Sir; and I believe you will allow we did a great deal." Since the war, Sir Charles had the chief command at Nova Scotia; but being diſguſted at ſome proceedings of the Admiralty and Navy Boards, he begged to be recalled. During the preparations for war in the year 1787, he was preſented to the rank of rear admiral; and, about a month ſince, was appointed to go to Nova Scotia, as commander in chief. Sir Charles was a very good, a very brave, and a very honeſt man.

At Fleſhbeck, co. Weſtmoreland, in his 75th year, John Glover, eſq. This gentleman's houſe, a little time before his deceaſe, was robbed of money and plate to a conſiderable amount; and the offender, impelled by the ſtings of conſcience, a few days after returned the plate and 89 guineas of the money.

At Sittingbourn, Kent, aged 84, Mr. Jas. Becket, who was a ſurgeon's mate in the fleet commanded by Admiral Hoſier, in 1724, and was with Admiral Vernon at the taking Porto Bello, in 1739. He afterwards ſettled as an apothecary at Cranbrook, but had retired from buſineſs many years.

In a field near Alderly, co. Glouceſter, on his way home to Kingſwood, aged 73, Moſes Haines, formerly a day-labourer, but of late years a pauper of that pariſh for his ſupport, beſides what he obtained from the bounty of the benevolent and charitable in the neighbourhood, by importunate begging, to whom he uſually delivered a tale of pretended diſtreſs, to excite their compaſſion, and at the ſame time bitterly complained of the rigid œconomy of his pariſh, in granting him only the ſmall trifle of 2s. per week. Having been ſuſpected in his life-time, of being poſſeſſed of ſome money, notwithſtanding his conſtant and ſolemn proteſtations to the contrary, a few days after his deceaſe his houſe was ſearched, when, concealed in a large bag of wool, in ſeveral parcels, were diſcovered

vered the following ſums:

	L.	*s.*	
40 guineas	42		
248 half-crowns	31		
361 Shillings	18	1	*L.*91 1*s.*

At Powderham caſtle, co. Devon, Miſs Eleanor Courtenay, 7th daughter of the late, and ſiſter of the Viſcount C.—As ſhe was returning from the play-houſe at Exeter, a few days before, ſhe was ſuddenly ſeized with a convulſion fit, which was followed by a locked jaw, of which ſhe lingered in great agony to the time of her death.

At Guildford, Surrey, aged 78, Capt. John Clark. He was born in the reign of Queen Anne, in the year 1711; went to ſea in the reign of George I.; was at the ſiege of Gibraltar in the year 1729; in many remarkable engagements, particularly that of Matthews and Leſtock; was made a captain in 1757; a poſt in 1758; arriving to the rank of rear-admiral, and though 56 years in the ſervice, was paſſed over in the laſt promotions.

At Paris, ſuddenly, aged about 50, the Marquis of Conflans, who viſited England about ſix years ago, in company with the Dukes of Orleans and Fitz-james. He was lieutenant-general of his Majeſty's armies, governor of New Briſac, colonel of a regiment of huſſars that bear his name, marquis of Armantieres, viſcount of Ouchy, &c. &c.

At Lyme, aged 93, Wm. Walter, eſq. major of the 74th reg. of foot. He ſerved Kings George I. II. and III. He was a mild, humane, good man. His conduct through life was peculiarly diſtinguiſhed for humility and goodneſs. All his officers and ſoldiers loved him. He made peace with 25 nations of the ſavage Indians. He uſed them with ſo much goodneſs and hoſpitality, that they worſhiped him, and called him their God, and thought there was not ſuch another man in the known world. He was a gentleman that never graſped after riches. The late Earl of Chatham, when he was at Lyme, viſited him moſt days; thanked him often for his good conduct while he was in North America: and told him, that, had it not been for Gen. Monckton and Major Walter, North America would not have been conquered; for their conduct and humility was ſuch, that they gained the heart of every ſoldier.

Mr. Peter Trowbridge, aged 75; he was one of the few ſurvivors that ſailed round the world with Lord Anſon in the Centurion, in 1744.

At his houſe in St James's-ſquare, in his 76th year, the Moſt Noble Thomas Oſborne, Duke of Leeds, Marquis of Carmarthen, Earl of Danby, Viſcount Latimer and Dumblain, Baron Oſborne of Kiveton, knight of the moſt noble order of the Garter, baronet, one of his Majeſty's moſt honourable privy council, LL.D. and F.R.S. His Grace was the only ſurviving ſon of Peregrine Hyde, Duke of Leeds, by his firſt wife, the Lady Eliz. Harley, daughter of Robert Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, lord high treaſurer of England; was born Nov. 6, 1713, and ſucceeded to his father's honours and eſtates May 9, 1731. June 6, 1740, he married the Lady Mary, youngeſt daughter of Francis E. of Godolphin, who departed this life Aug. 3, 1764, by whom he had iſſue a ſon, born in 1741, who lived but a few days; Henrietta, born in 1744, who died ſoon after; Thomas Marquis of Carmarthen, born Jan. 29, 1750, (called up by writ to the Houſe of Peers in May 1776, as Baron Oſborne of Kiveton,) now Duke of Leeds, and one of his Majeſty's principal ſecretaries of ſtate. His Grace the preſent Duke has iſſue by his firſt wife, the Lady Amelia d'Arcy, daughter of Robert E. of

of Holderneſs, two ſons and one daughter, George-William-Frederick, Lord Conyers (in right of his late mother), now Marquis of Carmarthen, born July 21, 1775; Lady Mary Henrietta Juliana Oſborne, born Oct. 18, 1777. His Grace married, in October laſt, Miſs Anguiſh. eldeſt daughter of the late Tho. A. eſq. accomptant-general, one of the maſters in the high Court of Chancery, and one of the commiſſioners for examining the public accompts.

Miscellaneous Anecdotes.

THE diſpoſition of Charles XII. began to ſhew itſelf very early, even before he loſt his father, by his fondneſs for the chace, and for hunting in the moſt dangerous manner. He even invented a new method of catching bears alive, and it was not without expoſing his life to great peril, that he put it in practice. By this method he caught three of them in the life-time of his father in one hunting match.

This young prince remarked, that theſe animals, when hard preſſed by the dogs, truſting rather to their ſtrength than their ſwiftneſs, often ſtopped, raiſed themſelves on their hind legs, and darting upon the fierceſt of the dogs, ſtrangled them, ſqueezing them between their breaſts and their fore paws; he conceived therefore that it would be the beſt method to attack them with wooden poles hooked at one end, which he ordered to be made on purpoſe. Five or ſix of the boldeſt hunters, among whom he always made one, armed themſelves with theſe poles, and while the dogs ſtopped the bears, they ſeized them by the necks, and held them until others, with ropes, entangled their hind legs, in ſuch a manner that they could not ſtir. He then made their fore feet be tied, and forcing them to walk upon thoſe behind, conducted them thus in triumph to Stockholm.

Olaus Borrichius, a learned Daniſh phyſician, who died in 1690, after having publiſhed a great number of works, relates, that one day entering the bed-chamber of a female patient, who had ſent for him, ſhe begged him to wait a few moments, until a flea which was chained to her hand, had finiſhed its repaſt. Borrichius upon this caſt his eyes towards the lady's hand, and beheld a large flea which was fixed to it by a ſmall golden chain, and was eagerly ſucking her blood. When it was ſatisfied, ſhe ſhut it up in a ſmall box, lined with the fineſt ſilk. The patient aſſured her phyſician, that ſhe had carefully preſerved this little animal for the ſpace of ſix years, and that ſhe fed it with her blood twice a day. After ſhe was perfectly cured, ſhe ſet out for France, together with her flea; on her return Borrichius, who had an opportunity of ſeeing her, having aſked after her little inſect, ſhe replied, with great ſorrow, that it had died through the negligence of her ſervant.

Tang Kao-Hung, Emperor of China, who died in the year 626 of our æra, being about to put to death two general officers, who, having been commiſſioned to guard the burying-place of his anceſtors, had cut down a tree, which, on account of the reſpect of the Chineſe for ſuch monuments, was accounted ſacred, one of his miniſters, whoſe name has been preſerved in hiſtory, Ty-jin-Kie, repreſented to him, that it would be cruel to take away the lives of theſe two brave men merely for their imprudence. "What!" replied the Emperor in a paſſion, "ſhall I not "puniſh with the greateſt ſeverity "thoſe who are wanting in reſpect

"to

"to my anceſtors? Have not theſe "two officers been guilty of that "crime, by cutting down a tree "which over-ſhaded their tombs?" "Well, my Lord," ſaid Ty-jin-Kie, "the moles and the rats are "far more deficient in reſpect to "your anceſtors; ſince they even "gnaw their very coffins, and yet "your filial piety does not carry you "ſo far as to make war upon theſe "ſacrilegious animals." The Emperor, recalled to humanity by theſe reflections, pardoned the two officers.

Mezeray was ſo negligent in his dreſs that one would have taken him for a beggar rather than for what he was. One morning he happened to be arreſted by the inſpectors of the poor. This miſtake, inſtead of offending him, gave him great pleaſure; for he was fond of ſingular adventures. He therefore told the officers, that it would fatigue him too much to go along with them on foot; but that as ſoon as a new wheel was put to his carriage, he would accompany them when and wherever they thought proper.

Anecdotes of the late Capt. STAIR DOUGLAS.

ON the 8th of April 1789, Capt. Stair Douglas died at Richmond, in Yorkſhire; whoſe merit in his profeſſion, the navy at large will readily acknowledge.

In the year 1778, Stair Douglas commanded the Montreal frigate, and had the charge of a convoy to the Levant; which, by his ſkill in reſiſting a French force of four ſail, were enabled to eſcape. The Montreal ſtruck, and we think was the firſt King's pendant during the late war taken by the French. From the ſpirit with which Stair held out, he received ſuch illiberal treatment from the commander of the French force, that he proteſted, whenever he met that officer on *terra firma*, his "*ſoul* ſhould *travel*." Such was honeſt Stair's language.

Soon after his releaſe, a misfortune befel him, that hung heavily on his mind for ſome time. He was at dinner on board a King's ſhip in Gibraltar Bay, when he obſerved ſome boys at play in two boats, hoiſted a *white flag*, and boaſted under the ſtern gallery, of being victorious; which Stair was told was a cenſure on his having ſtruck to French colours; and in conſequence he went to the cabin-window, and required the boys "to *douſe* their colours." The requeſt not being complied with, he fired a piſtol, which unfortunately proved to be loaded, and ſhot one of the boys, who expired ſoon after. He was tried for this, and honourably acquitted: but he long lamented the fatality.

In April 1781, Capt. S. Douglas commanded the Prince William, when Rear-Adm. Lord Hood (then Sir Samuel) commanded the ſquadron then cruiſing off Martinique, to intercept the French fleet. The Prince William was at anchor at Gros Iſlet Bay, St. Lucia; her crew were in a wretched and ſickly ſtate; but on the ſignal being made of the enemy's fleet, by the Ruſſell, he immediately weighed, and joined the Rear Admiral, to the ſurpriſe of the whole fleet. Every effort in his power was made to aſſiſt Lord Hood, in oppoſing ſo ſuperior a force. We think it afterwards fell to Captain Douglas's lot to bring the Triumph home to Europe, and ſubſequent to that he had another ſhip.

EXTRAORDINARY *and* ALARMING CIRCUMSTANCES; *ſhewing the danger*

ger of admitting CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

IT is a maxim in all civilized ſtates, that it is much better ten guilty perſons ſhould eſcape, than one innocent man ſhould ſuffer. This maxim is founded on an idea of natural equity, ariſing in the minds of people in general, and it has been confirmed by a variety of inſtances. It is certain, that ſome particular circumſtances, when blended, have ſuch an appearance of truth that they are generally conſidered as amounting to a poſitive proof; yet an innocent man may be condemned.

In the reign of Charles II. one Jaques de Moulin, a French refugee, ſettled with his family in London, where he carried on a conſiderable trade in the ſale of ſuch goods as had been condemned at the Cuſtom-houſe. This trade, though not in itſelf illegal, contributed but little towards ſupporting his character, and he was often accuſed of putting off bad gold. He came frequently to perſons of whom he had received money, with ſeveral of theſe pieces of counterfeit coin, and pretended that he had found them among the pieces, which had been paid him. This was in general poſitively denied.

De Moulin, however, remained obſtinate in his charge. This part of his conduct ſoon brought him into diſrepute, and having ſold a parcel of goods to one Harris, he received the ſum of 78*l.* in payment, for which he gave his receipt. In a few days he returned with ſix counterfeit pieces to Harris, obſerving to him, that they were baſe metal, and inſiſting upon having good ones in their room. Harris denied he had given him thoſe pieces, and Du Moulin was equally poſitive, that they had never been mixed with any other. Harris was obliged to make good the loſs, but, conſcious of his own innocence, he went from place to place, telling every one whom he knew, that Du Moulin had cheated him, and that he had ſupported fraud by perjury. The character of Du Moulin was now univerſally deteſted; and he brought his action againſt Harris for defamatory words. Harris defended the action; and upon the apartments of Du Moulin being ſearched, ſeveral pieces of counterfeit coin were found in a bureau, and in a cloſet were diſcovered all the implements uſed in coining. There could now remain no doubt of Du Moulin's guilt, which ſeemed to be attended with many circumſtances of aggravation; accordingly he was committed to Newgate, and being brought to his trial, was found guilty, and received ſentence of death.

It happened, however, that a few days before he was to have been executed, one Williams, an engraver, was killed by a fall from his horſe, which had ſuch an effect on his wife, that being far advanced in pregnancy, ſhe was taken in labour, and was told that ſhe could not poſſibly live. Upon receiving this, ſhe ſent for the wife of Du Moulin, and told her, that her huſband, Williams, was one of four perſons whom ſhe named, that had for many years ſubſiſted by counterfeiting of coin; that one of theſe four perſons was Du Moulin's footman, who, by means of falſe keys, had put the counterfeit gold into his maſter's drawers, and taken out an equal quantity of good. Having delivered this account, the woman expired in great agonies, and the wife of Du Moulin procured a warrant againſt the three men, who were all apprehended the ſame day, and ſeparately examined.

Du Moulin's ſervant perſiſted in his innocence, as did one of the others,

thers, but while the third was under examination, a meſſenger who had been ſent to ſearch their lodgings arriving, and producing a great number of implements uſed in coining, he was admitted an evidence for the crown; and, upon further enquiry, it was found, that the footman of Du Moulin had, on the approach of the officers to apprehend his maſter, put the tools for coining into his bureau, to prevent himſelf from being brought to juſtice. Thus, by a ſtriking interpoſition of divine providence, an innocent man was ſaved from an ignominious death, and a moſt complicated myſtery of iniquity was diſcovered.

The ſecond caſe is that of a gentleman condemned and executed upon circumſtances.

In the reign of Charles I. a gentleman died, and left a conſiderable eſtate to an only daughter, whoſe uncle he appointed her guardian. She was then about eighteen; and in caſe ſhe happened to die unmarried, or, if married, without children, her fortune was to devolve to her uncle and his heirs. Some of the other relations hinted, that it was not proper the young lady ſhould live with her uncle, on account of his being ſo deeply intereſted with regard to her life: the uncle, however, regardleſs of what they ſaid, took her to his houſe upon Epping Foreſt. But the young lady in a ſhort time abſconding, and not being any where to be heard of, it was ſuſpected ſhe was murdered; and what ſtrengthened the ſuſpicion was, intelligence had been given that ſhe had one day gone out with her uncle upon the foreſt, and that he had returned in the evening without her. The uncle was taken up, and committed to priſon. All he could ſay in his defence was, that he went out with his niece, but that on their return home, ſhe loitered behind him, and ſoon afterwards diſappeared. This appearing improbable, and his having an intereſt in her death, it was now concluded that he had certainly murdered her.

Upon further enquiry, however, it was found, that this young lady had been addreſſed by a neighbouring gentleman, who, a few days before ſhe was miſſing, had ſet out on a journey to the north, and that ſhe had engaged to marry him as ſoon as he ſhould return; that her uncle had expreſſed his diſapprobation of the match in very ſtrong terms; and that ſhe had often wept and reproached him with the abuſe of his power.

A woman was produced, who ſwore, that the day the young lady was miſſing, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, ſhe heard a woman cry out, *Don't kill me, uncle! don't kill me!* and immediately heard the report of a piſtol. Upon this evidence, the uncle was condemned and executed. About ten days after his execution, however, the young lady returned; and the fact was found to be the following.

She declared ſhe had agreed to go off with her lover, and that he had given out that he was going on a journey, but kept himſelf concealed in a cottage on the foreſt; that on the day ſhe diſappeared, there were horſes ready for herſelf and the young gentleman, as likewiſe for two ſervants; that as ſhe was walking along with her uncle, he reproached her with her reſolution of marrying a man whom he diſapproved of, and after ſome altercation, ſhe ſaid aloud, "I have ſet my heart upon it, and if I do not marry him, it will be my death, and *don't kill me, uncle! don't kill me!*"—That paſt, as ſhe had pronounced theſe words, ſhe heard the report of a gun, and immediately ſaw a man come out of the wood with a pige-

on in his hand; that approaching nearer the place where she had appointed to meet her lover, she loitered, suffering her uncle to walk on before her; and that as soon as he was out of sight, her lover came up to her, when each mounted a horse, and rode off; that they went immediately to Windsor, where they were married, and from thence went to France, to spend a few weeks there.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER XXXV.

Thursday May 7, 1789.

For the AUTHOR *of the* TRIFLER.

SIR,

AS from the contents of this letter you will perceive that I am a true and legitimate *Trifler*, I shall make no apology for attempting to occupy the place which might be better bestowed on some grave and erudite production of your own brain —but proceed immediately to my *trifling* story.

It has been my misfortune, not an uncommon one, to inherit from my family more money than I had occasion for, and consequently more time than I was taught to use properly. I remember when at school to have read of some Roman Emperor who, when he could not recollect having performed any glorious action in the course of the day, exclaimed *Diem perdidi*, "I HAVE LOST A DAY.' Were it possible for me to recollect every day of my life, since my fortune and time became my own, I don't think I could mention any one day of which I might not justly say the same. My hours, and days, weeks, months and years, have all been lost, and at the age of twenty seven years, I can look back on a hideous waste, in which no memorial is preserved of services done, or time profitably employed. At school we are generally obliged to spend a certain time in learning, and a certain time in amusements or exercises; but I know not how it is, that schoolmasters conclude their scholars to be perfect from the hour they leave school, and never trouble themselves to give them precepts or lectures on the great business and duties of life, on which they are afterwards to enter.

Being, as I have already said, rendered independent of business by the inheritance of a great fortune, I never conceived that time was of any greater value than as it administered to our pleasures, and that like air, it was the common, indefined and inexplicable property of mankind, unseen, unobserved and unaccounted for. Young, gay, and thoughtless, I soon assimilated with those of similar dispositions, and all my life my time has been so much at the disposal of others, that it always has depended on my companions whether I should be well or ill employed. Every thing being done by general agreement, we were sober or serious, drunk or merry, as a society, no individual of which thought for himself, any more than drank *by* himself.—There was no party of pleasure formed without me. I was always considered as one to be depended on, as one who had no business or serious employments to plead as the excuse of absence; and consequently, in forming the lists of a party for any ball, concert, play, rout, tavern-meeting, &c. my name always stood first in the list. Those who formed such lists might forget some, and excuse others on account of business; but they never forgot or excused me. My absence consequently was always a matter of wonder and of enquiry too; my presence was a mat-

matter of courſe, and they depended on my entering as punctually as the dinner.

Often, Sir, have I endeavoured to withdraw myſelf from this life of *Trifling*, but in vain. Such *reaſons* were always urged, as prevented me from declining a ſingle engagement.—Sometimes a party was made—"on purpoſe for me."—Sometimes they would poſitively have me, "I was ſuch a pleaſant dog;"——Sometimes "becauſe I was a genteel young man, and proper company for any body,"—and at other times, "becauſe there were to be ladies."—Many engagements I was obliged to enter into, "becauſe I played a good hand at whiſt;" and a family of old maids in the neighbourhood never ſaw company without me, "becauſe I was ſo pleaſant a companion at all-fours."—Whenever a young lady of fortune came to town, *I* muſt be introduced, which naturally brought on a train of viſits and engagements, all having the ſame tendency, namely, the more quick and expeditious conſumption of time.—In ſhort, Sir, there was no cauſe, pretext, ground or pretenſion but what was valid and unanſwerable in my caſe—no excuſe could be admitted—if ſick, "company would divert me"; and if lame, "I might as well be in company as at home."—If there was no removing me to a company, the company would often very obligingly come to me.—

In winter, you may ſuppoſe, my time was inceſſantly occupied.—Indeed for ſome years I recollect to have done nothing from October to May, but to have dreſt for dinner, come home to ſleep, and gone out next day in the ſame manner. I had often hopes to be able to enjoy myſelf quietly in ſummer, but then the "weather was ſo inviting," that I muſt take jaunts with ſmall parties into the country, ſpend a day at one friend's houſe, and a week at another's—for my friends were ſo numerous, that at the rate of one day to each in the year, I had no occaſion to be at any expence at home, and accordingly gave up houſekeeping, as an expence and trouble wholly unneceſſary. Being unmarried, nobody ever expected an invitation from me, or that I ſhould refuſe one from them.

Habit, Sir, has now much reconciled me to this life, but even habit cannot baniſh the conſciouſneſs of what I owe to myſelf.—My being continually engaged in gay parties has impaired my health, and exhauſted my ſpirits.—I have no time to read, and have forgot all I ever did read.—I know nothing but what I hear; and you, Sir, are too much of a philoſopher to rank hear-ſay knowledge among the accompliſhments of the mind.—Even in this way, however, I cannot ſay that my improvement keeps pace with the time I have employed in learning.

But finding, after long experience, that this mode of life will not anſwer, that I am become out of humour with myſelf, although in the good graces of my friends, I am determined for once to make a bold puſh, and be emancipated from the trammels of never-ceaſing company, and eternal parties of pleaſure. And, Sir, I have thought your paper a proper vehicle, by which to announce my intentions to the world. I ſhall therefore be much obliged to you, if you will give notice in your next, "To all the friends, acquaintance, "chums, intimates, viſitants, or "*viſitees*, of CHARLES MENDLIFE "ESQR, and the public in general, "That, from and after the fourth "day of June next (on which he "drinks his Majeſty's health with a "large party) one thouſand ſeven "hundred and eighty nine years, "Mr Mendlife will REFUSE AN EN-"GAGEMENT—of which the ſaid

" friends, acquaintance, &c. are de-
" ſired to take notice, that they may
" not be ſurprized or diſappointed;
" and that it is hoped his numerous
" acquaintance will accept this notifi-
" cation of his deſign. And all per-
" ſons having claims upon him for a
" dinner, ſupper, breakfaſt or tea-viſit,
" are reſpectfully deſired to intimate
" the ſame immediately, that he may
" diſcharge all ſuch debts before the
" ſaid fourth day of June next.
" Thoſe who have promiſes of viſits
" from Mr Mendlife for dinner, and
" wiſh to exchange them for ſupper
" engagements, may apply to his
" ſteward, who is authoriſed to make
" ſuch changes as may be agreeable
" to all parties."

After this notice, Sir, I hope to be able, in the courſe of the ſummer, by arranging my time, to reconcile *myſelf* to *myſelf*, for I aſſure you thoſe two perſonages have been wonderfully at variance for ſome years paſt; but I expect in future will agree better. If my advertiſement be attended with any expence, it ſhall be chearfully paid by, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,
CHARLES MENDLIFE.

My correſpondent's letter gives me much ſatisfaction; and I hope and believe that he will ſoon be ſo perfectly reconciled to himſelf, as to enjoy life with a zeſt unknown to thoſe who waſte it in the unſatisfactory and deluſive manner he has mentioned.

Poetry.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

May——A New Song.

Tune—" *The Buſh aboon Traquair.*"

HAIL genial May! thou ſummer dawn,
Thou ſoul of blooming nature;
Thou tender nurſe of flow'ry birth,
And beauty's faireſt feature:
Thy ſmiling groves diſplay the ſcenes
Of nature's mildeſt painting,
And vocal woods reſound the ſongs
Of nature's own inventing.

Aurora fair enrobes the ſky
With ſtreaks of golden morning,
Then Phœbus bright ſalutes the day
With radiance more adorning;
Pomona decks the pregnant trees
With hopes of future bounty,
While Ceres cloaths the teeming fields
In rich returns of plenty.

Now fragrant birks and balmy briers,
Perfume the ſhady bowër,
Now blooming trees and op'ning flow'rs,
Imbibe the early ſhowër;
'Twas in the noon of gladſome May,
I firſt beheld my Flora,
My ſoul exulted in her charms,
My breaſt forſook all ſorrow:

Methought I ſaw ſome goddeſs fair,
Some heav'nly emanation,
Than whom, no more reſplendent gem
Can grace the fair creation;
High as the roſe in crimſon pride,
About the lily towërs,
So far my Flora's radiant bloom,
All other nymphs obſcurës.

Aberdeen, 2 *May* 1789. } Philo Muſ.

BROOKES's RESTORATION GALA.

ODE,

On the RESTORATION *of his* MAJESTY,
Recited by MRS SIDDONS.
Written by MR MERRY,
Author of the DELLA CRUSCA POEMS.

REFULGENT from his zenith'd height,

The

The vaſt orb ſhow'rs the living light,
While roſeate Beauty hails the bounteous ſtream;
Gigantic Ocean drinks the blaze,
Wild on his boundleſs billows plays,
And ſhakes his glitt'ring treſſes to the beam.

But ſee, engender'd in the gloom
Of ſullen Night's unhallow'd womb,
Dim clouds ariſe, and vapours fell;
Onward they ſpeed their baneful flight,
Spread o'er the Heav'ns their ſhadowy ſpell,
Deform the promis'd day, and veil the glorious light.

Ah! now far off the tim'rous Pleaſures haſte,
Sad Silence ſlumbers in the liſt'ning waſte;
From her lone cave pale Melancholy ſteals,
And ſcarce a ſigh her ſecret pang reveals;
Huſh'd are the Zephyrs, mute the tuneful grove,
The notes that wak'd to joy, the gales that whiſper'd love.

——But ſhort the mournful change —behold
Again from high the radiant ſplendour roll'd;
See the freſh flow'rs with brighter tints are ſpread,
And richer colours paint the mountain's head;
The wanton river more luxuriant leads
His ſilv'ry current through the laughing meads;
A ſweeter ſong the feather'd minſtrel tries,
Far ſweeter perfume from the bloſſoms riſe;
'Tis Nature's incenſe fills the bright'ning ſkies.

——So when thy luſtre, GEORGE, a while
Was loſt to Britain's ſorrowing iſle,
Appall'd we ſhrunk beneath the blow;
The boldeſt heart confeſt diſmay,
Deſpair o'ercaſt our Glory's day,
Witneſs'd a Sov'reign's worth, and ſpoke a nation's woe.

———But riſing now to tranſport from her fears,
Health be to GEORGE, our King, Britannia cries;
Waſt the warm wiſh, ye Gales that riſe;
Spread the glad ſound, ye echoing Spheres,
Where'er BRITANNIA proud her victor-ſceptre rears:
Let diſtant CONTINENTS declare,
The glorious CAUSE that wakes a nation's care.

When in diſaſter's heavy hour,
Dire ſickneſs clouds the Monarch's brow—
'Tis that unſhrinking from his hallow'd vow,
That Monarch, to his free-born people juſt,
Reigns but for thoſe who gave him power,
And makes it glory to deſerve the truſt.

Long reſt the ſceptre in his equal hands,
And to his ſway may Heav'n propitious be,
Long may he rule a willing land,
But oh! FOR EVER MAY THAT LAND BE FREE!

—Have we not ſeen a threat'ning world combine
To tear the laurels from BRITANNIA's ſhrine:
Seen countleſs navies load the weary main,
Legions on legions ſwell th' embattl'd plain?

Yes,

Yes, with diſdain have ſeen them, and they know
How quick the bold preſumption ends in woe :
As when of yore, on POICTIER's purple field,
GAUL's regal lord reſign'd his lillied ſhield,
When CRESSY's troops the ſable Chief rever'd,
And firſt ICH DIEN on his plumes appear'd.
So STILL, the vanquiſh'd foes of ALBION find,
Nought can reſiſt th' unconquerable mind ;
From ELLIOT's thunder, RODNEY's rage they fly,
Fate gives th' inſpiring word—'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY.

Fairy people! ye who dwell
In fragrant Ev'ning's vap'ry cell,
To the clear Moon oft repair,
And quaff the ſpirit of the air!
Bear BRITANNIA's votive wreath
Where the gentleſt zephyrs breathe :
Lave it in the ſaphire tides,
Where immortal Fame reſides ;
Mark the leaves which Valour wove,
Gather'd by the hand of Love ;
Virtue bleſs'd them as ſhe view'd,
'Tis the wreath of Gratitude.

——Yet ſtill a nobler palm to BRItain's heir
Let the fond ardour of affection bear ;
Juſt to the favour'd PRINCE, in whom we trace
The brighteſt glories of the BRUNSWICK race,
Unfeign'd benevolence, grace void of art,
The mildeſt nature, and the firmeſt heart ;
Feelings that ſhare the grateful bliſs they give,
When bluſhing bounty bids the ſuff'rer live ;
The pride of gen'rous worth, which pants to prove
His deareſt birth-right is the People's love :
His beſt ambition to revere that law
Which holds the free-born heart in willing awe.
Such are the virtues, happy Britons own,
Diffuſe reflected luſtre on a throne!
And, lo! HIBERNIA, from her fertile coaſt,
Leans o'er the lucid waves to hear this boaſt ;
Then gaily ſtrikes her harp's melodious ſtring,
And with her ſond applauſes greets the ſpring ;
Greets the light blaſt which jocund ſpeeds away,
To where th' ATLANTIC claſps the ſinking day.
Speed, ye ſoft gales, our nation's honour raiſe,
And blend in kindred fame fraternal praiſe:
Tho' thou, ingenuous YORK, all praiſe diſclaim,
And in a brother's glory ſeek thy fame,
Howe'er with conſcious worth thy boſom glows,
Thou art the foe of none but Freedom's foes.
Bleſt be thoſe youths whoſe love and duty wait,
To guard the public parent of the ſtate—
And bleſt the Father, who, when ills invade,
From Heav'n and nature claims the ſureſt aid!
Sullen Hate and Party ſpleen;
Pride and Envy quit the ſcene!
Friendſhip here, and Pleaſure bind
Flow'ry fetters on the mind.
Female charms around conſpire—
Beaming love, and ſoft deſire :

Forms

Forms celeſtial, that ſurpaſs
Thoſe beheld in Fancy's glaſs,
When the youthful Poet's eye
Meets the viſion'd extacy.
Sons of Freedom, hither haſte,
Only you the bliſs can taſte,
Only you have pow'r to prove
What is Beauty, what is Love.
Sons of Freedom, hither throng,
Join with us the loyal ſong,
'Till in glad concord ev'ry heart agree,
BRUNSWICK'S bleſt line—BRITANNIA'S liberty!

To Mrs Siddons hardly any eulogium can be extravagant, as her manner of delivering the Ode was dignified, impaſſioned, and ſublime. She looked in Britannia, indeed, like the guardian Goddeſs in Britain; and nothing could more effectually have diſplayed the beauty of the compoſition than the commanding energy of her perſon, and the flowing, animated, and graceful ſtyle in which ſhe recited it.

ODE

By JOHN RANNIE, *late of Aberdeen.*

I cannot but remember SUCH THINGS WERE,
And were moſt precious to me.

SHAKESPEARE.

I.

SCENES OF MY YOUTH! ye once were dear,
Though ſadly I your charms ſurvey;
I once was wont to linger here,
From early dawn to cloſing day.
SCENES OF MY YOUTH! pale Sorrow flings
A ſhade o'er all your beauties now;
And robs the moments of their wings,
That ſcattered pleaſure as they flow.
While, ſtill, to heighten every care,
Reflection tells me, SUCH THINGS WERE.

II.

'Twas here a tender mother ſtrove
To keep my happineſs in view:
I ſmil'd beneath a parent's love,
That ſoft compaſſion ever knew.
In whom the virtues all combin'd;
On whom I could with faith rely;
To whom my heart and ſoul were join'd
By mild affection's primal tie!
Who ſmiles in Heav'n, exempt from care,
Whilſt I remember, SUCH THINGS WERE!

III.

'Twas here, (where calm and tranquil reſt
O'erpays the peaſant for his toil)
That, firſt in bleſſing, I was bleſt,
With glowing friendſhip's open ſmile,
My friend far diſtant doom'd to roam,
Now braves the fury of the ſeas;
He fled his peaceful, happy home,
His little fortune to encreaſe.
While bleeds afreſh the wound of Care,
When I remember, SUCH THINGS WERE!

IV.

'Twas here—ev'n in this blooming grove,
I fondly gaz'd on Laura's charms,
Who bluſhing, own'd a mutual love,
And melted in my youthful arms.
Tho' hard the ſoul-conflicting ſtrife,
Yet Fate, the cruel tyrant, bore
Far from my ſight, the charm of life—
The lovely maid whom I adore.
'Twould eaſe my ſoul of all its care,
Could I forget, that SUCH THINGS WERE.

V.

Here firſt I ſaw the Morn appear
Of guileleſs Pleaſure's ſhining Day;
I met the dazzling brightneſs here,
Here mark'd the ſoft declining ray.
——Beheld the ſkies, whoſe ſtreaming light

Gave

Gave ſplendour to the parting ſun;
Now loſt in Sorrow's ſable night,
And all their mingled glories gone!
Till Death, in pity, end my care,
I muſt remember, SUCH THINGS WERE!

GULAN HILL.

SERENE the ſky; the ſea was calm and ſtill,
When morning's radiance dawn'd on GULAN HILL;
When ſwarms of rabbets in their turns purſue,
And taſte the freſhneſs of the balmy dew,

Nor aught was heard, but gentleſt murm'ring ſound
Of Fortha's waters breaking on the ground,
And ſweeteſt warbling of the lark, upborne,
On quiv'ring wings to meet the bluſhing morn.

The ſhepherd, as he leads his flock along,
Oft loiters here, and liſtens to his ſong;
O'ercome with ſoft delight his eyes behold
The iſlands riſing in a ſea of gold.

The Baſs, tremendous! uprears on high
His rocks, from ocean's channel to the ſky;
When clouds of birds, in various plumage gay,
Skim o'er the deep, or round in circles play.

Mark how you Gannet ſoars, whoſe piercing eye,
The ſcaly droves thro' deepeſt waves can ſpy;
Then, like a falling ſtar, he cuts his way,
Thro' yielding waters, to his glitt'ring prey.

From GULAN HILL oft let me gaze around,
Enjoy each ſcene, and liſten to each ſound,
O Genius come!—come all ye Muſes here,
Nor for Parnaſſus ſhed a parting tear.

For round the ſhores of Forth's majeſtic tide
(Upon whoſe boſom Britiſh navies glide)
Each lab'ring hind, and every rural thane,
Enjoys the bleſſings of the peaceful plain.

Where woods, and hills, and vales of waving corn,
With various charms this happy coaſt adorn;
Far, far beyond whatever poets feign,
Of groves and fountains, in ARCADIA'S plain. R. V.

The WAY *to grow* THIN.

A Saucy young Chit aſked a queſtion, to know,
How a puffy, fat Damſel, a thin one might grow?
She was told the way gruffly, by an artful old Put,
To keep her *eyes* open, and to hold her *mouth* ſhut.

The WAY *to grow* RICH.

TWO Tradeſman, in converſe, were ſtriving to learn,
What means to make uſe of, great riches to earn;
A friend who ſat near them, adviſ'd, with a ſmile,
Live on half of your incomes, and live a long while.

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THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER XXXVI.

Thurſday May 21, 1789.

POPULAR INTRODUCTIONS—QUACK DOCTORS——AUTHORS—AND MECHANICS—HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE—OBSTINACY OF MANKIND IN NOT ALLOWING THEMSELVES TO BE CURED OF DISEASES—AN HOSPITAL PROPOSED——THE TRIFLER ASSUMES A CHARACTER.—

AN ingenious and witty predeceſſor of mine begins one of his papers in this manner: "It has been the conſtant practice," ſays he, "ever ſince I can remember, for people to recommend the particular wares they deal in, by ſetting forth that they are more eſſentially neceſſary at the preſent time, than they were ever known to be in times paſt. The doctor, to recommend his ELIXIR *for the nerves*, addreſſes you with, "Never were nervous decays, &c. ſo frequent as at preſent." The man of learning prefaces his diſcourſe upon occult qualities with, "Never was there ſo total a decay of literature as at preſent;" and the divine introduces his volume of ſermons with, "never did ſin and folly abound ſo as at preſent."—My author, the excellent Mr Moore, goes on to object to this mode, as partaking not a little of craft or quackery, a point which I will not contend with him. I muſt ſay, however, that although authors perſiſt in making ſimilar introductions to their works, they have in ſome meaſure varied the phraſe by the help of two or three uſeful monoſyllables, and the faſhion now is to begin with—"At a time when,"—or—"In an age when" and thus in two lines they prepare the world for the reception of their book, by demonſtrating how neceſſary it is. Had I begun the preſent ſeries of lucubrations in this way, I muſt have opened with "At a time when TRIFLERS are ſo ſcarce," which ſome people would have called a *bull;* or I muſt have ſaid, "Although in an age when TRIFLERS are plenty"—and then they would have aſked, "Why increaſe the number?" They tell us of a man who ſollicited a Noble Lord for a place. "Sir," ſaid his Lordſhip, "there is really no place in my gift at preſent vacant"—"Then, my Lord," replied the other, "I wiſh

you would create a place for me"—And thus it is with moſt authors. Finding no vacancy to be filled up, finding that moſt peoples' time is fully employed with one thing or another, they wiſh to create places for themſelves, and this they do by endeavouring to perſuade mankind that however many books, drugs, or pieces of furniture they have may had before, yet there is one thing in which they are lamentably deficient, and that is the very thing which they are about to lay before them. The author of a ſyſtem of ſcience tells you, that "At a time when the ſeveral branches of ſcience lie ſcattered in different parts, it becomes highly neceſſary to collect them into one WHOLE"—The author of a ſingle treatiſe informs you that "In an age when ſuperficial ſyſtems abound, too little attention has been beſtowed on the perfection of particular parts, and therefore, &c. &c."—The vender of noſtrums lets fly Pandora's box among us at once, and aſſures us that "In an age when agues, gouts, fevers, dropſies, are ſo common &c." From reading his bill, one would ſuppoſe that inſtead of cohabiting with healthy friends in a healthy part of the country, our reſidence was in the foul ward of an hoſpital—As to the numerous *authors* of ingenious pieces of furniture, it were endleſs to recount their happy faculty in recommending their wares; they too are not ſtrangers to the "time" and the "age," and prepare their goods accordingly. Hence it is that we ſnuff our candles by patent, and that even our water-cloſets are of a conſtruction infinitely ſuperior to what our anceſtors ever knew. And I much wonder that the very ingenious artiſt who invented the elaſtic waiſtcoat does not preface his advertiſement with "At a time when men eat ſo much more than they ought &c."

So many have been the improvements of the preſent age by ingenious authors, doctors and mechanics, that I am often aſtoniſhed at the ignorance, indiſpoſitions, and inconveniencies that are yet to be found in the world. For ignorance we certainly have no excuſe; books are pouring in upon us ſo faſt, that inſtead of wanting any thing to read, our only difficulty is how to be able to read all that is publiſhed—As to mechanics, if we look round a houſe furniſhed in the faſhionable ſtile, (ſuppoſing our own is not ſo) we ſhall wonder that there are ſo many neceſſary pieces of furniture which we have never thought of procuring. I remember the time when there was no ſuch thing as Venetian or any other blinds to windows. How we were able then to bear the ſun-beams, I cannot conceive, it being in my youth that this invention appeared, and which I have no doubt was uſhered into faſhion by "At a time when the ſun is ſo apt to ſhine, &c." However our fathers might have been able to bear the ſun-beams, it is plain we cannot put up with their intruſion now, and blinds are ranked among the neceſſary parts of furniture. I have not leiſure to go over the whole furniture of our well-furniſhed houſes, but *ex uno diſce omnes*.

I have mentioned that it is ſurpriſing, *indiſpoſitions* prevail among us, and this excited the wonder of a learned predeceſſor of mine forty years ago. I think however, it is ſtill more wonderful now, becauſe, although ſome ſay that diſeaſes have increaſed, yet it is undeniable that cures have increaſed in the ſame proportion, and I am quite of the opinion of the writer above mentioned, that it can be owing only to exceſſive obſtinacy that any man is afflicted with a diſorder. Who would bear the pains and anguiſh of a fever, an ague, the gout, or the aſthma, when he might "his *quietus* make" by one bottle of elixir, julep, or one box of pills, or lozenges? And when

when moreover it is notorious that he might be cured without paying the ſtamp-duty; for I obſerve that as ſoon as the miniſter had impoſed a tax on cures (and by the bye that ſhowed no diſpoſition to heal the diſorders of the preſent reign) the Doctors, fearful leſt the people ſhould remain uncured—to ſave their three-pences and three half-pences, very humanely gave notice that they would diſpenſe their healing powers "free of ſtamp duty," an action which deſerves to be recorded, for conſidering the high price of drugs, and the reluctance of people in general to take them, they muſt have been prodigious loſers on this occaſion.

That theſe medicines are effectual in all caſes cannot be doubted. For in the firſt place we have the word of the Doctor himſelf that it is ſo; and ſecondly, we have very often the atteſtation of the patient; and albeit we be acquainted perſonally neither with the doctor nor the patient, and only ſee their names at full length in the newſpaper, where "all ſignatures are of one hand," yet if the maxim be juſt, that "whatever appears in print muſt be true," I think he is worſe than a Turk, Jew, or Infidel who refuſes his belief. I obſerve too, that beſides informing us that "At a time when agues &c. are ſo prevalent," they frequently commence with "At a time when ſo many are diſmiſſed from Hoſpitals, &c."—I lay great ſtreſs upon this, and ſo do the Doctors, one of them in particular in London, who ſays that he "undertakes none but *incurables*"; were not I of this profeſſion myſelf, I would propoſe the erection of a hoſpital for thoſe who are diſmiſſed from Hoſpitals, and adverti ſe cures for none but ſuch as are paſt all remedy, and I think I might with a good conſcience ſay, "At a time when ſo many patients are labouring under incurable diſtempers, &c."

But I perceive I am arrived at the bottom of my paper, and muſt therefore for the preſent conclude with what, indeed, ought to have begun this Eſſay, That in an age when Triflers ſo much abound, that there are few families without one of that fraternity, I have thought it good for the benefit of mankind that ONE TRIFLER ſhould be appointed Captain General and Commander of the whole, and, in my wiſdom, I have deemed it neceſſary to confer that honour upon myſelf, &c. How I am to command and regulate the corps ſhall be the ſubject of my next paper.

New Definition of Language.

Quippe Domum timet ambiguam,
Tyrioſque bilingues.

VIRG. ÆN.

LANGUAGE has been commonly defined by grammarians to be the Art of expreſſing our Ideas. Nor was the definition a bad one, during thoſe times when our rude anceſtors were ſufficiently uninformed in the *Ars Rhetorica*, to ſpeak always what they really thought. But ſince we have wiſely baniſhed that abſurd cuſtom, I ſhould humbly preſume that the aforeſaid definition might alſo be altered, and that from henceforward Language be entitled the "Art of concealing our Ideas;" and I will venture to aſſert it is uſed infinitely oftener for the latter purpoſe than the former, by all ranks and ages, and at all times and in all places. So totally indeed is a regard to veracity excluded from the ſyſtem of modern ethics, that were it not for diſeaſes, duns, and wives, who ſometimes tell one diſagreeable truths, one would imagine that Truth as well as Juſtice had left this degene-

rate world at the expiration of the Golden Age. And that I may not take an unfair advantage, I ſhall ſay nothing of the numerous tribes, whoſe ſituation authoriſes, and in ſome meaſure obliges them to a continual breach of veracity; (ſuch as foreign miniſters, ladies' maids, lawyers, and phyſicians; to which liſt I may alſo add lovers and their miſtreſſes, who can claim ſo many precedents in favour of this practice, that they made be ſaid to lie by preſcriptive right) and only conſider how little attention we all of us pay to truth in the common intercourſe of life.

When my friend Jack Saunter enters my room on a fine day, and catches me with my hat in my hand, and one glove on, juſt ready to enjoy my morning's walk; he would have a ſtrange opinion of my politeneſs, did I not meet him with a ſmile, entreat him to ſit down, and expreſs myſelf ſo wonderfully happy in his company, that one would imagine I thought myſelf obliged to him for depriving me of my favourite amuſement; and my old acquaintance Capt. Prolix would think me a brute did I not expreſs myſelf highly delighted with the account of the battle of Bunker's Hill, though he well knows I have not heard it on the moſt moderate computation leſs than two hundred times—Nay, even my old paralytic uncle at 96, would take it very ill if I did not ſeem exceedingly alarmed whenever he coughs, tho' he knows I am to inherit all his fortune, and that he has plagued our whole family theſe twenty years upon the ſtrength of it! Nay, ſo utter an averſion have we to Truth, that, not ſatisfied with breaking her laws ourſelves, we daily inſtruct and oblige our ſervants to do the ſame; and, if we can afford ſuch a piece of luxury, even hire a ſtout fellow to ſtand at our door and lie by the year. Nor has poor Truth been much better treated in books than in converſation; ſince, not to mention Poets, who have always claimed exemption from her rules; even plain ſcribblers of proſe pay ſo little regard to her laws, that they commonly bid her boldly defiance in the very preface, ſcarce any of theſe ingenious gentlemen forgetting to aſſure us, that he was not induced to publiſh his work by love of fame or money, and had no other object in ſubmitting his performance to the Public than a deſire of inſtructing and amending his fellow creatures; and this often too, when the firſt ſix pages of his work give the lie to his aſſertion. But, of all publications, none are perhaps ſo deficient in an adherence to truth, as thoſe well known Compoſitions which are daily ſerved up with their tea to the inhabitants of this country, and which (perhaps for that very reaſon) are more ſtudied by all orders of men than any other work of genius whatever. I need not after this add, that I allude to thoſe numerous miſcellanies which under the titles of Gazetteers, Journals, Chronicles, and Advertiſers, make their appearance to gratify the curioſity, and encreaſe the knowledge of all thoſe whoſe circumſtances are not too narrow to allow them ſo innocent and cheap a mode of gaining information; and in many of which, it may fairly be ſaid that there are not four *exact truths* in the whole four pages.

Many of my readers have poſſibly peruſed the works of Madame Genlis, and may remember a little tale entitled *Le Palais de Verite*, a place endowed by its tutelary Genius with ſo ſingular a power, that all who entered its walls were obliged to ſpeak their real thoughts without being themſelves ſenſible that they did ſo; and the difference between what they ſay, and what they intended to

ſay,

ſay, forms ſome very laughable ſcenes. I have often wiſhed a few copies of a modern Gazette could be ſtruck off within the precincts of this Palace, but as that is impoſſible, I ſhall preſent my readers with an imaginary one, drawn on the above-mentioned plan, and will appeal to their impartial judgement to determine whether it is not full as entertaining as the Herald, the World, or the Star.

HOUSE of COMMONS.

Monday—The Houſe met this day at four, and the Miniſter, according to his promiſe of laſt week, roſe to open the Budget. He informed the houſe that he very much diſliked the ſubject of Finance at all times, but that it was particularly diſagreeable to him at preſent, as the expenditure of the laſt year had exceeded the revenue by ſome hundred thouſand pounds, and would do ſo next year in a much greater degree, owing partly to the ineffiacy of ſome late taxes, but chiefly to the enormous penſions he was obliged to grant to his friends; a circumſtance, he obſerved, well known to many in that Houſe; that as he had not the ſmalleſt regard for his country, her preſent ſituation gave him no uneaſineſs; and he was therefore reſolved to lay on no new taxes which might draw odium on his adminiſtration, foreſeeing that he ſhould be well able to ſtand three or four years longer, at which time he purpoſed accepting of a Peerage, and enjoying, the remainder of his life, the fortune he had ſo honeſtly acquired at the beginning of it. He then read over a number of papers to prove his aſſertions, and concluded his ſpeech with ſaying, that he cared not a ſtraw what the Oppoſition bench could ſay, as he had taken care to ſecure a majority. He was anſwered by Mr——, who began by aſſuring the Houſe, that he had no more regard for his country than the Miniſter himſelf; no one who knew him could ſuppoſe he had. He told them, that he was equally ſenſible that a proper majority was ſecured by the friends of Government; and that as for the calculations contained in the *honourable Gentleman*'s ſpeech, he knew not whether they were true or falſe, as he had not liſtened to one ſingle ſyllable which had fallen from the *honourable Gentleman*—being entirely taken up in conſidering what anſwer he ſhould make, as he well knew it was expected he ſhould ſay ſomething; but as he wiſhed the Houſe to ſuppoſe he knew more of the matter than he really did, he ſhould move, that certain papers and eſtimates be laid before them; that he well knew the intelligence contained in them was not worth ſixpence, but that at worſt, if granted, the peruſal of them would ſave time, and clog the meaſures of Government; and if denied, would throw ſome odium on the Miniſter and his friends.

Sir John——then roſe to defend the meaſures of Adminiſtration. He was not, he ſaid, perfectly clear what the Miniſter's intentions were, but that, in his heart, he believed them to be very bad; that he himſelf had a large family, and a ſmall fortune, and ſhould think himſelf a bad father, if he did not vote for a man, who had already given him ſo much, and from whom he expected yet more; that he ſhould give him his hearty aſſiſtance at preſent, and would continue to do ſo as long as there was no chance of his being turned out; in which caſe he meant to make peace with the other ſide as well as he could. As ſoon as the warm plaudits which followed this ſpeech were a little ſubſided, Mr———, a young member, got up, and with great modeſty aſked pardon of the Houſe, for preſuming to give

give his opinion on ſubjects which men ſo much his ſuperiors in age could not agree on; and added, that nothing but a conſciouſneſs of his own ſuperior abilities, information, and eloquence, could have prevented him from remaining ſilent; that in conſequence of this ſuperiority, he muſt beſpeak the attention of the Houſe for about five or ſix hours, whilſt he ſlightly reviewed the tranſactions of the preſent Adminiſtration, from their firſt aſſuming the reins of Government to the preſent day; which he proteſted he had not been more than two months in drawing up. He then began a long and circumſtantial detail of the follies and blunders of the M——— and his friends; but perceiving, at the end of four hours, that one half of the Houſe was gone to dinner, and the other were inclined to ſleep, he told them, that though he had much more to ſay, yet, as they were ſo d——d taſteleſs, as not to enjoy his rhetoric as it deſerved, he ſhould treat them with no more of it at preſent.

Upon which, the Speaker having ſtretched himſelf in his chair, the queſtion was put, and carried,—and the Houſe adjourned.

Foreign Occurrences.

Paris, May—. This day his Majeſty was pleaſed to make the following moſt gracious reply to the humble petition of his Parliament:

" I am perfectly ſatisfied of the juſ-
" tice of your remonſtrance. I ſhall
" nevertheleſs perſevere in my mea-
" ſures. I am determined to make
" you, and all France, know I will
" be maſter—for I hate to be a tyrant
" by halves.——*Car tel eſt notre*
" *Plaiſir.*"

Home Occurrences.

Yeſterday the church wardens and pariſh officers of the pariſh of ——— dined at the London Tavern, in order to conſider the diſtreſſed ſtate of the Poor in the ſaid pariſh; and after mature deliberation, came to a reſolution, That their next meeting ſhould be at the Turk's Head—the Port at the former houſe being thick, and the claret very ill-flavoured.

On Monday laſt came on the election of a member for the borough of Guzzledown, when the numbers on the poll were,

	£.	s.	d.
For Mr M.	2000	18	2
For Sir John S.	1900	4	0

Mr M. was of courſe declared duly elected: but we underſtand Sir John's friends demand a ſcrutiny, under pretence that ſeveral of Mr M.'s guineas were light.

Any gentleman having a ſum not leſs than two, or more than four thouſand pounds, to diſpoſe of, may have a moſt eligible opportunity of gaining at leaſt 25 per cent. by placing it in the hands of the advertiſers, who are the proprietors of a large and lucrative Patent manufacture.——The utmoſt honour and ſecrecy.

N. B. It is recommended to any perſon whom this may ſuit, to be quick in their applications, as the Advertiſers muſt certainly become Bankrupts in a week if they do not get the money.

Wanted—A Curacy in a good ſporting country, near a pack of fox hounds, and in a ſociable neighbourhood; it muſt have a good houſe and ſtables, and a few acres of meadow ground would be very agreeable—To prevent trouble, the ſtipend muſt not be leſs than 80l.—The Advertiſer has no objection to undertaking three, four, or five Churches of a Sunday, but will not engage where there is any weekly duty. Whoever has ſuch a one to diſpoſe of, may ſuit themſelves by ſending a line, directed A. B. to be left at the *Turf Coffee-Houſe*, or the gentleman may be ſpoken with any Tueſday morning at Tatterſall's Betting Room. C.

Def-

Deſcription of Loheya, *a town on the Red Sea; with an account of the Manners and Cuſtoms of the* Arabs. *Tranſlated from* Niebuhr's *Travels to* Arabia.

IN our paſſage from Suez to Loheya, we had been frequently told of certain independent Scheichs who were unwilling to allow ſtrangers to paſs through their territories. We could not, therefore, credit what we were now told, of the ſecurity of travelling in the ſtates of the Imam of Sana. For this reaſon we wiſhed to go ſtraight to Mokha by ſea; although contrary winds had already made us ſick of this way of travelling. Two merchants of Mokha, who were with us, being determined to proceed to their native country by land, we reſolved to accompany them to town, in order to wait on the governor, and learn from him if we could with ſafety traverſe the country from Loheya to Mokha.

Dola, or Emir, is the title given by the Arabs to the governors of towns. The Emir of Loheya, whoſe name was Farhan, was an African by birth. His complexion was perfectly black; he had been brought while young into Arabia, and ſold to a perſon of diſtinction, who was lately dead, after having filled the office of one of the firſt miniſters of the Imam. This man, after having given Farhan a good education, procured for him a ſmall place, in which he behaved ſo well, that he was ſoon raiſed to the office of Dola, in a conſiderable town. This governor was indeed a very polite man, perfectly juſt, and a true friend of mankind.

We ſtated our caſe to him; told him that we were Europeans; that we wiſhed to go by Hodeida to Mokha, in expectation of finding ſome Engliſh veſſels bound for the Indies: and that, being ignorant of the places in which we would be obliged to take up our abode during our journey, we had brought a letter from Kichja de Dsjidda for him, and another from one of the principal merchants of Dsjidda for Mæchſen el Makkawiſch, the principal merchant of Loheya. Although the Emir had known at Mokha many Europeans, or Fransji, he had never ſeen any of them habited like us, in the Eaſtern dreſs, as all the Naſſara, or Eaſtern Chriſtians are. We knew that the Muſſulmans eſteem Chriſtians more than thoſe that profeſs other religions. When he aſked, whether we were Fransji or Naſſara, we anſwered that we were neither: as we were afraid that he took Europeans for Pagans. The merchant Mæchſen being ſick, the Emir ſent for his ſecretary to receive the letter addreſſed to his maſter.

Hitherto this governor had been acquainted with no Europeans, except merchants coming from India. He was ſurpriſed when he found by the letters that one of us was a phyſician, that another was in queſt of plants, and that the third contemplated the ſtars. Struck with this novelty, and not ſuppoſing that we were in haſte, he propoſed that we ſhould remain ſome time at Loheya, offering to tranſport us afterwards to Mokha on his own camels. The merchant Mæchſen, having occaſion for a phyſician, likewiſe invited us earneſtly to occupy one of his houſes.

We were happy to find the Arabs more civilized in proportion as we removed from Egypt, and to receive ſo favourable a reception from the nation which was the principal object of our journey. We were ſtill more rejoiced to ſee, that this people furniſhed us of themſelves with opportunities of viſiting at leiſure, a part of their country, without being ſuſpicious of our deſigns. In order

to

to conceal our joy, we pretended to be afraid of danger, from our vicinity to a war then raging. But the Emir aſſured us, that we had nothing to fear at Loheya, and that we might travel in all ſafety through the territory of the Imam his maſter.

We no longer heſitated to leave the ſhip. Our ſhipmaſter, not having had the precaution to demand his freight before hand, requeſted the governor to oblige us to pay him the whole paſſage to Hodeida. The Emir had the generoſity to anſwer, that if we refuſed, he would pay it out of his own pocket; and the merchant Mæchſen made him the ſame promiſe. We did not put the good intention of theſe Arabs to the teſt, but we were very grateful for their offers and their good will.

When it became neceſſary to land our baggage, the Emir ſent one of his ſhallops for it; and in order to ſave us trouble, he ordered the merchant's clerk to pay the porters and the ſubalterns of the cuſtom-houſe. In the evening he ſent us a fine ſheep as a welcome, with an obliging letter, in which he called us his gueſts, and aſſured us of his friendſhip. His ſhallop being ſlow, on account of its ſails of matt, it became impoſſible to finiſh the carriage of our effects that day, and we began to be in fear for their ſafety. But the Emir, being informed of our apprehenſions, inſtantly ordered a guard of ſoldiers to protect them.

We paſſed the night on the ſhore, where Mæchſen, who concluded with reaſon that our kitchen was not in good order, ſent us an excellent ſupper. We wanted nothing but wine, and our ſtock of wretched ſpirits which we had brought from Dsjidda was finiſhed. We might have procured wine and liquors among the Jews of Sana, who manufacture them in abundance: but we would have been obliged to fetch them in veſſels of copper, which would make them dangerous to the health. We were offered a ſort of buſa, which made us ſick: and thus we were obliged to forego for ſome months all ſorts of ſtrong drink.

Next day our trunks were carried to the cuſtom-houſe, and we dreaded a ſtrict examination; but the officers behaved handſomely. As we had obſerved that the Emir looked only at our inſtruments, and deſired to know the uſes of them, we explained to him what he wiſhed to know. Mr Forſkal having ſhewn him ſeveral ſmall objects in a microſcope, he was affected with the moſt agreeable ſurpriſe at ſeeing inſects magnified to ſuch an aſtoniſhing ſize.

The houſe deſtined for our reception was built in the eaſtern ſtile, with a ſquare court in the middle. It did not contain a ſingle chamber that was tolerably furniſhed; but there were ſeveral into which we entered through an open gallery, which ſurrounded the whole. The lodging was not very elegant when compared with the fine inns of Europe: but in Arabia it was both beautiful and commodious. At firſt our court was continually filled with a crowd of curious people; but at laſt, we hired a porter who rid us of this inconvenience, by preventing any body from entering but thoſe with whom we had buſineſs.

The town of Loheya is not above three hundred years old; its founder, and preſent patron, is a Mahometan ſaint, called Scheich Sælei, who reared a cottage on the ſhore of the ſea where Loheya now ſtands, and lived there as an hermit. After his death, a Kabbet, or houſe of prayer, was erected over his grave, and gradually endowed and embelliſhed. Many devotees, conceiving it a happineſs to live in the vicinity of ſo holy a perſonage, conſtructed huts round his tomb. At the ſame time, the

Port

port of Marabea, a neighbouring town where a governor reſided, was overwhelmed, and the people quitted their native town to purchaſe an eſtabliſhment at Loheya, whither the ſeat of government was tranſferred.

I muſt remark on this occaſion, that the Sunnites, a prevailing ſect in this province, have a ſingular veneration for their ſaints, although the Koran prohibits the worſhip of created beings. In this part of Arabia the poſterity of thoſe ſaints receive as much reſpect as at Mecca is paid to the deſcendants of Mahomet. Every man, who has had a ſaint among his anceſtors, has the title of Scheich, and is conſidered as an eccleſiaſtic by birth. Families therefore are intereſted in eſtabliſhing, by every poſſible means, the ſanctity of a man from whom they derive their origin, and in procuring credit to the miracles attributed to him. In this manner is ſuperſtition more and more propagated among the Mahometants, and falſe prodigies are multiplied without number.

The ſoil of Loheya is dry and barren. The harbour is ſo bad, that the ſmalleſt veſſels are obliged to anchor at a great diſtance from the town; and at low water loaded ſhallops cannot approach. Notwithſtanding this diſadvantage, there is at Locheya a pretty conſiderable trade in coffee, which is brought from the mountains of the neighbouring country, and collected into a granary built for the purpoſe, in order to be beat from the ſhells and ſold. This coffee is not thought ſo good as that which comes from Beit el Fakih, to be ſhipped at Mokha, or Hodeida; but it is cheaper, and the carriage to Dsjidda is leſs. For this reaſon, many merchants of Cairo ſettle at Loheya, and others come annually for the purchaſe of coffee. There are alſo, in this town, a few ſcores of Banians, very poor, who are handicraftsmen.

Although Loheya is unprovided with walls, it is not without means of defence. It is ſurrounded with twelve towers at equal diſtances, and guarded by ſoldiers. Theſe towers reſemble thoſe in ſome of the imperial cities of Germany. Their gates are ſo high, that the aſſiſtance of a ladder is neceſſary before you can enter them. In Turkey, and even in Europe, it would be dangerous to examine ſuch towers too cloſely; but the Arabian ſoldiers who garriſon them, ſitting on the ground, ſmoking their pipe, and drinking kiſcher, left me at liberty to take my walk at leiſure. Some of the officers even invited me to ſit down with them, and to partake of their refreſhment. They aſked me many queſtions with regard to the art military among the Europeans, and they appeared ſurpriſed at what I told them. I ſhewed them our invention of writing without ink, and I traced before them with a pencil, the lines and angles neceſſary for taking the plan of the town, without their ſuſpecting my intention; on the contrary, they called their companions from the neighbouring towers, to partake with them the ſight of theſe curioſities.

Only one of theſe towers, which was built by the Emir Farhan, is made for cannon. The others are ſo ill conſtructed, that the Arabs of Haſchid penetrated through them a few years ago, and ſet fire to the town. The inhabitants feel the weakneſs of their habitations: when, after our departure, a few hundreds of Arabs advanced into the province towards the coaſts, a great number of perſons quitted Loheya and took refuge in a ſmall iſland, with their moſt valuable effects. This terror was, however, premature, for no ſooner had the troops of the Emir

begun to march, than the enemy, ſo much dreaded, began to retire.

(To be concluded in our next.)

On the Breach of Treaties—By the late King *of* Pruſſia.

POSTERITY, perhaps, will ſee with ſurpriſe, in theſe memoirs, a recital of treaties concluded and broken. Numerous as ſuch examples are, example would not juſtify the author of this work, if he had not better reaſons to excuſe his conduct.

The intereſt of the ſtate ought to ſerve as the rule to the monarch.

Caſes in which alliances may be broken are, 1. When the ally fails in fulfilling his engagements; 2. When the ally meditates deceit, and there is no other reſource than that of being the firſt to deceive; 3. When a ſuperior force oppreſſes and renders the breaking of a treaty an act of neceſſity; 4. and laſtly, The want of means to continue the war. That deſpicable thing called money, by I know not what fatality, influences all affairs. Princes are ſlaves to their means; the intereſt of the ſtate preſcribes law to them, and that law is inviolable. If the prince is under an obligation even to ſacrifice his life for the ſafety of his ſubjects, how much more ought he to ſacrifice thoſe connections, the continuation of which would to them become prejudicial! Examples of treaties in like manner broken are frequent. It is not our intention to juſtify them all, yet dare we affirm there are ſome treaties which either neceſſity, wiſdom, prudence, or the good of the nation, oblige us to tranſgreſs; for kings only poſſeſs theſe means of avoiding ruin. Had Francis I. fulfilled the treaty of Madrid, he would, by the loſs of Burgundy, have eſtabliſhed an enemy in the heart of his dominions. This would have reduced France to the unhappy condition in which ſhe was in the reign of Louis XI. and Louis XII. If after the battle of Muhlberg, won by Charles V. the Proteſtant league in Germany had not ſtrengthened itſelf by the ſupport of France, it could not but have worn thoſe chains which the emperor had long been forging. Had not the Engliſh broken the alliance, ſo contrary to their intereſts, by which Charles II. was united with Louis XIV. a diminution of their power would have been riſked, and the more ſo becauſe France would have had greatly the advantage over England in the political balance in Europe. Sages, who predict effects from cauſes, ought early to reſiſt all ſuch cauſes as are thus diametrically oppoſite to their intereſts. Suffer me to explain myſelf exactly, on ſo delicate a ſubject, which has ſeldom been otherwiſe than dogmatically treated. To me it appears evident, that a private perſon ought to be ſcrupulouſly tenacious of his promiſe, though he ſhould have made it inconſiderately. If he is injured, he can have recourſe to the protection of the laws, and, be the iſſue what it may, an individual only ſuffers. But where is the tribunal that can redreſs a monarch's wrongs, ſhould another monarch forfeit his engagement? The word of an individual can only involve an individual in misfortune, while that of a ſovereign may draw down calamities on nations. The queſtion then will be reduced to this—muſt the people periſh, or muſt the prince infringe a treaty? And where is the man weak enough to heſitate a moment concerning his anſwer? Hence, from the caſe we have ſuppoſed, is deduced the neceſſity of firſt carefully examining the circumſtances under which the monarch acts, the conduct of his allies, the reſources he may be able to obtain, or his incapacity

pacity to fulfil his engagements, before any deciſive judgement ought to be paſſed upon his proceedings. For, as we have already ſaid, the good or ill ſtate of the finances is the pulſe of the kingdom, which has a greater influence than is either known or believed on political and military operations. Ignorant of this, the public judges only from appearances, and conſequently is deceived in its judgements. Prudence will not admit that they ſhould be better informed, for it would be the exceſs of phrenzy to vain gloriouſly publiſh the weak ſide of a nation. Delighted by ſuch a diſcovery, its enemies would not fail to profit by the intelligence. Wiſdom therefore requires we ſhould leave to the public the raſh liberty of deciding, and, unable to juſtify ourſelves, while we live, without danger to the ſtate, we muſt reſt ſatisfied with that juſtification which may be obtained from diſintereſted poſterity.

DR. MONSEY.

The following authentic Letter, written by the late Dr Monsey, *is ſo ſtrongly expreſſive of the ſingular turn of humour which characteriſed that Gentleman, that we think it will be acceptable to our Readers. It is addreſſed to* Mr. Foster *the Surgeon, to whom the Doctor bequeathed his body.*

" Dear Sir,

Chelſea College.

" ACcording to my promiſe, you will receive with this my old withered ſkin and bones, by the help of our friend Taylor; but take this along with you, according to your own requeſt, to do what you will with them, except putting life into them again. Some of my friends, and I preſume all my enemies, have, or will cry out, " This puppy does all " this out of affectation, ſingularity, " or to be talked of." Now once for all, I call Almighty God in the moſt ſolemn manner to witneſs, that none of theſe things have any ſhare in my intention: Whether they will believe or no, I neither know nor care. I am very careleſs what is ſaid about me; and if they think proper, may ſet me down for a doating old fool, pick-pocket, houſe-breaker, or any other opprobrious term they think fit. I owe the world very little ceremony, and they me leſs perhaps; nor would I now give one guinea out of my pocket to have a ſtatue of gold in every metropolis of Europe, with the moſt fulſome eulogia that the moſt abject ſycophant could pen for the moſt deſpotic tyrant.—What are all theſe things for, but to gratify the pride and ambition of vain fools? A monument laſts a hundred, five hundred, a thouſand, two thouſand years, and then 'tis gone, Juvenal tells us, in his tenth Satire, one of the beſt pieces of morality left us by the ancients.

Quandoquidem data ſunt ipſis quoque fata ſepulchris.

And Lucan tells us, that when Alexander the Great ſearched for the tomb of Achilles, he could not find it:

Etiam pericre ruinæ.

" The Caliphs of Egypt thought to inſure immortality by embalming their putrid carcaſſes by wholeſome ſpices, but are deceived; but we fooliſh Doctors, and I myſelf one among the reſt, have preſcribed a morſel of their putrid fleſh as a medicine: however, I now hope we are got to the end of this nonſenſe and of our own folly.

" Princes have now taken into their heads to have their guts taken

out and put into an urn, and ſent to to the place of burial to notify their ſpeedy arrival ſoon after; but there is no end to theſe ſort of follies. I was very early ſtruck with the vanity and nonſenſe of all funeral pomp and parade, and cannot conceive how a dead carcaſe can be made a more proper uſe of than to ſubject it to the Surgeon's knife for the benefit of mankind, if he will be ſo good to undertake it.

"Some French Biſhop finding his countrymen averſe to diſſection, for there are fools in France as well as in England, ordered his body by will to be ſent to the Hotel Dieu for public diſſection. What can happen worſe to a dead carcaſe than to rot and ſtink in a dirty church-yard, if there were room to make uſe of the terms better or worſe with any propriety in this caſe?

"I come now, my dear Mr. Foſter, with humble ſubmiſſion, to give you ſome hints and directions what I would have you do. About ſeven years ago, I went to apply to that famous and ſagacious Anatomical Lecturer *, and deſired him to feel my pulſe; he did, ſtared me full in the face, and ſaid, he (had) felt ten thouſand pulſes, but never felt ſuch a one before; ſaid, "You are an old fellow, and muſt have ſomething or other to knock you down. There is ſome miſchief in the heart; the pericardium, the mitral valves, or beginning of the aorta, or ſome of the arteries thereabouts are oſſified, and I ſhall be glad to ſee what." "Sir, you do me an honour and pleaſure! I have given my body to a Surgeon for diſſection, and ſhall be glad if you will be preſent at the diſſection." But, poor man! he has unkindly ſlipt out of the way, and left my heart and arteries to ſhift for themſelves. Soon after I ſaw him, I took a medicine with a little crude-mercury, for the benefit of my blind eyes. It did them no good; but it ſet my pulſe quite to rights; ſo there's an end I think of our wiſe theories and viſions of oſſified arteries, &c. for I can never believe a few grains of mercury could unoſſify an artery. Since that, it has returned about three months ago in a different ſhape, without a why or a wherefore; it now beats very languidly one, and ſtops ſometimes two with a little ſort of flutter, hardly ever three; but to my ſurpriſe one night it beat ſtrong and well thirty or forty. If you can trace out this little devil in its tricks and quirks, ſend me word by the firſt convenient carriage, or bring it with you when we meet in a better place. If my mind can be preſent, I will place it on the point of your inciſion knife, and direct you what to do, if I could ſuppoſe you wanted it †.

"And now I think I have done with the miſeole anomalies of my ſhattered carcaſe, and for your own ſake I wiſh you had done ſo too. Having done ſo very little good in my life-time, I wiſh what you do with me when I am dead may be of the leaſt ſervice to mankind. I wiſh my old worthy friend Mr. Adair Hawkins may be preſent at the diſſection, at his own deſire, and to have any part of me as a memorandum of an old friend. I would give him my brains, if I was not fully aſſured he does not want; ſo you may give them to an Alderman, a Page at Court, or a Shoe-black. When you have done, I wiſh you would draw up a ſhort account of the ſtate you find me in, and give or ſend it to my moſt excellent friend and phyſician Dr. Heberden. And now I think I will have done; for dictating

* Dr Nichols, as appears by another Letter.

† Here the Doctor introduces ſome account of his peculiar ſtate of health, which we omit.

a letter is a very diſagreeable thing; I think it worſe than the ſcrawl of a blind man is to its reader. And there is another reaſon for having done; the pious and learned Doctor Butler, in his elegant ſermon on the government of the tongue, enumerating the reaſons why a man ſhould be ſilent, gives this very good one, "that a man ſhould be ſo when he has nothing to ſay." But I am of the true Engliſh bull dog breed; when I lay hold of a friend, I don't know how to let go. Diffuſion is my talent; it is only your true geniuſſes who write in miniature. Belloſte, in his Hoſpital Surgon, tells a ſtory of a ſoldier, which I am inclined to believe is all a damned lie, who loſt his eye, and had only a red caruncle at the bottom of it, cured by cauſtics behind the ears. On the preſumption of this being true, I put a couple of cauſtics behind the ears of the daughter of a pariſh clerk, twelve or thirteen years old, who came to me with two gutta ſerenas. I cured the one, but not the other. If you have the book, put it in your pocket the next time you do me the favour to call here. And now I will have done, I think; ſo after wiſhing you all the bleſſings and comforts of a world of which you are ſo great an uſe and ornament, I am,

Yours very affectionately,

M. Monsey."

Extraordinary *and* alarming Circumstances; *ſhewing the danger of admitting* Circumstantial Evidence.

(Continued from page 310.)

THE third inſtance happened but a few years ago. In 1749, Andrew Meneleers, a tanner at Leith, near Edinburgh, having been at Haddington, about fifteen miles diſtant, and not returning at a ſeaſonable hour in the evening, his wife was under much uneaſineſs on his account; about twelve at night, however, hearing his horſe feet in the yard, ſhe with a ſervant went out, and at the ſtable door found the horſe bleeding almoſt to death, having been ſtabbed in ſeveral parts of his body; but there was nothing to be ſeen of her huſband, nor of a great dog that had accompanied him. It was therefore concluded, that he had been murdered; and the neighbourhood being alarmed, ſeveral perſons ſet out in the morning in order to make diſcoveries. They had not proceeded far, when they found the dog ſtabbed through the heart, and at a little diſtance lay Mr. Meneleers's great coat and hat, both much ſtained with blood; proceeding a little farther, they met two chairmen, who had in their ſedan ſeveral things belonging to this Meneleers; and on ſearching them a knife was found that tallied exactly with the wounds given the dog and horſe. The men were both much in liquor, and could give no ſatisfactory account of themſelves, upon which they were committed to priſon, where one of them died ſoon after; the other was indicted, but before he could be brought to a trial, the following light was thrown upon this myſterious affair.

Mr. Burton, a farmer, at Edinburgh, having been on a journey to England, went to dine at an inn in Leeds, and the firſt perſon he ſaw there, was his old friend Meneleers. Mr. Burton, it muſt be naturally ſuppoſed, was not a little alarmed at ſo extraordinary an incident: he, however, brought Meneleers along with him to Edinburgh; and the day after their arrival, Meneleers made oath before a magiſtrate, that he had been attacked by two men, who killed his dog and ſtabbed his horſe;

horſe; that theſe men were both in a poſt-chaiſe, and that after they had thus inhumanly uſed his dog and horſe, they forced him into the chaiſe, and did not releaſe him till they ſet him down in the middle of a common in Yorkſhire. So replete with improbability and abſurdity, however, was this ſtory, that a warrant was granted to ſecure his perſon; but before it could be executed, he got on board a ſhip bound for Holland, and ſettled there.

From all that could be learned, the deſign of the above man was to cheat his creditors; and had it not been for the interpoſition of divine providence, an innocent perſon would have ſuffered.

The fourth caſe being of a very recent date, muſt be freſh in the memory of moſt people; there can be no impropriety, however, in relating it. In July 1775, the houſe of Mr. Penleaze, of Hackney-road, was broken into and robbed, and three men were under condemnation for the offence. Theſe perſons were conſidered as guilty, till December that year, when four Jews, who were executed at Cheſter, declared, that they had committed the crime for which theſe men were to ſuffer.

Honourable Anecdote of Dr. Kennicott *in early Life.*

DR. Kennicott was for many years poſſeſſed of a very valuable living in Cornwall, obtained for him by the friendſhip of the late very diſtinguiſhed Biſhop of London. It had been his avowed intention, as ſoon as his great work ſhould be finiſhed, to reſide there, at leaſt occaſionally. When that period arrived, he was in ſuch a ſtate of health, that the meaſure was altogether unadviſeable. He therefore, with the conſent of the friends of his preſent reſpectable widow, and of herſelf, freely and voluntarily reſigned the living about a year or more before his death. To the good, at leaſt, I need not comment on ſuch a conduct. It beſpeaks feelings of true diſintereſted piety, and bears teſtimony, indiſputable teſtimony, to a regard to the concerns of another world, in preference to the tempting advantages of this life.

A COUNTRY RECTOR.

A brief Statement of the Popiſh *Miſſion to* Japan.

IT is no uncommon thing to ſee the Popiſh miſſionaries commended for their *zeal and ſucceſs*, even by Proteſtant writers. This matter, however, ought to be enquired into, in order to examine the nature and ſucceſs of this zeal, viz. whether it be of the right and commendable kind (becauſe zeal may be a raſh and inconſiderate ſource of action as well as a laudable one); 2dly, whether the ſucceſs of the miſſions be a real fact, or no; and 3dly, whether the motives and inducements to it have not often been evil and iniquitous. It is with this view, Sir, that I have here ſent you a brief ſtatement of that curious particle of modern hiſtory, *the Popiſh Miſſion to Japan.*

Yours &c. L. E.

Dr. Kempfer, from whom the following account of the miſſion to Japan is extracted, was a German by birth, but employed in the ſervice of the Dutch Eaſt India Company. He reſided the ſpace of two years in the empire of Japan, A. D. 1690, 91, 92; and his Hiſtory of the country, which indeed is extremely curious, on account of the difficulty of gaining informations concerning a nation ſo

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jealous of themſelves and their affairs, and in a manner locked up from the reſt of the world, was printed in Engliſh, in two volumes folio, A. D. 1727, with a great number of cuts and maps, under the auſpices of that noble patron of Natural Hiſtory, and indeed of Learning in general, Sir Hans Sloane.

The miſſion was conducted by the Portugueſe and Spaniſh Jeſuits; amongſt whom the famous *Saint*, Francis Xavier, was employed, but ſoon relinquiſhed the ſervice. There were alſo ſome *Franciſcan friars* of Spain engaged at laſt. The Jeſuits and Friars were ſupplied from *Goa*, *Macao*, and the *Manilhas*. At firſt the undertaking proceeded with the moſt rapid ſucceſs, but ended at laſt in the moſt tragical manner, all owing to the pride and haughtineſs, the miſconduct, rapacity and ſenſeleſs extravagant conſpiracy of the Fathers againſt the State. This folly and madneſs produced a perſecution of 40 years duration, terminated by a moſt horrible and bloody maſſacre, not to be paralleled in hiſtory. After this, the Portugueſe, as likewiſe the Chriſtian Religion, were totally expelled the country, and the moſt effectual means taken for preventing their return. The natives are for this purpoſe prohibited from going out of the country; and all foreigners are excluded from an open and free trade; for as to the Dutch and Chineſe, under which laſt name ſome other Eaſtern nations go thither, they are ſhut up whilſt they remain there, and a moſt ſtrict watch is ſet upon them, inſomuch that they are no better than priſoners; and the Dutch, it is ſaid, to obtain a privilege even ſo far, declared themſelves *to be no Chriſtians, but Dutchmen.* This calumny, however, Dr. Kempfer has endeavoured to wipe off, but ſcarcely, I think, to ſatisfaction. Beſides this, a moſt ſevere inquiſition was ſet on foot, the natives being required, once a year, to tread upon a crucifix, and the figure of the Virgin Mary, or ſome other Saint, in a ſolemn manner, in order to atteſt their averſion and abhorrence of the religion of the Fathers. The Dutch there reſident, it is alleged again, comply with this injunction; but Dr. Kempfer will not acknowledge that.

To deſcend now to particulars, and to make good our aſſertion, that it was owing to the weakneſs and wickedneſs of the miſſionaries, that the Chriſtian Religion was thus perfectly extirpated. The iſlands of Japan were diſcovered A. D. 1542; and about the year of Chriſt 1549, or ſix years after the firſt diſcovery, the fathers of the ſociety arrived there, being induced by the favourable repreſentations of a young *Japaneſe*, who had fled to Goa. Till the year 1625, or near 1630, the Chriſtian Religion ſpread through moſt of the provinces of the empire, many of the princes and lords openly embracing it; and "there was very good reaſon to hope, that within a ſhort compaſs of time the whole empire would have been converted to the faith of our Saviour, had not the ambitious views, and the impatient endeavours of the fathers to reap the temporal, as well as the ſpiritual fruits of their care and labour, ſo provoked the Supreme Majeſty of the empire, as to raiſe againſt themſelves and their converts a perſecution which hath not its parallel in hiſtory, whereby the religion they preached, and all thoſe that profeſſed it, were in a few years time entirely exterminated."—The fathers had made a progreſs ſo great, that the princes of *Bungo*, *Arima*, and *Omura*, who had been baptiſed, "ſent, in the year 1582, ſome of their neareſt relations, with letters and preſents, to pay homage to the then pope, Gregory

gory XIII, and to aſſure his holineſs of their filial ſubmiſſion to the Church; an account of which moſt celebrated embaſſy hath been given in the works of that incomparable hiſtorian *Thuanus*, and by many other Roman Catholic writers."

But this pleaſing proſpect notwithſtanding, the Emperor, anno 1586, iſſued proclamations for the ſuppreſſion of the religion, and the perſecution began. This, however, at firſt had not that effect which the Government expected; for though, according to the Letters of the Jeſuits, 20,570 perſons ſuffered death for the faith of Chriſt in the year 1590 only, yet in 1591 and 1592, when all the churches were actually ſhut up, they made 12,000 new converts. The buſineſs was finally concluded by the maſſacre at *Simabara*, about the year 1640.

The reaſons of the Emperor's proclamations, making it death to embrace the religion, were as follows: The new religion occaſioned conſiderable alterations in the Japaneſe church, and was prejudicial in the higheſt degree to the heathen clergy. It was feared the innovation in religion might be attended with fatal conſequences even in regard to the ſick; but what more immediately gave riſe to them was, as the Japaneſe of credit confeſſed to Dr. Kempfer, pride and covetouſneſs; pride among the great ones, and covetouſneſs in people of leſs note; the ſpiritual fathers aiming not only at the ſalvation of their ſouls, but having an eye alſo to their money and lands, and the merchants diſpoſing of their goods in the moſt uſurious and unreaſonable manner. To confine ourſelves to the clergy here: they "thought it beneath their dignity to walk on foot any longer—nothing would ſerve them but they muſt be carried about in ſtately chairs, mimicking the pomp of the Pope and his cardinals at Rome. They not only put themſelves on an equal foot with the greateſt men of the empire, but, ſwelled with eccleſiaſtical pride, fancied that even a ſuperior rank was nothing but their due. It one day happened, that a Portugueſe biſhop met upon the road one of the counſellors of ſtate on his way to court. The haughty prelate would not order his chaiſe to be ſtopped, in order to alight and to pay his reſpects to this great man, as is uſual in that country; but without ſhewing him ſo much as common marks of civility, he very contemptibly bid his men carry him by. The great man, exaſperated at ſo ſignal an affront, thenceforward bore a mortal hatred to the Portugueſe, and, in the height of his juſt reſentment, made his complaints to the Emperor himſelf, with ſuch an odious picture of the inſolence, pride and vanity of this nation, as he expected could not but raiſe the Emperor's utmoſt indignation." This happened in 1566. The next year the perſecution began anew, and 26 perſons, of the number whereof were two foreign Jeſuits, and ſeveral fathers of the *Franciſcan* order, were executed on the croſs. The Emperor *Jiojas* had uſurped the crown on his pupil *Tidajori*, who, as likewiſe the greater part of his court and party, had been either Chriſtians themſelves, or at leaſt very favourably inclined to that religion, ſo that reaſons of ſtate mightily co-operated to forward the perſecution.

Some *Franciſcan* friars, whom the Governor of the *Manilhas* had ſent as his ambaſſadors to the Emperor of *Japan*, were guilty at this time of a moſt imprudent ſtep; they, during the whole time of their abode in the country, preached openly in the ſtreets of *Macao*, where they reſided, and of their own accord built a church, contrary to the imperial commands, and contrary to the advice and earneſt ſolicitations of the Jeſuits.

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Some time after, a diſcovery of a dangerous conſpiracy, which the fathers and the yet remaining adherents of their religion entered into againſt the perſon of the Emperor, as a heathen prince, put a finiſhing ſtroke to the affair, and haſtened the ſentence which was pronounced ſoon after, *that the Portugueſe ſhould for ever be baniſhed the Emperor's dominions*; for till then the State ſeemed deſirous to ſpare the merchants and ſecular perſons, for the purpoſe of continuing trade and commerce with them, which was looked upon as an affair independent of religion. The affair of the conſpiracy was as follows: the Dutch had had an eye to the trade of Japan before 1600, and in 1611 had liberty of a free commerce granted them by the Imperial letters-patent, and had actually a factory at *Firando*. The Dutch were then at war with Spain, which was then ſovereign of the Portugueſe dominions; ſo that it was natural for them to try to ſupplant them. The Portugueſe, on their part, made uſe of malicious inventions to blacken their characters, calling them rebels and pirates, whence it was natural for the the Dutch to endeavour to clear, and even to revenge themſelves. Now they "took an homeward-bound Portugueſe ſhip near the Cape of Good Hope, on board which they found ſome traiterous letters to the King of Portugal, written by one Capt. Moro, who was chief of the Portugueſe in Japan, himſelf a Japaneſe by birth, and a great zealot for the Chriſtian religion. The Dutch took ſpecial care to deliver the ſaid letters to their protector, the Prince of Firando, who communicated them without loſs of time to the Governor of Nagaſaki, a great friend to the Portugueſe. Capt. Moro having been taken up, boldly, and with great aſſurance, denied the fact, and ſo did all the Portugueſe then at Nagaſaki. However, neither the Governor's favour, nor their conſtant denial, were able to clear them, and to keep off the cloud which was ready to break over their heads. Hand and ſeal convinced them; the letter was ſent up to court, and Capt. Moro ſentenced to be burned alive on a pale, which was executed accordingly. This letter laid open the whole plot, which the Japaneſe Chriſtians, in conjunction with the Portugueſe, had laid againſt the Emperor's life and throne; the want they ſtood in of ſhips and ſoldiers, which were promiſed them from Portugal; the names of the Japaneſe princes concerned in the conſpiracy; and laſtly, to crown all, the expectation of the Papal bleſſing. This diſcovery, made by the Dutch, was afterwards confirmed by another letter, written by the ſaid Capt. Moro to the Portugueſe Government at Macao, which was intercepted, and brought to Japan, by a Japaneſe ſhip."

Conſidering this, and the ſuſpicions which the Court had then already conceived againſt the Portugueſe, it was no difficult matter thoroughly to ruin the little credit and favour they had as yet been able to preſerve; and the rather ſince, the ſtrict Imperial orders notwithſtanding, they did not leave off privately to bring over more eccleſiaſtics. Accordingly, in the year 1637, an Imperial proclamation was ſent to the governors of *Nagaſaki*, with orders to ſee it put in execution. It was then the empire of Japan was ſhut for ever both to foreigners and natives.

Now, although the governors of Nagaſaki, on receipt of theſe commands, took care they ſhould be obeyed, yet the directors of the Portugueſe trade maintained themſelves in Japan two years longer, hoping to obtain leave to ſtay in the iſland of *Deſima*, and there to continue their trade. But they found themſelves at laſt wholly diſappointed; for the

Emperor was reſolved to get rid of them; and on aſſurance given him by the Dutch Eaſt India Company, that they would ſupply, for the future, what commodities had been imported by the Portugueſe, he declared the Portugueſe and the *Caſtilians*, and whoever belonged to them, enemies of the empire, forbidding the importation of even the goods of their country, *Spaniſh* wines only excepted, for the uſe of the court. And thus the Portugueſe loſt their profitable trade and commerce with Japan, and were totally expelled the country before the latter end of the year 1639, or 1640; and thus ended the fruitleſs Popiſh miſſion in this empire, for the Portugueſe have never been able to reſtore themſelves; and the Dutch have it not in their power to do any thing in favour of religion, were they ſo inclined; but, as it appears, they are very indifferent as to that, and are in but little credit with the Japaneſe.

It appears plain enough on the whole, from this narrative, that the fathers moſt egregiouſly miſbehaved in Japan, and were guilty of ſuch intolerable turbulency and ſedition, that at laſt they were deſervedly expelled the country. [*Gent. Mag.*

Some Account of Monſieur De Calonne.

CHARLES ALEXANDER DE CALONNE was born at Douay, in the year 1734. His father was Firſt Preſident of the Parliament of Flanders, deſcended from a noble family, originally of Tournay, and well known in the hiſtory of that city, which makes honourable mention of his anceſtors in the remoteſt times. Having finiſhed his ſtudies at the univerſity of Paris with extraordinary ſucceſs, he was appointed, in his three-and-twentieth year, Advocate or Solicitor-General of the Superior Council of Artois; and before he had attained the age of twenty-five, was promoted to the office of *Procureur-General* or Attorney General of the Parliament of Flanders, which he exerciſed with diſtinguiſhed abilities for ſix years. He was then called as *Rapporteur* to the King's Council, to report to his Majeſty the moſt momentous affairs of adminiſtration; of which arduous and laborious taſk he acquitted himſelf in a manner that evinced his profound knowledge of the government, conſtitution, hiſtory, and juriſprudence of France, and eſtabliſhed his reputation as a writer of no leſs perſpicuity and judgment, than elegance and energy of diction.

In 1776, he was named Intendant of the Province of the *Trois Eveches*, and for fourteen years fulfilled the duties of that important office with univerſal approbation and applauſe, and greatly to the ſatisfaction of the inhabitants, by whom he was much beloved, and who expreſſed the utmoſt regret at his departure when he quitted that province in 1780, being appointed Intendant-General of Flanders and Artois. The ſame amiable affability of manners, and mild and equitable conduct in the adminiſtration of public affairs, which had procured him their eſteem, conciliated no leſs the affections of his countrymen in Flanders, to whoſe commercial intereſts he ſhewed particular attention, in promoting the fiſheries and every uſeful eſtabliſhment both during the three years of his reſidence at Dunkirk, and after being appointed, in the year 1783, Comptroller General of the Finances and Miniſter of State. In this high and important office he continued till 1787, and during the period of his adminiſtration raiſed and maintained the public credit by a punctuality till then unknown in the payments of the Royal Treaſury, although on his acceſſion he found it drained to the loweſt ebb; and ſoon

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had the mortification to perceive that the annual income had long been inadequate to the annual expenditure. To trace the cauſe of this deficiency, its origin and progreſs, was the ſecret work of many an hour, ſuppoſed by the public to be devoted to pleaſure or repoſe, as he conceived it of the utmoſt importance to conceal the deficiency till he had explored its ſource, and provided an adequate remedy for it, ſuch as would reſtore the proper equipoiſe between the annual income and expenditure, and provide a ſurplus for emergencies without increaſing the burthen of the people beyond their ability to ſupport. For this purpoſe he prevailed on the King to revive the ancient uſage of national aſſemblies, by calling together the NOTABLES of the kingdom; and after laying before them a true ſtate of the finances, he boldly propoſed, as a chief remedy for the deficiency, that the pecuniary privilege and exemptions of the nobility, clergy, and magiſtracy, ſhould be ſuppreſſed. Well aware that a meaſure which appeared to militate ſo much againſt the immediate intereſts of the three moſt powerful ranks of the community muſt meet with oppoſition, but confiding perhaps too much in the generoſity of that Aſſembly, and the juſtice of the cauſe, he determined at all events to riſk the ſacrifice of his own ſituation, rather than longer to conceal or palliate the evil. So fair an opportunity to overthrow a Miniſter was not neglected by his enemies; murmurs were excited, and every artifice of calumny and detraction put in practice with ſo much ſucceſs, that finding himſelf ſupplanted in the favour of his Royal Maſter by the Archbiſhop of Thouloufe, and perſecuted by every means that the moſt powerful hatred could invent, or the moſt inveterate malice perpetrate, M. de Calonne found it neceſſary to take refuge in England, where his firſt care was to juſtify himſelf from the cruel and unfounded aſperſions of his enemies, who are themſelves compelled to admit that his *Requete au Roi*, and *Reponſe a l' Ecrit de Mr. Necker*, are maſter-pieces of eloquence, and written with as much moderation as elegance and perſpicuity.

Among the various poetical productions on the recovery of our beloved Monarch, the following, written by an honeſt Pariſh-clerk, in North Wales, we think, is not unworthy of being recorded.

Few LINES *upon the* RECOVERY *of his* MAJESTY *upon the* OLD POAM WAY.

HAPPY recovery for the King,
This matter is mighty ſurpriſing,
God be thankd its the next thing,
As deliver the dead a living.

Not by the ficle turn of the faculty,
It provd the providence of the Allmighty,
He has the mode of remedy,
Or turn us to eturnity.

We ought not to thought ſuch thing,
As Pitt is to appoint us a Sovering,
Nor keen Fox has the fixing,
God has the care to ſend us a King.

E. M.

The following AUTHENTIC LETTER *from* BOTANY BAY *comes from a very intelligent Gentleman at that Quarter, on whoſe Veracity we have ſo perfect a Dependence, that though this Account of the Place differs from moſt others, we can confidently deliver it to our Readers as a Repreſentation on which they may rely.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I DID myſelf the pleaſure to write to you from the Cape of

Good Hope on the 17th of November laſt, and not doubting but you received my letter in due time, I ſhall not repeat what I then ſaid to you; I will endeavour now to give you a ſhort ſketch of our paſſage from the Cape to Botany Bay, and from thence to our preſent reſidence, and of the country round us, &c. &c.

"As far as I can recollect, we ſailed from the Cape of Good Hope on the 20th of November 1787, having experienced three weeks of contrary winds and tempeſtuous weather. We at laſt doubled the Cape, and afterwards had rather a favourable paſſage to Botany Bay, where we arrived on the 19th of January 1788.

"Here we expected to find a beautiful country, &c. &c. as well as to reſt ourſelves from our fatigues, at leaſt for two or three years; but you will be as much ſurpriſed as we were diſappointed, when I aſſure you there is not a ſpot of ground large enough for a cabbage garden, fit for cultivation, within ſeveral miles of it, and barely freſh water ſufficient to ſupply our preſent wants.

"The country, for ſeveral miles round it, is either ſwamps or rugged hills, covered with rocks and trees and underwood; and ſome barren and ſandy, covered with bruſh-wood. Here we lay for ſome days condoling on our hard fate, while his Excellency the Governor explored the coaſt to the northward; however, he at laſt returned with the pleaſing account of having diſcovered the fineſt harbour in the world. Highly elated with this diſcovery, we quitted Botany (which by the bye is a beautiful bay, but does not afford ſafe anchorage all the year round for ſhips) on the 20th of January in the morning, and in ſix hours after arrived at Port Jackſon, the harbour above alluded to, which is only ten or twelve miles to the northward of Botany Bay.

"On the day following we landed at Sydney Cove (ſo called by the Governor), where we have fixed our reſidence, and laid a foundation for a colony. I really am not capable of deſcribing this harbour, which is, without exception I believe, the fineſt in the known world: ſuffice it to ſay, that it extends 14 or 15 miles into the country, forming many beautiful bays and coves on every ſide, which in the ſummer ſeaſon abound with variety of fiſh, but now being winter not a fiſh can be caught. I heartily wiſh I could ſay as much of the country round it, which is ſimilar to that of Botany, but not quite ſo bad; there are ſome ſpots here and there, at two or three miles diſtance from this cove, which may be cultivated. The country has been explored for upwards of forty miles round us, and hardly one acre of ground could be found in any one place free from wood or rocks; and what is very ſingular, no freſh water river, or even a ſpring, has as yet been diſcovered. This water we make uſe of is the ouzing of the hills and ſwamps, which cauſed many diſeaſes at the beginning; but now that we are uſed to it, the bad effects have partly ceaſed.

"The natives are accurately deſcribed by Captain Cook (I wiſh he had as faithfully deſcribed the *country*). They are, I believe, the moſt miſerable of God's creatures; they are clad in nature's dreſs, and live chiefly on fiſh and nuts, which laſt we are not as yet well acquainted with. Their weapons are long poles, well mounted with hard wood, ſharp-pointed, and ſhark's teeth, and all barbed, which they uſe indiſcriminately in ſtriking fiſh or aſſailing their enemies. Their working tools are an axe and a chizel: the one a piece of ſtone ſhaped and fixed in a piece of wood; the other made of an oyſter-ſhell. Their huts are few and miſerable; they in general inhabiting the cavities of rocks and hollow trees, which they burn for

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that purpoſe. When treated kindly, they ſeem to be familiar and good-natured; ſtill, in my opinion, they are treacherous, for they have murdered three or four of the convicts whom they met unarmed: I ſay they are treacherous, becauſe they never attacked any one who was armed; the ſight of a muſket, if preſented, would make a hundred of them ſcout: they will not ſuffer their women to be ſeen if they can avoid it. This miſerable ſtate of the natives appears to me to be a ſure ſign of the poverty of the country.

The quadrupeds here are few; the kangoroo, for a deſcription of which I refer you to Cook's Voyage, is the largeſt, as far as we know as yet: ſeveral have been killed; the fleſh is coarſe and lean, and eats ſomewhat like very coarſe mutton; thoſe that were killed weighed from 50 to 100 pounds, one only excepted, which weighed near 200. The opoſſum is ſomewhat larger than a cat, and is the next in ſize, the natives' dogs excepted, which are of the fox kind: there are ſome other quadrupeds not worth mentioning.

"The feathered creation is by no means as numerous as you may ſuppoſe in a wild and woody country, ſtill they are rare in their kind; one oſtrich and one BLACK SWAN (the *rara avis* of the antients) have been killed, and ſeveral more ſeen: paroquets, loriquets, and all the ſpecies of the parrot kind are very beautiful; different ſorts of ſmall birds, totally unknown in Europe, ſing pretty wild notes, and are in general of the woodpecker or fly-catcher ſpecies.

"The bays frequented by the natives produce wild ſpinage, cellery, parſley, ſamphire, and wild beans: ſome wild grapes have been found in different parts of the country; and a ſhrub that produces ſmall berries, which are as tart as gooſe-berries, and make as good pies, grows very common on the hills. The country produces various ſorts of flowers unknown in England. There are three or four kinds of trees, which are of little uſe except for burning; one only I can except, a ſpecies of fir, which may be of uſe in building, &c. Two very different kinds of theſe trees produce the ſame ſort of red aſtringent gum which is uſed in medicine. A large ſhrub produces a yellow gum of the *Tolu* kind, with which the natives faſten together their weapons, tackles for fiſhing, &c. and which may be uſeful in medicine or for varniſh: of theſe I'll collect what I can at my leiſure; hitherto I have had hardly time to look round me. You may eaſily ſuppoſe the climate is temperate, when we can live in *marquees* now, being the middle of *winter*, without fire. The thermometer roſe frequently at noon to 90 in the middle of ſummer, the time we arrived here, and now ſeldom higher than 60 at noon, and never lower than 35 the coldeſt night, which is three degrees above the freezing point. The rainy ſeaſon ſet in about three weeks ago, during the whole of which time it has rained inceſſantly, which we felt the more, being obliged to live in marquees, as I have already told you, having no huts as yet built for us.

"Having now given you a ſketch of this country and its productions, I leave you to form your own opinion of it; I ſhall only venture to ſay, it will never anſwer the intentions of Government, and I make no doubt but we ſhall be recalled, which I ſincerely wiſh. His Excellency the Governor has ſet on foot a *brick* manufactory, which ſucceds to his wiſhes, having already burnt ſeveral thouſands for his own houſe. We are all extremely buſy in building huts, principally of the cabbage-trees, but only *two* officers are as yet hutted.

"You expect, perhaps, I'll give you

you ſome further account of myſelf and ſituation here. On this head I can only ſay, that I am happy in the company of three meſſmates—no four could be more united, or more agreeable to each other; beſides, I have enjoyed a tolerable ſhare of good health, thank God, ſince I left England. Every *officer* on this ſettlement is allowed two acres of land, beſides a certain ſpace for a garden near his houſe. Four of us, uniting our *eſtates*, have already ſown half an acre of wheat, which, I am told by *my farmer*, promiſes well. I propoſe to ſet a few potatoes next week, which are the produce of ſome I ſet on my arrival here, and which anſwered my expectations.

"I brought ſix ſheep from the Cape at a great expence, and every one of them is either dead through the badneſs of this country, or killed by ſome villains among the convicts, who, in ſpite of every puniſhment that can be inflicted, ſtill perſiſt in their former villainous practices. *Four* of them have been *executed* ſince our arrival here, and *three* more very likely to ſuffer the ſame fate very ſhortly.

"I forgot to ſay we had a deal of thunder and lightning, which has done ſome damage, and a few days ago we had a ſlight ſhock of an earthquake; in ſhort, I believe this country to be the outcaſt of God's works.

"I ſhall have an opportunity to write again in the courſe of two months, by Mr. Sharp, maſter of the Golden Grove,"

Sydney Cove, July 12, 1788.

To explain ſome points in the above letter, we ſhall juſt obſerve, that when we are in the depth of winter in England, it is midſummer in New Holland; and *vice verſa*—So that when the fleet arrived in January at Botany Bay, the weather was exceſſively hot there; but in July, when the letter was dated, the winter had ſet in.

Natural Hiſtory of the Flea.

THE following curious account of the propagation and deſtruction of the FLEA I have lately ſeen publiſhed in Lloyd's Evening Poſt; and, if it has not yet appeared in your collection, I make no doubt will be acceptable to many of your readers, as it may be the means of freeing many families from a race of very troubleſome inmates.

IGNOTUS.

"The inquiſitive reſearches of the naturaliſt, that aſcertains the propagation of the moſt minute ſpecies through animated nature, blend utility with pleaſure, in accounting for the progreſs and improvement of profitable, as well as pernicious exiſtence. But with regard to the *genus* of the little being of which we now treat, naturaliſts have been in an error, for they claſs it as the ſmalleſt of viviparous animals; alledging thereby, that it is delivered into the world from its parent alive, whereas the contrary, I can aſcertain from poſitive evidence, is the fact; for from ocular demonſtration I can aver it to be oviparous, and of courſe an inſect.

"A gentleman who had thrown ſome coarſe Ruſſian canvas, along with other fragments, compoſed of woolen materials, into a corner, in the latter end of the ſummer of 1787, had occaſion to move them in the ſpring 1788. On the ſurface of the canvas he perceived a number of little pale excreſcences, ſhaped like a grain of wheat, but not ſo large by three-fourths. On touching one of them, a diminutive flea crawled out, but did not produce any thing; I came in at the time, and partook of the wonder; upon which we borrowed a watchmaker's magnifier, which magnified theſe little bulks to the ſize of a large grain of barley: the compoſition

ſition had the moſt exact reſemblance of a ſilkworm's bag; it was compoſed of a white fleecy *lamina*, of the moſt delicate texture; in its centre was diſcernible (for it was tranſparent) the black fœtus without motion; on touching one of them, a young flea came forth, and crawled in a feeble manner along the canvas; its body was ſhaped like that of a very lean ſwine, having a curved ſpine, and lank hollow ſides; its motion was ſlow and feeble for ſome time, but, after a few moments, it began to make ſmall leaps, acquiring vigour from the air in all probability expanding its lungs.

"Having touched others, the contents of which were equally conſpicuous, ſome of them produced the ſame effect, and others did not, which latter caſe, it was evident, ought to be attributed to want of maturity.

"It is very ſingular that there was not a ſingle one of theſe *ovaria* to be found on any of the woollen or flannel cloths that lay promiſcuouſly along with this piece of canvas, though in full vigour they harbour in nothing elſe.

"From this it is evident, that, on the decline of ſummer, when theſe little tormentors begin to diſappear, they depoſit one or more *ovaria* with which they are impregnated, and then expire; that theſe *ovaria* remain like the *ovaria* of other inſects, with animation ſuſpended, until the genial warmth of the enſuing ſummer calls forth their functions.

"Thoſe perſons who have had any experience in the deſtruction of fleas might have obſerved that, on preſſing ſome of them to death, there iſſued a white ſubſtance inſtead of blood on their burſting, which I take to be the *ovarium* it is about to depoſit. I now come to point out the utility of this inveſtigation, which is, to prevent the production of theſe troubleſome viſitors towards the beginning of ſummer, which end is moſt likely to be anſwered by attending to the cleanlineſs of the linen bottoms uſed in bedſteads, which, from what was ſaid before, are the moſt likely repoſitories of the *ovaria* of theſe vermin; therefore, by rubbing them hard, about the month of April, with a bruſh moiſtened with ſome ſpirituous liquor, ſeems to be the moſt probable means of deſtroying them. J. S.

Obituary of conſiderable Perſons.

Jan. 13. 1789. IN his 71ſt year, Rev. Mr. Tho. Whyte, of Lyberton near Edinburgh. He was ordained clergyman there in 1752; ſince which time he has continued to perform the duties of his ſacred office with aſſiduity, piety, and faithfulneſs, and to the ſatisfaction of a numerous pariſh, whoſe voluntary applauſe was the beſt teſt of his care and diligence.

Lately, at Calcutta, the Hon. Lockhart Gordon, youngeſt ſon of the late Earl of Aboyne, and junior counſel to the Eaſt India Company.

In Clare-ſtreet, Dublin, Right Rev. Wm. Preſton, D. D. biſhop of Leighlin and Ferns; having been fellow of Trinity college Cambridge, of which it was believed he would have been appointed maſter. He went to Ireland with the Duke of Rutland, and by him was promoted to his ſee.—He has left legacies to the Dutcheſs of Rutland, Mr Thornton, and Mr. Tydd, at whoſe houſe he died. His illneſs was ſo ſevere and unabating for the laſt twelve months, that it has been aſſerted, the fees to phyſicians ſwallowed up the whole amount of his income.

Wm. Latton, eſq. formerly ambaſſador from King George II. to the

the Emperor of Morocco, and father of Henry L. M. A. vicar of Woodhorn and Felton, co. Northumberland.

Aged 84, Jervis Gibſon, eſq. ſenior alderman of Lincoln. His death was occaſioned by taking poiſon through a miſtake. Having been in the medical line, he uſed to mix his own medicines; and intending to take ſome ſalts, he ordered his ſervant to bring him a paper out of a drawer, part of the contents of which he mixed in warm water, and after drinking it off, on finding a ſediment, he was alarmed, and on examining the paper, found he had taken corroſive ſublimate. The proper means were tried without effect, and he died in half an hour.

At Margate, aged 42, Mrs. Anne Emelinda Foſter. She was granddaughter to Henry Maſterman, eſq. of York, and legal heireſs to his whole fortune, being his ſon's only child. Her firſt huſband was Mr Skinn, an attorney; her ſecond, Nicholas Foſter, eſq. ſon of an Iriſh baronet, and an officer in the army. She was bleſſed by Nature with a beautiful perſon, and every ſhining talent, and had every advantage of education. She was the author of "The Old Maid," a novel, and ſome other works. But ſuch is the inſtability of all human attainments, that by one falſe ſtep, *before ſhe was ſixteen*, ſhe ſo enraged her grandfather, that he diſinherited her of 3000l. a year. Her laſt huſband forſook and left her in extreme poverty. She ſupported herſelf by her pen and needle-work for ten years paſt, and kept a day-ſchool; but ill health, owing in part to exquiſite ſenſibility and extreme poverty, lately reduced her to the greateſt diſtreſs.

At the Inoculation Hoſpital at Pancras, of a dropſy of the cheſt, in his 72d year, Edward Archer, M. D. ſole phyſician of the United Hoſpitals for the Small Pox and Inoculation. He was a native of the borough of Southwark, and ſtudied phyſic firſt at Edinburgh, and afterwards at Leyden.

At Dunwich, Suffolk, aged 119, Samuel Rook Worrell, a fiſherman. He followed his employment till within eleven years of his death.

At Lancaſter, in his 78th year, Mr. Stephen Poſtlethwaite, formerly of Serjeant's-inn, Chancery-lane. The circumſtances attending his death were rather ſingular. From his ſituation under the late Mr. Juſtice Aſton, he was of courſe well known to moſt of the principal officers of the law; he therefore waited upon Mr. Juſtice Wilſon, who was then holding the aſſizes, with whom he converſed very chearfully for near an hour; went to hear the aſſize ſermon; thence, with more than uſual haſte, departed for the Caſtle, to hear the Judge's charge, and took his ſeat at the table before his Lordſhip arrived, at the inſtant of whoſe entrance he fell back and expired.

In Harley ſtreet in her 32d year, Mrs. Maxwell. She was the ſurviving daughter of the late Edw. Bridges, eſq. of Wootton in Kent; married in 1780, to Henry Maxwell eſq. of Cuſhot Houſe in Crondall, Hants, to whom, in July laſt, ſhe bore a daughter, now living. By her father ſhe was deſcended from Anthony Bridges, third ſon of the firſt Lord Chandos; her mother was one of the daughters and coheirs of Wm. Egerton, LL.D. prebendary of Canterbury, younger ſon of the Hon. T. Egerton of Tattons Park in Cheſhire, who was younger ſon of John ſecond Earl of Bridgewater. As ſhe was ſitting alone in the drawing-room after dinner on the preceding evening, engaged in writing cards of invitation, the poker fell out of the fire, and ſet her cloaths in a blaze before ſhe perceived it. She firſt attempted

to

to wrap herſelf up in the carpet, but that was nailed down to the floor. She then ran up ſtairs to her bed-chamber; and although purſued inſtantly by one ſervant who was on the ſtair-caſe at the moment, and followed almoſt inſtantly by the other ſervants, and by Mr. Maxwell, their endeavours to extinguiſh the flames, by folding her up in the curtains of the bed and their own coats, were ineffectual. The bed, wainſcot, and window-ſhutters were ſet on fire, and one of the ſervants ſuffered conſiderably in his zeal to ſave his miſtreſs. She was dreſſed, at the time of the accident, in a round callico gown, with an apron of fine muſlin, very full and wide. Her remains were interred the following week in the pariſh church of Crondall.

At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. John Lord M'Leod, major-general in the Britiſh ſervice, and colonel of the 71ſt regiment of foot, alſo Count Cromartie, and a commandant of the order of the Sword, in the kingdom of Sweden. He was the eldeſt ſon of the late Earl of Cromartie, and at an early period of life entered into the Swediſh army, where he for many years ſerved with great reputation. On the breaking-out of the American war, he came home, raiſed a good regiment of two battalions of his own countrymen, with whom he went to the Eaſt Indies. On the forfeited eſtates being reſtored, in 1784, his Lordſhip had the family eſtate of Cromartie reſtored to him. He married, in 1786, the eldeſt daughter of Lord Forbes, but has left no iſſue.

At Tottenham, John Ardeſoif, Eſq; a young man of large fortune, and, in the ſplendour of his carriages and horſes, rivaled by few country gentlemen. His table was that of hoſpitality, where, it may be ſaid, he ſacrificed too much to conviviality; but, if he had his foibles, he had his merits alſo, that far outweighed them.—Mr. A. was very fond of cock-fighting, and had a favourite cock, upon which he had won many profitable matches. The laſt bet he laid upon this cock he loſt; which ſo enraged him, that he had the bird tied to a ſpit and roaſted alive before a large fire. The ſcreams of the miſerable animal were ſo very affecting, that ſome gentlemen who were preſent attempted to interfere, which ſo enraged Mr. A. that he ſeized a poker, and with the moſt furious vehemence declared, that he would kill the firſt man who interpoſed; but, in the midſt of his paſſionate aſſertations, he fell down dead upon the ſpot. Such, we are aſſured, were the circumſtances which attended the death of this great pillar of humanity.

At his houſe in Downing ſtreet, Weſtminſter, the Right Hon. Lord Viſcount Vane. He was great-grandſon of the famous Sir Henry V. who was beheaded on Tower-Hill ſoon after the Reſtoration.

At Box, near Bath. aged 64, Mr. Morgan Davis, formerly of Petty France, co. Glouceſter. He was a native of North Wales, and ſuppoſed to be one of the heavieſt and bulkieſt men in England, weighing 32 ſtone, at a period when he uſed to ride after a pack of hounds the whole day.

At Oxford, of a dropſical diſorder, after a lingering illneſs, and univerſally lamented, aged 75, Sir Charles Nourſe, knt. ſenior ſurgeon in that city, equally diſtinguiſhed for the length and eminence of his practice. He received the honour of knighthood on his Majeſty's viſit to that univerſity, about two years ſince.

Eſſay on the folly of condemning the cuſtoms and manners of our fore-fathers.

Venimus ad ſummum Fortunæ! Pingimus atque
Pſallimus, et luctamur Achivis doctius unctis!

I KNOW not whence it proceeds that the preſent generation delight ſo much in condemning, as ridiculous, the manners, cuſtoms, and amuſements of their anceſtors. But this I am aſſured of, that the vain conceit tends greatly to the general corruption both of principle and practice.

If we ſtrike an impartial balance between ourſelves and thoſe whom we affect ſo much to deſpiſe, there will be greater reaſon for us to bluſh, than to boaſt, at the amazing difference.

The many exerciſes of our foreſathers have given way to pleaſures which are calculated to enervate, rather than to ſtrengthen the human frame; and are attended by expences which threaten the impoveriſhment, if not the annihilation, of many ancient families.

The nervous and excellent treatiſes of the laſt century, though admirably adapted to inform, and make better, the human heart, are conſigned to a peaceful obſcurity among duſt and cobwebs in the garret; while the Liliputian volumes of modern novelliſts and witlings, filled with obſcenity and nonſenſe, are peruſed over and over again with avidity.

What we have gained by this exceſſive refinement would be very difficult to determine; but it, at leaſt, becomes us to pay the greateſt reſpect to the memories of thoſe from whom we have derived the means of improvement. And yet nothing can be more common than to hear a pert young coxcomb juſt emancipated from his leading-ſtrings, condemning with a faſhionable oath the Gothic taſte of his anceſtors, who, by not being bleſt with elegant ideas, valued their *dirty acres*; and, by prudent management, accumulated an honourable ſufficiency to render their country good ſervice, and tranſmitted the ſame, undiminiſhed and untainted, to their poſterity, that they might *do likewiſe*.

But theſe are quite a new race; their *bodies* are not adapted for the *ruſtick life* of their fathers; nor are their *minds* capable of entertaining thoſe wiſe and honeſt ideas which was the glory of thoſe from whom they are degenerated.

Debauchery and gaming muſt certainly be allowed to be ſuperior to temperance and oeconomy, becauſe they tend to ſcatter wealth abroad, inſtead of tranſmitting it in a regular line to diſtant poſterity; and they alſo encourage ingenuity and wit, by enabling many to live genteely as panders and gameſters, who would otherwiſe be obliged to plod in the mean obſcure walks of honeſt induſtry and uſefulneſs.

In promoting ſuch, and ſome other ſimilar, advantages, therefore, the preſent race of nobility and gentry riſe infinitely beyond their wiſe and frugal fore-fathers. And what though religion, ſenſe, and policy are on the ſide of antiquity, yet who would ſcruple to abandon ſuch unfaſhionable conſiderations for politeneſs, elegance and taſte? But all jeſting apart: what moraliſt can reflect on the lives of the ancient Britiſh gentry, and turn to view thoſe of their deſcendants, without feeling his boſom riſe with indignation, and preſently ſink again under fearful apprehenſion?

And yet it is not to this claſs only that degeneracy of manners has been confined; every other rank of life has experienced the ſame in degrees equally proportionate.

The trading part of the community, whoſe predeceſſors were diſtinguiſhed, chiefly, for their keen commercial ſagacity, cloſe attention to buſineſs, and the plaineſt œconomy in their expences, now ſhine forth in a quite different ſtile;

ſtile: to ſtand plodding behind the counter, or poring over the leaves of the journal or ledger in the compting-houſe, would be quite vulgar in the genteel modern tradeſman.

As the nobleman would deem himſelf highly diſhonoured if found in the act of inſpecting the accompts of his ſteward, or receiving the rents from his tenants, ſo would the man of buſineſs treat the idea of ſerving his cuſtomers. And indeed, to take a view of his ſuperb manſion, the elegance of his furniture, and the coſtlineſs of his table; with the brilliant appearance of his lady and children, and the ſpirit with which he games and treats; would ſerve to give an idea, to the mind accuſtomed to judge only from the ſuperficial appearance of things, that ſuch a man muſt and ought to be infinitely above the mean drudgery of buſineſs. From hence, however, the man of judgment will fix the grand ſource of that ignominious liſt which daily ornaments our news-papers under the appellation of *Bankrupts;* a liſt which, in the days of our virtuous anceſtors, would have been accounted little inferior, in infamy, to that of the *Old-Bailey*.

But crimes, as well as virtues, have received an alteration by the all-tranſmuting hand of time; and as the former have been rendered familiar by faſhion, ſo the latter have ſunk into ridicule. Inſtead of regarding the great villain with abhorrence, who ruins many induſtrious families, by breaking, as it is called, for an enormous ſum, the more is he reſpected as as a man of genius and ſpirit.

In former days our gentry, merchants, and tradeſmen, regarded the *Sabbath* as a day devoted to the ſervice of the Almighty; and thought it beneficial and honourable to aſſemble themſelves in his temple, with their houſehold, to offer the tribute of devotion unto Him. But wiſdom and politeneſs have refined us into more elegant notions, and the ſight of a *Nobleman* at his pariſh-church, would be a phænomenon ſcarcely to be credited by the eyes which beheld him. And as to the manner in which the lower order of mortals ſpend this ſacred day, let the roads and villages in the vicinity of the metropolis declare.

To ſtrike, any farther, the line of diſcrimination between the manners of our fathers and their deſcendants, would be deemed only as the invidiouſneſs of a gloomy and peeviſh miſanthrope, diſſatisfied with the world for the neglect with which it has treated him.

Theſe few particulars, therefore, will be ſufficient to evince how ſhamefully inferior we are, in principles of the greateſt importance, to thoſe whom we ungratefully treat as having been deficient in the arts of elegance and taſte.

But it ſhould be conſidered, that it was neither *elegance* nor *taſte* which enabled our anceſtors to aſſert the glory of their country, ſo as to render the ſituation of a Briton the mark of envy to all the world.

Neither elegance nor taſte were the means by which our braveſt heroes humbled the Powers of Europe by land and ſea.

Our Generals and Admirals, in thoſe days, were diſtinguiſhed, not by the effeminacy of their manners, but by an honeſt roughneſs acquired in the hardy fields of glory.

It would be wiſe in us, therefore, to reflect on the former days, and bluſh for ourſelves. This might be the means of rendering our country even once more glorious, as the land of freedom, and virtue; but on the contrary, the continued love of luxury, and a conſequent general immorality, cannot fail at laſt of ſinking England, like ancient Rome, never to riſe again.

POVERTY. A VISION.

THE converſation that paſſed between us laſt night, my dear Mrs. Willmore, on the embaraſments we laboured under, threw me into a melancholy train of thinking, and it was long before I could cloſe my eyes to ſleep—when I did ſleep, the ſame diſagreeable ideas haunted my imagination, and produced the following dream, which being freſh in my memory, I have haſtily ſcribbled down, thinking it may afford you half an hour's amuſement.

I thought I was ſitting in our beſt apartment, ſurrounded by many gay people, with whom we are both acquainted. Mirth and feſtivity ſeemed to preſide over us; every thing was replete with joy and ſplendour; and ſpontaneous burſts of laughter echoed around; when methought Edward came to me with an aſpect of terror, and ſaid there was a frightful woman, who declared ſhe would ſee me, and that it was not in his power to keep her out. In an inſtant the door flew open, and the ſpectre appeared. It is beyond my abilities to deſcribe the effects the ſight of her had on my gay friends. Some with aſtoniſhment and horror exclaimed—"Good God, madam! we little thought of being ſo terrified at *your* houſe!"—Others, with a contemptuous pity, cried—"My dear creature, we are diſtreſſed at the thoughts of your being obliged to receive ſuch a monſter: but you will excuſe us: we muſt leave you to entertain her;" and in a moment, my dear, I found myſelf alone with the hideous phantom, who walked up to me. She was wretchedly attired, wan, and meagre: her aſpect ghaſtly, keen, and chilling.——"My name," ſaid ſhe, "is Poverty.—(I ſtarted at the ſound.)—I have long been hovering about you;—but now I muſt become your inmate."——"Deteſted hag, avaunt!" replied I:—"What pretext canſt thou find for haunting this houſe, ſurrounded as we are with plenty, nay luxury?"—"Hold," ſaid ſhe; "know you not that luxury is my harbinger?" I was about to ſhriek, but ſhe ſaid—"Come, endeavour to entertain me calmly. When we are better acquainted, I ſhall appear leſs frightful.——I have a powerful friend, who deigns ſometimes to viſit where I am not ſpurned, (welcomed I never am) and her preference is beyond expreſſion ſalutary. She is yeleped Patience."——I wept, and the children came running to us, which increaſed my perturbation. Fanny was the moſt terrified.—She clung about me, and cried—"O mamma!—muſt that ugly woman live with us!"—but the little ones were not afraid.—"You ſee," ſaid ſhe, "theſe infants do not fear me.——You ſhall walk in the fields, my pretty creatures, while I am beſide you; chaſe gay butterflies, and gather the faireſt flowers: drink milk warm from the cow, and feed the robin red breaſt."——The children looked pleaſed, and I thought her countenance grew ſofter; but I rejoined, "How will my dear Mr. Bevil brook your preſence?"—"We ſhall ſee," ſhe anſwered—when I thought we were in an inſtant ſomehow ſettled in a pleaſant cottage, ſhadded with lofty and majeſtic elms; a graſs plot before the door, over which the poor children gamboled with playful glee. My fine ſweeping ſtole was converted into a coarſe, but clean ſtuff gown; white wooden chairs and tables ſupplied the place of mahogany; porcelain gave way for delph; and my late dreadful gueſt became more and more tolerable. Yet ſtill my heart aked, and my head was confuſed. I thought ſhe then bid me (you know there is no order or connection in a dream) extend my eyes over the graſs-plot, where I deſcried

ſcried a perſonage, who at a diſtance appeared enchantingly elegant, walking with ſlow and eaſy ſteps, and cloſe behind her followed my poor Bevil. If this figure looked pleaſing at a diſtance, what ineffable complacency beamed on her countenance when I beheld her nearer!—Her rayment was ſimple, of a chearful light green; her eyes blue and dove-like; and on her ſalutation, my head grew clearer, and my heart tranquil. Methought Bevil embraced me with the pleaſure he was wont to do, and ſaid—"Know this lady for the divine and heart eaſing Patience. She came to my aid, my love, in the hour of diſtreſs, and condeſcends to be our viſitant."——Poverty, with a ſmile not ungraceful, made her obeyſance, and we all followed the meek-eyed beauty into the cot. She ſpoke ſlow and her accents fell ſlow and melodious.—"My children, you are already ſenſible of my all quieting influence; and it is happy for you that a perſon who delights in following the ſteps of Poverty, has not found admittance. She affects to wear my ſymbols. Her gait is compoſed, and her countenance placid:—but if ſhe be cheriſhed, ſhe will inevitably introduce a ſqualid train, and Poverty in her company will aſſume additional horrors. Mortals ſometimes miſtake her for me; but ſhe is an inſinuating deceiver, and her name is indolence."—I was about to reply, when another amiable figure approached us, lovely as Patience;—but her beauties were of a different kind:—her features beyond deſcription animated; her eyes ſparkling and piercing: her complexion ſuffuſed with a healthy glow; her habit rich, and faſhioned eaſily, ſo as not to impede her motions, which were ſprightly and vigorous. On her entrance, Patience, who recognized her, ſmiled ſweetly; but Poverty looked a little down.—"I congratulate you," ſaid Patience, "on the arrival of this illuſtrious gueſt. She is called Induſtry, and Indolence, with her torpid hands, is for ever excluded. If Poverty ſtays, her viſage will be no more terrific."—But ere ſhe had done ſpeaking, Induſtry ſmiling on us vivaciouſly, ſtept up to Poverty, and touching her with a little wand, (which ſhe concealed before) ſhe vaniſhed in a moment. Inſtead of the cottage, we found ourſelves in a ſumptuous apartment, where magnificence and opulence were diſplayed. The lofty elms were changed into ſpacious warehouſes; the graſs-plot became a crouded ſtreet: but the watchman juſt then giving an extraordinary bounce at the door, put an end to this uncommon dream.

You have no faith in dreams—but at leaſt there is a moral tacked to it, which may be of ſervice to my Bevil and

Your friend

A——B——.

Poetry.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

The Morning Ramble.

WHILE ſpring inviting tempts the morning walk
O'er the gay mead, to view kind nature's lore,
While many careleſs o'er the valley ſtalk,
I wander, muſing, on the ſea beat ſhore.
Huſh'd is each ruder gale, and calm the air;
Huſh'd is the wave heard roaring oft and wild;
Cloath'd ſeems the coaſt, that lately look'd but bare,
O bleſs'd preſages of a ſeaſon mild.
See from yon buſy port, ſwift as the tide,

The

The daring veſſel ſteers her ardent way.
Securely on the curling wave does ride;
While the mild breezes waft her o'er the Bay,
Drove by her owners thirſt of wealth, ſhe goes,
(For where is found ſo favouring a gale)
To where the liquid wave to mountains froze,
Man wields the harpoon at the pond'rous whale.
Or to where warmer ſuns their influence ſhed,
She ſails for freights of either India's ſtores;
Or by ſome hidden ſcheme of commerce led
To rugged Norway, or to Gallia's ſhores.
What arts to gratify its diff'rent ſchemes,
Has not ambition made Mankind to know,
That elſe were thought but airy fleeting dreams
Of trifling import, and of uſeleſs ſhow!
It and the love of gain firſt prompted man
To dare the torrent and to mount the wave,
Each unknown country with ſtrict eye to ſcan,
Tho' oft rewarded with a wat'ry grave.
And here, Oh Cook! the Muſe laments thy fate,
Whoſe lib'ral mind in thirſt of knowledge bold,
Nipt in its prime by fierce barbarian hate
Britannia ſighs the mournful tale when told.
See where the induſtrious fiſher plies the oar,
And tempts the finny brood with treach'rous bait,
Returning chearful with an ample ſtore
Of ſweet proviſion for his lowly ſeat.
While on the humble board the careful wife
Spreads willingly the fruits of former toil,
Pleaſant the future ſupport of their life,
Welcome their Father with an arduous ſmile.
Ye great how bleſs'd are theſe compar'd to you?
Is e'er ſuch joy in court or palace found?
Domeſtic bliſs too often ſhuns your view,
And ſweet contentment's but an empty ſound.
Now ſons of health ſwift to the beach repair,
And lave with ſportive ſpan the dewy limb;
Full to the gale they give their boſoms bare,
And thro' the briny flood indulgent ſwim.
Thus while the ſun thro' Taurus holds his way,
The dawning ſeaſon various beauties ſhows,
Slowly encreaſing with the length of day,
While nought but gentle zephyr calmly blows.
But ah! how chang'd the ſcene when winter reigns,
Then Boreas vents his rage along the coaſt;
The ſnowy whirlwinds beat the churches fanes,
Old Ocean bellows, and the bark is toſs'd.
'Tis night, and all the ſky in darkneſs dreſs'd
No moon beams glimm'ring on the vaſt profound:
Long ſince bright Phœbus ſunk into the weſt,
The waves wild raging while the rocks rebound.

What

What cry? what ſhriek is that now
ſtrikes mine ear?
'Twas not creative fancy gave the
ſound;
For hark! another! and no hand is
near,
No hand to give the needful aid is
found,
What are ye, ye unhappy ſuff'rer,
ſay?
Perhaps ſome ſtranger come to meet
his doom;
Who, unacquainted o'er the liquid
way,
Haſt found thy haven in a wat'ry
tomb.
Or elſe, perhaps, a native of this
ſoil,
Who but an hour ago exulting ſail'd,
In hopes full ſoon to end thy voyage's
toil,
And glad a family thy ſtay bewail'd,
How vain the projects of that crea-
ture man!
How fleeting are the joys he does
poſſeſs!
He would each viſionary pleaſure
ſcan,
But dire misfortune comes, and taints
his bleſs.
For ſee the morn ſlow riſing in the
eaſt,
What ſcenes unpleaſing to the eye
diſcloſe!
Scenes that diſmay humanity's warm
breaſt,
And breed a length of wailings and
of woes.
Behold yon veſſel by the ſurges
borne!
Sidelong againſt the rocks a wreck
is daſh'd;
While from the ſhrowds the mariners
are torn,
Chill'd by the blaſt, and by the bil-
lows waſh'd!
Nor longer can their feeble nerves
ſuſtain
Of jarring elements the boiſtrous
ſhock,
For ſee the corſes floating on the main
And o'er them ſcreaming birds por-
tentous flock!
Report ſoon ſpreads around, and to
the beach
See crowds on crowds inquiſitive ap
pear,
When the rough ſtrand as haſtening
they reach,
O'er the ſad ſcene they drop a ſooth
ing tear.
What frantic form is that that
runs aghaſt?
Why dwells ſuch horror in her lovely
face?
Why careleſs flows the garment to
the blaſt,
Unmindful of the ſeaſon, time, or
place?
Alas! well by her ſhrieks the widow's
known;
Wild are the ſcreams that cut her
panting breath,
While o'er her huſband's corſe her
arms are thrown,
She falls, and feels a momentary
death!
But, muſe indulgent leave this
ſad'ning ſcene,
The ſhock's too great for feeling
minds to bear,
Go think of ſubjects of a ſprightlier
vein,
That claim no ſoothing, or that claim
no tear.

Aberdeen 11*th* *May* 1789. J. I.

SONG.

By Mr. COWPER.

THE poplars are fell'd, and a lieu
to the ſhade,
And the whiſpering ſound of the
cool colonade!
The winds play no longer, and ſing
in their leaves,
Nor the Ouſe on its ſurface their
image receives.

Twelve

Twelve years had elaps'd ſince I laſt took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew;
When behold on their ſides in the graſs they were laid,
And I ſat on the trees under which I had ſtray'd.

The blackbird has ſought out another retreat,
Where the hazles afford him a ſcreen from the heat;
And the ſcene where his notes have oft' charm'd me before,
Shall reſound with his ſmooth flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all haſt'ning away,
And I muſt myſelf lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breaſt and a ſtone at my head.
E'er another ſuch grove riſes up in its ſtead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys;
Short liv'd as we are, yet our pleaſures, we ſee,
Have a ſtill ſhorter date, and die ſooner than we.

The DOG *and the* WATERLILLY.

No FABLE.

BY THE SAME.

THE Noon was ſhady, and ſoft airs
Swept Ouſe's ſilent tide;
When ſcap'd from literary cares,
I wander'd on his ſide.
My Spaniel, prettieſt of its race,
And high in pedigree,
(Two Nymphs adorn'd with every grace
That Spaniel gave to me)
Now wanton'd, loſt in flags and reeds,
Now ſtarting into ſight;
Purſu'd the Swallows o'er the meads
With ſcarce a flower flight.
It was the time when Ouſe diſplay'd
His Lillies newly blown,
Their beauties I intent ſurvey'd,
And one I wiſh'd my own.
With cane extended far I ſought
To ſteer it cloſe to land;
But ſtill the prize, tho' nearly caught,
Eſcap'd my eager hand.
Beau, mark'd my unſucceſsful pains
With fix'd conſiderate face,
And, puzzling, ſet his puppy brains
To comprehend the caſe.
But with a chirrup, clear and ſtrong,
Diſperſing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and follow'd long
The winding of the ſtream.
My rambling ended I return'd,
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating flow'r again diſcern'd,
And, plunging, left the ſhore.
I ſaw him, with that Lilly cropt,
Impatient ſwim to meet
My quick approach, and ſoon he dropt
The treaſure at my feet.
Charm'd with the ſight, "The world, I cried,
"Shall hear of this thy deed,
"My dog ſhall mortify the pride
"Of Man's ſuperior breed.
"But chief myſelf I will enjoin,
"Awake at Duty's call,
"To ſhew a love as prompt as thine
"To Him who gives me all."

IMPROMPTU,

Occaſioned by ſome lines addreſſed to Miſs Farren, *aſcribed to Lord* Derby, *but in reality, by* PETER PINDAR, *Eſq;*

MY Lord, the Lines you own belong to PETER,
Then let *him* boaſt the honour of his metre;
To rob at all is mean, full well we know it,
But, z—ds! how pitiful to rob a *Poet!*

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THE TRIFLER,

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SUBJECT OF THE LAST PAPER CONTINUED—ON INTEREST—CUSTOM WITH MANY CURIOUS EXAMPLES—IN WHICH THE AGE IS VARIOUSLY CHARACTERISED---OF EVERY BODY—AND——ALL THE WORLD—CONCLUSION IN SERIOUS TERMS.

IN my laſt paper I remarked how frequently people are apt to give juſt ſuch a character to the age or time wherein they live as ſhall beſt ſuit the purpoſe of their writing, or their convenience. I propoſe to purſue the ſame ſubject as the buſineſs of this day's paper.

In the examples given already, intereſt ſeems to be the leading motive. The man who writes a book of morality muſt firſt convince you that the age ſtands in need of it. The Quack who invents a new cure for the gout muſt try to perſuade us, that the gout is the only diſtemper prevailing, or that is to be guarded againſt by a wiſe man; and the ingenious inventor of a new piece of mechaniſm, *ex. gr.* patent ſnuffers, muſt by ſome means or other prove that the ignorance of the world for ſix thouſand years paſt has been truly lamentable in the matter of ſnuffing a candle; while the no leſs ingenious contriver of patent-lamps perſuades us that, before his invention appeared, we have lived in darkneſs deeper than Cimmerian. So much for intereſt.

But cuſtom has a very great ſway over our familiar expreſſions, and in the courſe of a day, we may hear the "age" or the "time" characteriſed twenty different ways. The brandy-merchant is pleaſed to think we live in a "*tippling* age"—The tobacco-merchant fears nothing for his trade "in this *ſmoaking* age"; and the author has great confidence in the ſale of his works, becauſe "we live in a *reading* age." The taylor, the mantuamaker, and the milliner, have every encouragement to alter the form of our coats, gowns and caps "in this *faſhionable* age"—The calumniator plumes himſelf that his ſtories cannot fail of being believed "in *ſo ſcandalous* an age;" and the

tallow-chandler next door told me the other day that his buſineſs was greatly improved, for we now lived in "an age of *illuminations*." The cardmakers are more numerous than ever, and the adminiſtration has thought fit to lay a heavy duty on cards, becauſe "it is a *gambling* age"; and the ſtreets of great cities never were more crouded at night than they are now with bad women, from a preſumption, I ſuppoſe, that we live in "an age of *fornication*."—On aſking my bookſeller, the other day, if he had any new publication in the preſs, he told me, "Yes, ſeveral volumes of new Voyages and Diſcoveries; this, added he, is an age of *Voyages*, nothing elſe will go down;"—while another of the trade, who deals principally in compoſitions of a different kind, aſſures me that "this is a novel-reading age"—and a third no leſs poſitively affirms that this is an age of *controverſial divinity*"—The Jeweller tells me "this is an age for *buckles* and *buttons*"; and the jailor of Newgate very gravely deſcants upon "theſe *hanging* times."

Pope ſays, "What can we reaſon but from what we know?" And from what I have ſaid, it appears how apt we are to judge of the whole from a part, and make our eſtimate of the age from an obſervation drawn in the narrowly bounded circle of our profeſſion or acquaintance, "*Every body*" and "*all the world*" have not fared one whit better than the "age" and the "times." You cannot apply to your taylor for a new coat, but he will recommend a pattern "which every body wears"; nor will it be thought a proof of your taſte if you have not read the laſt new novel, for "all the world reads it." In the circulation of a ſtory, whether true or falſe, "all the world" muſt know it—"Have not you heard that Miſs —is gone off with her father's clerk?—No—Bleſs me! I wonder at that, why *every body* knows it."—Poſitively, ſays a ſmart citizen, I muſt have a country houſe, for all the world have one now-a-days."—Very faſhionable people, i. e. people of quality, confine "all the world" to their own rank, and although a place of public entertainment were as crouded as St Paul's cathedral on the Thankſgiving day, yet if the company were not of the ſame kidney, as the vulgar expreſs it, they would not ſay, "all the world was there"; on the contrary, by one ſtroke of annihilation, they would empty the place at once, by proteſting that "there was nobody there." Indeed, as cuſtom is equally free to the great and to the ſmall, we cannot refuſe them the privilege of uſing "every body" as they pleaſe, for if twenty people be "all the world," it is but a ſimilar licence of ſpeech, when we declare five thouſand perſons to be "nobody."

For my part, I confeſs that I have been moved to write this paper from pitying the unhappy ſtate of "all the world" and "every body"—There are very few companies I go into without hearing ſuch liberties taken with "all the world" as nobody in that world could liſten to with patience. *Mr Trott*, my neighbour, has an averſion to his wife's large tabby cat; *Mrs Trott* ſays he is a brute for his pains, and appeals to me, "You know, Mr Trifler, all the world love cats."—Often when I have declined having my tea overſweetned, I have been told, "Dear me, Mr Trifler, *every body* likes a deal of ſugar."

In ſhort, it is thus, we ſurvey the little circle of our acquaintances with whom we grow up, and to whom we are cemented by a ſimilarity of cuſtoms and habits, and from their own practices, likings and averſions, judge of the reſt of mankind. Perhaps it were faſtidious to object to trifling im-

improprieties of ſpeech, merely as ſuch, and I certainly ſhould have no objection to every man's having a perfect controul over "all the world" and "every body," were it not that this narrow view of things is very apt to create prejudices in matters of moment. Men become ſo much the creatures of habit, and the imitators of each other, that although the good may render each other more good, yet it is undeniable that the bad confirm and ſtrengthen each other in their follies and vices. An aſſociation is thus formed, which the divine or the moraliſt will find it very difficult, if not impoſſible, to oppoſe.

Hence the propriety of our retiring within ourſelves, if I may uſe the expreſſion, to examine our actions, our manners, and our cuſtoms, according to rules more infallible than thoſe of mere imitation. In the whirl of life, in the buſtle of buſineſs, and in the gaiety of faſhionable ſociety, we are apt to ſay and do many things, which will be poorly defended if our only plea is that "all the world" (that is our acquaintances) ſay and do the ſame. I am convinced that lapſes from our duty as men and as Chriſtians would be much leſs frequent, if the taſk of ſelf-examination were more duly performed. It is no new remark that continual rounds of pleaſurable company, viſits, public amuſements, &c. have a ſtrong tendency to relax the morals; and I am afraid it will be found that where vice is countenanced by a number, the individuals who compoſe that number are little liable to be ſtartled with it in whatever ſhape it may appear; even thoſe who have not forgot to bluſh, too often forgot what it is that ought to cauſe a bluſh.

To a ſuperior mind, there is little occaſion for caution on this ſubject. It is the characteriſtic of ſuperior minds to judge for themſelves in the leaſt as well as the greateſt concerns of life. To ſuch it is well known that the flow of vice is like that of ſome rivers; there is no exact tracing where the ſprings ariſe from, but they ſoon ſwell to a current that is not to be reſiſted. Theſe remarks, if duly conſidered, will be found not inapplicable to the greater part of thoſe actions which paſs unobſerved, becauſe ſanctioned by faſhion, cuſtom, "all the world," and "every body."—

An Authentic ACCOUNT *of the late Voyage to* BOTANY BAY: *Extracted from the copious and intereſting Narrative of it, by Captain* WATKIN TENCH, *of the* Marines.

(Concluded from page 338.)

THE fleet ſailed from Portſmouth on Thurſday the 13th of May 1787. It conſiſted of two frigates, the Sirius and Supply, accompanied by the Hyena, which was to proceed only a certain diſtance to the weſtward; three victuallers, with two years ſtores and proviſions on board for the ſettlement; and ſix tranſports, with troops and convicts. In the tranſports were four captains, twelve ſubalterns, twenty-four ſerjeants and corporals, eight drummers, and 160 marines, making the whole of the military force, including the major-commandant and ſtaff on board the Sirius, to conſiſt of 212 perſons, of whom 210 were volunteers. The number of convicts was 565 men, 192 women, and eighteen children. The major part of the priſoners were mechanics and huſbandmen, ſelected on purpoſe.

When the fleet had cleared the iſle of Wight, Captain Tench went down among the convicts, to obſerve their ſentiments at this juncture. A very few excepted, their countenances in-

dicated a high degree of ſatisfaction, though, in ſome, the pang of being ſevered, perhaps for ever, from their native land, could not be wholly ſuppreſſed. In general, marks of diſtreſs were more perceptible among the men than the women; for he ſaw but one of the latter affected on the occaſion. 'Some natural tears ſhe dropp'd, but wip'd them ſoon.' After this the accent of ſorrow was no longer heard; more genial ſkies and change of ſcene baniſhed repining and diſcontent, and introduced in their ſtead cheerfulneſs and acquieſcence in a lot, now not to be altered.

To add to the good diſpoſition which was beginning to manifeſt itſelf, on the morning of the 20th, in conſequence of ſome favourable repreſentations made by the officers commanding detachments, they were hailed, and told from the Sirius, that in thoſe caſes where they judged it proper, they were at liberty to releaſe the convicts from the fetters in which they had been hitherto confined.—In the evening of this day, the Hyena left the fleet, in order to return to England.

On the 30th of May, they ſaw the rocks, named the Deſerters, which lie off the ſouth-eaſt end of Madeira; and found the ſouth-eaſt extremity of the moſt ſoutherly of them, to be in the latitude of 32° 28. north, longitude 16° 17½. weſt of Greenwich. The following day they ſaw the Salvages, a cluſter of rocks, which are placed between the Madeiras and Canary Iſlands, and determined the latitude of the middle of the Great Salvage to be 30° 12. north, and the longitude of its eaſtern ſide to be 15° 39. weſt. It is no leſs extraordinary than unpardonable, ſays Capt. Tench, that in ſome very modern charts of the Atlantic, publiſhed in London, the Salvages are totally omitted.

They made the iſland of Teneriffe on the 3d of June, and anchored in the road of Santa Cruz, after an excellent paſſage of three weeks.

Here, in ſpite of every precaution, a convict had the addreſs, one night, to ſecrete himſelf on the deck, when the reſt were turned below: and, after remaining quiet ſome hours, let himſelf down over the bow of the ſhip, and floated to a boat that lay aſtern, into which he got, and cutting her adrift, ſuffered himſelf to be carried away by the current, until at a ſufficient diſtance to be out of hearing, when he rowed off. This elopement was not diſcovered till ſome hours after, when a ſearch being made, and boats ſent to the different parts of the iſland, he was diſcovered in a ſmall cove, to which he had fled for refuge. On being queſtioned, it appeared he had endeavoured to get himſelf received on board a Dutch Eaſt Indiaman in the road, but being rejected there, he reſolved on croſſing over to the Grand Canary, which is at the diſtance of ten leagues. At the ſame time that the boats of the fleet were ſent on this purſuit, information was given to the Spaniſh governor of what had happened, who immediately detached parties every way, in order to apprehend the delinquent.—This nobleman, the marquis de Brancifort, treated all the officers with the utmoſt politeneſs and civility during their ſtay in this iſland, from which they ſailed on the 10th of June.

On the 19th, they paſſed the Cape de Verd iſlands. By this time the weather was become intolerably hot, which, joined to heavy rains, made them apprehenſive for the health of the fleet. Contrary, however, to expectation, the number of ſick was ſurpriſingly ſmall. Frequent exploſions of gunpowder, lighting fires between decks, and a liberal uſe of that admirable antiſeptic, oil of tar, were the preventives made uſe of againſt

gainſt impure air; and, above all things, the care to keep the bedding and wearing apparel dry. As they advanced towards the line, the weather grew more pleaſant. On the 14th of July they paſſed the equator, at which time the temperature of the air was not hotter than in a bright ſummer day in England. On the 7th of Auguſt, they anchored off the city of St. Sebaſtian, in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro.

During their ſtay at this place, every polite attention was ſhewn to the officers, by the viceroy of the Brazils. 'Indeed,' ſays Captain Tench, 'ſome part of the numerous indulgencies we experienced, muſt be attributed to the high reſpect in which the Portugueze held governor Phillip, who was many years a captain in their navy, and commanded a ſhip of war on this ſtation: in conſequence of which, many privileges were extended to us, very unuſual to be granted to ſtrangers. We were allowed the liberty of making ſhort excurſions into the country, and on theſe occaſions, as well as when walking in the city, the mortifying cuſtom of having an officer of the garriſon attending us was diſpenſed with, on our leaving our names and ranks, at the time of landing, with the adjutant of orders at the palace.'

The fleet left Rio de Janeiro on the 4th of September, and had a proſperous paſſage to the Cape of Good Hope, off which they anchored on the 13th of October. Here they remained about a month, in order to purchaſe flour, and, particularly, ſome live ſtock.—The live animals they took on board, for ſtocking their projected colony, were, two bulls, three cows, three horſes, forty-four ſheep, and thirty-two hogs, beſide goats, and a large quantity of poultry of every kind. A conſiderable addition to this was made by the private ſtocks of the officers, who were, however, under a neceſſity of circumſcribing their original intentions on this head very much, from the exceſſive dearneſs of many of the articles. It will readily be believed, that few of the military found it convenient to purchaſe ſheep, when hay to feed them coſts ſixteen ſhillings a hundred weight.

Juſt before the ſignal for weighing was made, an American ſhip entered the roads, bound from Boſton on a trading voyage to the Eaſt Indies. In her route, ſhe had been lucky enough to pick up ſeveral of the inferior officers and crew of the Harcourt Eaſt Indiaman which had been wrecked on one of the Cape de Verd iſlands. The maſter, who appeared to be a man of ſome information, on being told the deſtination of the fleet, gave it as his opinion, that if a reception could be ſecured, emigrations would take place to New South Wales, not only from the old continent, but the new one, where the ſpirit of adventure and thirſt for novelty were exceſſive.

The fleet left the Cape of Good Hope on the 12th of November. They had hardly cleared the land, when a ſouth-eaſt wind ſet in, and, except at intervals, continued to blow until the 19th of the month; when they were in the latitude of 37° 40. ſouth, and, by the time-keeper, in longitude 11° 30. eaſt, ſo that their diſtance from Botany Bay had increaſed nearly 100 leagues, ſince leaving the Cape. As no appearance of a change in their favour ſeemed likely, governor Phillip ſignified his intention of ſhifting his pennant from the Sirius to the Supply, and proceeding on his voyage, without waiting for the reſt of the fleet, which was formed in two diviſions. The firſt conſiſting of three tranſports, known to be the beſt ſailors, was put under the command of a lieutenant; and the remaining three, with the vic-

victuallers, left in charge of Captain Hunter, of the Sirius. In the laſt diviſion was the veſſel, in which the author of this narrative ſerved. Various cauſes prevented the ſeparation from taking place until the 25th, when ſeveral ſawyers, carpenters, blackſmiths, and other mechanics, were ſhifted from different ſhips into the Supply, in order to facilitate his excellency's intention of forwarding the neceſſary buildings to be erected at Botany Bay, by the time the reſt of the fleet might be expected to arrive.

From this time they had a ſucceſſion of fair winds and pleaſant weather, and, on the 7th of January 1788, the long wiſhed for ſhore of Van Diemen, in New Holland, gratified their ſight. It was not, however, till the 20th, that they could come to anchor in Botany Bay, where they found the governor, and the firſt diviſion of tranſports.

'Thus,' ſays Captain Tench, 'after a paſſage of thirty-ſix weeks from Portſmouth, we happily effected our arduous undertaking, with ſuch a train of unexampled bleſſings, as hardly ever attended a fleet in a like predicament. Of 212 marines we loſt only one; and of 775 convicts, put on board in England, but twenty-four periſhed in our route. To what cauſe are we to attribute this unhoped-for ſucceſs? I wiſh I could anſwer to the liberal manner in which government ſupplied the expedition. But when the reader is told, that ſome of the neceſſary articles allowed to ſhips on a common paſſage to the Weſt Indies, were withheld from us; that portable ſoup, wheat, and pickled vegetables were not allowed; and that an inadequate quantity of eſſence of malt was the only antiſcorbutic ſupplied, his ſurpriſe will redouble at the reſult of the voyage. For it muſt be remembered, that the people thus ſent out were not a ſhip's company ſtarting with every advantage of health and good living, which a ſtate of freedom produces; but the major part a miſerable ſet of convicts, emaciated from confinement, and in want of clothes, and almoſt every convenience to render ſo long a paſſage tolerable. I beg leave, however, to ſay, that the proviſions ſerved on board were good, and of a much ſuperior quality to thoſe uſually ſupplied by contract.'

A Genuine LETTER *from* JANE SHORE *to King* EDWARD *the* FOURTH: *From a very ancient Hiſtory of that unfortunate Miſtreſs.*

MAY it pleaſe my king and maſter, VOUCHSAFE to ſtayne thy royal mouth with the poor inklings of thy ſervant and handmaide, whome nathleſſe, thou haſt moſt graciouſly daygned to raiſe unto thy royal couche, as Abraham did his handmaide Hagar; though I wiſh not to ſhare her misfortune, and to be driven from my maſter's preſence. Could my unworthy pen give a decent colouring to thy Jane's affection, then might words, which be the painting of thoughtes in the true hearte, do juſtice to the loyal love ſhe beareth unto thy worth perſonne.

But how can the black rivulet, which my pen is eager to drinke, be worthily enabled to expreſs, in becomynge terms, the ocean of love, that aboundythe in my true hearte! Woulde to my Savioure, that this ocean of love were not troubled with winds whiche blow therein, and rayſe the waves of affliction within my moody ſoul! I am encompaſſed by three potent enemyes; albeit, not the fleſh, the worlde, and the devil, unleſs lord Haſtings be reſembled to the firſt, for he worketh to withdraw my

my love from thee, and in thy abſence to diſplace thee from the throne whereon the king is eſtabliſhed in my heart.

The royal partner of thy boſom, the queen, may indeed be likened unto the world, for ſhe encompaſſeth me round with ſpies, who watche out for my thoughtes.—And though I will not be ſo harſhe in my thoughte or deed, to ſay thy noble brother Glouceſter be, in any ſhape, like unto the devil, yet I do verily believe he be more dangerouſe than the other twain, though he heareth him towardly. There be ſome, and divers ſome, who ſay he wiſheth not well unto thy government, nay unto thy children.—Among the reſt, the noble lord Haſtings doubted very much, and wiſheth thee long to reign, in order that thou mayeſt the better ſurvive to eſtabliſh thy royal iſſue. Believe what I write cometh from my true heart's affection; and wiſh comfort to the wounded ſpirit of thy loyal ſervant,

JANE SHORE.

Intereſting ANECDOTE *of the benevolent Mr.* HOWARD.

TOWARD the end of the year 1785, Mr. Howard, whoſe ſingular humanity has been the admiration of all Europe, made a voyage to Smyrna and Conſtantinople, in order to inſpect the principal lazarettos of Europe. From the account, which he has juſt publiſhed of theſe lazarettos, we learn, that a few days after his leaving the port of Modon, in the Morea, the veſſel in which he was a paſſenger, had a ſmart ſkirmiſh with a Tuniſian privateer. 'In this ſkirmiſh,' ſays Mr. Howard, 'one of our cannon, charged with ſpike nails, &c. having accidentally done great execution, the privateer immediately, to our great joy, hoiſted its ſail, and made off. The *interpoſition of Providence* ſaved us from a *dreadful* fate; for I underſtand afterwards, that our captain, expecting that either our immediate death, or perpetual ſlavery at Tunis, would be the conſequence of our being taken, had determined to blow up the ſhip rather than ſurrender.'

Deſcription of Loheya, *a town on the Red Sea; with an account of the Manners and Cuſtoms of the* Arabs *Tranſlated from* Niebuhr's *Travels to* Arabia.

(Concluded from page 326.)

THERE may be a few houſes of ſtone at Loheya, but the greater part are cottages built after the common Arabian faſhion. The inſide is conſtructed of a weak ſort of wood, rudely wrought; the walls are of clay, mixed with mud, and whitened within with lime. The roof is covered with an herb, very common in that country. Around the walls are placed couches made of ſtraw ropes, called Serir, on which they ſit or lye very commodiouſly. Such a houſe cannot contain different apartments; it is ſmall, rarely furniſhed with windows, and its door is only a ſtraw mat. When an Arab has a family and cattle, he builds ſeveral of thoſe huts, and ſurrounds the whole with a pretty tall hedge. Thus, the towns in Arabia cannot be peopled in proportion to the ſpace of ground they cover.

Around the town, they make lime by calcining in the open air, and without any kiln, the coral which they draw up from the ſea. In the middle of the largeſt blocks of that ſtone, we often ſaw a ſhell fiſh of an oblong form, with the animal alive. Theſe ſeas abound in beautiful ſhells, and rare kinds of fiſh.

The

The water is very bad at Loheya; and they are obliged to bring it from a great diſtance. The people drink the water of a well diſtant about a league from the town; the beſt, though it is far from being tolerable, comes from a place diſtant two leagues and a half. As carts are unknown here, it is brought on camels or on aſſes; not in leathern bottles, as in Egypt and Turkey; but in ſtone pitchers of an oval form, ſeveral of which hang on each ſide of the camel. Two leagues from the town there is a hill which furniſhes a large quantity of foſſil ſalt.

From what we ſaw, and from what happened to us at Loheya, the inhabitants of that place appear to be inquiſitive, intelligent, and polite, according to their manner. Every body wiſhed to ſee Europeans, and the extraordinary things that were done by them. After we had hired a porter, thoſe who could not allege any reaſon for their viſit, came under the pretence of conſulting our phyſician. One begged of him to feel his pulſe, and tell him what he ſtood in need of; another wiſhed to know the reaſon why he could not ſleep.

We had an opportunity of knowing their ideas with regard to medicine. Mr Cramer, one of the travellers, having given a violent emetic to a ſcrivener, the Arabs were ſo ſtruck with its wonderful effect, that every one was eager to take a vomit; and this gave our friend very great reputation among them. One day the Emir Bahr, intendant of the Port, ſent for him, and as he was long in going, the Emir ſtationed a horſe ſaddled before the door of our houſe. Mr Cramer thinking that this horſe was intended to facilitate his paſſage through the ſtreets, was going to mount him; but he was immediately told, that the horſe was the patient he was called to. Luckily we diſcovered another phyſician among us. Our domeſtic having ſerved in the Swediſh army, had acquired ſome knowledge in the diſeaſes of horſes, and undertook to cure the Emir's. In this having ſucceeded, he too became famous, and was often called to human patients. The Arabian phyſicians preſcribe indifferently for men and animals, and extend their practice to all ſorts of creatures.

When we ſhewed our microſcopes to the Emir Farhan at the cuſtom-houſe, all the Arabs preſent were confounded, as well as he, with the magnitude of the inſects incloſed in them. A certain domeſtic having ſeen one of theſe inſects thus magnified, ſaid, that it was only Europe that could produce creatures of ſuch enormous bulk, while they were ſo ſmall in Arabia. But nothing was more aſtoniſhing, even to the people of diſtinction, than, when looking through a teleſcope, to ſee a woman inverted; they could not conceive how the woman's cloaths did not fall down about her ears; and they were continually crying out, *Allah Akbar*, God is great.

Children obſerving that we were in ſearch of inſects, brought us a great many to ſell. The grown people likewiſe gave us many inſtances of an inclination as induſtrious, which, if encouraged, and properly directed, might make this people a commercial nation.

One day there came two Arabs to ſee us eat. One of them was a young lord of Sana, very well educated; the other was a conſiderable perſon in the province of Kachtan, where few ſtrangers are ever ſeen, and where there prevails the greateſt ſimplicity of manners. When we invited them to dine with us, this laſt anſwered with much naivete. "God forbid that I ſhould eat with infidels, who do not believe in a God."

When

When I aſked him a few particulars regarding his country, he anſwered, "What have you to do with my country; do you mean to come and conquer it?" He was particularly ſtruck with our table, our ſpoons, our plates, and our forks. He aſked a few queſtions that ſhewed great ſimplicity, and ſet us a laughing, which provoked him ſo that he went away, and his companion of Sana had much ado to bring him back. When he returned, he ſaw ſome chickens brought, which ſurprized the temperate Arab, as he thought we had already eaten too much; but obſerving Mr Haven about to carve one of them, he ſeized him with violence by the arm, and ſaid with an air of diſpleaſure, "Will you never have done eating?" He left us in anger, and never returned. The young man of Sana made us many excuſes, and begged we would pardon the ſimplicity of his companion.

In order to divert ourſelves, we ſometimes played on the violin, which made paſſengers think that we were muſicians. A rich merchant ſent to requeſt that we would come to his houſe with our inſtruments. We refuſed, becauſe the Arabs deſpiſe thoſe who make muſic a profeſſion. This merchant, not being able to walk on account of his great age, mounted his aſs, and, ſupported by two domeſtics, came to us, in order to ſatisfy the curioſity he had to ſee us, and hear us play. He was very polite, and aſſured us, that he had no averſion to Chriſtians, ſince God, the creator of all men, tolerated different religions. After having converſed with us, he teſtified great curioſity to ſee our violins, and to hear us play. We performed a few grave airs, ſuch as pleaſe the Orientals, although our muſic in general is not much to their taſte. He appeared ſatisfied, and would have given each of us at parting half a-crown. The Arabs accept all preſents, however inconſiderable; and our refuſal ſurpriſed him the more, that he did not comprehend how people could apply to muſic, without the intention of gaining ſomething by its practice.

This merchant was among the ſmall number of thoſe who have the beard tinged red: a cuſtom which the ſenſible Arabs ſeem to diſapprove. He urged as a reaſon for it, that a red beard was handſomer than a white one: but others told us, that he was weak enough to uſe that ridiculous practice, in order to conceal his age. This man ſaid he was above ſeventy years, but we were informed that he was near ninety. We muſt remark in general, that muſſulmans rarely know their own age exactly. They reckon by epochs, and all they can ſay is, I was a child when ſuch an event happened; or, when ſuch a perſon was governor of the province or town.

Our merchant often invited us to his houſe, in order to feaſt us; and became ſo familiar as to relate his adventures: he had had, he ſaid, near a hundred young and beautiful ſlaves, whom he had either ſold, or married, or ſet at liberty, after having kept them ſome time. He ſtill had two, and he informed us, that he would die content, if he could for once forget in their arms his great age, and offered our phyſician a conſiderable preſent if he would procure him that happineſs. Another merchant of fifty years of age had already promiſed our phyſician an hundred crowns, if he would give him medicines that ſhould make his young and beautiful ſlaves not entirely uſeleſs to him. But he was ſo exhauſted with his exceſſes, that neither the aſſiſtance of Mr Cramer, nor that of the ſurgeons of ſome Engliſh veſſels, whom he had conſulted, could reſtore him.

The women at Loheya wear in the ſtreets large veils, which ſo effectually cover the face, that their eyes can hardly be ſeen. They do not, however, make any ſcruple of uncovering themſelves when ſtrangers paſs them, eſpecially if they are handſome, and in no danger of being obſerved by their country women.

When we were about to depart from this place, our friend, the Emir Farhan, was indiſpoſed: but when he knew that we were determined to ſet out, he begged we would come to him on the evening before the day of our departure. We found him with ſeveral Arabs: he had before him an Engliſh teleſcope, which I had lent him, a piece of ſilk ſtuff, and a heap of crowns. He would have returned my teleſcope, but I begged him to keep it; and after having refuſed for a long time, he accepted of it with the moſt viſible ſatisfaction. The piece of ſilk, with twenty crowns, was a preſent to our phyſician; and he preſſed us to receive the remaining crowns, to pay the hire of our camels and aſſes. Both he and his company were aſtoniſhed to ſee us refuſe to accept this money; for the Turks, when they travel, oblige the Arabs to defray their charges. Our domeſtic, who had cured one of the governor's horſes, was rewarded with ten crowns.

We would not accept of any thing without making a return, and accordingly we preſented the Emir with a watch, who, never having had one, did not know how to uſe it. A merchant of Cairo, eſtabliſhed at Loheya, promiſed to wind it up regularly: And thus we left this good governor with mutual regret.

We hired camels for our baggage, and aſſes for ourſelves. In Arabia, Chriſtians are not prohibited from uſing horſes, but they are ſeldom to be had to hire. The ordinary vehicle here is a ſort of aſſes very large, ſpirited and ſtrong, and they go with an eaſy pace.

As people travel in the *Yemen* with as much ſecurity as in any place of Europe, we had no occaſion to wait for the convoy of a caravan. We accordingly ſet out alone; diſpatched our camels before us, and followed them in a few hours, mounted on our handſome aſſes.

An Account *of the* Galleys *at* Toulon, *in* France; *With a remarkable* Anecdote *of a Proteſtant* Galley Slave.

[From Mr. Howard's Account of the principal Lazarettos in Europe.]

THE galleys, formerly at Marſeilles, are now removed to the arſenal at Toulon. Five were moored near each other, and have their names on the ſtern, as the Firm, the Brave, the Intrepid, &c. In them there were about ſixteen hundred priſoners, who are obliged always to wear a bonnet or cap, on which is fixed a tin plate with a number. Their caps were grey—green—and red, to diſtinguiſh,—deſerters—ſmugglers—and thieves; theſe laſt are always branded before they leave the priſon of the place where they were condemned; ſome with the letter V (for *Voleur*) others with GAL. on the left ſhoulder.

Theſe galleys had only one deck. Many of their windows in the roofs were open; and, being ſwept twice every day, they were clean, and not offenſive. The ſlaves alſo were kept clean, and their cloathing was neat, even in that galley which is appropriated to the aged and infirm. Some of them had been confined forty, fifty, and even ſixty years. All have a coat, waiſtcoat, trouſers, two ſhirts, and

and a pair of ſhoes, given them every year; and a great coat every two years. They had good brown bread, well baked, in loaves weighing a pound and three quarters. All had ſome little allowance in money, and to thoſe who worked was granted an additional allowance of three *ſous* every day for wine. In each galley there were two cantons (little rooms) one for wine, for thoſe who worked for government, the other for the ſale of white bread, greens, &c.

Many worked at their own trades, as ſhoe-makers, baſket makers, &c. but none were allowed to keep ſhops on ſhore as formerly at Marſeilles; nor have they the ſame convenience they had then for the ſale of their work. Forty were at work in La Place (the ſquare) in the city, digging and removing the ſoil for the foundation of a houſe for the intendant. Theſe were chained two and two, and when one wheeled the mould, the other carried the chain; but in digging, ſawing, and other ſtationary employments, both worked. Many were at work in the Arſenal; and employed, ſome in moving, hewing and ſawing timber; and others in the cotton and thread manufactory. The number of thoſe engaged in the laſt of theſe employments was about two hundred. They were lodged in an adjoining hall; and I obſerved, that when they left off work they were ſearched, to prevent their ſecreting any of the materials. All were loaded with chains of ſome kind or other. Thoſe employed in the manufactory (and ſome others in the arſenal) had only a ring on one leg; but this, and likewiſe the choice of irons, I found to be a diſtinction which might be purchaſed. The ſlaves who worked out of the arſenal were loaded with heavy chains; and few are able to eſcape; if any do eſcape, they are puniſhed, when retaken, in various ways.—Some by a confinement under heavier irons—Some by a recommencement of the term of their confinement—Some by whipping—And ſuch as had been condemned for life, by hanging.

Proteſtants are not compelled to attend at maſs. The laſt perſon who was confined for his religion, was releaſed about eight years ago. There is but one ſlave here who now profeſſes himſelf a proteſtant, and his name is Francois Conde. He has been confined in the galleys forty-two years, for being concerned with ſome boys in a quarrel with a gentleman (who loſt his gold headed cane) in a private houſe in Paris. The boys were apprehended, and this Conde, though only fourteen years of age, and lame of one arm, was condemned to the galleys for life. After four or five years he procured a bible, and learned by himſelf to read; and becoming, through cloſe attention to the ſcriptures, convinced that his religion was anti-chriſtian, he publicly renounced it; and declared and defended his ſentiments. Ever ſince he has continued a ſteady proteſtant, humble and modeſt, with a character irreproachable and exemplary, reſpected and eſteemed by his officers and fellow priſoners. I brought away with me ſome muſical pipes of his turning and tuning. He was in the galley appropriated to the infirm and aged; and theſe, beſide the uſual allowance of bread, have an additional allowance from the king of nine *ſous* (fourpence half-penny) a day.

I was informed by a very reſpectable perſon at Marſeilles, that the brother of an ancient lady in his family was, ſeveral years ago, apprehended by ſome dragoons, as he was coming from a conventicle or proteſtant meeting; that his ſon ſaw him taken, and immediately went to the governor and offered himſelf inſtead of his father; and that he was accepted, and ſent to the galleys for

life; but at the end of ten years obtained his liberty by a lady's interceſſion; the father having juſt lived to ſee his ſon releaſed.

Account of the Chevalier LORGNA'S EXPERIMENTS *concerning the Purification of* SEA-WATER.

THE want of freſh water frequently experienced by navigators, and the philoſophical curioſity of mankind, even in the remoteſt ages, muſt have pointed out the advantage which would accrue from the diſcovery of a method of purifying ſea-water, ſo as to render it fit to drink. Various have been the projects propoſed, and many fruitleſs attempts have been made; but we know of two methods only of effecting this great deſideratum. One is by diſtillation, performed with certain precautions, of which we ſhall ſay nothing at preſent, much having been written about it by various authors; the other is by congelation.

The accounts of navigators, who have ſailed conſiderably near the poles of the earth, do by no means agree with reſpect to the ſtate of purity of the ice which they have met with in the ſea; ſome aſſerting that it was ſalt, others that it was perfectly freſh, ſo that when melted into water it was quite proper for drinking, &c. and others again have aſſerted that it was partially purified, viz. neither ſo ſalt as the ſea-water in general, nor ſo far purified as to be uſeful like river-water. Various have been the hypotheſes offered in explanation of theſe apparently contradictory accounts, but no ſatisfactory explanation was publiſhed previous to that of the Chevalier Lorgna, whoſe recent and ingenious experiments have aſcertained the real effects of congelation on ſea-water, and have pointed out a method which is likely to be of great advantage to navigators. To avoid prolixity, we ſhall ſubjoin only the reſults of the numerous experiments made by this ſagacious perſon, and ſhall leave to the ingenuity of our readers the application of them to the explanation of the natural phænomena.

Sea-water required a very great degree of cold in order to become ice. Our author found that a freezing mixture made by mixing three parts of pounded ice with two part of common ſalt was quite ſufficient to freeze it. The cold produced by this mixture is equal to about 4° below nought of Farenheitt's thermometer.

A quantity of ſea-water is never entirely congealed; a portion of it always remaining fluid; and, what is very remarkable, this fluid part is incomparably more full of ſalt, and more nauſeous, than the reſt; hence, if this be ſeparated from the congealed part, the latter, on being melted, will be found to contain much leſs ſalt than it did before congelation. This we ſhall call *the water of the firſt purification.*

If the water of the firſt purification be again congealed, a part of it will remain fluid as in the firſt operation. This fluid portion will contain a greater proportion of ſalt than the reſt, which is of courſe more pure, and, being melted, forms the water of the ſecond purification. Thus by repeatedly freezing the ſame ſea-water, and ſeparating the fluid from the congealed part in every operation, it is at laſt perfectly purified, ſo as to be entirely diveſted of ſalt, and as fit for drink and other purpoſes as the pureſt water that is uſed.

At firſt the ſea-water, in order to be congealed, requires a very great degree of cold, as mentioned above; the ice formed in it conſiſts rather of ſcales or filaments than of a compact body, and the quantity of the fluid part bears a conſiderable proportion

to

to the quantity of ice. But as the water by undergoing the ſucceſſive congelations becomes more and more pure, ſo it becomes capable of being congealed by a ſmaller and ſmaller degree of cold; the ice is at the ſame time more compact, and in greater quantity; the fluid part at laſt becoming very inconſiderable.

Six ſucceſſive congelations are more than ſufficient to purify ſea-water ſo as to render it perfectly uſeful, as will appear from the following experiments, which our author made with ſea water purified by means of ſix congelations:

I. It was perfectly tranſparent, free from any ſmell, and as ſweet, or even ſweeter, than rain-water; though it was rather ſoft to the taſte, owing to the want of air, which however it may eaſily be made to abſorb, either by agitation in open veſſels, or by leaving it for ſome time expoſed to the atmoſphere.

II. The ſpecific gravity of rain-water was to the ſpecific gravity of the purified ſea-water as 7800 to 7801.

III. Equal quantities of purified ſea-water and of rain-water, having been evaporated upon glaſſes, left an equal, though very ſlight film.

IV. The tincture of turnſole was not ſenſibly altered by it.

V. The ſolution of ſilver occaſioned no precipitation; which would certainly have happened, had the water contained the leaſt quantity of marine acid. Neither the mercurial nitre, nor *ſaccarum ſaturni*, occaſioned any precipitation, which might indicate the preſence of ſea-ſalt.

VI. Soap was readily and perfectly diſſolved in it.

VII. Laſtly, our author, in order to try in a moſt unequivocal manner whether the ſea-water thus purified produced any bad effect in the human body, began by drinking it freely for ſeveral days; but he did not find that it produced any peculiar effect, different from thoſe of other waters which he had been accuſtomed to drink.

To this we may add, what, though very uſeful, is not generally known or believed, viz. that the beſt and readieſt way of purifying water, or ſeparating mud and moſt other impurities that are not chemically combined with it, is to let the water paſs through a conſiderable quantity of ſand. This method is by far more efficacious than the filtration through paper or other ſubſtances.

A Remarkable inſtance of the fatal effects of Duelling in France.

IN the month of January 1627, Count de Boutteville, and the celebrated la Frette, having fought between Poiſſy and Saint Germain-en-Laye, Boutteville's ſecond was killed in combat, by Doinville, the ſecond of la Frette.

After this duel, Boutteville fearing that he ſhould be arreſted, retired into Flanders, to the court of the Archduchefs. The Marquis de Beuvron, who was deſirous of avenging the death of his friend Thorigny, killed by Boutteville, having learned that he reſided at Bruſſels, haſtened thither with his Squire, Buquet, to find him; but being both known immediately upon their arrival, notwithſtanding their diſguiſe, guards were appointed to watch them cloſely, in order to prevent any farther miſchief. Boutteville, upon this, having proteſted to the Archduchefs, that he would never fight in her territories, the Marquis of Spinola was commiſſioned by that Princeſs, to endeavour to reconcile the two antagoniſts. He therefore invited Boutteville, des Chapelles, and Beuvron to dinner, at his hotel, where a number of people of the firſt quality were aſſembled, in

in preſence of whom each of the parties, after a cordial embrace, ſolemnly promiſed, that he would never do any thing which might give the leaſt offence to the other.

Some days after this reconciliation, Boutteville, who was probably ſincere, having repaired to Nancy, received no leſs than eight different letters from Beuvron, in which he informed him, that being too prudent to go and meet him in Lorraine, he begged he would be ſo obliging as to approach Paris. Des Chapelles wrote alſo to Beuvron, "you make a great deal of noiſe, Sir, giving out every where, that you intend to fight; but this I ſhall never believe till I ſee you in action."

The Archduchefs, in the mean time, had requeſted letters of remiſſion for Boutteville; but the King declared, that he could not in conſcience grant them, and that all he had in his power to do to oblige his aunt, was not to give orders for his being arreſted, unleſs he returned to court, or to Paris.

When Boutteville was informed of this refuſal, he ſaid, he would fight in Paris, and even in the *Place Royale;* and having poſted thither with all ſpeed, ſent word to Beuvron, that he was ready to give him ſatisfaction. At nine in the evening, they repaired to the *Place Royale*, where Beuvron ſaid to Boutteville, "Let us now ſettle our quarrel, without putting our friends to pain."—"By no means," replied Boutteville, "I wiſh the ſun to be witneſs to our actions. Beſides, I am under a particular engagement with two friends, who wiſh to be of the party, and were I to fail, I ſhould be obliged to give them ſatisfaction alſo: Des Chapelles is one of them, and la Berthe is the other. For this reaſon, let us meet here to-morrow about three in the afternoon, and do you, Sir, endeavour to bring with you two friends."

When Beuvron quitted his antagoniſt, he ran to St. Martin's in the Fields, to Preſident de Meſmes, in order to ſpeak with the Marquis d'Amboiſe, ſon-in-law of that magiſtrate, whom he found ill, and very weak through loſs of blood. "What a misfortune, ſaid Beuvron! The opportunity you ſo much wiſhed for, is now arrived. Boutteville expects me to-morrow with two friends. The Count des Chapelles, whom you are deſirous of ſeeing with his ſword in his hand, is one of them, but weakened as you are, you muſt not think of it." "Not think of it," cried d'Amboiſe! "were I certain of expiring the next moment, I would be of the party."

Next morning the combatants met, and after each of them had been examined by a gentleman, to ſee that none of them had private armour, each took his adverſary. Boutteville attacked Beuvron; des Chapelles Buſſy-d'Amboiſe; Berthe Buquet, and the combat began with ſwords and poignards. Boutteville and Beuvron, ruſhing forward and ſeizing one another by the collar, threw their ſwords on the ground, and held their poignards, elevated without ſtriking. At length, Boutteville, as they ſay, propoſed to put an end to the combat, and they reciprocally begged their lives from one another. Buſſy-d'Amboiſe, however, was not ſo fortunate; des Chapelles gave him a mortal wound in the breaſt, and la Berthe was alſo wounded dangerouſly by the Squire of Beuvron.

A duel ſo public, and of which thouſands had been ſpectators, having ſoon reached the ears of the king, Louis XIII. an order was ſent to the Grand Prevot, to ſeize Boutteville and des Chapelles; but they had betaken themſelves to flight, as well

well as Beuvron and Buquet, who retired to England.

The two former, leſs prudent, or leſs diligent, were arreſted at *Vitre-le-Brule*, conducted on foot as far as *Vitry-le-Francois*, and there put into an apartment cloſely guarded, where they paſt ſeven days, during which they appeared to be very quiet, and amuſed themſelves in playing at piquet.

When they arrived at Paris, and were ſhut up in the Baſtile, commiſſaries were appointed to interrogate them. Boutteville confeſſed every thing ingenuouſly, but des Chapelles did not ſhew the ſame candour.

Madam de Boutteville, alarmed for the fate of her huſband, threw herſelf at the King's feet, in order to ſolicit for his pardon. The Prince and Princeſs of Condé, the Duke and Ducheſs of Montmorency, the Duke and Ducheſs of Angouleme, Cardinal de la Valette, and the Count d'Alais, all endeavoured to ſecond her petition, and to excite the Monarch's pity, but without effect. His Majeſty remained inflexible, and the parliament received orders to bring the two criminals to trial.

The Biſhop of Nantz, who had liberty to ſee them, attended them regularly, and prepared them for death. "Madam," ſaid the Count de Boutteville to the lady of the Preſident de Meſmes, in a letter which he wrote to her, "Were I not truly ſenſible of the crime I have committed againſt God, and of the wrong which I have done to you, I ſhould not have taken the liberty to requeſt you to do the greateſt act of piety which can proceed from a generous and Chriſtian mind, which is, Madam, to forgive me, for having torn from you your dear and only child, not by hatred, or a deſire of revenge, having never had any cauſe but to eſteem him, but through a vain and falſe idea of worldly honour, which I muſt confeſs, is contrary both to the law of God and to natural reaſon. Be ſatisfied with my blood, which I ſhall ſhed for the expiation of my crime; I hope divine juſtice will be ſo, and that you will not call for the vengeance of Heaven againſt me, while by my prayers, I endeavour to repair the injury you have received from an unhappy wretch, who dies, Madam, yours, &c."

At the ſame time he ſent the following letter to Madame de Boutteville.

"The Biſhop of Nantz will tell you, my dear wife, in what diſpoſition of mind I am about to quit the world, and I flatter myſelf, that it will afford you ſome conſolation for the loſs which you muſt ſuſtain. You will conſider with him, what may be beſt for the ſafety of my ſoul, and take care to pay whatever debts I may owe. Prayers may be of much ſervice unto me; but the principal thing will be to ſatisfy my creditors. Adieu.——I will not tell you how much I love you, leſt that might increaſe your affliction."

On the 11th of June, Boutteville and des Chappelles were conducted to the Palais. Boutteville appeared firſt in the Grand Chamber, and was interrogated, after which des Chapelles was brought in, and having anſwered ſome queſtions put to him by the Firſt Preſident, he begged permiſſion of the Judges to ſay a few words, and having obtained it, addreſſed them as follows:

"Gentlemen, ſince you have done me the favour to aſſemble here on my account, and ſince my crime has brought me into your preſence, I muſt beg two things of you: the firſt is, that juſtice may be ſatisfied in my perſon, and the ſecond that you would ſhew mercy towards my couſin. Though I am ſenſible, that you are not

not ignorant of his merit, for all France is ſenſible of it, yet as I have the honour of knowing him more intimately, I can with juſtice aſſert, that it is ſuperior to that which the applauſes of the public give him; a regard to his family, and the ſervices which his anceſtors have done to the kingdom, ought alſo to make you incline to the ſide of mercy. It appears to me, that by ſaving an excellent officer and a valiant general, you will contribute to the good of the public, and prevent the lamentations of poſterity, who undoubtedly will be ſenſible of this loſs. His paſſion for duelling will grow cool with age, and a man like him, who has no other object but the glory of the ſtate, and of his prince, may be employed on every occaſion. With regard to myſelf, I expect from your juſtice what is due to the action I have committed, for I do not pretend to plead any excuſe, but only to beg you would conſider the family, the merit and the actions of my couſin Boutteville."

Next day about eleven in the forenoon their ſentence was read to them, which had been paſſed the evening before, and which was, that they ſhould both be beheaded. The Princeſs of Condè, the Ducheſs de Montmorency, the Ducheſs of Angoulême, the Counteſs de Boutteville, and ſeveral other ladies, haſtened to the Louvre, to ſpeak to the King, who conſented, but with great difficulty, to ſee them. All the ladies threw themſelves at his feet, and implored mercy. The Counteſs de Boutteville fainted, and the reſt burſt into tears, while the King, who was rather teazed than ſoftened by their ſolicitations, ſaid to the Princeſs of Conde, "I feel as much for their fate as you, but my conſcience forbids me to pardon them."

About five in the evening the two criminals having arrived at the place where they were to go through the laſt ſcene, the executioner cut Boutteville's hair behind, and the latter putting his hand towards his beard, the Biſhop of Nantz ſaid to him, "Did you not promiſe, my ſon, to think no more of the things of this world, and yet you think of them ſtill!" He was then aſked, whether he would have his eyes covered with a bandage; but he replied in the negative, and in a moment after his head was ſeparated from his body.

Des Chapelles, who had remained in the cart, and who had his back turned towards the ſcaffold, having learned that Boutteville had ſatisfied juſtice, cried out, "My couſin is dead, let us pray to God for his ſoul." When he mounted the ſcaffold, perceiving Boutteville's body, he ſaid, "This then is the body of my couſin!" Then reſting upon the arm of a young eccleſiaſtic, who was near, he kneeled down, roſe up again, and having laid his head upon the block, ſubmitted to the fate of his unhappy companion.

After the death of the Count des Chapelles, many letters were handed about at Paris, which he had written to different people the evening before his execution. That which he wrote to Madam de Boutteville was as follows:

"My dear Couſin, were you leſs virtuous, I ſhould not attempt to give you conſolation. You have loſt every thing that you could loſe, but all France loſes with you. Your huſband was ſtill young, but he could not have acquired more honour in this world. What could you expect from his courage, but an untimely end? You enjoyed him only amidſt continual fear and terror, and God, who as by a miracle always preſerved his life, gives you this powerful conſolation, that he hath taken him from

you

you in order to bring him near to himſelf. ——Rejoice then, Madam, if you ſincerely love him, as I am convinced you do. Let not your grief make you abandon your children, who have need of being educated under your protection. Teach them, what you know ſo well, to live in the world in the boſom of virtue. Change not your condition, if you wiſh to be the moſt eſteemed female of the age, as your huſband was the moſt eſteemed of men. Dear Couſin, I give you part of the conſolation, which I ſhall find in accompanying him, and I recommend to you with my whole ſoul, my poor mother.——May God bleſs and comfort her! I am, &c."

On the ADVANTAGES *of* TRAVELLING.

THE various advantages which a traveller may derive from an acquaintance with the modern languages, are too obvious to require a minute detail. There is one, however, which deſerves particularly to be pointed out; for, inconſiderable as it may appear in the eſtimation of young men of fortune, it will have no ſmall weight with their parents and guardians. I allude to the conſiderable expence which may be prevented by thoſe who are able to converſe with the natives of other countries in their own language. He who is a tolerable linguiſt may be ſuppoſed to underſtand manners, and cuſtoms; and few men, however knaviſh, will attempt to cheat him who ſeems as wiſe as themſelves. Ready and plauſible converſation will diſconcert the attacks of impoſition, and elude the ſtratagems of chicane. The French imagine that England produces as much gold as the coaſt of Africa; and that Monſieur John Bull leaves his native country merely to ſcatter his money with thoughtleſs profuſion about the Continent. In conſequence of this extravagant opinion, he rarely eſcapes without paying five times the real value for every commodity. His pocket is ſuppoſed to be a rich bank, upon which every rapacious Frenchman may draw at pleaſure; and of courſe demands are made upon it with inceſſant avidity, and unrelenting extortion. Theſe remarks are indebted for no ſmall degree of confirmation to the following authentic anecdote. An officer of the regiment d'Artois, who was on a journey from London to Paris, ſpent the night at the Hotel d'Angleterre, at Calais. On examining his bill the next morning, he found that he was charged a guinea for his ſupper, which had conſiſted only of cold meat and a bottle of *vin de pais*. Enraged at ſo groſs an impoſition, he ſummoned the maſter of the inn, and inſiſted upon an abatement. 'Milord,' ſaid the landlord, 'I cannot diſgrace an Engliſhman of your rank by charging him a leſs price.' 'Sirrah,' replied the officer, 'I am not a man of quality, but a poor lieutenant in the ſervice of the grand monarque' 'Morbleu!' rejoined the landlord, 'I confeſs I have made an egregious blunder.—I hope your honour will forgive me if I reduce my demand to half a crown.'

It is not leſs neceſſary for a traveller to ſet out with theſe qualifications, which will enable him to repel the encroachments of impoſition, than it is deſirable for him to have ſtored his mind with domeſtic information. The author of the 'Tableau de Paris' remarks, with great juſtneſs, that we are not beſt acquainted with thoſe things which every day affords us an opportunity of ſeeing. Curioſity is a languid principle where acceſs is eaſy, and gratification is immediate. Remoteneſs and difficulty are powerful incentives to its vigorous and laſting operations. By many who live

within the ſound of Bow bell, the internal wonders of St. Paul's, or the Tower, may not be thought in the leaſt degree intereſting. Yet how juſtly would ſuch perſons be claſſed with the *incurious* of Æſop if on viſiting their country friends it ſhould appear, that they had never been in the whiſpering gallery, or ſeen the lions! Equally ridiculous is that Engliſhman who roams in ſearch of curioſities abroad, without having previouſly inſpected the great beauties of nature and art at home. Sir Solomon Simple, before he was informed at Venice that the Pantheon, and St. Stephen's, Walbrook, in London, were two of the firſt pieces of architecture in Europe, had never heard that ſuch buildings exiſted.

When a man ſays he is going to viſit foreign countries, it is neceſſary to be acquainted with his diſpoſition and turn of mind, to underſtand what he deſigns by the declaration. The ſcholar, the connoiſſeur, the man of faſhion, the merchant, intend to convey very different ideas by the ſame phraſe. They may all be carried to the Continent in the ſame ſhip, but, as their ſchemes are of the moſt diſſimilar kinds, they ſeparate never to meet again. Like the diverging rays of light, they all iſſue from the ſame point, but go off in various directions. Their reſpective purſuits eſtabliſh the analogy which is obſerved between travelling and the ſtudy of hiſtory. Characters, manners, cuſtoms, laws, government, antiquities, arts, ſciences, and commerce, form the materials for obſervation to the traveller as well as the reader. Theſe offer to both the higheſt, as well as the loweſt, intellectual gratifications. The philoſopher improves his theories by an intimate acquaintance with the characters of mankind; and the trifler kills his time in a manner entertaining to himſelf and inoffenſive to the public.

It is the faſhion of the preſent times to ſkim over the ſurface of things, and to dive to the bottom for nothing. General knowledge is moſt unqueſtionably very deſirable, becauſe it is beſt calculated for general intercourſe with mankind. He, however, who dares to make falſe pretenſions to it, meets with ridicule while he lays ſnares for applauſe. Such likewiſe is the reward of thoſe who talk familiarly of perſons whom they never knew, and deſcribe places which they never ſaw. When fertility of invention deſerts the ſtandard of truth to aid the boaſts of vanity, it becomes not only a dangerous but a deſpicable talent. Captain Lemuel Sinbad (who never extended his travels beyond Flanders) will tell you he ſhook hands with old Frederick the laſt time he reviewed his troops at Potſdam. Mention the emperor of Germany, he will poſitively aſſert, that he had a private converſation with him upon the improvement of gun barrels. As for the earthquakes in Calabria, he accompanied Sir William Hamilton to aſcertain the extent of their effects. He went frequently to ſhoot with the king of Naples, and was informed at Conſtantinople, by a baſhaw of three tails, that the grand ſignior would certainly declare war againſt the empreſs. The captain relates his incredible adventures in different companies with ſuch material variation of circumſtances, as repel belief, and deſtroy probability. He is generally as much at war with himſelf, as with the accounts given by others. But neither the incredulous laugh, nor ſhrewd cavils of his friends, can cure him of his darling paſſion for fiction, becauſe he can ſupport the tottering fabric of romance with the props of ſubtle and prompt argument. Nothing pleaſes him more than to find that the eel of ſophiſtry will often elude the ſtrongeſt graſp of objection. The captain bears

bears a close resemblance to the noted Psalmanazar, who, when it was objected to him, that, as the sun was vertical at Formosa, all the fires must be extinguished, readily replied, that to prevent such inconveniences the chimnies were built obliquely.

Frederick Manly, after having passed through a public school with applause, was sent to the University at the age of eighteen, under the immediate care of a private tutor. He applied with great diligence to classical and mathematical studies until he reached his twentieth year, when his father thought it was necessary for him to lay a solid foundation of domestic knowledge, before the superstructure of foreign travel was erected. The domestic knowledge consisted in an investigation of the principles of the constitution, the system of laws, and the administration of justice; it comprised a general inquiry into the several branches of commerce and manufactures, the state of agriculture, learning, and the arts; and concluded with an examination of the reasonableness of national religion. The defects or errors of books on these interesting topics were remedied by conversations with intelligent persons; and the vague systems of theories were rectified by observations on the actual state of things. To diversify these pursuits, Manly made the regular tour of Great Britain with the double intention of surveying natural and artificial curiosities, and of conversing with those who were eminent for manners, attainments, or genius. On visiting the Continent, a more extensive and interesting prospect was displayed to his view; but he did not dissipate his curiosity amidst a frivolous and perplexing variety of objects. As he had been long habituated to the acquirement of useful knowledge, his researches were directed to that alone. He possessed the best means of procuring satisfactory and genuine information, as he conversed in the French, Italian and German languages, with elegance and fluency. Such was the success with which he sacrificed to the Graces, that the ladies were charmed with the politeness of his manners; and such was the highly cultivated state of his mind, that foreigners in general gained considerably by the interchange of ideas. His heart was happily secured against the seductions of illicit amours, by an early attachment to a lady, whose temper and turn of mind were congenial with his own. Their absence was alleviated by a regular correspondence. His desire to contribute to her entertainment and information, made every object doubly interesting, and gave the keenest edge to his curiosity. He surveyed the best specimens of ancient and modern art with a degree of rapture bordering on enthusiasm. His taste was not the offspring of affectation, but the gift of nature, improved by experience. Harmony of colours, symmetry of parts, and the name of a great master, were, in his estimation, merely excellencies of the second class. Sculpture and painting had no charms for him, exclusive of the force and beauty of their effect. Rome and Florence were the principal places of his residence, because in them the fine arts had deposited their most valuable treasures. At the expiration of three years he returned to his native country, and was united to the mistress of his affections. His manners were refined, but not formal: his dress was fashionable, but not foppish; his deportment easy, but not finical His constitution was invigorated by exercise, and his fortune unimpaired by extravagance; scepticism had not undermined, nor bigotry contracted, his religious principles. He gave a proof how high a polish the British diamond will

take; his example fully evinced, that it cannot be excelled either in ſolidity or luſtre. His prejudices were worn away by enlarged intercourſe with mankind. His philanthropy was ardent, and his patriotiſm not leſs ſpirited than rational. Manly, in ſhort, was a citizen of the world, who had carefully weighed the merits of all cultivated nations, and made England the place of his reſidence, becauſe her excellencies preponderated in the ſcale.

The following Characters, drawn by the maſterly hand of the great Frederic King of Pruſſia, *muſt, we think, be highly acceptable to our Readers.*

Of the Emperor Charles VI.

THE Emperor Charles VI. had lately concluded peace with the Turks at Belgrade, through the mediation of Mr. de Villeneuve, the French ambaſſador at Conſtantinople. By this peace the emperor ceded to the grand ſeignior the kingdom of Servia, a part of Moldavia, and the important city of Belgrade. The latter years of the Emperor Charles VI. had been ſo unfortunate that he had ſeen himſelf ſtripped of the kingdom of Naples, of Sicily, and a part of the Milaneſe, by the French, the Spaniards, and the Sardinians. He had, likewiſe, by the peace of 1737, ceded the dutchy of Lorrain to France, which had been in poſſeſſion of the family of the duke his ſon-in-law from time immemorial. By this treaty the emperor beſtowed provinces, and France vain guarantees, Tuſcany excepted, which muſt be regarded as a precarious poſſeſſion. France guarantied to the emperor a family law, which he had publiſhed concerning the ſucceſſion, ſo well known in Europe by the name of the Pragmatic Sanction. The purport of this law was to aſcertain the ſucceſſion undivided to his daughter. There is, no doubt, good reaſon to be ſurpriſed, at perceiving the end of the reign of Charles VI. ſo inferior to the renown of its commencement. We ought to attribute the cauſe of the misfortunes of this monarch to the loſs of Prince Eugene. Charles had no one to replace this great man. After his death, the ſtate loſt its vigour, became languid, and its members periſhed. Charles VI. had received from nature qualities which conſtitute the good citizen, but none of thoſe which form the great man. He was generous, but without diſcernment; his mind was limited, and deſtitute of penetration; he had induſtry, but not genius; ſo that, while he laboured much, he performed little. He well underſtood the German conſtitutional forms, and ſpoke ſeveral languages, particularly the Latin, in which he excelled. He was a good father, a good huſband, but a ſuperſtitious bigot, like all the princes of the houſe of Auſtria. He had been educated to obey, not to command. His miniſters amuſed him by making him a judge of ſuits in the Aulic council, and by punctually attaching him to the minutiæ of ceremony, and the etiquette of the houſe of Burgundy. Thus, while he was employed in trifles like theſe, or waſting his time in hunting, his miniſters, the true maſters of the monarchy, diſpoſed of all.

Of Prince Eugene.

THE good fortune of the houſe of Auſtria had brought into its ſervice Prince Eugene of Savoy, of whom we have juſt ſpoken. This prince had worn the clerical band in France. Lewis XIV. refuſed him a

a benefice; Eugene requested a company of dragoons; this he was likewise refused, because they mistook his genius, and because the young lords of the court had given him the nick-name of Dame Claude. Eugene, perceiving every gate of fortune shut upon him, left his mother, Madame de Soissons, and France, and offered his services to the Emperor Leopold. He became colonel, and obtained a regiment. His merit made rapid strides. The signal services he performed, and the superiority of his talents, soon raised him to the first military commands. He was generalissimo, president of the council of war, and, finally, prime-minister to the Emperor Charles VI. This prince saw himself the chief of the Imperial army; he governed not only the Austrian provinces, but the empire itself; properly speaking, he was emperor. So long as Prince Eugene preserved the vigour of his mind, the arms and negociations of Austria prospered; but the head which had so long laboured for the welfare of the Imperial house was, when enfeebled by age and infirmity, incapable of continuing the same labours, and of rendering the same services. How humiliating to our vanity are reflections like these! A Condè, an Eugene, a Marlborough, behold the understanding extinct while the body continues to live, and men of the most boundless genius end in imbecillity! Pride thyself hereafter, poor Humanity, in thy powers, if thou darest. The mental decline of Prince Eugene was the moment of intrigue among all the Austrian ministers. Count Zintzendorf acquired the most control over the mind of his master; he had little industry, but was fond of good cheer; he was the Apicius of the Imperial court, and the emperor said that the excellent ragouts of his minister were the cause of the ill success of his affairs. The count was insolent and haughty; he imagined himself an Agrippa, a Mecenas; the princes of the empire were offended at the severity of his government, very different, in that respect, from the government of Prince Eugene, who employed gentleness only, by which he guided the Germanic body at his pleasure.

Of Cardinal Fleuri.

LEWIS XIV. had made this cardinal, then bishop of Frejus, the preceptor of his grandson. Priests are as ambitious as other men, and often more subtle. After the death of the regent, Duke of Orleans, Fleuri drove the Duke of Bourbon, who then occupied that place, into exile, that he might obtain it himself. His manner of governing was rather prudent than active. While in the arms of his mistresses he persecuted the Jansenists. He would have only orthodox bishops; and yet, during a dangerous fit of sickness, he refused receiving the sacraments of the church. All the respect which the pride of pomp can inspire had been exhausted by Richlieu and Mazarin. Fleuri, in contrast, would have his grandeur to consist in simplicity. He left but little wealth to his descendants, but he enriched them by immense benefactions, which were liberally showered among them by the king. This prime minister preferred negociation to war, because in faction he was powerful, but knew not how to command armies. He affected to be pacific, that he might become the umpire rather than the conqueror of kings: he was bold in his projects, but timid in execution; an economist of the revenues of the state, and endowed with the spirit of order; qualities which rendered him useful to France, the finances of which had been exhausted by the war of the succession, and

a vicious adminiſtration. He neglected the army too much, and was too much prejudiced in favour of the financiers. The naval force was almoſt annihilated while he governed, and the military ſo much neglected that they could not erect their tents during the firſt campaign of 1733. With ſome good qualities for interior adminiſtration, the character of this miniſter in Europe was that of weakneſs and knavery; vices which he derived from the church in which he had been educated. The good economy of the cardinal, however, procured the kingdom the means of liquidating a part of the immenſe debt contracted under the reign of Lewis XIV. He repaired the diſorders of the regency, and, by temporizing means, France recovered from the confuſion in which ſhe had been thrown by the Syſtem of Law.

Curſory Reflections: *Addreſſed to the* Ladies.

THE contemplation of female beauty is one of the moſt pleaſing, as well as rational enjoyments, this great metropolis affords; and it is with ſome ſatisfaction that I viſit the park, the gardens, and public walks, where many hundreds of beautiful women are aſſembled. I am not of opinion, that the country is the only place where we are to look for natural beauty; nor do I think that there is any thing in a London reſidence merely, which is unfriendly to perſonal beauty. Country beauties have generally leſs of that pleaſing effeminacy which conſtitutes *character* in the features of a lady. A town beauty, whoſe education has been properly regulated, has a ſomething in her look and manner which is more irreſiſtible than mere red and white, and a certain air, which ſome have called *ſentiment*. But of this word I am not very fond. It is a new word, and has been groſsly abuſed.

The greateſt enemies to beauty are late hours, crowded aſſemblies, and high living. In theſe reſpects, we ſeem to be growing worſe, rather than better; and hence come pallid looks, conſumptive habits, and diſordered conſtitutions. Late hours to all mankind are pernicious, becauſe they diſturb the regular operation of nature in producing ſleep; and to females they are particularly ſo, becauſe they diſturb every function of nature, occaſion irregular appetite, and deprive them of that which is of the greateſt advantage to beauty, the freſh air of the morning.

Crowded aſſemblies are pernicious, becauſe in them we breathe a corrupted air; the breath which has once paſſed out of the body is unfit to be inſpired again; and were it not for the extent of the atmoſphere, would become poiſonous. How pernicious, then, muſt it be to ſit for four or five hours in a crowded public place, where we breathe the effluvia of a thouſand perſons, not to ſpeak of oil in lamps, &c. Hence that difficulty of breathing, which many perſons complain of, when ſhut up in public places, and which many of my female friends may have experienced, without perhaps knowing the cauſe. But this is not the only miſchief of crowded aſſemblies. The pores become open by the exceſſive heat: and as we come ſuddenly from that heat into the cold air, our lungs become immediately affected; and many, from this cauſe only, have dated fatal aſthmas, conſumptions, and fevers, which have hurried beauty into an untimely grave, and deprived parents of thoſe on whom they fondly doated. I need not add, that dancing increaſes all thoſe dangers.

High living, perhaps, may not be conſidered as the ſin which moſt eaſily

ſily beſets the female ſex;' nor, indeed, from my own experience, can I carry this into even a general aſſertion. Temperance in eating and drinking is the characteriſtic of our countrywomen; and if there are a few examples of a contrary practice, they are but few, and the example can never be ſo agreeable as to tempt others. Intemperance, though much ſhort of intoxication or gluttony, cannot, with any truth, be imputed to the virtuous part of the ſex; and as for the other part, intemperance, as well as all their faults, are entitled to our pity.

Cards have been ſaid to be an enemy to female beauty. Where they are played merely for an amuſement, they can have but little effect, one way or other. But *gaming*, properly ſpeaking, is unqueſtionably very unfriendly to health and happineſs. To ſee a beautiful face diſtorted at the loſs of an odd trick; to ſee the fineſt features tortured into malignity at the good luck of another, is a ſpectacle which we cannot behold without contempt or cenſure. It would be eaſy to prove, that gaming is the moſt deteſtable vice that man is guilty of; and more eaſy to prove, that a *female* gameſter is walking on the direct road to deſtruction. Beſides, cards lead to late hours, and not unfrequently to bad company. The malignant paſſions which gaming promotes, ought never to have place in that tender boſom, where the ſweet ſolicitudes of the ſofter affections, and the cares of a family only ought to dwell.

The uſual remedies to cure diſordered beauty are unfortunately calculated to increaſe the malady. Paint, in all its varieties, makes dreadful havock on the ſkin; and, what is worſt of all, after it has been uſed for ſome time, it muſt be continued, to hide the ravages it has made. Like drinking, in caſes of lowneſs of ſpirits, painting is a temporary cure, and a prolonged diſeaſe. Beſides, there is no kind of paint which can be uſed, that will deceive the eye. An ignorant country booby, who has been but a month in town, may diſtinguiſh a painted from a natural beauty, as eaſily as he could diſtinguiſh a garden from a heath, or an oak from an hazle. Whether perfumes may not be conſidered as an auxiliary to beauty, is doubtful But the uſe of paint indicates a want, and the continual uſe of perfumes lead to an unpleaſant ſuſpicion.

Let me not, my fair readers, be accuſed of ſeverity in theſe remarks on female beauty.—Thoſe to whom they are not applicable, will, I hope, be convinced, that it is their happineſs, and not my own, that I conſult. I could chearfully write for months and years on this ſubject, and think my labour a pleaſure, if the conſequence was, that I perſuaded one miſguided fair one to ſtudy her health and happineſs, in preference to faſhion and pleaſure.

Beauty, where the ſole gift of nature, and in its higheſt perfection, retains its attractions but for a ſhort time. It can catch the eye, but it will never of itſelf fix the affections. It is the daily ſport of time, and accident, and diſeaſe. It periſhes like a bankrupt fortune, without leaving any thing behind it to ſatisfy thoſe who gave it credit. An informed mind, poliſhed manners, and a chearful diſpoſition, are beauties which will never ceaſe to pleaſe. Sweetneſs of temper gives to the moſt ordinary countenance an animation which no mere beauty can equal. It catches, it attracts, and it fixes the affections. It makes the poſſeſſor happy in ſolitude, and agreeable in company. It is that diſpoſition which is the moſt eſtimable qualification in a wife and a mother. Beauty may attract lovers, and ſong, and faſhionable fame. A well-

well-informed mind, and a ſweet temper, will attract a huſband, and all the felicities that attend a married life, the affection of children, the love of friends, and the general reſpect of the world. A. B.

Extracts from the Sermon preached by the Lord BISHOP *of* LONDON, *at the Cathedral Church of St.* PAUL, *before their* MAJESTIES *and both* HOUSES *of* PARLIAMENT, *on the 23d Day of April* 1789, *being the Day appointed for a General Thankſgiving.*

THE text is taken from Pſalm xxvii. ver. 16. The Biſhop thus begins his Sermon:

"That this life is not, and was not intended to be, a ſtate of happineſs, or conſtant eaſe and tranquillity, is a truth which no one will be diſpoſed to controvert. That we are beſet with dangers, and expoſed to calamities of various kinds, which we can neither foreſee nor avert, is equally certain. It is a fact, which probably moſt of thoſe who now hear me know too well from their own experience: and the reſt will moſt aſſuredly know it full time enough: for there cannot be a weaker or more childiſh imagination, than to flatter ourſelves with the hope of paſſing through the world without our ſhare of thoſe calamities, which are inſeparable from mortality. Affliction then, of one kind or other, being unavoidable, it is evidently a matter of the very laſt importance to every human being, to enquire carefully what are the beſt and moſt ſolid ſupports and conſolations under it, where they are to be found, and how ſecured. If we turn our thoughts to men of this deſcription (ſays the learned divine) we ſhall find few perſons better qualified to give complete information on this head, than the Royal Author of the text before us. From whence then were theſe comforts and theſe hopes derived? This is the great queſtion, the great object of our preſent inquiry, and the anſwer to it is in a few words—they were derived from Truſt in God. This it was that he declared to be his great refuge in diſtreſs, his ſhield, his rock, his caſtle, his houſe of defence, his beſt and firmeſt ſtay under all his various misfortunes."

The noble Prelate follows this up with cloſe and ſound reaſoning, and then obſerves,

"That afflictions, far from being any mark of God's diſpleaſure, are proofs of his kindneſs to us; they are fatherly corrections, they are friendly admonitions, they are ſalutary, though unpalatable medicines. They are, in ſhort, inſtruments in the hands of our Maker, to improve our minds, to rectify our failings, to detach us from the preſent ſcene, to fix our affections on things above, and thus form in us that humble and devout temper of mind, and unblemiſhed ſanctity of life, which are neceſſary to qualify us for the great purpoſe of our creation, the attainment of everlaſting happineſs in another and better world."

We now come to the great buſineſs of that day:—

"There is not a nation upon earth (ſays his Lordſhip) that has been favoured with a greater number of providential deliverances than our own; and there are none of theſe that are impreſſed with plainer and more unequivocal marks of a divine interpoſition, than that which is now the ſubject of our thankſgivings to Heaven. Incredulity itſelf has been compelled to own, that the hand of God has been viſible on the preſent occaſion; nor is the joy of the nation more univerſal than its belief of that great and important truth; but,

above

above all, the heart of our Sovereign is deeply impreſſed with this conviction, that in God was his help; and that to his peculiar bleſſing on the means uſed for his recovery, that recovery is to be aſcribed. Throughout the whole of his ſevere trial, his truſt in God never forſook him; and before that God he now appears in this holy and venerable ſtructure, ſurrounded with his faithful and affectionate ſubjects, to offer up in the moſt public manner, and with a ſeriouſneſs and ſolemnity ſuited to the occaſion, his praiſes and thankſgivings for thoſe ſignal mercies, which have been ſo recently vouchſafed to him, and through him to this whole kingdom. A ſpectacle more ſtriking, more awful, more dignified, more intereſting, more edifying, has ſcarce ever been preſented to the obſervation of mankind. I know not whether we are to except even that celebrated one recorded in the Firſt Book of Kings, where a great and pious Monarch, in the preſence of his whole kingdom, proſtrated himſelf before that magnificent edifice which he had juſt erected to the honour of his Maker, and thus, ſpreading forth his hands towards Heaven, poured out the devout emotions of his ſoul in the ſacred writings (1 Kings 8.—22.) This, it muſt be confeſſed, was a ſcene moſt eminently calculated to raiſe the ſoul towards Heaven, to fill it with the ſublimeſt conceptions of the Deity, and to impreſs it with the livelieſt ſentiments of veneration, piety, devotion, and gratitude. And ſurely effects of a ſimilar nature, and little inferior in degree, may be expected from the preſent awful ſolemnity: for though the two occaſions are, it muſt be owned, in ſome reſpect diſſimilar; though we are not now met to dedicate a Temple to God; yet we are met, I truſt, for a ſtill nobler dedication, for the dedication of a whole people, with their Sovereign at their head, to their Almighty Protector, their common benefactor and deliverer; for the dedication of ourſelves, our ſouls and bodies, throughout the whole courſe of our future lives, to his worſhip, his ſervice, his laws, and his religion. Nothing leſs than this can be an adequate return to our Heavenly Father, for raiſing up our beloved Sovereign from the bed of ſickneſs, and preſerving to us, in his perſon, every thing that is dear and valuable to us, as men, as Britons, and as Chriſtians. For how is it poſſible on ſuch an occaſion as the preſent, not to remember, or not to acknowledge, the many other valuable bleſſings we poſſeſs, as well as that which completes and confirms them all, that which we this day commemorate? Are we not, as a people, bleſt beyond example, and almoſt beyond belief? Do we not enjoy the preſent mode of worſhip, the beſt conſtituted form of Government, the moſt equal laws, the moſt upright adminiſtration of juſtice? Are we not perfectly ſecure in our perſons, our properties, our civil and religious liberties? Are not our manufactures flouriſhing, our population encreaſing, our public burthens gradually leſſening, our agriculture highly improved, our commerce boundleſs? Are not the marks of peace, of comfort, of cheerfulneſs, of affluence, viſible on every ſide; and are not our credit and reputation abroad commenſurate to our proſperity and happineſs at home?

"If this be a true picture of our ſituation, how can we ever expreſs, as we ought, our thankfulneſs to the gracious Author of all theſe mercies? It is not the obſervance, it is not the devotion, however ardent, of a ſingle day, that can be a ſufficient evidence of our gratitude. The only ſure and certain proof of our ſincerity is the reformation of our hearts, and the future holineſs of our lives."

The Baron's Prayer.

[From Earl Strongbow, a Novel.]

GERALDA, gentle, wiſe, and fair,
Incline thee to a Baron's pray'r.
Whoſe prime ambition is to be,
O peerleſs maid! approv'd by thee.

When in the tournament I wield
The maſſy lance, and brace the ſhield,
'Tis but to gain the glorious prize
Of favour in Geralda's eyes.

My faithful lips ſhall ev'n proclaim
In bloody field thy noble name;
And, ere the ſhock of hoſts be giv'n,
Invoke thee, as a ſaint of heav'n.

Oft as I ſee thee ſtately tread
Where duteous vaſſals bow the head,
And hear the common voice declare,
That thou art good as thou art fair.

By thy ineſtimable charms
My youthful boſom's fir'd to arms,
And deems th' applauſe of ſuch a mind,
A triumph of the brighteſt kind.

Geralda, gentle, wiſe, and fair,
Incline thee to a Baron's pray'r,
Whoſe prime ambition is to be,
O peerleſs maid! approv'd by thee.

I'll pierce the haunts of ſavage men,
And brave the tiger in his den,
Will toil by day, by night will wake,
A ſuff'rer for thy beauty's ſake.

Th' oppreſſor's hand will I reſtrain,
And looſe the captive from his chain,
And when return'd, a ſmile from thee
Shall pay me for my chivalry.

Whene'er you ſpeak, where'er you move,
Attentive nobles look and love;
How bleſt of all the knightly train
Who hath not look'd nor lov'd in vain!

Geralda, gentle, wiſe, and fair,
Incline thee to a Baron's pray'r,
Whoſe prime ambition is to be,
O peerleſs maid! approv'd by thee.

On YOUTH.

By Mrs. Moody.

BLithſome Goddeſs! ſprightly Youth,
Source of innocence and truth,
Faireſt virtues form thy train,
Choiceſt bleſſings crown thy reign;
As thy opening charms advance,
See them all around thee dance;
See them all around thee bow,
Weaving garlands for thy brow:
Health preſents her ruddy face,
Vigour offers active grace;
Mirth beſtows her harmleſs wiles,
Sportive frolicks, chearful ſmiles.
Beauty, from her genuine ſprings,
In thy lap her treaſure flings:
Theſe combine to deck thy mien,
And on thy placid front are ſeen.
Nature brings her pureſt fires,
Love that glows with chaſte deſires;
Friendſhip undebas'd by art,
Candour's unſuſpicious heart;
Valour's generous ardent flame,
Burning with the thirſt of fame;
Theſe, in ſimple colours dreſs'd,
Grace the mirrour of thy breaſt;
Genius gives the tuneful quire,
Thine the harp and thine the lyre;
Thine the Poet's glowing themes,
Thine are Fancy's pureſt dreams;
Thine are Muſic's ſofteſt powers;
Thine are Life's harmonious hours;
Thine the jocund ſpirits gay,
Dancing ſuns that round thee play;
Hope that every wiſh ſupplies;
Thoughtleſs Eaſe that Care defies;
Virtues, pleaſures, half divine,
Theſe, enchanting Youth! are thine.

ON EARLY RISING,

By Mr. John Armstrong,

Student in the College of Edinburgh.

HOW fooliſh they, who lengthen night,

And

And ſlumber in the morning light,
Who uſe the taper's feeble ray,
And ſlight the ſplendours of the day,
Prefer the ſickly glare of art
To the pure pleaſures of the heart!
How ſweet at early morning's riſe,
To view the glories of the ſkies,
And mark with curious eyes the ſun
Prepare his radiant courſe to run;
Its faireſt form then nature wears,
And clad in brighteſt green appears;
Soft breezes murmur through the ſky,
And ſcatter fragrance as they fly;
The ſprightly lark with artleſs lay
Proclaims the entrance of the day.
How ſweet to breathe the gale's perfume,
And feaſt the eyes with nature's bloom!
Along the dewy lawn to rove,
And hear the muſic of the grove!
On inſpiration's active wings,
Then heavenly contemplation ſprings,
And then upon the poet's head
Their choiceſt gifts the Muſes ſhed.
Nor you, ye delicate and fair,
Neglect to taſte the morning air;
This will your nerves with vigour brace,
Improve and heighten every grace,
Add to your breath a rich perfume,
And to your cheeks a fairer bloom,
With luſtre teach your eyes to glow,
And health, and chearfulneſs beſtow.

On HAPPINESS.

By the Same.

OH Happineſs! thou great and only end,
To which our wiſhes and our labours tend,
Thee ſtill we trace through every varied maze,
Thee ſtill we ſeek by thouſand different ways;
Patient for thee an anxious life we ſpend,
Or boldly dare for thee to meet our end:
How art thou found or in what diſtant land?
Can riches buy thee, or can power command?
No! happineſs nought outward can beſtow,
And on ourſelves depends our bliſs, or woe.
The like events in life occur to all,
The bad oft flouriſh, while the virtuous fall;
Yet Vice is wretched, e'en while it ſucceeds,
And Virtue happy ſtill, although it bleeds.
Approving conſcience yields a ſecret joy,
Which fortune cannot give, nor yet deſtroy;
Doſt thou ſeek happineſs? to virtue true
Th' undevious path of rectitude purſue,
Intent alone to do thy duty ſtill,
Seek not an happy fate, nor ſhun an ill;
To act thy part aright to thee is given,
Be this thy care, th' event belongs to heaven.

Monthly Chronicle, and of Politics.

OF April it may be ſaid, in general, that it was the merrieſt Britain has ſeen for near half a century. The joy at the recovery of the king is in proportion to that gloom which clouded the minds of all judicious men and good citizens during the time of his illneſs; and, if it be reaſonable to meaſure the extent of joy by that of the evil from which the reſtoration of his majeſty's health has delivered us, there was never in Great-Britain, ſince the defeat of Walpole's exciſe ſcheme in 1737,

and that of the rebellion in 1745, ſo much cauſe for ſincere congratulation.

The entertainments, the illuminations, the proceſſion to St. Paul's, united taſte with magnificence; and, while they emphatically beſpoke the feelings of all concerned in them, diſplayed the refinement, magnificence, and wealth of this great nation.

A report, which has for ſome time prevailed, of a ſextuple alliance between Ruſſia, Auſtria, France, Spain, Naples, and Denmark, begins to excite the inquiries of politicians. That the Ruſſian ſhould wiſh to include the Danes, who have proved themſelves their faithful allies, in a general arrangement for the promotion of their power, is very natural; and that the French ſhould, as uſual, endeavour to make a fool of Spain, with its dependencies in Italy, is alſo natural; but that Denmark, or any other ſecondary kingdom or ſtate in Europe, ſhould accede, or even connive at a confederacy which threatens the liberties of Europe; is ſurely impolitic, and even a proof of infatuation.

To divide the ſpoil of weaker ſtates, and to reap the fruits as much as poſſible, without incurring the miſeries of war, has been, for ſome time, the principal feature in the politics of France, Auſtria, and Ruſſia. Should theſe powers be allowed to parcel out among themſelves the dominions, or, what is nearly the ſame thing, the independence of neighbouring ſtates, all Europe muſt be reduced under their power.

Diſtance, with a great reciprocity of wants and ſuperfluities, render Great Britain and Ruſſia natural allies. Naval ſtores, and other materials from Ruſſia, find vent in England; and the manufactures of England are circulated throughout the vaſt Ruſſian empire. The expiration of a Commercial Treaty between theſe powers has not ſuſpended or diminiſhed a Traffic founded in nature, and beneficial to both parties. But the conduct of the Empreſs in the eſtabliſhment of the armed neutrality, and the terms demanded by the Ruſſians for a renewal of the commercial treaty, have ſown the ſeeds of reſentment and diſtruſt on the part of Great Britain, and inclined her to alliance with Sweden, from whence, though we cannot draw all the commercial advantages that we reap from our intercourſe with Ruſſia, we may yet be ſupplied with naval ſtores at as low a price, and not inferior in quality. The conduct of the Empreſs, reſpecting the armed neutrality, was natural, noble and judicious; nor can it be condemned on any principle of the law of nature and nations. Great Britain had no other reaſon for complaining of this aſſociation, than pride, and an unjuſt pretenſion to naval dominion. If, however, the matter had been otherwiſe, reſentment ought never to enter into the meaſures of ſtates and ſovereign princes.——

A more ſerious ſubject of difference with Ruſſia, is, the demand that her ſhips ſhall be allowed to enter our ports, without ſubjecting their cargoes to the alien duty, contrary to the navigation act, which encourages our own ſhipping, by enacting, that the *bottom* upon which goods are brought ſhall conſtitute the veſſel *Alien* or *Britiſh*. Though, therefore, all are ſenſible of the advantages of a commercial treaty with Ruſſia, yet every candid judge will admit, that it is better not to preſs for it on terms that muſt prove diſadvantageous to our country; but rather to leave the Ruſſian court to themſelves; and to recollect what would be the conſequences to Ruſſia ſhould England deviſe means of drawing her ſupplies of hemp, flax, iron, tallow, &c. from any other quarter.—This, we preſume, is the hiſtory of the preſent correſpondence between Great Britain and Sweden.—

It is to be wiſhed, however, that ſome

ſome arrangments may yet take place with Ruſſia. And it may be queſtioned, whether it would not be better to truſt to the continuance of our trade with Ruſſia, even without a treaty, than to incur thoſe hazards which muſt accompany an alliance with her natural, and, at preſent, actual enemy.

The advances that are made towards civil liberty in France are great and rapid. It is not improbable, from preſent appearances, that a greater degree of democracy may be infuſed into the new-modelled or reformed conſtitution of France than what is to be found in that of England. The third eſtate, or the repreſentatives of the burghers, will have greater weight in the repreſentation of France than the members for cities and towns have in the Engliſh parliament. The power of the crown of France will alſo be as much limited as that of England, while it may be queſtioned whether it will have equal influence. But Monſ. de Calonne contends, that ſuch an order of affairs in France cannot poſſibly be laſting; that all innovations, but not without the horrors of a civil war, muſt return to the fixed principles of the conſtitution, which is fundamentally monarchical. The king, he thinks, has abdicated the rights of the crown; which muſt, in the courſe of things, be reſumed. Is it the intereſt of England that this prediction ſhould be fulfilled or falſified?

TURKS.

All hopes of peace between their Imperial Majeſties and the Porte are entirely diſſipated; on the contrary, every thing announces a bloody campaign, from the preparations that are making by each of the contending powers. The Turk is aſſembling all his forces; and the city of Conſtantinople, as well as all its environs, ſwarm with troops, which are continually joining the armies of the Grand Vizier, and the Pacha of Romelia.

The Emperor of Germany, on the other hand, is very diligent. His army aſſembled in the Bannat, to oppoſe that of the Grand Vizier, will conſiſt of 48 battalions, and of the ſame number of ſquadrons, beſides huſſars.——The corps of Prince Hohenlohe and Prince Saxe Cobourg are already on their march, the firſt from Tranſylvania, the ſecond from Moldavia, intending to penetrate into Wallachia, in order to act in concert with the Ruſſians.

The war betwixt the Turks, Ruſſia, and Auſtria, is expected to be renewed in the courſe of next month; Belgrade will probably be beſieged in form, as ſoon as ſmaller places in the Bannat of Temeſwar are reduced; the Ruſſians will make a diverſion towards the Black Sea, to draw the attention of the Turks that way, and facilitate the Emperor's operations; but if the Turks make it a war of poſts, as they did laſt year, and do not riſk a general engagement, the two Imperial Houſes will probably not have much to boaſt of at the end of the campaign.

FRANCE.

All our letters from France are full of the tumults which reign in almoſt every province of the kingdom. All is anarchy and confuſion. At Rheims, at Nancy, Avignon, Beſancon, Marſeilles, Aix, and throughout the whole provinces, the populace are continually riſing; and, in ſome of the abovementioned places, their movements have been truly dreadful. Thus, in the very moment when the repreſentatives of the nation are at the point of aſſembling to eſtabliſh order and good government, diſorders and tumults are multiplied. At Marſeilles, the people have ſet a price on the heads of the Mayor, the Aſſeſſor, and the

the Farmer of the Impoſts. It was at the town of Aulps, in Provence, where the Chief Magiſtrate Montfera was torn to pieces, in the moſt barbarous manner. The officers of the King are not more reſpected; they have been inſulted in every poſſible manner, even to effacing their names from the public monuments; and large troops of banditti rove about uncontrouled, in the midſt of theſe inſurrections.

Paris, May 7.

A recent inſurrection at Paris has been attended with very dreadful conſequences. The ſource of this evil, was a declaration made by a manufacturer, purporting, "That fifteen ſous a day were ſufficient to ſupport a journeyman and his family, provided that certain taxes were aboliſhed."

This declaration, which really aroſe in kindneſs towards the manufacturers, was ſo miſconceived by by them, that they ſurrounded his houſe with the moſt hoſtile intentions.

The guards were ordered out to preſerve the peace, but the multitude were ſo enraged with violence as to kill ſome of the ſoldiers, in conſequence of which a very large party of the military were drawn forth, and a ſhocking ſlaughter is ſaid to have enſued, in which more than 600 perſons were killed on the ſpot.

The manufacturers, with all the weapons they could obtain, diſputed the point with the utmoſt obſtinacy, and made great havock among the military, but were at laſt wholly overpowered and deſtroyed.

The conſternation and miſery which this horrid carnage has produced amongſt the ſurviving friends and relations of thoſe who were the victims of this lamentable commotion, it is impoſſible to deſcribe.

The ſcene of this dreadful maſſacre, was the Fauxbourg de St Antoine.

On Thurſday laſt, about twelve o'clock at noon, his Majeſty opened the Aſſembly of the States General, by a ſpeech from the throne, which was received with loud acclamations. The Queen was ſeated near the King, on his left hand; Monſieur, and the Comte d'Artois, at a ſmall diſtance on the right: Madame, and Madame Elizabeth (his Majeſty's ſiſters) together with Meſdames Victoire and Adelaide (his Majeſty's aunts) on the left hand behind the Queen. The other Princes of the blood, with ſome Dukes and Peers, were on the right; the Marſhals of France, with others of the ſame rank, were on the left: the Garde des Sceaux was alſo on the right of the throne The Duc d'Orleans, who is the only Prince of the Blood choſen deputy to the States General, took his ſeat as ſuch among the nobility. The miniſters were ſeated cloſe under a platform. After his Majeſty had finiſhed his ſpeech, the Garde des Sceaux and Monſieur Neckar addreſſed his Majeſty and the Aſſembly; and at about 4 o'clock the King roſe from his ſeat, and adjourned the meeting to the following day.

L O N D O N.

The King has been pleaſed to grant to his moſt dearly beloved ſon, Prince William Henry, and to the heirs male of his Royal Highneſs' body lawfully begotten, the dignities of Duke of the kingdom of Great Britain, and Earl of the kingdom of Ireland, by the names, ſtiles, and titles of Duke of Clarence and of St. Andrews, in the kingdom of Great Britain, and of Earl of Munſter, in the kingdom of Ireland.

Thurſday Ap. 23 being appointed by his Majeſty's proclamation to be obſerved as a day of General Thankſgiving to Almighty God for the ſignal interpoſition of his good Providence, in removing from his Majeſty the late illneſs with which he had been afflicted, his Majeſty was pleaſed, for

for the greater ſolemnity of the day, to go to the cathedral church of St Paul, accompanied by the Queen, their Royal Highneſſes the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Princeſs Royal, the Princeſs Auguſta, the Princeſs Elizabeth, the Duke of Glouceſter, and the Duke of Cumberland, and his Highneſs Prince William; and attended by both Houſes of Parliament, the great Officers of State, the Judges, and other public officers, to return thanks to God for his great mercies and bleſſings.

The guns at the Tower and in the Park were fired three times, firſt, upon the King's ſetting out; ſecondly, at the ſinging of *Te Deum;* and thirdly, upon his Majeſty's return; after which the brigade of foot guards fired a *Feu de Joie* in St James's Park, being drawn up in the front of the Queen's Palace.

The public demonſtrations of joy and loyalty by the inhabitants of London and Weſtminſter, on the occaſion of his Majeſty's firſt appearance in public ſince his happy recovery, exceeded all expreſſion; and yeſterday evening the illuminations in all parts of this meropolis ſurpaſſed in ſplendour and magnificence all former exhibitions.

Eleven quarters are now elapſed ſince the commencement of the purchaſing ſtock to pay the national debt, and the commiſſioners have bought up in that time to the amount of FOUR MILLIONS TEN THOUSAND AND THREE HUNDRED POUNDS.

STATE PAPER.

QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE.

ARTICLES *between Ruſſia, Auſtria, France, and Spain.*

Article I. That in caſe any of the parties are attacked by ſea or land, the other three ſhall defend, with money, forces, or ſhipping.

Article II. The treaties of 1748, 1753, 1756, the Bourbon family compact in 1761, and the convention between Auſtria and Ruſſia in 1787, ſhall be in full force.

Article III. Their moſt Chriſtian and Catholic Majeſties oblige themſelves to obſerve the *ſtricteſt neutrality* in the preſent war with the Turks. But in caſe the Emperor ſhould be attacked by any other power, the French King is to furniſh him with 30,000 men, or an equivalent in money on demand. And in caſe the French King is attacked, the Emperor is to furniſh the like ſuccours.

Article IV. The King of Spain agrees, on his part, to the aforeſaid third article, which the Emperor alſo does towards the King of Spain.

Article V. If the Empreſs of Ruſſia ſhould be attacked in the preſent war with the Turks, his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty engages to aſſiſt her with eight ſhips of the line, and ſix frigates; and his Catholic Majeſty is to furniſh the like ſuccours. The Empreſs of Ruſſia binding herſelf to furniſh either or both powers with an equal aſſiſtance, in caſe any attack is made on them.

Article VI. The Treaty of Commerce between France and Ruſſia, made in 1787, ſhall be in full force, and a ſimilar treaty be ſigned by Ruſſia and Spain.

Article VII. The treaty of 1761, between France and Spain to be in full force.

Article VIII. Though this treaty is to be purely defenſive, the parties agree, that, if any of them are attacked, the *other three* ſhall *not* make *peace*, until the province which is invaded is reſtored back in the ſame ſtate it was before attacked

Article IX. Whenever any of the parties ſhall, by their ambaſſadors, demand ſtipulated ſuccours, the ſaid ambaſſadors ſhall be reciprocally admitted into the Councils of War, and deliberate upon and ſettle whatever may be moſt advantageous to the *four contracting parties*, and the auxiliary ſuccours are to be augmented as events may require.

Article X. The high contracting parties ſhall have liberty to invite ſuch other powers to accede to the preſent treaty as they may think proper.

Article XI. Denmark, as an ally of

of Ruſſia, ſhall be ſpecially invited to accede thereto.

ABERDEEN.

George Moir, Eſq; of Scotſtown died here on Wedneſday the 29th of April.

On Sunday May 3. Mrs Ramſay of Barra was ſafely delivered of a daughter at Straloch.

Monday the 4th of May, being the anniverſary day for chuſing the Rector and Aſſeſſors of the Univerſity and King's College of Aberdeen; the following gentlemen were elected for the enſuing year, viz.

Alexander Burnett, Eſq; of Kemnay, Rector.

James Ligertwood, Eſq; John Paton of Grandhome, Eſq; Dr John Brown, Miniſter at Newhills; Alexander Moir, Eſq; of Scotſtown, Advocate, as the four Aſſeſſors.

On Monday the third of May died at Arnadge, John Roſs Eſq; of Arnadge, in the 83d year of his age.

The Circuit Court of Juſticiary was opened here Tueſday May 29. by the Right. Hon. the Lords Henderland and Swinton, with the trial of John Stewart alias Monro, and James Stewart, at Overhill of Foveran, accuſed of houſe-breaking and theft.

James Stewart was aſſoilzied, and John Stewart, alias Monro, being found guilty, was ſentenced to be hanged here, on the third of July next. He had formerly been found guilty of theft, and was whipped and baniſhed Scotland for life.

Charles Stewart, at Brucklaw, in the pariſh of New Deer and county of Aberdeen, accuſed of the ſame crime with Monro, was outlawed for not appearing.

Robert Walker, at Findon, near Aberdeen, in the pariſh of Nether Banchory, accuſed of Murder, was found not guilty, and aſſoilzied.

James Gray, Tinker in the Hardgate of Aberdeen, accuſed of celebrating a clandeſtine marriage, was, on his own petition, and the conſent of his Majeſty's Advocate Depute, baniſhed Scotland for life, under the uſual certification.

Wedneſday May 20. was held the election of Governor and Directors of the Muſical Society, when the following gentlemen were choſen, viz.

SIR WILLIAM FORBES of *Craigevar*, GOVERNOR.

DIRECTORS.

John Smith, Eſq;	Dr George Skene.
Geo. Auldjo, Eſq;	Mr. Jo. Annand.
Alexr. Annand Eſq;	Mr. Ja. Thomſon.

Mr. James Boyn, Treaſurer.

On Sunday the 3d May died at Campvere, the Revd Alexander Wilſon, much regretted.

On Friday 29th, died here, Miſs Jean Forbes, eldeſt daughter to the deceaſed Peter Forbes, Eſq; of Schivas.

From the Grenada Gazette, dated March 16. 1789.

On Monday laſt died ALEXANDER SYMSON, Eſq; who deſervedly held many important offices, which he executed with great ſatisfaction and credit to the public, and honour to himſelf. His manners were exemplary, his benevolence moſt extenſive, and his ſocial qualities endeared him wherever he was known; and tho' his charitable and humane temper prevented him from accumulating treaſures in this world, it cannot fail to enſure him that reward in Heaven, where charity is riches, and the more valuable, as given and protected by a good God who delights in mercy.

Mrs Duff of Mayen was ſafely delivered of a ſon at Mayen on Tueſday May the 26th

Tueſday the 26th of May Mrs Tulloh, lady of Thomas Tulloh of Elliſton, Eſq; was delivered of a ſon at Mr Tulloh's houſe in Old Aberdeen.

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. XXXVIII.] Thurſday June 18, 1789. [Price 3d.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF ALGIERS.

ALGIERS, one of the principal cities of Africa, and the capital of the kingdom of the ſame name, is ſituated in lat. 36. 49. N. and long. 2. 18. eaſt from London. The foundation of this city is attributed to various princes; but the moſt probable opinion is, that it was built by Juba, father of Ptolemy, who gave it the name of *Jol Cæſarea*, as a public and perpetual acknowledgement of the favour conferred upon him by the Emperor Cæſar Auguſtus. It is well known to antiquaries, that on the reverſe of ſeveral medals of the Emperors Claudius and Antoninus, there is a city with the name *Julia Cæſarea*.

About the end of the ſeventh century, the Mahometan Arabians making incurſions into Africa, to propagate their religion, over-ran all the Mauritania Cæſarienſis. They ſeemed to have a particular hatred to the works of the Romans, and as they gave new names to all the cities, they called this *Algezair*, which is an Arabic word, that ſignifies belonging to an iſland, becauſe there was an iſland before it, which is now joined to it by a mole, and forms one of the ſides of the harbour.

This city is built on the declivity of a hill, in the form of an amphitheatre, and makes a very beautiful appearance from the ſea. The tops of the houſes are all flat, and as they are covered with earth, they ſerve as a kind of gardens, where ſummer houſes are erected, to which the inhabitants repair after their buſineſs is tranſacted; for their greateſt pleaſure is to ſee if their corſairs bring in prizes.

The ſtreets are extremely narrow, and this, added to the great number of camels, horſes and aſſes, which one meets with, makes it very diſagreeable to walk in them; but what is ſtill worſe, is, the inſolence of the Turkiſh ſoldiers; for a Chriſtian, of whatever rank he may be, muſt ſtand cloſe againſt the wall, till they have paſſed by, otherwiſe they would not fail to ſhew their ſuperiority by ſome cruel outrage.

It has been thought that the ſtreets were made ſo narrow, in order that the buildings might afford a ſhelter againſt the heat of the ſun; but it is evi-

evident, that their narrowneſs is intended to prevent the bad effects of earthquakes, ſince the fronts of almoſt all the houſes are ſupported by ratters, which go from one to the other, acroſs the ſtreets. In the year 1717 Algiers felt ſeveral very ſevere ſhocks for nine months ſucceſſively. All the inhabitants, except the Divan, and officers of ſtate who remained with the Dey in his palace, quitted the city. The highways were covered with tents, crowded with poor inhabitants, and many periſhed through mere want within half a league of the city; villas were overthrown, and the earth appeared rent in ſeveral places.

The foundations and lower parts of the walls are of free ſtone, but the upper parts are of brick; towards the land their greateſt height is about thirty feet, and forty towards the ſea. The houſes are built of brick and ſtone, generally ſquare, and have a large paved court in the middle. Round this court there are four galleries, ſupported by pillars, below which are the lower apartments, and over theſe there are other galleries ſupported by pillars in the like manner. The folding doors of the rooms reach to the ceiling, which is generally the height of the gallery.

The chimneys are far from diſfiguring the edifice, being ſo contrived that they riſe in the form of little domes, at each angle of the terrace, on the top; they are always kept very clean and whitewaſhed, which makes them very ornamental to the building. The apartments have no light but from the court, for facing the ſtreet there are only ſome very ſmall grated windows to light their pantries and ſervants chambers, which are built along the great ſtaircaſe, but do not open on it. The inhabitants are by law obliged to whiten their terraces and the inſide of their houſes every year.

Algiers contains ſeveral very fine houſes, the fronts of which ſeem to promiſe very little. Moſt of theſe have been built by the Deys, Pachas, and ſuch as have had the management of the public revenues; many of them are paved with marble, have pillars of the ſame, and ceilings of carved work, ornamented with painting and gilding.

There is no ſquare or garden in the whole city; ſo that one may walk almoſt all over it upon the terraces, where in houſes of an unequal height there is always a ladder, as a communication, when neighbours are diſpoſed to ſpend a chearful evening together, and to enjoy the cooling breeze. It is eaſy for one to enter theſe houſes, as they are open at the top, yet no theft is ever heard of; for if a ſtranger is apprehended in a houſe without having ſent in his name, he ſeldom eſcapes capital puniſhment.

Algiers is deſtitute of any conſtant ſupply of freſh water, and though every houſe is provided with a ciſtern, a ſcarcity of rain often reduces the inhabitants to the greateſt diſtreſs.—Formerly they were obliged to fetch their water from the country; but in 1611, one of the Moors, who had been driven out of Spain, having diſcovered a ſpring upon an eminence near the Emperor's fort, about three quarters of a mile from the city, laid before the Dey the advantage of bringing water from it to ſupply the inhabitants. The Moor was rewarded for this hint, and the project was executed by building an aqueduct, which diſtributed the water through ſeveral pipes, to above an hundred conduits, both in town and country. All theſe pipes terminate in a reſervoir at the end of the mole, which is the watering place for ſhipping. Every conduit has a ladle chained to it for common uſe. The water which runs from theſe conduits, or which is ſpilt in drinking, is collected again, and paſſes through a great number of

ſewers,

ſewers, carrying the filth of the town into a large ditch, through which it runs into the harbour. This, eſpecially at low water in the hot ſeaſon, occaſions an intolerable ſtench. —— Thoſe who go to the conduits to drink, or fill their pitchers, muſt not ſtand upon their rank, but patiently wait their turn, except a Turk, who is ſure to take the precedence of all others; nor muſt a Jew offer to ſerve himſelf, while there is a Moor, or even a ſlave preſent.

This city has five gates, which are always open from day-break to ſunſet. The mole gate is towards the eaſt, a little to the ſouth of which is the *Babazira* gate, opening into the harbour. It is commonly called the fiſhing gate, becauſe it is the place of rendevouz for fiſhing boats. The new gate towards the ſouth-ſouth-weſt leads to the Emperor's fort. The gate of *Babazon* is due ſouth; the ramparts near it are places for public execution. Some criminals are hanged, but highwaymen are thrown from the top of them, upon hooks faſtened into the walls at equal diſtances. The gate of *Babaluet* is ſituated to the north, and without it are the burying places of the Chriſtians and the Jews, and alſo the place where they are executed; the former are variouſly puniſhed, but burning is appointed for the Jews.

Near the city on the land ſide, are four caſtles, the moſt conſiderable of which is that called the Emperor, from its being began by the Emperor Charles V. It ſtands on the ſouth-ſouth-weſt, in an advantageous ſituation, and commands the ſea, the town, and the adjacent country.

The new caſtle, commonly called the Star, is an heptagon ſituated on an eminence to the ſouth-weſt. The other two are called *Babazon* and *Cabaluet*, becauſe they are near and oppoſite the gates of the ſame name; but neither of them are of much conſideration. Beſides theſe, there are ſome others along the ſhore, on the weſt ſide of the city; but all together they would be a very inſignificant defence againſt a body of good troops poſted on the higher grounds, and furniſhed with a proper train of artillery. The beſt fortifications are at the entrance of the harbour, the ſituation of which adds to its ſecurity; as the northerly wind is here always very violent, and occaſions a prodigious ſea, ſhips would be expoſed to great danger, either in the road, or along the ſhore.

The harbour, the greateſt depth of which is about fifteen feet, is the work of great labour and induſtry.—It is formed by a mole of about five hundred geometrical paces in length, lying north-eaſt and ſouth-weſt from the town to a little iſland or rock, from which another mole of the ſame length is carried north and ſouth to form a kind of ſhelter. In the angle of theſe two moles ſtands a ſquare edifice, in the middle of which is a court with rails, and four fountains uſed for ablutions when the hour of prayer is proclaimed. Round the four ſides is a ſeat covered with a mat, and it is here that the admiral and officers of the navy hold their daily meetings. Along the ſide of the mole there is a wharf for loading and unloading ſhips, and for mooring galleys and other veſſels.

On the north ſide of the rock is the light-houſe fort, which is carefully maintained for the ſecurity of the ſhipping. It has three fine batteries of braſs cannon; ſouth of this fort there is another, to defend the entrance of the harbour, with batteries well pointed from north to ſouth, amounting to eighty pieces of cannon, thirty-ſix, eighteen, and twelve pounders, moſt of which were taken from the Tuniſians in 1617. Beſides theſe, there is a platform near the mole gate, containing ſix pieces of cannon, which

alſo commands the harbour. On the north and ſouth mole, there are ſeveral magazines for naval ſtores, and for holding the cargoes of captured veſſels, together with a ſmall dock for building ſhips. The veſſels in the harbour are laſhed cloſe one to another, and ſometimes in winter great damage is done amongſt them; for when the wind ſets in from the north, it occaſions a moſt prodigious ſwell.

The ſurrounding country is extremely delightful, being agreeably diverſified with hills and plains. It enjoys a continual verdure, and produces in abundance corn, pulſe fruits, and flowers. The vines here are of a ſurpriſing beauty, and yield proportionably; ſome climb to the tops of very lofty trees, and extending themſelves to others, form natural bowers. They were originally planted by the Moors, after their expulſion from Granada, for before that time the inhabitants of Algiers were ſo far from cultivating this generous plant, that they even plucked up thoſe which the Chriſtians had planted, in order to turn the ground to other uſes.—The number of the inhabitants of this city, is ſaid to be 100,000 Mahometans, 1500 Jews, and about 2000 Chriſtian ſlaves.

Algiers has ſuffered much at different periods from the attacks of ſome of the Chriſtian powers in Europe. The Engliſh burnt the veſſels in the harbour, in the years 1655 and 1670, and the French bombarded the town in 1682. Some of the Algerine corſairs having committed great devaſtation on the coaſts of Provence and Languedoc, Louis XIV. reſolved to puniſh the inſolence of theſe pirates, and for this purpoſe ſent the Marquis du Queſne, with a ſquadron of ſhips and galleys, which threw ſuch a number of bombs into the city, that it was ſoon ſet on fire. The great moſque was deſtroyed, and the greater part of the houſes were converted to ruins; but the wind changing all of a ſudden, and becoming prodigiouſly ſtrong, the Marquis was obliged to return to Toulon.

Encouraged by this retreat, the Algerines, as ſoon as the tempeſt was abated, collected a great number of their veſſels, and, filled with reſentment againſt the French, committed horrid devaſtation on the coaſts of Provence and Languedoc, and carried off as priſoners all the peaſants who had the misfortune to fall into their hands. As ſoon as the news of this diſaſter reached court, the King ordered another fleet to be equipped, the command of which was given to the Marquis du Queſne, who being joined off Algiers by Monſieur D'Amfreville, with five veſſels well armed, prepared for a ſecond attack. About an hundred bombs were immediately thrown into the town, and the beſieged fired above three hundred ſhot without any effect, for the bombardment the next night was ſo furious and violent, that the palace of the Dey was reduced to aſhes, with a great many of the houſes of the city.

This diſmal ſpectacle ſo terrified the people and the ſoldiers, that they eagerly begged for peace; but the French commander having inſiſted that all the Chriſtian ſlaves, without exception, ſhould be ſet at liberty, and that all the effects, goods and merchandiſe taken from the French ſhould be reſtored, the famous Mezemorte, admiral of Algiers, whom the Dey conſulted upon this occaſion, violently oppoſed theſe articles of the treaty. He even proceeded ſo far as to aſſert publickly, that the cowardice of thoſe who were at the head of the government had been the cauſe of the deſtruction of Algiers, and having inſtigated the populace, and the ſoldiers, already irritated by their misfortunes, they put the Dey to death, and proclaimed Mezemorte ſovereign

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in his ſtead. They now broke the treaty which was in part concluded, and having hoiſted the bloody flag, commenced hoſtilities with more fury than ever. The Marquis du Queſne, incenſed at this breach of faith, threw ſuch a number of bombs into the city, that in leſs than three days it was reduced to almoſt a heap of ruins. This horrid ſpectacle, inſtead of affecting the Algerines, ſerved only to encreaſe their rage againſt the French. They maſſacred all thoſe of that nation who were eſtabliſhed among them, and carried their inhumanity ſo far, as to put Father le Vacher, who was at that time conſul, alive into a mortar, from which he was diſcharged inſtead of a bomb.

The infidels, however, paid dear for this horrid exceſs of barbarity; the Marquis de Queſne renewed the bombardment, and having burnt all the ſhips in the harbour, reduced all the lower part of the city to aſhes—The approach of the equinox, which obliged him to return, prevented any further operations; and the Dey, dreading another viſit of the ſame kind, ſent a French gentleman of diſtinction, named d'Hauterive, to the court of France, to deprecate the vengeance of Louis XIV. This gentleman diſcharged his commiſſion with great punctuality, and the Algerines having conſented to ſend an ambaſſador to beg pardon for the inſult offered to the French nation, matters were accommodated, and a treaty of peace was ſoon after concluded.

In the year 1783, Algiers was bombarded alſo by the Spaniſh fleet, under the command of Don Barcello. This ſquadron, which conſiſted of ſeventy-ſix ſail, anchored in the bay of Algiers on the 29th of July, and in the following month ſeveral attacks were made by the Spaniards.—A great number of bombs were thrown into the town, which was ſet on fire in ſeveral places. Above four hundred houſes were deſtroyed, and ſeveral public buildings, among which was the Dey's palace, were conſiderably damaged. During theſe different attacks, the Algerines fired above fifteen thouſand ſhot. The following year there was a ſecond bomardment, and in 1786 peace was concluded.

Account of an Eſtabliſhment in Spain, for keeping of Sheep.

THE wool of Spain is ſome of the fineſt in the world, and forms a very conſiderable branch of commerce. They received their firſt ſheep as a preſent from our Henry II. and others from Edward IV. Theſe ſheep are kept in flocks called the Ganado Merino, or the Merino Flock, and form a very conſiderable eſtabliſhment in Spain. Their conſtant method of conducting theſe flocks, to which is attributed the peculiar fine quality of the wool, we are now going to relate.

The ſheep which have coarſe wool, are never removed out of the province to which they belong. Others which have finer wool, and are called the Merino ſheep, are kept during the ſummer in the northern mountains, and during the winter are diſtributed into diſtricts in the milder climates of Eſtremadura and Andaluſia. The word *merino* means governor, and the *merino mayor* is always a perſon of rank, appointed by the king, and has the command over the flocks of Eſtremadura. There is alſo a council who take cognizance of all matters relative to the ſheep.

Each flock conſiſts of 10,000 ſheep, with a head ſhepherd, fifty inferior ſhepherds, and as many dogs. Theſe ſhepherds, when they have brought their

their flocks to the place where they are to ſpend the ſummer, give their ewes as much ſalt as they will eat, for which they are allowed 250 quintals for each flock. The ſhepherds place flat ſtones among their flocks, ſtrew the ſalt on them, and the ſheep eat at their pleaſure. After they have eaten, they are led to ſome place where there is ſome argillacious ſpots, and there they devour every thing they meet with.

At the end of July, the rams are diſtributed among the ewes, and after a time taken out again. The fleece of the rams is not ſo fine as the ewes, but weighs much heavier. About the middle of September they are marked, by rubbing their loins with ocre diluted in water. Many people imagine this ocre contributes to render the wool fine. That by preſſure it keeps the wool ſhort. Others think the ocre acts as an abſorbent, and ſucks up the exceſs of tranſpiration, which would render the wool coarſe.

Towards the end of March, theſe ſheep are moved to a warmer climate. The whole of their route being regulated by laws and cuſtoms time immemorial. They have a free paſſage even over cultivated lands: the inhabitants leave them an opening. Their whole journey is about 150 leagues, which they perform in about forty days.

They are uſually led to the ſame paſture they were in the winter before, and ſuch is their inſtinct, that they will find it out themſelves. A little before the ewes arrive at their winter quarters, they yean.——— Great care is taken of the lambs. In April is the time for returning to their mountains: and if the ſhepherds are not watchful, they will make their eſcape, and take the direct road to the place from whence they came.

The firſt of May they begin to ſhear. The ſheep are then kept in covered places, and great attention paid to the ewes, which are very delicate. Each ſhearer can ſhear eight ewes in a day, but not ſo many rams, on account of their greater quantity of wool, and their ſtruggling; they are obliged to ſoothe, careſs, and bring the ewes near them, to engage them to keep quiet.

The fleece is divided; the back and the belly give the ſuperfine wool, the neck and ſides the fine; and the breaſts, ſhoulders, and thighs, the coarſe.

After ſhearing, they are marked and examined; thoſe without teeth are deſtined for the ſlaughter, and the healthy are led to graze, if the weather is favourable. They will ſelect the fineſt graſs, but not touch the aromatic plant; the wild thyme they particularly avoid.

When there is an appearance of rain, the ſhepherd makes a ſignal to his dogs, who collect the flock. The wool of Andaluſia is coarſe; the reaſon aſſigned is, becauſe they never change their climate. Between 50 or 60,000 bags of waſhed wool are annually exported from Spain? theſe bags weigh about eight arobes, or 194 Engliſh pounds. About 20,000 bags are annually ſent to London and Briſtol, worth from 30l. to 25l. each, ſo that we take off one third of the produce.

The wool of Paular, which is the largeſt, though not the beſt, is reſerved for the King of Spain's manufactures. The common and ſhooting dreſſes of the royal family of Spain are made of the cloth of Segovia, from whence the Engliſh nobility, in Henry VII.'s time were ſupplied with fine cloth.

The crown of Spain receives annually, by all duties on exported wool, near 60,000,000 reals vellon, or 675,000l. ſterling.

Some doubts have ariſen as to the ex-

expediency of this inſtitution, but the great commercial advantages which reſult from it, certainly encourage a continuance.

The ZEGRIS, *a Spaniſh Novel.*

IT was about the middle of one of thoſe nights, which, in the ſpring ſeaſon, are ſo beautiful on the coaſt of Granada. The ſurface of the ſea was ſmooth; the heavens ſerene. The air, loaded with the fragrance of myrtle and orange trees, and with the variety of perfumes which nature laviſhes in thoſe delightful regions, was agitated by the gentle breath of zephyr. The majeſtic ſilence of the night was interrupted only by the nightingales of theſe charming groves.

On a ſudden, the tranquility of theſe beautiful ſcenes, the reſidence of happineſs and peace, was diſturbed by the voice of war. Don Lewis de Ferez, who was walking in his garden with his family, was ſurpriſed by the diſcharge of fire arms, and tumultuous cries in one of the adjacent houſes. The ſteeples of all the villages announced a deſcent of the corſairs of Barbary, and ſpread univerſal conſternation.

Don Lewis diſpatched his ſon to aſſemble the militia of the hamlet. He took to arms, left his houſe under the guard of his ſervants, and haſtened to join his vaſſals. They already amounted to more than one hundred; and reinforcements continually arrived. He ſent aſſiſtance to the houſe attacked; and judging, from the general alarm, that the enemy would not fail to retreat, he repaired to a ſmall creek, which was the only part where the pirates could have landed.

As don Lewis had foreſeen, it happened: the pirates were haſtening to this ſpot with their plunder. A diſcharge of fire-arms put them to flight, about eight or ten excepted, who bravely made a ſtand with bayonets fixed, to cover the flight of their companions. The inceſſant fire of the Spaniards was ſo effectual, that, at laſt, of this handful of brave men, one alone remained. He endeavoured to gain the ſhips; but they were already at ſea, and crowding ſail from the ſhore.

The gallant behaviour of this priſoner procured every mark of reſpect from don Lewis. He was conveyed to the caſtle with the wounded, among whom was don Michael, the ſon of don Lewis. This young nobleman's wound appeared, the next day, to be very alarming; inſomuch that the ſentiments of kindneſs, which don Lewis had begun to conceive for his priſoner, were very ſenſibly changed. He entered the apartment in which he was confined: he ſpoke to him, but received no anſwer. The priſoner did not underſtand the Spaniſh language; but don Lewis ſpoke the Arabic with great fluency. 'Slave,' ſaid he, 'you have wounded my ſon; if he die, expect to be treated without mercy.'—The ſlave, looking at don Lewis with an air of indifference, anſwered, 'Have I not already ſhewn you that I am not afraid to die; Go, chriſtian: I have loſt all that is dear to me, and life is no longer of moment.—Don Lewis then aſked him from what part of Barbary he came.—'From *Barbary!*' replied he; 'I know no ſuch country. You call *my* country by that name; but *we* alſo give it to the land of Chriſtians. My nation bears an immortal enmity to thine; and whatever thou mayſt do, thou canſt not augment it.'

Theſe bold expreſſions, far from irritating don Lewis, inſpired him with an exalted opinion of his priſoner. He perceived that this Afri-

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can was not a man of vulgar rank. A few days after, don Michael being declared to be in a ſtate of convaleſcence, the father, in the tranſports of his joy, was deſirous to treat his priſoner with marks of particular diſtinction.

The two ſiſters of don Lewis were deſirous of ſeeing this haughty corſair. He ſent for them into their preſence. They were ſtruck with his noble air, and with his modeſt, yet not abject deportment. Don Lewis informed the African, that his ſon was no longer in danger, and that his captivity ſhould be made as eaſy to him as poſſible. He was to be conſidered as a priſoner on parole, and to be treated as one of the family till happier times.—The ſlave thanked don Lewis for his humanity: 'All places,' ſaid he, 'are now alike to me. There is but one alone that could afford me pleaſure. But you are capable, my lord, of exalted generoſity; and I would, therefore, preſume to requeſt a favour of ſtill greater conſequence in my eyes.'

Don Lewis kindly encouraging him to proceed, the African thus continued: 'Your people, my lord, have plundered me; but I do not complain: it is the cuſtom of this kind of war. One ineſtimable treaſure has eſcaped them. I may not, however, always be ſo fortunate. I may not always fall into ſuch hands as yours; and I entreat you to take charge of the precious depoſit.'—At theſe words, he took from his arm a bracelet on which was a beautiful portrait. He bore it to his lips; and tears flowed from the eyes of a corſair, who ſeemed to be unacquainted with tears. 'This,' ſaid he, preſenting the portrait to don Lewis, 'this is my liberty, I will redeem it, at whatever ranſom you may fix.'

The two ſiſters, although unacquainted with his language, could not but obſerve the emotions, and underſtand the expreſſions, of a paſſionate heart. They looked at the portrait, and felt the moſt tender concern for ſuch a faithful lover.—Don Lewis, ſmiling, returned his treaſure. 'Keep it yourſelf,' ſaid he; 'it is yours without a ranſom: it ſhall never be taken from you.'—The grateful African thanked don Lewis, as well as the lovely ſiſters who had appeared ſo much intereſted in his favour. The curioſity of the ladies could not be concealed; and, on their requeſting to know for whom the portrait was intended, he anſwered, with all the expreſſions of the moſt ardent paſſion, that it was the very imperfect reſemblance of his miſtreſs, the adorable Azida, who was more beautiful than the houris of paradiſe, and to whoſe perfections no mortal could do juſtice. The ſiſters ſmiled at this paſſionate anſwer, and then enquired of what country was this paragon of beauty.—'Azida,' anſwered he, 'is the daughter of Ali Horuc of Tetuan. The name of Horuc is famous in the Mediterranean. He is a rough corſair, it is true; but with me he has the higheſt merit: he is the father of Azida.'—'You ſailed from Tetuan, then,' ſaid don Lewis.—'Yes,' anſwered the ſlave; 'but, for my part, I have no inclination for theſe cruizes, ſince we ſeldom meet with any but weak and defenceleſs enemies. But the inflexible Horuc will give his daughter to none but a ſailor like himſelf; and what is there I could not do to obtain Azida?'

In the mean time, the Mooriſh veſſels had returned to Tetuan. The news of their diſaſter, and of the capture of Saydan, could not be conveyed to Horuc, who was at that time confined to his bed by a ſevere indiſpoſition. Azida was the firſt who heard the fatal news. It was too much for a mind already diſtracted by the ſuppoſed loſs of her lover.

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Her female attendants were long apprehenſive for her life; and it was many days before tears came at length to her relief.—'Ah! me!' ſaid the beauteous forlorn 'I weep! while Saydan is perhaps in chains! Is this a moment for tears, when I ought to fly to his reſcue?'—She went inſtantly to collect her gold and jewels: ſhe haſtened to find her brother Abdallah. She could not ſpeak; ſhe laid her gold and jewels before him; her looks expreſſive of unutterable woe.—'Do not deſpair, my dear ſiſter,' ſaid the ſympathizing Abdallah: 'if the angel of death has not extended his hand over him, if he be only a ſlave, I will anſwer for his liberty. I will ſee about it.'—A ray of hope entered the heart of Azida. She preſſed the hand of her brother with the ſweet violence of impatient wiſhes. 'See about it!' ſaid ſhe, 'but it muſt be to-day, it muſt be this inſtant.'—Abdallah left her, to take the neceſſary meaſures for the ranſom of his ſiſter's gallant lover; but he would not take any of the gold and jewels, which ſhe had brought for that purpoſe.

Abdallah applied to a Moor who had been in this diſaſtrous cruize, and who ſpoke the Spaniſh language. This man undertook to negociate the ranſom of Saydan; and as a communication ſubſiſted between Tangier and Algeſiras, he croſſed without difficulty to the Spaniſh ſhore in the habit of a Spaniard.

Saydan, in the mean time, was ſo far happy in the delicate and generous friendſhip of Don Lewis and his ſiſters, that he would ſcarce have thought himſelf a captive, but for his abſence from his adored Azida. They had frequent converſations: in theſe was conſpicuous that generous flow of ſoul, in which each of them forgot the diſtinction of maſter and of captive.

'How is it poſſible,' ſaid Don Lewis, one day, to the African, 'that a warrior, like thee, could be brought to aſſociate with pirates, with the enemies of mankind?'—'My lord,' anſwered Saydan, 'the appellation of *mankind* is not confined to the chriſtians. Beſides, you muſt be ſenſible, that there exiſts between the mahometans of Africa and the chriſtians a perpetual war, which ſhort and ill-obſerved truces ſcarcely interrupt. The weak is vanquiſhed by the ſtrong, detained in ſlavery, and never reſtored to liberty but for a pecuniary conſideration. So far we are upon equal terms.'—'What a deteſtable practice,' replied Don Lewis, 'thus to make ſlaves by violence, and to ſell *men* like abject beaſts?—'I allow, ſaid the African, 'that our cuſtom of making ſlaves may be ſometimes violent and cruel, but it is never baſe. Your generoſity to me, my lord, has every claim to gratitude; it has every claim alſo to the *truth;* and I will appeal to yourſelf whether I do not ſtate it juſtly. Never, then, did a veſſel leave our ports, to carry vile merchandize to the weſtern coaſts of Africa, there to purchaſe men, and women, and children, that we never knew, that never did us wrong! Never did our veſſels tranſport thoſe unhappy beings to diſtant climes, to exiſt there without repoſe, without conſolation, without hope; to die there in perpetual bondage, or under the ſcourge of their ruthleſs executioners. Never did we procure gold, the produce of the ſweat of the blood of thoſe deplorable victims of unfeeling avarice. What can be more reproachable than this! To do the greateſt poſſible injury to innocent men; to reduce them to this ſtate of wretchedneſs, without allowing them the means of ſelf-defence, without running any hazard in attacking them! And to exerciſe this infamous practice from the baſeſt and moſt contemptible motives! And yet *we*, who deteſt this conduct,

we are the enemies of mankind! What ſtrange philoſophy is this! Ye enlightened, ye *humane* Europeans, ye are the *friends* of the human race, and—*ye have bowels of iron!*—For my part, my lord, I ſhall adhere to the nobler philoſophy of the ſage Mehemet Taffer, preſident of the great college of Fez, in which I was educated. *He* taught me, that a nation may be glorious in arms, ſplendid in riches, and illuſtrious for arts and talents, and yet, if inattentive to the cultivation of univerſal reaſon and juſtice, it ſhines not with real glory, and is ſtill ſunk in ignorance and barbarity. My lord, ſhall we judge of the Europeans by the rule of Mehemet Taffer.'

Such was the frankneſs with which the noble African addreſſed his conqueror. In other converſations, the expulſion of the Moors from Granada, and the perfidious and cruel treatment was mentioned by Saydan, and deplored by Don Lewis. 'But we have been puniſhed,' ſaid he, 'for that falſe and inhuman policy. That ſenſible decay under which our monarchy now languiſhes, began preciſely at the period when your anceſtors were expelled.'

The Moor who had been diſpatched by Abdallah, to effect the ranſom of the noble Saydan, ſoon arrived at the caſtle of Don Lewis. He was aſtoniſhed to find the corſair in a captivity of a kind unknown at Tetuan. He preſented to him letters from Abdallah and Azida. With that ecſtaſy did this ardent lover behold the well-known characters of his adorable miſtreſs! It was ſome time before he could open it, and read its ineſtimable contents:

'AZIDA to SAYDAN.

'Ah! Saydan! Saydan, where art thou? If the black angel have—— I ſhudder at the thought. But if thou art ſtill living, if the characters traced by the hand of thy faithful Azida ſhould reach thee, receive the gold and jewels which the truſty Marcon will deliver. Give the whole for thy ranſom, and leave that deteſted country. Return inſtantly with Marcon. My brother is going to ſend to Manteſa, to inform Hamet Muley Zegri of our misfortune. Return inſtantly, if thou loveſt thy

AZIDA.'

Saydan haſtened to obey his beauteous miſtreſs. He repaired to Don Lewis, who, actuated by the extraordinary eſteem which he entertained for his captive, had determined to take no money for his ranſom. The profeſſion of a merchant too was beneath the dignity of a noble Spaniard; and it was more conſonant to his exalted ſentiments to require the liberty of a certain number of chriſtians, in proportion to the rank of Saydan. He was thinking of this propoſal, when Saydan come to preſent the letters, with the money for his ranſom. But how great was the anxiety of the African, on obſerving a ſudden emotion in the countenance of Don Lewis! 'Who art thou?' demanded he: 'what is thy name?'—'My name,' anſwered the ſlave, 'is too illuſtrious to be concealed. It is Saydan Zegri.'—'What!' ſaid Don Lewis, art thou a Zegri? Can this be true?—'I am of a family,' replied Saydan, 'unaccuſtomed to falſehood, that contemptible vice of vulgar ſouls: I am a Zegri.'—'I have been informed, however,' returned Don Lewis, that Hamet Zegri left no poſterity, or that it was extinct at Morocco'—'I am not ſurpriſed,' reſumed Saydan, 'that you know the name of Hamet. He was a great man. If his ſovereign had known his worth, Ferdinand and his ſoldiers would have periſhed before the walls of Granada. After the loſs of that city, Hamet was determined nei-

neither to be, nor to ſeem to be a chriſtian. He took refuge in Morocco. His poſterity reſided there for more than a century, down to my great-grand father Ibrahim Zegri, who, to ſhelter himſelf from the ſtorms of a court agitated by exceſſive deſpotiſm, retired to Manteſa, in the province of Tremecen, were we have great eſtates; and where Hamet Muley Zegri and I were born,'—Don Lewis offered his hand to Saydan: 'I am deſcended,' ſaid he, from Yſouf Ferez, brother of Hamet Saydan; come and embrace a Zegri.'—'Art thou a Zegri, my lord?' exclaimed Saydan: 'I believe it, I believe it. Thy conduct to me has been worthy of that name.'—Don Lewis ſent for his ſiſters. 'This is a Zegri,' ſaid he, preſenting Saydan to them: 'he is of our family.'—The ſiſters received this news with equal pleaſure and ſurpriſe; and the ſcene that enſued reſembled the diſcovery and reſtoration of a friend long loſt to his family.

This will not appear ſurpriſing to thoſe who conſider, how much the Spaniſh nobility pride themſelves upon illuſtrious anceſtry; that a kind of ſanctity is impreſſed upon the name of an ancient houſe, which entitles all that bear it to every poſſible reſpect; and that the blood of the Mooriſh conquerors of Spain ſtill flows (as in this particular inſtance) in the veins of ſome of the nobleſt families of that country.

The ſituation of things was greatly changed by this unexpected diſcovery. It gave to Saydan the knowledge of the Spaniſh branch of his illuſtrious family: it reſtored, without any ſtipulation, his liberty, and the certainty of ſeeing Azida; but to this happy event it neceſſarily prolonged the time. Don Lewis neither could nor would ſend Saydan back without rich preſents, and in a ſituation, and with an equipage, worthy of the name of Zegri.

The happy time at length arrived. Yet Saydan, impatient as he was to behold his beloved Azida, could not leave theſe excellent Zegris without regret. It is not poſſible to deſcribe a parting ſcene, all the characters in which had diſplayed that generoſity of ſentiment which dignifies the human mind. The ſon of Don Lewis accompanied Saydan to Algeſiras. He gave him a rich diamond ring. 'Take this,' ſaid he, 'for the beautiful Azida. Preſented by Saydan, as the gift of a Zegri, ſhe cannot refuſe it.—The two Zegris parted, and the African veſſel was not long in ſight.

Three months afterward, a Spaniard whom Saydan had redeemed, arrived at the caſtle of Don Lewis. He informed him, that the veſſel which had brought him to Carthagena, was laden, on his account, with a conſiderable freight; and he delivered to him this letter:

'The Slave Saydan to his generous Maſter.

'You and yours, my lord, are inceſſantly in the heart of Saydan. He claims your congratulations: he is the huſband of Azida. My dear maſter, be aſſured of the friendſhip of my brother Hamet. He has received your preſent. Receive ours. Beſides others, which you will diſtribute among our illuſtrious relations, there are two Arabian horſes, with their genealogy. We imagine that one of them will be for you, and the other for the young and noble Zegri, Don Michael. Azida wears his ring: ſhe ſends him a ſcarf embroidered by herſelf. Ah! my lord, you are not here, nor are we with you. This is the only regret with the huſband of Azida. Why did fortune, in cruel ſport, ſeparate the two branches of a cedar once ſo lofty? May the God of all nations protect

the Zegris of Spain and of Africa; and when you look toward theſe ſhores, ſay, Saydan Zegri is there; and loves us. Adieu.'

Anecdotes Ancient and Modern; by J. P. Andrews, *F. A. S.*

Oeconomy.

THE following letter contains an inſtance of the moſt excellent domeſtic management, which imagination can conceive. It may be depended on; for, facetious as the writer is known to be, he never indulges his humour at the expence of his veracity; and he avers every circumſtance there related to be literally true.

'You aſk me what I have ſeen, 'in my ramble, worth relating. 'You are no antiquarian, I will not 'therefore teaſe you with ruined 'abbeys, Gothic caſtles, Roman and 'Daniſh camps, or Druidical circles, but confine my narrative to a 'human curioſity. This is a Mr 'Oſbaldeſton, an attorney's clerk, 'and, ſpite of the popular prejudices againſt his profeſſion, ſaid to be 'an honeſt man. This you will allow to be a curioſity; but that is 'not all. This honeſt limb of the 'law is married, and has, at leaſt, 'half a dozen children, all whom, 'with as many couple of hounds, 'and a brace of hunters, he maintains out of,—how much do you 'think? Gueſs a little, I pray you. 'Why then, to ſupport himſelf, a 'wife, ſix children, twelve dogs, 'and two horſes, he has not a penny more than *ſixty pounds per annum!* And, if poſſible to increaſe 'the miracle, he did this in London 'for many years, paying every body 'their own, and keeping a tight 'coat for Sundays and Holidays. 'But I will try to explain this ſeeming paradox. After the expiration of the time which Mr Oſbaldeſton owed his maſter, he acted as 'an accountant for the butchers in 'Claremarket, who paid him in offal; the choiceſt morſels of this 'he ſelected for himſelf and family 'and with the reſt he fed his hounds, 'which he kept in his garret. His 'horſes were lodged in his cellar, 'and fed on grain, from a neighbouring brewhouſe, and on damaged corn, with which he was 'ſupplied by a corn-chandler, 'whoſe books he kept in order, 'Once or twice a week, in the ſeaſon, he hunted, and by giving a 'hare, now and then, to the farmers, 'over whoſe grounds he ſported, 'ſecured their good-will and permiſſion. Beſides which, ſeveral 'gentlemen, ſtruck with his extraordinary œconomy, winked at his 'going over their manors with his 'moderate pack.

'Accident has, ſince, removed 'this uncommon man to Lewes, in 'Suſſex, where, on the ſame ſtipend 'he continues to maintain the ſame 'family. Curioſity led me to viſit 'this extraordinary party, about 'their dinner time. The two legged part of it were clean, though 'not ſuperfluouſly cloathed, and ſeemed to live like brothers with the 'ſurrounding animals. It looked, 'in ſhort, ſomewhat like the golden 'age. Mr O. himſelf ſeemed and 'acted like the father of the quadrupeds, as well as the bipeds, 'and as ſuch, decided with the utmoſt impartiality; for Maſter Jacky 'having taken a bone from Jowler, 'he commanded inſtant reſtitution. 'And, on the other hand, Doxy having ſnatched a piece of liver from 'Miſs Dorothea, was obliged, on 'the ſpot, to reſtore it to the young 'lady.

'On enquiry, I found that Mr 'O. was the younger ſon of a gentle-

'man

'man of good family, but ſmall for-
'tune, in the north of England,
'and that having imprudently mar-
'ried one of his father's ſervants,
'he was turned out of doors, with
'no other fortune them a ſouthern
'hound, big with pup, whoſe off-
'ſpring have ſince been a ſource of
'profit and amuſement to him.

F. G.

The writer of the above letter has informed the Editor, that this very extraordinary character has lately reſided, with the ſame family, at Croydon, in Surrey.

The Editor cannot help wiſhing that Mr Oſbaldeſton had fallen in with the diſpenſer of the hand-bill which follows this paragraph, and which was actually put into the hand of a friend of his, as he was paſſing the Strand, in March 1788. The induſtrious Tailor would certainly have been emloyed by that incomparable, and *really* reſpectable œconomiſt, to regulate the wardrobe of the family.

The Diſpenſary for diſordered Apparel,

'Either by wear, tear, burn, miſfitting, or any other complaint whatever, the latter being a complaint incident to liveries, frequently occaſioned by the removal of ſervants, even ſhould they be wanting in length and breadth, ſhall be ſpeedily cured without blemiſh, &c.

'And after the curious manufacturer, by care, ſkill, and labour, has highly finiſhed off beautiful and coſtly ornamental covering for the human body, it ſhall not be degraded by being put together in a ſlamakin and bungling manner, but ſhaped genteel, free, and eaſy, and put together with ſtrength and beauty, ſo that it ſhall both do juſtice to the manufacturer, and honour to the wearer, having inſtruments for that purpoſe which are of themſelves infalliable, if not miſguided by ſomething which is mortal, of which all poſſible care will be taken to prevent: but to avoid too much quackery puffing, will come to ocular demonſtration, by producing ſome of their performance; viz. a tolerable decent ſuit on his back, made out of two very ragged old coats, bought in Roſemary-lane for eighteen-pence, and a coat that will admit of four different changes of faſhions, made out of a much ſmaller ſized ragged old coat and breeches, bought at the ſame place for two ſhillings; breeches neatly fitted in the common way without leg-ſeams; ditto to wear either ſide outward, as two pair, either leather and cloth, or what any Gentleman may chuſe, that can be put on and off without diſturbing boots or ſhoes, even ſhould they be dirty; and ditto with more conveniences than either, without any ſeam at all.

'Ladies riding habits made in the genteeleſt taſte, and thoſe Ladies who make uſe of drawers may have them made on the new-invented breeches plan, without a ſeam at all, like a napkin, and with ſuch conveniencies never ſeen before. Young Gentlemen's firſt cloathes made on an uſeful and diverting humorous plan, never done by any but himſelf. This operator will undertake to make a decent coat in the preſent taſte, which ſhall be, both for ſervice and beauty, nearly equal to any new coat, out of (almoſt) the worſt coat that was ever thrown off a tradeſman's back. Many more ſingular operations upon coats can be authenticated by Mr Babar, at his hat-manufactory, Charing-croſs; Mr Price, clock and watch-maker and mender, No. 26, St Martin's-lane; Mr Burford, tobacconiſt, Little St Andrew-ſtreet, Seven-Dials; Mr Hutchinſon, linen-draper, No. 1, Berkley-ſquare; Mr Voſe, peruke-maker, in Bedford-ſtreet, Bedford-

Mr

row; Mr Iſherwood, at the Fountain, Peerleſs Pool, in the City-road; and Mr Mardle copper-ſmith, in Houndſditch: The above performances are at preſent carried on in a three pair of ſtairs chambers, No. 127, near Exeter-Change, in the Strand, Number on the door, which is always open in the day-time, but the buſineſs has been much retarded, for the want of ſome neceſſary inſtruments to carry it on, notwithſtanding neither idleneſs nor extravagance have had any ſhare in the cauſe of that complaint, there not being ten ſhillings worth of animal food or liquors of any kind, except mint-tea, been expended amongſt ſix perſons for theſe ten months paſt, four of that number being girls, and all incapable of earning one penny, the two eldeſt by misfortune, and the other two by their youth. Under this load, together with the narrowneſs of the preſent circumſtances, it is found to be too hard a taſk to riſe up in the world; he therefore flatters himſelf, that by making this his real caſe known to the public, that they will, out of humanity, aſſiſt his endeavours to ſupport his family, in a more Chriſtian-like manner than at preſent, being more like ſwine or other beaſts, not having ſix-pennyworth of linen among ſix perſons, and all other neceſſaries wanting in like manner; the taſk is great; but yet not ſo great but what number may conquer, therefore will reſt upon faith to believe that the number of well-diſpoſed people theſe may fall into the hands of, will never let it be ſaid that ſuch a tradeſman was found ſtarved to death amongſt the rags, (where at preſent he now lies,) under the ſhop-board, whoſe higheſt ambition is only to live and die on the top of it, and to be enabled to join temperance with prudence, to act in conjunction with fortitude and juſtice, through the ſmall remaining paſſage of this life.

'September 29th, 1786.—Being entered into the third year of the above-mentioned apartments, and this being the firſt application, will give a full and true account of the benefits and progreſs ariſing from theſe bills, in my next, &c.

'Your commands will be waited on to-morrow, or a line will be immediately attended,

'By your obliged humble ſervant,
JOHN SHAKESPEARE.'

An extreme attention to the ſmalleſt points of œconomy, is ſaid to have been ever a ſtriking feature in the character of a perſon, not long deceaſed, whoſe memory will long be remembered for the diſtinguiſhed preference which he gave in his laſt will, to public charities, over his neareſt relations. A very ſingular and laughable inſtance of this is reported. He loved to attend dramatic exhibitions, and, for his health's ſake, he cho e to take a great coat with him. But where ſhould he leave this uſeful appendage during the performance? The boxkeepers would expect at leaſt ſix-pence; the orange girls would expect little leſs; and ſhould he leave it at the coffee-houſe, he muſt ſpend three pence to obtain houſe-room for it. His invention ſupplied him with a method cheaper and equally ſecure. He pawned his garment every evening that he attended the play, at a ſhop near the door, for a ſhilling, which he carried back to it, at the cloſe of the play, added *one penny* for intereſt, and received his great coat again ſafe and ſound, as it had literally been laid up in lavender. G.

Medicine.

The following ſtory, which is really authentic, and was delivered to the Editor, immediately from the *inferior* of the parties concerned, is at leaſt intereſting, as it exhibits an exalted character in a much more familiar and pleaſ-

pleaſing light, than that in which it has been generally ſeen.

About five-and-thirty years ſince, a very worthy man, and one whoſe word may be relied on, went to St James's Palace to viſit one of the pages, whoſe apartment was two pair of ſtairs high. He drank tea there, took his leave, and ſtepping back unadviſedly, (on his friend's ſhutting the door after him) he half ſlipped, and half tumbled, down a while flight of ſteps, and probably, with his head burſt open a cloſet door. We ſay probably, becauſe the unlucky viſitor was too completely ſtunned with the fall, to know what had happened. Certain it is, that he found himſelf, on his recovery, ſitting on the floor of a ſmall room, and moſt kindly attended by a neat little old gentleman, who was carefully waſhing his head with a towel, and fitting, with infinite exactneſs, pieces of ſticking plaiſter to the variegated cuts, which the accident had conferred on the abrupt viſitor's un-wigged pate. For ſome time his ſurpriſe kept him ſilent, but finding that the kind phyſician had completed his taſk, and had even picked up his wig and replaced it on his battered head, he roſe from the floor, and limping towards his benefactor, was going to utter a profuſion of thanks for the ſuccour he had received, and enquiries into the manner of his miſhap. Theſe were however inſtantly checked, by an intelligent frown, and by a ſignificant wave of the hand towards the door of the cloſet. The patient underſtood the hint and retired, taking more care of his ſteps downwards for the remainder of the ſtaircaſe, and wondering how ſo much humanity and ſo much unſociableneſs, could dwell in the ſame breaſt. His wonder) which, like all other wonder, was connected with folly,) ceaſed, when he found, on deſcribing to a friend the ſituation of the cloſet, that he had owed the kind aſſiſtance he had received to the firſt man in the kingdom, who after having exerciſed the humanity of the *fellow creature*, found too much of the *monarch* about him to ſupport a familiar converſation with the perſon he had relieved.

Paſſions.

The paſſion of fear ſometimes ſhews itſelf upon the ſlighteſt occaſion, and in perſons the moſt unlikely to entertain ſuch a gueſt. A French author relates a whimſical inſtance of this kind. Charles Guſtavus (the ſucceſſor of Chriſtina of Sweden) was beſieging Prague, when a boor of moſt extraordinary viſage deſired admittance to his tent, and, being allowed entrance, offered, by way of amuſing the king, to devour a whole hog, weighing two hundred weight, in his preſence. The old General Konigſmarc, who ſtood by the King's ſide, and who, ſoldier as he was, had not got rid of the prejudices of his childhood, hinted to his royal maſter, that the peaſant ought to be burnt as a ſorcerer. 'Sir,' ſaid the fellow, irritated at the remark, 'If your majeſty 'will but make that old gentleman 'take off his ſword and his ſpurs, I 'will eat him before your face, be-'fore I begin the pig.' General Konigſmarc (who had, at the head of a body of Swedes, performed wonders againſt the Auſtrians, and who was looked upon as one of the braveſt men of the age,) could not ſtand this propoſal, eſpecially as it was accompanied by a moſt hideous and and preternatural expanſion of the frightful peaſant's jaws. Without uttering a word, the veteran ſuddenly turned round, ran out of the court, and thought not himſelf ſafe until he had arrived at his quarters, where he remained above twenty-four hours locked up, ſecurely, before he had got rid of the panic which had ſo ſeverely affected him.

In

In the extracts from the Ducheſs of Orleans' letters, we find that Queen Chriſtina of Sweden, (who was a peculiar in her night dreſs, as in almoſt every thing elſe, and who, inſtead of a night-cap, made uſe of an uncouth linen wrapper,) having ſpent a reſtleſs day in bed, ordered a band of Italian muſicians from the opera, to approach near to her curtains, which were cloſe drawn, and ſtrive to amuſe her. After ſome time, the voice of one of the performers ſtriking her, with ſingular pleaſure, ſhe ſuddenly thruſt her homely, ſtern, ill-dreſſed head from behind the curtains, exclaiming loudly, 'Mort 'Diable! comme il chante bien *! The poor Italians, not uſed to ſuch rough applauſe, from a figure ſo hideous, were unable to proceed, from the terror which they felt, and the whole concert was at ſtand for ſeveral minutes.

Gratitude.

There is a ſpecies of grateful remorſe, which ſometimes has been known to operate forcibly on the minds of the moſt hardened in impudence. Towards the beginning of this century, an actor celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author, to take off the perſon, the manner, and the ſingularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the ſtage in a laughable character †. The mimic dreſſed himſelf as a country man, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments, which he ſaid attended on his wife. The phyſician heard with amazement, diſeaſes and pains of the moſt oppoſite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient For, ſince the actor's greateſt wiſh was to keep Dr Woodward in his company as long as poſſible, that he might make the more obſervations on his geſtures, he loaded his poor imaginary ſpouſe with every infirmity, which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, being become completely maſter of his errand, he drew from his purſe a guinea, and with a ſcrape, made an uncouth offer of it. 'Put up thy money, poor 'fellow,' cried the doctor, 'put up 'thy money. Thou haſt need of all 'thy caſh and all thy patience too, 'with ſuch a bundle of diſeaſes tied 'to thy back.'

The actor returned to his employer, and recounted the whole converſation, with ſuch true feeling of the phyſician's character, that the author ſcreamed with approbation. His raptures were ſoon checked, for the mimic told him with the emphaſis of ſenſibility, that he would ſooner die than proſtitute his talents to the rendering ſuch genuine humanity a public laughing ſtock.

A more groteſque inſtance of the ſudden power of gratitude may be adduced in a modern Kentiſh anecdote, perfectly well atteſted.

A parſon Patten, of Whitſtable, was well known in his own neighbourhood, as a man of great oddity, great humour, and equally great extravagance. Once, ſtanding in need of a new wig, his old one defying all farther aſſiſtance of art he went over to Canterbury, and applied to a barber, young in the buſineſs, to make him one. The tradeſman, who was juſt going to dinner, begged the honour of his new cuſtomer's company at his meal, to which Patten moſt readily conſented. After dinner, a large bowl of punch was produced, and the reverend gueſt, with equal readineſs, join-

* Death and the Devil how well he ſings!

† Dr Foſſile, in 'Three Hours after Marriage.' The player's name was, to the beſt of the Editor's recollection, Griffin. The anecdote was a favourite one with Dr Campbell.

joined in its demolition. When it was out, the barber was proceeding to buſineſs, and began to handle his meaſure, when Mr Patten deſired him to deſiſt, ſaying he ſhould not make his wig. 'Why not,' exclaimed the aſtoniſhed hoſt; 'have I done 'any thing to offend you, Sir?' Not 'in the leaſt,' replied the gueſt; but 'I find you are a very honeſt, good-'natured fellow; ſo I will take '*ſomebody elſe* in. Had *you* made it, 'you would never have been paid 'for it.' G.

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ON REJOICINGS—ILLUMINATIONS—GREAT GUNS—AND BONFIRES—A CASE PUT—AN EPISODE ON NOISE—ON SACRIFICES TO LOYALTY AND POLITICS—MESSRS PITT AND FOX—A HINT FOR IMPROVING FUTURE REJOICINGS.

THE late numerous rejoicings on account of his Majeſty's recovery have more than once been the ſubject of my private ſpeculations, and if they do not ſeem worthy of the attention of a philoſopher, they may at leaſt be pardoned in one who profeſſes only to be a Trifler. As moſt of my readers have ſeen, and perhaps have had a hand in thoſe rejoicings, I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe them, but go on to offer a few trifling remarks on *the modes of demonſtrating joy in this country.*

There are many of our actions which cannot be accounted for on any known principles, or even reſolved into any impulſe of our nature; among ſuch are the uſual methods we fall upon to commemorate happy events, or to celebrate the memory of great occaſions. It is natural for us to weep when in ſorrow, and to laugh when merry; theſe are impulſes of our nature, and are a ſort of immediate correſpondence between the mind and the body, the former making known its ſtate by means of the latter. But why or wherefore *lamp-oil* and *gunpowder* ſhould paſs for demonſtrations of joy, ſeems wholly inexplicable. Firing of guns has always made part of our public rejoicings; and illuminations by lamps, candles, &c. have lately been carried to ſuch a pitch of perfection, that ſome of the late exhibitions of this kind were juſtly conſidered as objects of taſte and elegance. It is in vain that we trace theſe cuſtoms for centuries back, or that the oldeſt men living can inform us that ſuch things were common in their days. We remain ſtill at a loſs to know why ſuch agents were originally employed in expreſſing joy. We feel, however, the influence of them. By habit we are led to aſſociate the ideas of joy and rejoicing with the blaze of illuminations and the thunder of cannon. Even the ancient *bonfire* is ſtill uſed in ſome places as a demonſtration of joy, and indeed, diſcontinued only in large towns becauſe attended with danger. I ſay, we aſſociate certain ideas of happineſs and public congratulation with ſuch objects. If a ſtranger who knew nothing of news, were to come to the Metropolis, or to any town, and ſee a large bonfire in the market-place, and hear the firing of guns, he would immediately conclude that ſome event of great joy had happened, which the people were thus commemorating, or that it was the celebration of the birthday of ſome monarch, or beloved perſonage. But the truth is, he has been uſed to ſee ſimilar demonſtrations of joy formerly; for what is there in the flame of fire, or the exploſion of

gunpowder *neceſſarily* and *naturally* connected with joy? Place the ſame man in ſome of the countries in Africa, and he will ſee the blaze and hear the firing; but with what a different effect, when he at the ſame time ſhall know that the firing proceeds from perhaps a ſkirmiſh with ſome European kidnappers, and that the large flames are occaſioned by a human ſacrifice! ſuch a man would perhaps never ſee a bonfire, or hear the report of gunsafterwards with the ſenſations of pleaſures he had formerly experienced.

Noiſe ſo eſſentially enters into all our demonſtrations of joy, that mens voices are generally elevated in proportion to the elevation of their ſpirits. Thisthe vulgar expreſs by loud *huzzas*, and by ſpeaking to one another as if each was a mile diſtant. And this brings me to conſider another mode of teſtifying joy, approbation, and loyalty and friendſhip; by the *circulation* of the glaſs, as it is improperly called, for it is the *bottle* and not the *glaſs* which *goes round*. This obſervation is ſo deep and learned, that I hope my drinking readers will pay proper attention to it, and hereafter drink grammatically as well as copiouſly.

The Church has its feaſts or feſtivals on which days certain ſervices are appointed to be performed. Although in Scotland we have none of thoſe religious feſtivals, yet in all our civil departments, as ſubjects, fathers, huſbands, citizens, we have certain annual, halfyearly or quarterly feſtivals, for which ſervices are appointed, and in general very religiouſly performed. If we refuſe to ſubſcribe to 39 *articles*, we have no objection to ſee twice as many on the table—On ſuch occaſions the principal agent in expreſſing our wiſhes, and our wants, is the wine; the cuſtom of toaſting is of very ancient origin, being to betraced to the Greeks and Romans; but it is in my opinion more unaccountable than any of the teſtimonies of joy mentioned above, and indeed, in many reſpects more abſurd. There is but one way, in which we can conſider drinking as an act of pure loyalty or ſincere friendſhip; and that is to be taken from the idea that we ought to ſacrifice every thing, even our lives, to the ſervice of our king and country; and who deſerves the name of a man who would not lay down his life for his friend? In this way I conceive that copious libations may be, I was almoſt going to ſay, *excuſed*—I have no ohter word at hand, ſo let it paſs—And whenever any of my readers happen to ſee a man reeling from a tavern, vociferating "God ſave the King," or "Pitt for ever," or uſing ſuch expreſſions, he may be ſure *there* is a hero who, if he does not die for his King, his country, or his favourite ſtateſman, at leaſt endangers his life—and there is ſome merit in that. In fact at general elections many ſacrifices of this kind have been made, and I would have the two great leaders of our political parties, I mean Mr Pitt and Mr Fox, to conſider ſeriouſly how much they owe to the memory of men who have drank, tumbled and died in their ſervices; but I muſt add, in juſtice to thoſe two ſtateſmen, that I believe they had rather ſee their conſtituents, and the conſtituents of their friends, alive on the huſtings, than dead upon a dunghill. But to return to the bottle.

I have ſaid that drinking is a more unaccountable way of expreſſing our ſatisfaction at the health or ſucceſs of a ſtateſman or friend, than any other mode we uſe. But ſo generally does it prevail, that at length it is become a duty, and is always conſidered as a criterin of friendſhip, or eſteem. Hence the many quarrels which occur when certain of a company chuſe to refuſe a toaſt, which is al-

always conſidered as an affront to the perſon giving the toaſt, as well as to the object of the toaſt. A toaſt is in ſhort now conſidered as the ſymbol of friendſhip, loyalty, or political attachment; a water-drinker may have the *ſubſtance*, but if he refuſe to *take the teſt*, he will always be ſuſpected of temperance in politics as well as drinking.

To conclude this *trifling* Eſſay on what perhaps many will conſider as a very *trifling* ſubject, I would hint that there is one mode of demonſtrating our joy on public occaſions, which although in a few inſtances it was lately practiſed, is by no means general; I mean that of diffuſing joy around us, by alleviating diſtreſs. One tenth part of the money lately expended in Great Britain on lamps, lamp-oil and candles, not to ſpeak of wine, would have relieved every unfortunate (and therefore meritorious) debtor in the ſeveral jails of the kingdom. In acts of charity, there is real joy, to him that giveth and to him that receiveth. A few viſits to the houſe of mourning would have heightened, not damped the joy of our convivial meetings. The endeavour to wipe away tears from ALL eyes around us would have been truly patriotic; the gliſtening of a grateful eye would have exceeded all the brilliancy of our illuminations, and a public rejoicing thus concluded would have been honourable to the preſent, and an example to all future ages.

Obſervations on the Utility of the Barometer.

SIR,

WHATEVER promiſes to be a benefit to agriculture will, I doubt not, deſerve a place in your uſeful publication. The foreknowledge of the changes of the weather may be reckoned to be of this number. I am led to this reflection on conſidering the little regard lately paid to the Barometer. At its firſt introduction into uſe, as indicating the changes of the weather, too much was expected from it; and obſervers, having been ſometimes diſappointed in their expectations, have as unjuſtly rejected it too much. Accurate obſervations of the motions of quickſilver in it, during ſeveral years, have pointed out to me ſeveral circumſtances not hitherto ſo much alluded to as they ſeem to deſerve.

At or near the Vernal Equinox, ſtormy weather, the wind generally South Weſt, with a remarkable fall of the quickſilver in the barometer, takes place; the ſtorm generally more violent if the new moon happen at or near the equinox. Theſe ſtorms have been remarked in all ages. When the weather is again ſettled, what may be called the Summer Seaſon of the barometer begins; and during the Summer the motion of the quickſilver in the barometer is much leſs extenſive than in the Winter, the quickſilver ſeldom falling lower than 29.5 inches.

The Winter ſeaſon of the barometer begins alſo with a ſtorm, and a remarkably great fall of the quickſilver near, or ſoon after, the Autumnal Equinox, the wind ſometimes S. W. and frequently N. E. The Barometrical Summer is ſometimes lengthened out ſo far as November; after which time the play of the quickſilver is from 30.7 to 28.5, ſometimes lower. All coaſting veſſels around this iſland ſhould, as much as poſſible, avoid being at ſea in theſe ſeaſons, at leaſt till the introductory ſtorms are paſt. Hence a fall of one-tenth of an inch in the Summer is nearly as ſure an indication of a change of the weather in Summer as two-tenths are in the

Winter. This difference has been unjuſtly charged to the inſtrument as a fault.

The extent of a ſimilar variation in the motion of the quickſilver in the barometer is much more conſiderable than ſeems to have been hitherto imagined. This will be confirmed by regiſters of the weather kept in diſtant places. If a ſtorm happens in any place within the range of this ſimilarity of motion in the quickſilver, the mercury will fall nearly equally low over the whole extent of the range, though in ſeveral places in the range the weather may be fair and ſerene while the barometer is low. Many, on ſuch occaſions, charge the inſtrument with giving a falſe prognoſtic. Let them ſuſpend their cenſure till tidings may arrive of what may have happened in ſome diſtant part. I could give ſeveral inſtances of this fact, but ſhall mention only one.

Having made an appointment to pay a diſtant viſit with that accurate obſerver of Nature in all her ways, Dr Franklin, I called on him in the morning, to diſſuade him from going, becauſe I had obſerved that the barometer was very low: but he ſeeing that the heavens wore an agreeable aſpect, laughed at my apprehenſion, and we went, and enjoyed a fair and very agreeable day. The barometer was cenſured as giving a falſe prognoſtic, and I as credulous; but in a few days we had an account of a moſt violent ſtorm in the Bay of Biſcay, and along the coaſt of France, on that day.

An attentive obſerver of the weather will ſoon perceive that each year has a certain character, if I may ſo expreſs it, in regard to the change of the weather. This peculiarity of the different years being of the utmoſt conſequence to the huſbandman, I beg their particular attention to it; for it is chiefly by an accurate obſervation of this peculiarity in the changes of the weather that he can obtain the moſt uſeful leſſons. In ſome years the changes of the weather ſeem to be much influenced by the moon's place in the Zodiac; that is, when the moon paſſes the equinoxial line, or when ſhe returns from her greateſt declinations South or North; but a regiſter of the weather, kept conſtantly for years, aſſures me, that there is no dependence on theſe circumſtances. I could never diſcover any cauſe to which I could impute the regularity of the changes in the weather; but can aſſure the attentive huſbandman, that there is, in ſome years, a remarkable regularity in them, and in all years ſome degree of regularity. This regularity in the changes of the weather is moſt conſpicuous in the intermediate months between the equinoxes, that is, during May, June, July, and Auguſt, in Summer, and during November, December, January, and February, in Winter. The knowledge of the moſt probable times of theſe changes may be of great uſe in agriculture, as well as to ſea-faring men.

Let me here mention ſome other circumſtances in regard to the barometer. The riſing of the mercury forebodes fair weather, and its falling portends rain, with winds. During ſtrong winds, though unaccompanied with rain, the mercury is loweſt. Other things equal, the mercury is higher in cold than in warm weather. In general, we may expect, that when the mercury riſes high, a few days of fair weather may be expected. If the mercury falls in two or three days, but ſoon riſes high, without much rain, we may expect fair weather for ſeveral days; and in this caſe, the cleareſt days are after the mercury begins to fall. In like manner, if the mercury falls very low, with much rain,

or

riſes ſoon, but falls again in a day or two, with rain, a continuance of bad weather may be feared. If the ſecond fall does not bring much rain, but the mercury riſes gradually pretty high, it prognoſticates good weather, of ſome continuance.

When the mercury riſes high, the air ſucks up, or diſſolves into its own ſubſtance, the moiſture on the ſurface of the earth, even though the ſky be overcaſt. This is a ſure ſign of fair weather; but if the earth continues moiſt, and water ſtands in hollow places, no truſt ſhould be put in the cleareſt ſky; for in this caſe it is deceitful. Very heavy thunder-ſtorms happen without ſenſibly affecting the barometer; and in this caſe the ſtorm ſeldom reaches far; but when attended with a fall of the barometer, it reaches much more extenſively.

In all places nearly on a level with the ſea, rain may be expected when the quickſilver falls below 30 inches. This points out one cauſe of the more frequent rains in lofty ſituations than in low open countries. Thus double the quantity of rain falls at Townly-hall, in Lancaſhire, than does in London, as we are informed in the Tranſactions of the Royal Society.

The heights of the quickſilver in the barometer above referred to hold only in places on a level with the ſea; for experiments have taught us, that the mercury falls conſiderably in inland places, according to their heights.

As your Magazine is peruſed by many of the moſt ingenious men in the kingdom, I wiſh they were called on to account for that power in the air of occaſionally diſſolving water, if I may ſo expreſs it, and of mixing the water with itſelf (as ſalt is in water) generally inviſible, and at other times in vapours, which ſoon form clouds. Winds, eſpecially from dry continents, have great power of thus raiſing water. Evaporation, by means of the ſun's heat, is generally mentioned as the efficient cauſe; but whoever attends to the quantity of ſnow, and even of ice, that is carried off into the air, in the moſt ſevere froſts, will be convinced that heat is not the principal cauſe. The quantity of water thus raiſed into the air may be eſtimated by numerous ſprings which owe their ſource to vapours thus raiſed. The waters of theſe ſprings uniting form the greateſt rivers. Add to theſe, the quantity that falls in dews and rain, which give birth to all vegetables, and to that beautiful verdure which gives a peculiar beauty to this country, in the enjoyment of which other nations envy us. As we are ignorant of the cauſe of this power in the air, of diſſolving water, ſo are we no leſs ignorant whence it is that the air occaſionally drops theſe vapours in dews, rains, &c.

Gent. Mag.] AGRICOLA.

Account of the ROYAL PROCESSION *to St.* PAUL'S *on the 23d of April.*

THE curioſity of the public was raiſed to the higheſt pitch, with reſpect to this grand feſtival, or public thankſgiving; the laſt of the kind having happened ſo long ago as the beginning of the preſent century, conſequently not within the memory of many now living.

Thoſe perſons who poſſeſſed houſes in any of the ſtreets which could afford a view of the cavalcade, made every neceſſary preparation, by erecting ſeats, or taking out their windows; nay, ſome even threw open the fronts of their houſes.

The church-yards alſo, and every ſpot proper for the purpoſe of erecting ſcaffolding, were filled up. Thoſe who

who had places to let, in ſome reſpect, defeated their own intentions, by holding up too high a price; on which account, few were taken until late in the evening of the 22d, and they were then let at a much inferior price than they would have done, had a moderate rate been at firſt fixed.

As great apprehenſions were entertained of miſchief being done, either by the fall of ſcaffolds, or by the great crowd of people that were expected to aſſemble together, every poſſible precaution was taken to guard againſt it. The houſe of Commons directed a ſurvey of the ſcaffolds to be made, and thoſe which were weak to be ſtrengthened. Orders were given to ſtop up every avenue to the ſtreets through which the proceſſion was to paſs, to prevent coaches entering them: this was effected in the city by bars, &c. and in Weſtminſter, by ſtationing, at proper places, a ſufficient number of light horſemen, and peace officers.

The Court of Aldermen iſſued very particular directions, reſpecting the entrance of the different bodies into the cathedral, and the paſſages for the coaches from the church, after they had ſet down the company. And it is with great pleaſure we can inform our readers, theſe precautions had their deſired effect. The ſolemnity was conducted with the greateſt order, and every poſſible decorum was preſerved.

The company who deſigned to be ſpectators, had pretty well ſeated themſelves by ſeven o'clock, and the foot guards were placed in a line from the palace to Temple-bar, on each ſide of the way, at about the length of a firelock diſtant from each other. Soon after eight o'clock, the members of the Houſes of Lords and Commons being aſſembled, the proceſſion was begun by the Houſe of Commons. Two of their meſſengers, on horſeback, preceded the firſt carriage to clear the way. The members followed in their carriages, and the ſpeaker in his carriage of ſtate, attended by the officers of the Houſe, brought up the rear. They entered St. Paul's at the ſouth-weſt gate, and their carriages proceeded along Watling-ſtreet, Budge-row, Walbrook, and returned up Cheapſide, to wait for the concluſion of the ceremony.

After the Commons, followed the maſters in chancery, the judges, and other attendants upon the Upper Houſe. Then the Lords according to their rank, (the junior of each degree going firſt), viz. barons, biſhops, viſcounts, earls, marquiſſes, and dukes. Theſe were followed by the different officers who precede all dukes, viz. the lord privy ſeal, lord preſident of the council, the two archbiſhops of York and Canterbury, and the lord chancellor in his ſtate coach, bringing up the rear of the Houſe of Lords.

A few minutes after theſe had paſſed, the royal proceſſion began as follows:

A detachment of horſe-guards to clear the way.

A coach of his royal highneſs the Duke of Cumberland with his attendants. The Duke of Cumberland next in his ſtate coach, drawn by a pair of beautiful horſes, ornamented with ribbons; eſcorted by a detachment of the horſe.

Then a carriage of his royal highneſs the Duke of Glouceſter with his attendants. The Duke of Glouceſter next in his ſtate coach, eſcorted by a troop of horſe.

His royal highneſs the Duke of York's coach with his attendants.

His royal highneſs in a moſt elegant vis-a-vis; his ſervants richly dreſſed, with beautiful white feathers in their hats; he had a like eſcorte of guards.

Next

Next came a coach and ſix, in which were the equerries, and other officers of the Prince of Wales.

His highneſs's ſtate coach, drawn by ſix beautiful grey horſes, ornamented with ribbons. The liveries of the prince's ſervants, and the hammercloth of his own carriage, were of ſcarlet and gold, and elegant beyond deſcription. As ſoon as his highneſs's eſcorte had paſſed, the proceſſion of the queen approached in the following order:

A detachment of horſe guards blue.

One of the queen's coaches and ſix, with the women of her majeſty's bedchamber.

A ſecond carriage and ſix, with the maids of honour.

A third with equerries.

A fourth with ladies of the bedchamber.

The carriage of the queen's maſter of the horſe (Earl Waldegrave) accompanied by her majeſty's chamberlain, the Earl of Aileſbury.

Each of theſe carriages had a very ſplendid appearance, and had three or four footmen behind, according to the rank of the perſons within them.

One of his majeſty's coaches and ſix, with the principal officers of the yeomen of the guard, and gentlemen penſioners.

A detachment of each of theſe bodies had been previouſly ſtationed in the cathedral.

A coach and ſix, with his majeſty's equerries.

A coach and ſix, with the grooms of the bedchamber.

A coach and ſix, with the lords of the bedchamber.

An elegant carriage of the King's maſter of the horſe (the Duke of Montague) accompanied by the Earl of Saliſbury, the king's lord chamberlain, very ſplendidly attended.

Then came the king and queen in a moſt magnificent coach, drawn by eight beautiful cream-coloured horſes, accompanied by a troop of horſe.

Immediately after, a coach with the attendants of the princeſſes, and another in which were the princeſſes themſelves.

At Temple-bar they were met by the lord mayor, the two ſheriffs, and a deputation of four of the common council, all dreſſed in their proper robes, and mounted on white horſes.

The lord mayor, on his majeſty's entering the city, preſented him with the city ſword, which his majeſty returned; and his lordſhip, on a led horſe, rode with the ſword in his hand immediately before his majeſty, bare headed.—The crowd was here ſo great that the proceſſion was detained ſome time, during which his majeſty converſed with the lord mayor.

The cavalcade was here increaſed by the gentlemen of the London aſſociation, by the artillery company, and by a party of the *Toxophilites*, or ſociety of ancient archers, dreſſed in green, with bows and quivers of arrows. They fell into the line immediately before the Prince of Wales.

The proceſſion moved on ſlowly to St. Paul's.

Previous to its arrival, the female nobility, gentry, and others, had proceeded along Snow-hill, Newgate-ſtreet, Warwick-lane, and Paternoſter-row, to an alley oppoſite the north door of the church, where an awning was erected, and under which they paſſed.

The clergy, with the minor canons and their friends, entered the church at the dean's gate at eight o'clock.

The aldermen with their ladies, and the principal city officers, between eight and nine, proceeded from the Manſion-houſe along Cheapſide to the north-eaſt corner of St. Paul's church-

church-yard, and walked from thence to the north door of the church. The members of the common council entered about the ſame time at the north-weſt gate.

All the charity children had previouſly entered the church at the north and ſouth doors, by ſeven o'clock in the morning, and remained till the church was cleared.

His majeſty and the royal family alighted at the great weſt door of the church, at the end of an awning erected over the whole flight of ſteps, the carriages remaining inſide the rails of the church-yard during the whole of divine ſervice.

Scaffoldings were erected on each ſide of the awning under which their majeſties and the royal family entered the church: innumerable others were erected againſt the churches and houſes the whole way from Pall Mall to St. Paul's; many of them were decorated with carpets, and covered with green baize—they were filled with rejoicing ſpectators, and the houſes with ladies.

The acclamations of the crowds of people were loyal and unanimous, and ſeemed to convey an unmixed gratification to the royal viſitors.

At the door the peers in their robes, attended by the king at arms, and other officers, met their majeſties; the gentlemen penſioners being all in waiting.

His majeſty handed the queen out of the coach.

The ſword of ſtate was carried before the king and queen into the choir, where their majeſties ſeated themſelves under a canopy, on the throne of ſtate, near the weſt end of the choir, oppoſite the altar.

As ſoon as their majeſties entered the cathedral, a rocket was fired from the ſtatue of queen Anne, as a ſignal for the Tower, when the guns upon the wharf were immediately fired, and anſwered by thoſe in St. James's Park. The ſame ſignals were repeated upon their majeſties leaving the cathedral, and when they ſet out from St. James's.—The bells continued ringing all the morning.

Upon their majeſties entering St. Paul's, the 100th Pſalm was ſung by the charity children; and upon their leaving the church the children ſung the 104th. Their majeſties paid great attention to them.

The prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Moore, minor canon of St. Paul's. The litany chaunted by the Rev. Meſſ. Gibbons and Pearce; the altar ſervice read by the dean and two ſenior reſidentiaries; the anthem (by the king's expreſs deſire) "O Lord thou haſt ſearched me out and known me," was ſung by the gentleman of the choir, the ſolo parts by the Rev. Mr. Clarke, Mr. Hudſon, Bellamy, and Gore.—The ſermon was preached by the Biſhop of London, from the following text in the Pſalms:

"*O tarry thou the Lord's leiſure—Be ſtrong, and he will eſtabliſh thy heart.*"

When divine ſervice was ended, and their majeſties were ſeated in their carriage, and waiting for their attendants, their Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales and Duke of York came to the carriage, and converſed with their majeſties till the proceſſion moved, which was in an order the reverſe of that in which it went.

Upon their majeſties' return they were preceded to Temple-bar by the pioneers and grenadiers of the royal artillery company, and by a company of the royal archers.

On their majeſties' arrival at Buckingham Houſe, the Park and Tower guns were again fired.

The whole was concluded by a *feu de joie* fired by the three regiments of foot guards before Buckingham Houſe, his majeſty having ſeated himſelf in one of the windows, which was thrown

open

open, as well for the gratification of his ſubjects, as with a view to ſee the men go through their manœuvres, with whom they ſeemed highly pleaſed.

The governors of the anniverſary meeting of the charity children appeared with large gold and ſilver medals, by Pingo, in commemoration of the royal viſit. On the face of the medal is the portrait of his majeſty. Motto LÆTITIA CVM PIETATE.

On the exergue DEO OPT. MAX. REX PIETISS. PRO SALVTE REST. V. S. L. E. APR. 23, 1789.

The queen and princeſſes were dreſſed in white, trimmed with blue; the king in blue.

The lord mayor was in a large cloak of purple velvet, that covered both his lordſhip and his ſteed, which he managed with great ſkill and dexterity.

Fleet-ſtreet and Ludgate-hill were covered with gravel, for the more eaſy paſſage of the royal family. From Temple-bar to St. Paul's, the ſtreets were lined with the city trained bands.

Remarkable Dream.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

SOMETIME in the year 1782, I went with two friends to ſee Sir Aſhton Lever's Muſeum; when there, we joined Mr Henry Lawrens, once Preſident of the American Congreſs, Sir Aſhton Lever, and another gentleman. In the courſe of the general and agreeable converſation, which aroſe from the various objects of curioſity, ſome notions, ſaid to be entertained by the inhabitants of the Sandwich Iſlands, led the topic to that of dreams. Several extraordinary inſtances of dreams were related, which, if fully credited, ſeemed to countenance the more immediate interpoſition of providence, or the permitted agency of inviſible beings.

Among others, Mr Lawrens mentioned the following as a fact of his own knowledge:

In the year 1740, a Capt. Shubrick, who commanded a veſſel which had made ſeveral voyages to Charleſtown, South Carolina, was lying off the Bar, almoſt ready for ſailing, having nearly completed his lading; when ſuddenly a tremendous hurricane aroſe, which continued the whole night: when the morning came, it appeared much damage had been done, and in particular Capt. Shubrick's veſſel was miſſing. His friends at Charleſtown were alarmed, and anxious for his ſafety. It was the opinion of ſome, that he had gone down almoſt inſtantly as the hurricane commenced, while others thought that as he was nearly laden, he had puſhed away for England.—This was the ſubject of converſation that day. The next night, the lady of a merchant in Charleſtown, at whoſe houſe Capt. Shubrick was very intimate, dreamed that Capt. Shubrick's veſſel was loſt, but that the Captain was floating on a part of the wreck. This ſhe related to her huſband, and prevailed on him to ſend out a ſchooner ſome few leagues in hope to aſſiſt Capt. Shubrick. The gentleman did ſo; the ſchooner ſailed, and returned in the evening, without gaining any information.—She dreamed the ſame that night, and repeated her requeſt to her huſband, that the ſchooner might be again ſent out; he was averſe to it, but on her importunity he complied. The ſchooner returned as on the preceeding day. She again dreamed that Shubrick's veſſel was loſt, that he was floating on a part of the wreck, and again renewed her requeſt. The gentleman objected, that it was well-known in Charleſtown

he had ſent the ſchooner out twice in conſequence of her dreams, which had ſubjected him to the ridicule of ſome people, and that were he to do it again, he ſhould be generally laughed at. However, he could not reſiſt the lady's importunity; the ſchooner ſailed once more. Late in the evening, as ſhe was making the harbour, an object was deſcried at a diſtance, which on their approaching proved to be Capt. Shubrick, with one ſailor, on a part of the wreck. They took them up, and returned ſafe to Charleſtown.

Capt. Shubrick was I believe, living in 1758 in or near Mile-end. I am not poſitive if Mr. Lawrens ſaid he was at Charleſtown when this remarkable event took place, nor am I clear as to the year; but I am very certain the ſtrong outlines are as he then related them.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. H.

Curious Hiſtorical Notes.

GLASS was this year (1557) firſt manufactured in England, the finer ſort at Crutched Friars, in London; fine flint glaſs at the Savoy-houſe in the Strand. In 1673, at Lambeth a manufactory of plate glaſs was eſtabliſhed, under the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham.

"NEGRO TRADE. In 1562, Mr. John Hawkins fitted out three ſhips (by ſubſcription) for the coaſt of Guiney, and took in Negroes, and carried them to Hiſpaniola, and ſold them for ſlaves, in return for hides, ſugar, ginger, and pearls, making a profitable voyage. This ſeems to have been the firſt attempt from England in this traffick."

"KNIVES were firſt made in this kingdom in 1563, by Thomas Matthews, on Fleet Bridge, London."

"POTATOES were firſt imported into Europe in 1565, by Hawkins, from Santafè in Spaniſh America. They were planted for the firſt time in Ireland by the great Sir Walter Raleigh, who had an eſtate in that kingdom. The natural hiſtory of the potatoe was ſo little underſtood, that a total ignorance which part of the plant was the proper food, had nearly ruined any further attention towards its cultivation: for, perceiving green apples appear upon the ſtems, theſe were imagined to be the fruit; but, upon being boiled, and finding them unpalatable, or rather nauſeous, Raleigh was diſguſted with his acquiſition, nor thought any more of cultivating potatoes. Accident, however, diſcovered the real fruit, owing to the ground being turned over through neceſſity that very ſeaſon, and to his ſurpriſe a very plentiful crop was found under ground, which, upon being boiled, were found nouriſhing to the ſtomach, and grateful to the taſte. The utility of this plant being ſoon known, rendered the cultivation of it pretty univerſal through Ireland, and in due time found its way to this kingdom by accident, where it was firſt planted upon the Weſtern coaſt, owing, as it is reported, to a veſſel being ſhipwrecked, which contained ſome potatoes, at a village near Formby, in Lancaſhire, a place ſtill famed for this excellent vegetable. They are now grown, though but lately (the cultivation being progreſſive from the Weſt import), in every part of the kingdom."

"EAST INDIA COMPANY. The very laſt day of the XVIth century gave birth and form to the preſent Eaſt India Company; a charter being

being granted, Dec. 31, 1600, to George E. of Cumberland, and 215 knights, aldermen, and merchants, to be one body politic and corporate, &c. Sir Thomas Smith was to be firſt governor. The Queen granted to the Company an exemption from paying any cuſtoms for the firſt four voyages; and for merchandize from India, the Company ſhall be allowed to give their bonds, payable, one half in ſix months, and the other half in ſix months after. The members of this Company immediately raiſed the ſum of 72,000l. though not in one joint ſtock, or capital, as at preſent. The original ſhares ſubſcribed were 50l. each. The firſt fleet was ſent out the following year, conſiſting of five ſhips, Captain James Lancaſter commander in chief; which returned, after a proſperous voyage, in 1603, being abſent two years and ſeven months. This Company, through many viciſſitudes, exiſted till 1708, when it was abſorbed by the preſent United Company of Merchants trading to the Eaſt Indies."

"In the reign of Elizabeth the time of meals was uſually as follows. The nobility, gentry, and ſtudents, ordinarily dined about eleven o'clock, and ſupped at five, or ſix at lateſt, in the afternoon. The merchants ſeldom dined before twelve, and ſupped at ſix. The huſbandmen dined at high noon, as they termed it (and the phraſe continues in uſe to this day) in the country, or twelve; and ſupped at ſeven at night. The cuſtom is now quite reverſed; that claſs which then dined and ſupped the earlieſt, ſit down the lateſt, now to their meals, and *vice verſa*; but it may be accounted for in part, ſince that there is no mention of breakfaſt, *that meal* not being then in uſe. The liveries which were mentioned on a former occaſion have now ceaſed, probably owing to the introduction of *tea*, between dinner and ſupper.

"Le Pere Couplet ſupped with me; he is a man of good converſation. After ſupper we had tea, which, he ſaid, was really as good as he had drank it in China." Henry Lord Clarendon's Diary for 1688.—From this extract, it might be the cuſtom to introduce tea after ſupper, as a treat, and in the ancient manner of *liveries*. And we are informed, it was the cuſtom then to boil the tea in a kettle with the water.

"Coffee. In 1652, one Edwards, an Engliſh Turkey merchant, brought home with him a Greek ſervant, who underſtood the roaſting and making of coffee, till then unknown in England. This ſervant was the firſt who ſold coffee, and kept a houſe in London for that purpoſe. It was firſt brought from Mocha to Holland, in 1616, though it did not come into general uſe there for many years after. The conſumption in time became ſo great, and the planters ſo attentive to their own intereſt, that it has been planted with tolerable ſucceſs both by the French and Engliſh in the Weſt India Iſlands *, and by the French at Loriam. But ſtill the coffee is inferior in quality to that from Mocha in Arabia, from whence all coffee originally came. The coffee plant has a reſemblance to the jaſmine tree, bearing a fruit reſembling a cherry, within which it is incloſed, and when ripe, divides and diſcovers

* "This plant was carried into the Weſt Indies by a Mr. D'Eſclieux, a Frenchman, who gave up part of his own allowance of water to keep it alive, ſo early as 1726. It had thriven well in the new ſoil, but was not to be exported to the mother country, on account of a monopoly granted to the Eaſt India Company."

the coffee berry. It has been conjectured, that the prohibition of wine by Mahomet excited the Arabs to diſcover its virtues, as a ſubſtitute for wine.

Poetry.

ODE *for His* MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY.

June 4. 1789.

Written by Mr Warton, *Poet Laureat, compoſed by* Mr Parſons, *and performed this Day before the Royal Family at* St. James's.

I.

As when the Demon of the ſummer ſtorm,
Walks forth, the noontide landſcape to deform;
Dark grows the vale, and dark the diſtant grove,
And thick the bolts of angry Jove
Athwart the watery Welkin glide,
And ſtreams th' aerial torrent far and wide:
If by ſhort fits the ſtruggling ray
Should dart a momentary day,
Th' illumin'd mountain glows awhile,
By faint degrees the radiant glance
Purples th' horizon's pale expanſe,
And gilds the gloom with haſty ſmile:
Ah, fickle ſmile, too ſwiftly paſt!
Again reſounds the ſweeping blaſt;
With hoarſer din the demon howls,
Again the blackening concave ſcowls!
Sudden, the ſhades of the meridian night
Yield to the triumph of rekindling light;
The reddening ſun regains his golden ſway,
And Nature ſtands reveal'd in all her bright array.

II.

Such was the changeful conflict, that poſſeſs'd
With trembling tumult every Britiſh breaſt;
When Albion, towering in the van ſublime
Of glory's march, from clime to clime
Envied, belov'd, rever'd, renown'd,
Her brows with every bliſsful chaplet bound;
When in her mid career of ſtate,
She felt her Monarch's awful fate!
Till Mercy from the Almighty's throne
Look'd down on man, and waving wide
Her wreath, that in the rainbow died,
With hues of ſoften'd luſtre ſhone,
And bending from her ſapphire cloud,
O'er regal grief benignant bow'd;
To tranſport turn'd a people's fears,
And ſtay'd a people's tide of tears:
Bade this bleſt dawn with beams auſpicious ſpring,
With Hope ſerene, with healing in its wing;
And gave a Sovereign o'er a grateful land,
Again with vigorous graſp to ſtretch the ſcepter'd hand.

III.

O favour'd King, what rapture more refin'd,
What mightier joy can fill the human mind,
Than that the Monarch's conſcious boſom feels,
At whoſe dread throne a nation kneels,
And hails its father, friend, and lord,
To life's career, to patriot ſway, reſtor'd;
And bids the loud reſponſive voice
Of Union all around rejoice?
For thus to ſee when Britons bow,
Warm and ſpontaneous from the heart,
As late their tears, their tranſports ſtart,
And Nature dictates Duty's vow.
To thee, recall'd to ſacred health,
Did the proud city's laviſh wealth,
Did crowded ſtreets alone diſplay
The long-drawn blaze, the feſtal ray?
Meek Poverty her ſcanty cottage grac'd,
And flung her gleam acroſs the lonely waſte!
Th' exulting iſle in one wide triumph ſtrove,
One ſocial ſacrifice of reverential love.

IV.

Such pure unprompted praiſe do kingdoms pay,
Such willing zeal, to thrones of lawleſs ſway?
Ah! how unlike the vain, the venal lore
To Latian rulers dealt of yore,
O'er guilty pomp, and hated power,
When ſtream'd the ſparkling panegyric ſhower;
And ſlaves to Sovereigns unendear'd
Their pageant trophies coldly rear'd!
For are the charities that blend

Mo-

Monarch with man, to tyrants known?
The tender ties, that to the throne
A mild domeſtic glory lend;
Of wedded love the league ſincere,
The virtuous Conſort's faithful tear!—
Nor this the verſe that flattery brings,
Nor here I ſtrike a Syren's ſtrings:
Here, kindling with her country's warmth, the Muſe
Her country's proud triumphant theme purſues:
Ev'n needleſs here the tribute of her lay;
Albion the garland gives—on this diſtinguiſh'd day.

A Hermit's *Meditation.*

IN loneſome cave
Of noiſe and interruption void,
His thoughtful ſolitude
A hermit thus enjoy'd:

His choiceſt book,
The remnant of a human head
The volume was, whence he
This ſolemn lecture read:—

"Whoe'er thou wert,
Partner of my retirement now,
My neareſt intimate,
My beſt companion thou!

On thee to muſe
The buſy living world I left;
Of converſe all but thine
And ſilent that, bereft.

Wert thou the rich,
The idol of a gazing croud?
Wert thou the great,
To whom obſequious thouſands bow'd?

Was learning's ſtore
E'er treaſur'd up within this ſhell?
Did wiſdom e'er within
This empty hollow dwell?

Did youthful charms
E'er redden on this ghaſtful face?
Did beauty's bloom theſe cheeks,
This forehead, ever grace?

If on this brow
E'er ſat the ſcornful, haughty frown,
Deceitful pride! where now
Is that diſdain?——'tis gone.

If cheerful mirth
A gayneſs o'er this baldneſs caſt,
Deluſive, fleeting joy!
Is that diſdain?——'tis paſt.

To deck this ſcalp
If tedious long lived hours it coſt,
Vain fruitleſs toil! where's now
That labour ſeen?——'tis loſt.

But painful ſweet
The dear-earned price of daily bread,
Was all, perhaps, that thee
With hungry ſorrows fed.

Perhaps but tears,
Sureſt relief of heart-ſick woe,
Thine only drink, from down
Theſe ſockets us'd to flow.

Oppreſſed perhaps
With aches and with aged cares,
Down to the grave thou brought'ſt
A few, and hoary hairs:

'Tis all, perhaps!
No marks, no token can I trace
What, on this ſtage of life,
Thy rank or ſtation was.

Nameleſs, unknown!
Of all diſtinction ſtript and bare,
In nakedneſs conceal'd,
Oh! who ſhall thee declare!

Nameleſs, unknown!
Yet fit companion thou for me,
Who hear no human voice,
No human viſage ſee.

From me, from thee,
The glories of the world are gone;
Nor yet have either loſt
What we would call our own.

What *we* are now,
The great, the wiſe, the fair, the brave,
Shall all hereafter be,——
All hermits in the grave.

LIFE

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

L I F E.

THE moraliſts ſay,
That life's but a day,
So ſhort is our term on its ſtage;
The maxim we'll own,
Is juſt when 'tis known,
How quickly we paſs to old age.

A palpable truth,
Our morning is youth,
We trip it, a play-loving band;
Still foes to all care,
For ſport we prepare,
In ſpite of the pedant's command.

Soon mid-day draws near,
The man does appear,
Made ripe by meridian rays;
While thro' the wide world
By chance we are hurl'd,
Ambitious our fortunes to raiſe.

Old wrinkles come on,
Our paſſions are gone,
In bus'neſs no more we engage;
Exhauſted our pow'rs,
Too long ſeem the hours;
So our Ev'ning's decrepid old age.

Some hardly have breath,
When arreſted by death,
Like the flow'r that is nipt ere it blow;
And oft times we ſee
The drunk Debauchee,
Is cut off before manhood he know.

Some are quite bleſs'd,
By Fortune careſs'd,
Their life is a ſunſhine all o'er;
While ſome are o'ercaſt,
With a cold wintry blaſt,
And wiſh for a Being no more.

Some live quite at eaſe,
While ſome with diſeaſe
The combat muſt oftentimes wage;
Old nerves will give way,
The young win the day,
And the ſon drives the ſire off the ſtage.

Aberdeen,
June 1789. } J. I.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

I Travers'd Britain's winding ſhores,
So famous in Europa's ſcale,
I clim'd her hills, I croſs'd her moors,
I breathed liberty's ſweet gale.
I view'd her bold and daring ſons,
With freedom darting from their eye,
To viſitors their paſſion runs,
And for their home provokes a ſigh.

II.

Her harbours full of trading fleets,
From pole to pole proclaim her pow'r,
Encreaſing numbers, crowded ſtreets,
Declare her riches ev'ry hour.
See genius, taſte, and art combine,
To make her name completely great,
While Induſtry, and labour join,
To celebrate her happy ſtate.

III.

The beauty and the winning charms,
That ſhine ſo bright around the fair,
The native candour of their arms,
Wake lively fancy ev'ry where,
The native bloom, the comely grace,
The modeſt ſmile and down caſt eye,
Paint innocence on ev'ry face,
And every evil thought defy.

IV.

But view'd with awful dread and fear,
Her jealous and religious zeal,
Like clouds it gather'd here and there,
It ſtormed for the nation's weal;
The ruthleſs fury ſpread its flame,
To villainy an ancient tool,
It ſtain'd with ſhame her warlike name,
And liberty was ſent to ſchool.

V.

I paus'd, oppreſs'd with heavy care,
I found the human mind the ſame,
Where e'er I roam, it makes not where,
Ambition is the ſcourge of men.
Now Freedom led in prudence chain,
With

With manly vigour ſtem'd the tide,
Without it liberty's a name,
Which ev'ry nation will deride.

May 29th 1789. REGULUS.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

SAY what is Life, or what is wealth,
Or what are joys this ſide the grave?
The greateſt of our comfort's *health*:
How ſhort, indeed, the time we have!
Death, fatal foe to ſocial joy,
Thou with thy dagger pierceſt deep;
Thou filial comforts doſt annoy,
And mak'ſt the tender mother weep.
But why weep, woman, for thy ſon?
He's gone from hence to endleſs bliſs;
Haſte then, ye youths, that heedleſs run,
Oh! may your time be ſpent like his!

FERDINAND.

Marquis of Townſhend's Verſes on his Niece Miſs GARDINER.

AS late FLORINDA on her death-bed lay,
And felt, compos'd, each vital power decay;
No longer ſcience could her bloom ſuſtain,
And KINDRED TEARS* in ſhowers fell in vain:
The ſun meridian glimmer'd to her eye,
And panting breath announced her end was nigh:
She turn'd, and ſmiling aſk'd, "When ſhall I die?
"In realms above my long-mourn'd mother join?
"See, ſee her arms ſtretch'd out to meet with mine!"
Adieu, pure SOUL! with rapture take thy flight,
Quit thy dark manſion for *Eternal Light!*—
For bliſs eternal! whilſt at Heaven's gate
Thy ſiſter Angels thy arrival wait,
Swift to conduct thee to thy parent's breaſt;
For *Heav'n* has heard, and granted thy requeſt.

* The kindred tears, in the 4th line, are thoſe of the MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND.—This is the incident painted by Mrs. COSWAY.

SPRING.

WINTER's unjoyous ſeaſon paſt,
The ſnow-fraught cloud, the nipping blaſt,
No longer threat the plain;
With thee, ſweet Spring, the op'ning flow'r,
The gentle breeze, and tepid ſhow'r,
Reſume their wonted reign.

See, all around the teeming ſpray
Is burſting forth, in beauty gay,
To deck the new-born year;
While o'er the diſtant grove is ſeen
The firſt faint tinge of chearful green
By ſlow degrees appear.

The feather'd choir now ſwell their throats,
And wooe with wild enamoured notes
The partners of their care;
Mark how they frame the curious neſt;
Ah! may no cruel hand moleſt
One little harmleſs pair.

The boiſterous torrent now ſubſides,
And with a ſoothing murmur glides
Along its pebbly bed:
Again the ſunny bank delights,
Again each ſylvan path invites,
Which I was us'd to tread.

How bright the proſpect all around!
How gay the flow'rs that ſtrew the ground!

What muſick fills the air!
This lovely ſeaſon ſure was ſent
To make the happy more content,
And charm the pangs of care.

While Nature thus delights each ſenſe,
I glow with feelings more intenſe,
Which gratitude inſpire;
For in his works that Pow'r I trace
Who gave the ſcene ſuch matchleſs grace,
And form'd me to admire. G. C.

Addreſs to the Robin.

LONE Bird of eve, whoſe liquid throat,
I hear from yonder ſpray,
Who cheareſt with a favourite note,
The beam of parting day.
The wretch who wanders near thy thorn,
Amid the gathering gloom,
In ſorrow treads the dews, forlorn,
To ſigh at Cynthia's tomb.
Come minſtrel of the twilight hour,
and mourn with me the maid,
Thy ſweeteſt ſong of ſorrow pour,
To ſooth the gentleſt ſhade.
Thus when thy plaintive note ſhall ceaſe,
By death's ſevere decree,
May redbreaſts pour the ſong of peace,
Of ſweeteſt peace, to thee.

P. Pindar.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SONG.

Tune "*Fygar rub her o'er wi' ſtrae.*"

O When Aurora ſhines fu' bright,
An' ilka flow'r to bloom is ſeen,
Whan verdant fields delight our ſight,
It gars me think on bonny Jean.
Such lovelineſs does ſhe diſplay,
In ilka motion, ilka air,
That curs'd were he wha would betray,
Wi' wylie art, ſae ſweet a fair.
Yet why o' beauty ſhould I ſpeak,
Tho' ſhe o' that has ſic a ſhare?
We mauna it o'er mickle reck;
The mind, the mind, demands ſome care.
An' hers is like the early flow'r
That blooms as ſoon as it is ſpring,
It wants na' ſummers rip'ning pow'r;
Mair ſenſe or wit years canna' bring.
Ye warldly folks, look to your gear,
An' count it o'er frae morn to e'en,
But ev'n to gou'd ye canna' bear
Sic love as I do to my Jean.
An' this is aft what I do cry,
Whan I addreſs the powers divine,
Gin I get her I carena' by,
For a' the gou'd in Peru's mine.

Aberdeen
June 1789. COLIN.

GRACE.

YE beaux eſprits, ſay, what is GRACE?
Dwells it in motion, ſhape, or face!
Or is it all the three combin'd,
Guided and ſoften'd by the mind?
Where it is not, all eyes may ſee;
But where it is,——all hearts agree:
'Tis there, when eaſy in its ſtate
The mind is elegantly great;
Where looks give ſpeech to ev'ry feature,
The ſweeteſt eloquence of nature;
A harmony of thought and motion,
To which at once we pay devotion.
—But where to find this nonpareil!
Where does this female wonder dwell,
Who can at will our hearts command!
—Behold in public—CUMBERLAND!

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. XXXIX.] Thurſday July 2, 1789. [Price 3d.

Account of the extraordinary Dexterity of Mr. WILLIAM KINGSTON, *who was born without Arms or Hands.*

Extracted from J. Valton's Letter to the Revd. Mr. WESLEY, *dated Briſtol, October* 14, 1788.

IN order to give the public a ſatisfactory account of WILLIAM KINGSTON, I went to Ditcheat laſt Monday, and the next morning got him to breakfaſt with me at Mr. Goodfellow's; and had ocular proofs of his dexterity. He highly entertained us at breakfaſt, by putting his half-naked foot upon the table as he ſat, and carrying his tea and toaſt between his great and ſecond toe to his mouth, with as much facility as if his foot had been a hand, and his toes fingers. I put half a ſheet of paper upon the floor, with a pen and inkhorn. He threw off his ſhoes as he ſat, took the inkhorn in the toes of his left foot, and held the pen in thoſe of his right. He then wrote three lines as well as moſt ordinary writers, and as ſwiftly. He writes out all his own bills and other accounts. He then ſhewed me how he ſhaves himſelf with the razor in his toes: and he can comb his own hair. He can dreſs and undreſs himſelf, except buttoning his clothes. He feeds himſelf, and can bring both his meat or broth to his mooth, by holding the fork or ſpoon in his toes. He cleans his own ſhoes; can clean the knives, light the fire, and do almoſt every other domeſtic buſineſs as well as another man. He can make hen coops. He is a farmer by occupation. He can milk his cows with his toes, and cut his own hay, bind it up in bundles, and carry it about the field for his cattle. Laſt winter he had eight heifers conſtantly to fodder. This laſt ſummer he made all his own hay-ricks. He can do all the buſineſs of the hay-field (except mowing) as well with only his feet as others can with rakes and forks. He goes to the field and catches his horſe. He ſaddles and bridles him with his feet and toes. If he has a ſheep among his flock that ails any thing, he can ſeparate it from the reſt, drive it into a corner, and catch it when nobody elſe can. He then examines it, and applies a remedy to it. He is ſo ſtrong in his teeth, that he can lift ten pecks of beans with them. He can throw a

great ſledge hammer as far with his feet as other men with their hands. In a word, he can nearly do as much without, as others can with their arms.

" He began the world with a hen and chicken. With the profit on theſe he purchaſed an ewe.—The ſale of theſe procured him a ragged colt (as he expreſſed it) and then a better. After this he raiſed a better and a few ſheep, and now occupies a ſmall farm."

MEMOIRS of the late MARSHAL DE VAUX.

NOEL DE JOURDA DE VAUX, Count de Vaux, Baron de Rooke, &c. &c. Marſhal of France, Grand Croſs of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, Governor of Thionville, Commander in Chief in the Province of the county of Burgundy, was born in 1705. He was of a younger branch of the family of Jourda, a noble and ancient houſe of the Gevaudan, reduced to great poverty, and ſettled in Velai. The anceſtors of Marſhal de Vaux demanded and obtained letters of nobility for military ſervices, about 120 years ago. What kind of derogation obliged them to have recourſe to this method is not known; and the Marſhal, who valued nothing but perſonal merit, and whoſe own worth rendered it unneceſſary for him to avail himſelf of that of his anceſtors, never troubled himſelf about reinſtating his family in its ancient rights.

Marſhal de Vaux began his military career at the age of nineteen, as Lieutenant in the regiment of Auvergne. He ſerved in Italy at the ſieges of Pizzighitone and the Caſtle of Milan. Made a Captain in 1734, he was preſent at the attack of the Caſtle of Colorno, and was wounded at the battles of Parma and Guaſtalla. In 1738, he went with his regiment to Corſica, and commanded at Corte in 1739, with a detachment of 200 men. He was attacked in the Convent of Querſamuni by 2000 Corſicans, againſt whom he maintained his poſt, though he received two wounds in the action.

The regiment of Auvergne having been ordered into Bohemia, in 1743 M. de Vaux diſtinguiſhed himſelf at the defence of Prague. He was detached with 800 men to the covered way of that place, from which he ſeveral times repulſed the enemy; nor did he quit it till the ſiege was finiſhed. The proofs of courage and ability which he gave on this occaſion procured him the command of the regiment of Angoumois.

In 1744, being on the ſtaff, he ſerved at the battle of Rutiſvaux, and the ſieges of Menin, Ypres, Furnes, and Fribourg. At moſt of theſe he was employed on ſeveral honourable and hazardous enterprizes. He was alſo preſent at the battle of Fontenoy, and ſignalized himſelf at the ſieges of Tournay and Dendermonde. With 1500 men he covered the ſiege of Oudenarde, of which place the King conferred on him the command, as a proof how well he was ſatisfied with his ſervices and zeal.

When Marſhal Saxe intended to lay ſiege to Bruſſels, M. de Vaux, under his command, was ſent at the head of 5000 men to make himſelf maſter of the paſs of the canal of Wilvorde. This he effected, taking upwards of 200 priſoners in the redoubts, and throwing a bridge over the canal. When the place was inveſted, he was detached to the ſuburbs, within two hundred paces of the ditch, and covered it with ſeveral redoubts. The zeal and talents diſplayed by M. de Vaux at this ſiege, procured him the honour of being ſent by Marſhal Saxe to announce the

the taking of the City to the King, who immediately made him a Brigadier.

In this quality he ſerved at the ſieges of the Citadel of Antwerp and of Namur, and at the battle of Rocoux. In 1747, he was charged with the inveſtment of Sas van Ghent. With 6000 men he made all the neceſſary diſpoſitions for commencing the ſiege, made himſelf maſter of a ſmall fort, and took 200 priſoners.

At the ſiege of Bergen-op Zoom he was wounded by the burſting of a ſhell. Being detached to the village of Vouet, with the volunteers of Brittany, he was attacked by a corps of 10,000 men, whom he obliged to retreat, leaving 500 men dead on the field. As a reward for this action, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Franche Comte.

In 1759 he was made Lieutenant-General, and ſent to take the command of the troops in Corſica. In 1760, being employed in the army of Marſhal Broglio, he was charged with the defence of Friedberg. Commanding the left column of the troops under the Count de Luſace, he attacked the redoubts which covered the City of Caſſel, out of which he drove the enemy, and alſo out of the town. In Auguſt following, he was ordered to attack the rear-guard of a corps of 10,000 men, which he did with ſucceſs. Towards the end of this campaign he was entruſted with the command of Gottingen. This City being inveſted by Prince Ferdinand, he obliged him to raiſe the ſiege; making ſeveral ſallies on different bodies of troops poſted in the neighbouring villages, of whom he killed and took priſoners near 3000 men.

In 1763, being employed in Les Trois-Evêches, he was made Lieutenant-Governor of that Province; and in 1784, Commander of the Order of St. Louis.

M. de Vaux returned to Corſica, as Commander in Chief, in 1769, and in three months ſubjected the whole Iſland. He was afterwards employed ſucceſſively in the *generalite* of Paris, in the diviſions of Provence and Alſatia, and in the Camp of Voſſieux.

In 1779 and 1783, he commanded the army aſſembled on the coaſts of Britany and Normandy, and was afterwards appointed Commander in Chief of the County of Burgundy. Finally he was rewarded with the dignity of Marſhal of France, which he had well deſerved by his courage and conduct, diſplayed in nineteen ſieges, ten engagements, and four battles.

Marſhal de Vaux died at Grenoble, the 14th of September 1788. If any thing could add luſtre to his life, it was that firmneſs of mind which enabled him to ſupport with courage and reſignation the ſlow approaches of a painful diſſolution, with which he was harraſſed for fifty-three days, unattended with that "pomp and circumſtance" of glory, that hope of renown, which had ſo often led him to brave death.

M. de Vaux had never obtained, had never aſked any favours for his family. He was one of the few who think their ſervices amply rewarded. All he did was, when on his death-bed he wrote to the firſt Miniſter of the war department, "M. le Comte, I am extremely ill; if my taſk finiſh here, the Marchioneſs de Vauborel, my daughter, will recommend to you my relations." The greateſt part of the fortune left by the Marſhal was the fruit of his ſervices and œconomy.

A rigid diſciplinarian, ſtrict, but juſt and humane, the whole life of Marſhal de Vaux was an aſſemblage of military virtues, to which he continually added that rigid probity which failed not to procure him the

profoundeſt eſteem with the army. The young ſoldier, whilſt he profited by his example, could not but feel encouragement at the rank to which he had arrived by his ſervices from that of a ſimple Lieutenant; at the ſame time his fortune, though moderate, proved, that the man who enters into the army is not neceſſarily ruined. Nothing perhaps affords a ſtronger conviction of his worth, than the regret felt at his loſs by the Province of Burgundy which he governed; and by that of Dauphiny, where, when ſent thither under the moſt delicate circumſtances, he reconciled what he owed to the authority of the King, his maſter, with that moderation and prudence which were always the baſis of his conduct.

We muſt not quit him without an anecdote or two, which paint the man.

Three officers were brought before him accuſed of a ſerious tranſgreſſion. His firſt ſtep was to inquire whether they were young: "for," ſays he, "what is unpardonable in a man of a certain age may be paſſed over in a youth." After obtaining what information he could, he interrogated the officers themſelves, and found them ſtill more culpable than they had been repreſented to him. "Gentlemen," ſays he, then addreſſing himſelf to them with a ſtern air, "I perceive that you will oblige me to reſume my wonted ſeverity." At theſe words, thinking all was over with them, they fell on their knees, imploring his clemency. "No, gentlemen, your offence is of ſuch a nature as muſt not be permitted to go unpuniſhed: retire to your quarters immediately, and return to-morrow morning, to learn what I ſhall have determined reſpecting you." The next morning, on quitting his chamber, he found them attending him, pale, dejected, and not daring to lift up their eyes. Going up to one of them, and clapping him on the ſhoulder, "You have ſpent a diſagreeable night," ſays he with a ſmile: "I ſee that your apprehenſions have puniſhed you ſufficiently, and I hope you will never again be in a ſimilar ſituation. You ſhall all three dine with me to-day."

After having commanded the troops deſtined for the expedition which the Government had projected againſt England, Marſhal de Vaux retained the command of thoſe which were ſtill kept aſſembled in Brittany, in 1781. At the end of the firſt month of this ſervice the Treaſurer of the army paid him for his table the year before. "I have need but of half of it," ſays the Marſhal, "I am no longer at the ſame expence;" and immediately he had laid his letter before the King, whoſe pleaſure it was, that he ſhould have the ſame allowance as before, as a teſtimony of the ſatisfaction he received from his ſervices. "I cannot accept this mark of the King's bounty," replied the Marſhal; "but it will be the ſole order of his Majeſty to which I ſhall not think it my duty to pay obedience."

Picture of the Mode of living at Calcutta. *In a letter from a* Lady *to her friend in* England.

THIS, Arabella, ſhall be a long letter; for it ſhall contain an account of one whole day, ſpent after the Calcutta manner; which, I conceive, will prove ſo cloſe a copy of the general mode of living, that little more will be left for me to ſay on that ſubject; for the variations in amuſement, exerciſe, &c. cannot be conſiderable, in a place, where, to render exiſtence ſupportable, is the ſole end and purpoſe of elegance, as well as of induſtry.

At nine o'clock it is the cuſtom of

of this family to breakfaſt; and I, who am no daughter of ſolitude, ſo ſoon as it is announced, become viſible; for I have much pleaſure in Mrs Hartly's converſation.

Having breakfaſted, (which I find is the only *degage* meal I muſt hope to enjoy, every one ordering what is moſt agreeable to their choice, and in elegant undreſs chatting *a la volonte;* whilſt, on the contrary, dinner, tea, and ſupper are a kind of ſtate levees) knowing that in the next apartment to mine, a *country-born* young lady—as the phraſe is, to diſtinguiſh them from Europeans—was lodged, whom I had found extremely winning in her addreſs during our voyage in the *bugero*, and declaredly ambitious to be admitted on the liſt of my friends; I took it in my head to viſit her *en paſſant*, and make her a morning compliment; and this the more particularly, becauſe ſhe had not given us her company at breakfaſt, and I imagined ſhe might have taken cold on the water.—But judge my ſurpriſe, Arabella, when, on entering her chamber, I found her under the hands of her hair-dreſſer, actually ſmoking a pipe.

But let me caution you againſt every plebeian idea on the occaſion, for that pipe was a moſt ſuperb hooka, the bell filled with roſe-water; and inſtead of odious tobacco, a preparation of the betel-root, rolled up, and wetted, was placed in the bole, which bole was beautiful china-ware, covered with a filligree ſilver cap, with a mouth-piece of the ſame materials.—Nor can I give you a conception of the graceful manner in which the ſnake (the long-ornamented tube) was twined through the rails of her chair, and turned under her arm, ſo as not to have incommoded any perſon ſeated by her; or the genteel air with which ſhe drew out the ſoft fume, and puffed it forth, alternately (for none of it is retained.)—In a word, I wiſhed to have taken her portrait on the ſpot, for her form is elegant, her complexion near the European ſtandard, and the novelty of her attitude ſuch as rendered them altogether an admirable ſubject for the pencil.

This kind of ſmoking is, I am told, the characteriſtic cuſtom of the *country-born* ladies; and the ſervant, dreſſed as I have already deſcribed, whoſe ſole buſineſs it is to arrange the ſnake, feed the fire on his knees, and take care of the whole apparatus, is called the hooka-bearer, and is an indiſpenſable appendage of eaſtern ſtate and etiquette. The gentlemen, without diſtinction, indulge themſelves this way, and as naturally, I am informed, fill up the period of their hair dreſſing with their hookas, as thoſe in England with peruſing the daily prints, and unqueſtionably to a more beneficial purpoſe; for the health is preſerved or promoted by the practice: whereas news-paper reading, in your faſhionable world, only furniſhes the head with politics, and the heart with ſcandal, no very eſtimable acquiſition, I hope you will grant me, for a rational member of the community.

The faſhionable undreſs, except in the article of being without ſtays (and ſtays are wholly unworn in the Eaſt) is much in the Engliſh ſtyle, with large caps, or otherwiſe, as fancy dictates: it is, however, ſufficient to ſay, no care or ſkill is left unexerted to render the appearance eaſy and graceful—a rather neceſſary circumſtance, as you will grant me, when I add, that the gentlemen in the courſe of their morning excurſions (for they ride out on horſeback at an early hour) continually drop in; and, from the numerous acquaintance this houſe can boaſt, I apprehend we ſhall ſeldom know a breakfaſt unaccompanied by theſe caſual

caſual viſitants—who ſay the prettieſt things imaginable, with an air of truth that wins on the credulity, and harmonizes the heart.—Not, Arabella, but a fine woman, robed in white muſlin, and with every other ſpecies of attractive drapery (let me tell you) is a very ſtriking object, and, as ſuch, honeſtly entitled to admiration.

You probably conceive, that, in this gay and enervating climate, induſtry is the laſt idea that would ſuggeſt itſelf to the mind of a fine lady: but you are miſtaken; for the ladies at Calcutta are very fond of working upon muſlin, of knotting, netting, and all the little methods of whiling away the time, without hanging weights on the attention.

At twelve a repaſt is introduced, conſiſting of cold ham, chickens, and loll ſhrub*; after partaking of which, all parties ſeparate to dreſs.

The friſeur now forms the perſon anew; and thoſe who do not chuſe to wear caps, however elegant or ornamented, have flowers of Britiſh manufacture (a favourite mode of decoration) intermixed with their treſſes, and otherwiſe diſpoſed ſo as to have an agreeable effect. Powder is, however, uſed in great quantities, on the idea of both coolneſs and neatneſs; though, in my opinion, the natural colour of the hair would be more becoming: but the intenſe heat, I ſuppoſe, renders it ineligible.

At three, the day after my arrival, as is uſually the caſe, the company aſſembled in the hall or ſaloon, to the number of four-and-twenty; where, beſides the luſtres and girandoles already mentioned, are ſofas of Chineſe magnificence: but they are only ſubſtituted for chairs; what is called lolling, in the weſtern world, being here unpractiſed.

* *Claret.*

The dinner table was covered with a ſnow-white damaſk table-cloth of the fineſt texture; and to every plate were arranged two glaſſes, one of a pyramidical and ſlender form (like the hob-nob glaſſes in England) for loll ſhrub, the other a common ſized wine glaſs, for whatever beverage is moſt agreeable; and between every two perſons at table were alſo placed a decanter of water and a tumbler, for diluting at pleaſure; with folded napkins, of equal elegance with the table-cloth, for all the company, marked by art with a variety of fanciful figures, which I reluctantly deſtroyed.

Such hoſts of men on all occaſions preſent themſelves, that, at dinner, to the demolition of ſcandal and all other perſonal ſubjects, no two ladies are permitted, I find, in this country, to ſit by each other. But the ſexes are blended (I will not ſay in pairs, for the men are out of all proportion to the female world) ſo as to aid the purpoſes of gallantry and good-humour; and, during the whole period of dinner, boys with flappers and fans ſurround you, procuring you at leaſt a tolerably comfortable artificial atmoſphere.

The diſhes were ſo abundant, and the removes ſo rapid, I can only tell you, ducks, chickens, fiſh (no ſoup, take notice, is ever ſerved up at Calcutta) and all the *et cæteras* of an Engliſh bill of fare, according to their proper ſeaſons, paſſed before my eyes.

But the mode of dreſſing theſe proviſions is ſomewhat curious; for, I am told, fires of a particular kind of wood are prepared, which being burnt to a clinker, the animal or joint intended to be roaſted is placed *over*, not *before* them; where they are turned about until done in the greateſt perfection; the fires being ſo judiciouſly fed, as to prevent both decay of heat and ſmoke.

The

The attention and court paid to me was aſtoniſhing; my ſmile was meaning, and my articulation melody: in a word, mirrors are almoſt uſeleſs things at Calcutta, and ſelf-adoration idle; for our looks are reflected in the pleaſure of the beholder, and your claims to firſt-rate diſtinction confeſſed by all who approach you.

After the circulation of a few loyal healths, &c. &c. the ladies withdraw; and the gentlemen, I am told, drink their chearful glaſs for ſome time beyond that period, inſomuch, that it is no unfrequent thing for each man to diſpatch his three bottles of claret, or two of white wine, before they break up: having the bottles ſo emptied piled up before them as trophies of their proweſs.

The ladies at Calcutta retire, not to enjoy their private chat, or regret their ſeparation from their admirers; for to ſleep is the object of their wiſhes, and the occupation of their time—a refreſhment that alone enables them to appear with animation in the evening: accordingly, both ladies and gentlemen entirely undreſs, and repoſe on their beds, in the ſame manner as at the midnight hour; and, on awaking, are a ſecond time attended by their hair-dreſſer; and thus, a ſecond time in the twenty-four hours, come forth armed at all points for conqueſt.

But it ſhall not be concealed, Arabella, that ſo great an enemy to beauty is this ardent climate, that even I, your newly-arrived friend, am only the ghoſt of my former ſelf; and, however the lily has ſurvived, the roſes have expired: neither my lips (the glow of which you yourſelf have noticed) or cheeks are much more than barely diſtinguiſhable from the reſt of my face, and that only by the fainteſt bloom imaginable. Art, therefore, is here (as well as in Britain) a ſubſtitute for nature in ninety-nine inſtances out of a hundred. I hope I miſcalculate my countrywomen in this compariſon; but you know me too well to ſuſpect me of a departure from my eſtabliſhed cuſtom. Notwithſtanding all which, from being a new figure at Calcutta, my father's partiality for his only child (the only child of a woman he adored) is gratified beyond meaſure by the unending themes of my celebrity, my dreſs, my addreſs, my judgment, my underſtanding, my language, my ſentiments, my taſte.—Fear with me then, my good Arabella, that I have cut out much diſtreſſing buſineſs for myſelf in the refuſing line, by the raſh vow I regiſtered and tranſmitted you from Bengal Bay, and by which I religiouſly conceive myſelf bound to regulate my conduct.

. . . . . .

I have ſlept little this morning.—A whirl of ideas, I was unable to regulate, was the cauſe.—I am, however, dreſſed; and my new friend calls upon me to attend her to the tea-room.—I come, I come.—She is gone without me, Arabella, from imagining me not ready to preſent myſelf; and I will borrow ſo much time as juſt to deſcribe the houſehold retinue of Mr and Mrs Hartley, and, of courſe, of all the genteel families in Calcutta.

The ranks of natives from whence the domeſtic ſervants are obtained, are Gentoos (I think I told you as much in a former letter; but no matter, the repetition will only confirm my report) they do not board in the European families; but, receiving a weekly ſtipend (and that a very ſlender one) feed at their own hovels, on rice and fiſh, during the hours of their maſters and miſtreſſes repoſing themſelves, and then, with renewed alacrity, reſume their ſeveral appointments and offices.

The ſuit of ſervants conſiſts of a coachman and groom, which are generally Europeans; a conſumer, who is a Gentoo (a kind of houſe-ſteward and butler, for he provides every family article, and attends the ſideboard and tea-table in perſon, with bearers,

all

all Gentoos, of ſeveral denominations; the chief of which is called the Seda-bearer, who cleans the tables, places the glaſs ſhades over the candles in the verandas, and has the care of his maſter's ſhoes, which he puts on and takes off for him with the profoundeſt reſpect;) two pair of palanquin-bearers; a kitteſan-bearer; two harcarriers, or flambeaux-bearers; a hooka-bearer; and the bearers who ſtand behind chairs, and act as waiters to and from the tea-table: and ſo diligent and diſcerning are they, that they read the commands of the company in their eyes, and ſeem created for the ſole purpoſe and ſole ambition of ſerving the Europeans.

The muſlin dreſſes, &c. which I mentioned to you on the adventure of the bugeros, are, it proves, the family liveries of the Eaſt; I mean the colour of the ſaſhes and turban ribbands; my colour is the Tyrian dye, which, I need not tell you, has a beautiful effect upon white.

I am ſent for, and muſt for the preſent bid you adieu!

. . . . . .

3 *o'clock, morning.*

You will, perhaps, Arabella, be ſo unbred as to conclude, ſome particular party or amuſement has kept me up till this late hour; but know, two is abſolutely a plebeian time of breaking up company at Calcutta.—Refreſhed by your afternoon's ſleep, and braced by the cool breezes of the evening, you conſider time as made only for enjoyment, and repoſe as an outrage on conviviality.

My new friend, the country-born lady, met me the day after my arrival, and led the way to the tea party; but inſtead of a parlour, &c. I found this party collected in the veranda, as on the preceding evening, and I drank my tea with a degree of ſatisfaction unknown in England in large companies; for, Arabella, inſtead of the exchanges (a moſt alarming and diſguſting idea) to which you are there expoſed, it is the delightful and ſenſible cuſtom at Calcutta, for a bearer to convey your cup, when empty, to the conſumer, without once letting it go out of his hands; and of courſe returns it you ſecure from every poſſibility of contamination.—I think I never was ſo pleaſed with any one article of polite etiquette in my whole life.

At dinner we were cooled by artificial means; but the heavenly breezes of evening reached us thro' the verandas—cheered, enlivened, and rendered us quite another order of beings.

Tea and coffee over, three card-tables (for, ſorry I am to tell you, card-playing is here, in like manner as in Europe, the faſhionable propenſity) were brought forward, and I, as a viſitor and a ſtranger, was not permitted to decline.—I was on the point of ſeating myſelf, when the ſtake was mentioned; but what was my aſtoniſhment, when I heard five gold mohrs (ten pounds) ſpoke of as a very moderate ſum a corner!

I drew back, Arabella, inſtinctively; for the little treaſure my father had ſo kindly made me miſtreſs of, my heart told me, at this rate, would literally make itſelf wings, and flee away.

Mrs Hartly, perceiving both my ſurpriſe and chagrin, aſked me to honour her table with my company, where, ſhe ſaid, they were ſo humble as to ſtake only one poor gold mohr.—I gladly accepted her invitation; and endeavoured to remember with fortitude, that forty good ſhillings ſterling would be either won or loſt by me in the courſe of a few deals; whiſt being the polite game.

It is obſerved by ſome author (but I do not immediately recollect who) that intoxication is the vice

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of a barbarous, gambling of a refined, people; this is verified to a fatal proverb on this ſpot; for fortune, in the Eaſt (however refined the taſte or manners of its poſſeſſor) appears alone to be acquired for the purpoſe of this wild diſſipation of it; inſomuch, that the *ultimatum* of European deſires, the return to their native country, is ſacrificed to the gratification of this pernicious propenſity, as well as the peace and felicity of many moſt deſerving families. —In a word, ſeveral hundred pounds were transferred from their poſſeſſors in the ſhort period we were engaged.

At ſupper the ſaloon was ſuperbly lighted, and the table ſumptuouſly covered.—The ſame ceremony of parting the ladies was obſerved, as I have already deſcribed; ſo that the decanter and tumbler are evidently deſigned for her accommodation: and a band of muſic was introduced, which played all the evening.

I was requeſted to favour the company with a ſong, (vocal muſic being highly eſteemed by the *Calcutonians*;) and ſo anxious were the gentlemen to diſcover, whether I had a voice tuned to melody or not, that doubt and expectation ſat on each countenance.

I diſpelled their doubts, and, if the goddeſs of Flattery (who certainly touched the lips of her votaries with peculiar eloquence on the occaſion) may be relied on, exceeded all they could have hoped for from the firſt daughter of Harmony. —It muſt, however, be ſeriouſly acknowledged, that, from indolence, relaxed fibres, or whatever other cauſe or impediment, my little powers equalled the beſt efforts of my fair friends; and I have bound myſelf, by a ſolemn promiſe, to be an *angel* on each ſucceeding evening.

A jingling of unaccuſtomed ſounds to my ears now interrupted my eulogiums, and immediately ſix or ſeven black girls were brought in, dreſſed in white muſlin, loaded with ribbands of various colours, with two or three gold rings in their noſes, by way of ornament, and ſilver caſnets at their ancles and wriſts, with which they beat time very agreeably to the tamborines that attended them. Theſe are called *notch-girls*, (the word for dance) and their performance is called *notchee*.—They ſang lively and tender compoſitions alternately, as was apparent by the movement of their eyes and hands, but to me otherwiſe unintelligible; danced with good effect; and, I could perceive, were well rewarded. —After which, the night being particularly fine, we were inſtantly conveyed in our palanquins to the Company's gardens; late in the evening, or abſolutely midnight, being the only walking time in this climate. The moon was near the full, and her ſilver beams diſplayed unuſual luſtre.—Flowers of the moſt beautiful aſpect and delightful ſcent, aromatic trees and ſhrubs, perfumed the breeze; and the viſtos, or ſhady walks, had an air of enchantment! Thus was the evening terminated, or, more properly, Arabella, the new-born day welcomed with luxurious glee; the ſenſes flattered; the heart ſoftened; and love and friendſhip the prevailing ſenſations of the ſoul!—For, where the mind is pure, under ſuch auſpices as I have deſcribed, love is friendſhip, and friendſhip affection.

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THOUGHTS UPON THINKING—A LITTLE OF THE AUTHOR'S LOGIC—THINGS

THINGS DONE WITHOUT THOUGHT —AMUSEMENTS—CONVERSATION —AN ERROR RECTIFIED—SOMETHING TOUCHING MYSELF—MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WORLD—A TOUCH ON THE TIMES BY WAY OF CONCLUSION.

IT is univerſally allowed and indeed maintained by philoſophers, that man is a thinking being. Now, granting this to be true, it appears to me that there is ſomething in the nature of thought which implies accountableneſs or reſponſibility. To perform an action merely *from inſtinct* is the characteriſtic of a *brute;* but a man is ſuppoſed to perform every action after *thought* and *conſideration.* What is *that thought*, if not an *appeal* to *reaſon?* And what is *reaſon*, but the *friend*, *intimate* and *coadjutor* of CONSCIENCE? I preſume this logic will be admitted by thoſe who are Chriſtians, who would not be ſuppoſed to conduct themſelves by a blind impulſe, and who conſider thought as the reſult of reaſon, and reaſon as nearly analogous with that inward monitor, termed Conſcience.

But if there are any who will not admit this kind of argument, I will compound matters ſo far with them as to ſay, that as *Man is a thinking being*, which they cannot pretend to deny, he ceaſes to deſerve that appellation when he ceaſes to think, or, in other words, when he acts without thought. How neceſſary *thinking* is in every action of our life, appears from the common opinion of men who have done imprudent things—"They did ſuch and ſuch things without thought"——Hence alſo the follies of youth are attributed to *thoughtleſsneſs*, and even men of years, whoſe diſpoſitions approach to the childiſh, are ſaid "to take no thought of what they do."

It is to be obſerved, however, that it is only in the caſe of the leſſer imprudencies of our conduct, that we apply the word "thoughtleſs"—Thus, if a man in wantonneſs threw a glaſs at the head of another, and wounded him, we would, in ſuch a caſe, call the action *thoughtleſs;* Becauſe he evidently appeared to have no deſign to hurt, and could not be ſuppoſed to have *thought* whether he might poſſibly hurt or not. But if a man robs on the highway, or commits a murder, we never conſider thoſe as proceeding from *want of thought.* Almoſt all the actions and words of a drunken man proceed from want of thought; and we may from this and other inſtances ſafely aſſert, that there is a degree of temporary inſanity in every action or word not connected with *thought.* The law makes this allowance for many imprudent actions. A man killing another in a quarrel, in the heat of paſſion excited by a quarrel, is conſidered as excuſeable, "*Ira furor brevis eſt.*" And when we conſider how many actions of our lives which have left ſorrow and ſhame behind them, might have been prevented by a moment's thought, is it not much to be regretted that that moment occurs ſo ſeldom!

But as continued thinking might tend to impair the faculty it ought to improve, various amuſements are allowed us, for the purpoſe of relaxing the mind. And this is one ſtrong reaſon why our amuſements ought to be of the virtuous and harmleſs kind, becauſe they are all calculated to *baniſh thought.* At a play, a ball, a concert, &c. men do not *think;* their finer ſenſes receive the gratifications of wit, muſic, and dancing, but no ſtreſs of thought is required to reliſh the moſt, or the leaſt perfect of thoſe pleaſures. Hence it is that when ſuch public amuſements are protracted too long, or viſited too often, the mind, inſtead of returning with refreſhment to its train of thoughts,

thoughts, becomes incapable of thinking at all. Like wet leather dried without being ſtretched (the ſimile is homeſpun) it becomes wrinkled, hard and uſeleſs.

To ſome men converſation is a ſufficient relaxation of the mind. But here I apprehend we confound terms. If the converſation be at all worth hearing, it muſt tend to generate and circulate thoughts, and what we term its *relaxing* effects, ought rather to be accounted its effects in diverting the mind from one train of ideas to another, and by keeping up a ſucceſſion of pleaſing ones affords that delight and amuſement to the mind, which the eye experiences from enjoying a rapid ſucceſſion of proſpects in travelling. For my own part, whether I am growing old, and have outlived the age of pleaſure and public amuſement, or not, no public amuſement affords any relaxation to my mind; an hour's converſation does more than any amuſement I have ever partook of—for of moſt public amuſements I may ſay with Dr Johnſon on a ſimilar occaſion, "They take much from me, and give me nothing in return."—But I muſt not pretend to obtrude the example of an old fellow like myſelf on my more gay and juvenile readers. I wiſh not to take from them their pleaſures—but to enhance their value, by recommending moderation.

To determine exactly the *quantum* of relaxation which each mind requires, would be a valuable diſcovery; a diſcovery however which individuals muſt attempt for themſelves. No man can ſay how much his neighbour thinks, or how much relaxation his mind may require. One thing only we can be certain of, that he whoſe time is ſpent entirely in amuſement, never thinks, and the actions of ſuch a man in common life, if well conſidered, will be found to proceed from the impulſe of the moment; if he does good, it is merely by accident; if otherwiſe, it is no more than may be expected.

This conſideration then, of the advantages of *thought* over vacancy of mind, ſhould induce us to moderate our pleaſures. All public amuſements are fatiguing to the mind, as ſevere exerciſe is to the body, and he who in purſuit of relaxation has exceeded the bounds neceſſary for his mind, will find himſelf in the ſituation of a man who taking exerciſe to prepare himſelf for dinner has outwalked his appetite.

People of faſhion, as they are called, that is, thoſe who live in a circle of pleaſures, round which they are continually performing their orbits, it is to be feared, rarely think. It cannot be ſuppoſed they ſhould; they have no fund of ideas; and the human mind is in itſelf too rational to dwell often on cards, dice, dances, viſits, and ſuch objects. Theſe in fact are not objects of thought, but in as far as it may be neceſſary to think whether we ought to avoid or partake of them. There is no human creature more intitled to our pity than a thorough-bred man or woman of *ton*; and the kind of pity we beſtow on them is of the nature we feel for perſons who have not the exerciſe of their reaſon. To poſſeſs reaſon and not exerciſe it, is the ſame as not to poſſeſs it. And it may be obſerved that our pity in the caſe of ſuch perſons would be reſented as an inſult, merely from this circumſtance, that they are inſenſible of their ſituation—inſenſible that a life of pleaſure brings on an age of pain, and that the operation of amuſement ceaſes when that of ſickneſs begins.

In the preſent age we are not ſo diſtinguiſhed for ſtudy, labour and induſtry, as our fathers in the laſt century were. Our literary labours, and our works of art, our furniture and our buildings, all partake of lightneſs,

airineſs, eaſe, and ornament. There is nothing voluminous, maſſy, or cumbrous in our labours either way. And yet the demand for amuſement is greater than ever; public places of amuſement are more numerous than ever; and ſome idea of their ſucceſs may be formed from the immenſe ſums accumulated by the perſons employed to entertain us. It becomes us, therefore, as rational creatures, to reflect whether this increaſed demand for pleaſure ariſes from neceſſity, whether our thinking is ſo intenſe as to require ſuch conſtant relaxation, or whether, under pretence of eaſing our mental burthens, we are not acquiring habits of idleneſs, luxury and effeminacy.

The Scripture peculiarly adapted to Poetry.

IN producing to the world the tranſlation of a Sacred Ode*, it may be neceſſary to ſay ſomething in defence of this ſpecies of writing, not to thoſe who are acquainted and well converſant in the Scripture, but to thoſe who regard them as the ſacred ſprings of morality and religion, without conſidering them as the *well head* of poetry and ſublimeſt inſpiration.

The poems of Homer and of Pindar (though the latter is not ſo univerſally ready and underſtood), are juſtly celebrated by all admirers of poetic fiction.—But, in the ſacred writings, we have the ſublimeſt truths painted in the higheſt ſtyle and richeſt colourings of metaphorical and Oriental poetry.

HÆC nos
Ad majora vocant (greſſus removate profani)
Ad puros latices, templaque plena Deo.

When we read the battles of Homer or the odes of Pindar, replete with ancient mythology, we tread on enchanted ground, we converſe with heroes of ancient times, we follow the ſteps of Diomed or Achilles to the banks of Simois and Scamander, and ſee in proſpect before us the very walls of Troy. But when we turn our eyes to the ſacred page, and peruſe the triumphal ode of Deborah and Barak, or that of Moſes after the defeat of Pharaoh and his hoſt in the Red Sea, we ſee ſomething more ſublime, *& magis Pindaricum, ſi ita dicere loqui liceat, ipſo Pindaro.* The Gods of the Heathen are but dumb idols; Jupiter and Juno, Mars, Venus, and Vulcan, excite our ridicule and laughter. But, on the other hand, the Maker of heaven and earth, the God of Iſrael, and of all the earth, is introduced to our notice in the foremention'd odes and in the dramatic poem of Job, in a manner ſuitable to his majeſty and grandeur.

If we conſider the whole hiſtory of the *Bible*, from the fall of man to his reſtoration by the merits and mediation of Jeſus Chriſt, we ſhall find ample ſubjects for dramatic and epic poetry. To mention only a few: What can be more affecting and pathetic than the hiſtory of *Joſeph*, riſing from bondage and impriſonment to the higheſt glories and honours of a court? Is the friendſhip of Niſus and Euryalus more worthy the notice of a poet, than that of David and the ſon of Saul? And is not the ſacrifice of Iphigenia at Aulis taken from the raſh vow of Jephtha in the book of Judges? Many other ſubjects are mentioned for the meditation of an able poet, by one who was himſelf an example and guide†.

Cowley, though he has not ſucceeded ſufficiently in his poem called *Davideis*, has yet many beautiful paſ-

* See the following.

† Milton.

ſages

ſages in it, and gives us a grand idea of his ſubject in his *plan*, though his lines are too weak and haſtily finiſhed to compleat what Horace calls, and Milton would have ſhewn, if he had attempted the ſame ſubject, "nobile carmen." But we may take Cowley's opinion as a *critic* and excellent *judge* of poetry, though he has not himſelf ſucceeded in this attempt at the epic. In the preface to his works, he ſays, "When I conſider how many bright and magnificent ſubjects the Holy Scripture affords and *proffers* to poeſie, it is not without grief and indignation that I behold that divine ſcience employing all her inexhauſtible riches of wit and eloquence, either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great perſons, or the unmanly idolizing of fooliſh women, or the confuſed antiquated dreams of fables and metamorphoſes."

Yours, &c, R. WARD.

EPINICION * DEBBÔRÆ.

Judges, chap. iv, and v.

ARGUMENT.

AFTER the death of Moſes the people of Iſrael were governed by various JUDGES; of whom *Joſhua* was the firſt. To him ſucceeded Othniel, Ehud, and *Shamgar* the ſon of Anath. After his death the Jews became tributary to Jabin King of Canaan, who reigned in *Hazor*. He oppreſſed them twenty years; till at length *Deborah*, who was then judge over Iſrael, excited Barak to collect an army of 10,000 men on Mount Tabor, and oppoſe *Siſerah*, who came out to meet him with 900 chariots and an immenſe army. They fought in *Taanach* by the waters of Megiddo. The Canaanites were diſcomfited; Siſerah put to flight, and ſlain by Jael; and Jabin King of Canaan deſtroyed.

OF more than human wars I ſing,
When God aroſe, Judæa's ſhield,
And hoſtile armies overthrew
In *Taanach's* deſolated field.

Fit ſubject for triumphal pomp!
Fit ſubject for the Muſe to ſing—
Riſe, Deborah, begin the lay,
Thou miſtreſs of the vocal ſtring.

But ah! what Bard in equal ſtrains
Shall ſing Jehovah's matchleſs force,
When Edon felt his whirling car,
The winged thunder of his courſe?

The world's vaſt fabric ſhook throughout,
The ſtedfaſt earth confeſt her God;
Th' eternal hills in ſilence bow'd,
And Sinai trembled as he trod.

What woes, what dangers, we endur'd,
In princely Shamgar's hapleſs reign,
When death and war's deſtructive ſway
O'erthrew the cities of the plain.

Gaunt deſolation thro' the land
Each peaceful village ſwain diſmay'd,
And hoſtile troops in Judah's ſtreets
Their arms victoriouſly diſplay'd.

Thus proſtrate lay Judæa's ſons,
In ruin whelm'd my country lay,
When I aroſe, that country's boaſt,
Her glory and her warlike ſtay.

Then riſing from her late defeat,
She boldly quell'd her proudeſt foes,
When, furious to revenge her wrongs,
Vindictive Deborah aroſe.

Degenerate ſons! can vaſſal fear
Detain my warriors from the field?
Where fly'ſt thou Reuben? canſt thou ſee
Thy native land, thy country yield!

Heroic tribe of Nephtalim,

You

* The Septuagint pronounces it thus, and Spenſer, B. 3. C. 4.

"How ſtout *Debora* ſtrake
Proud *Siſera*—

You will I praiſe with lateſt breath,
That, prodigal of life, could'ſt wade,
Thro' ſlaughter to a glorious death.

I ſee the martial pomp of war,
The glitt'ring of each maſſy ſpear,
How grimly ſhines each hoſt in arms!
Inflam'd by rage, unaw'd by fear!

That day the ſword of Barac's might
Matchleſs o'erthrew each choſen band;
While brazen cars, with heroes arm'd,
Fled baſely from a woman's hand

Then God himſelf his red right hand
With vengeance arm'd; th' Almighty Sire,
With blazing ſtars, Heaven's glitt'ring hoſt,
Hurl'd angry beams of flaming fire.

What heaps of mangled carcaſes,
Unbury'd heaps of heroes ſlain,
What ſoes expecting ſudden fate,
Lie ſcatter'd on the bleeding plain!

Witneſs Megiddo's fruitful ſtream,
And Kiſhon, King of Rivers old,
What thronging helms and ſerried ſhields,
Down the diſcolour'd waters roll'd.

Bleſt be thy fame, advent'rous maid,
Bleſt be thy hand divine, that ſhed
The blood of Siſera; by thy arts,
Great in deceit, the hero bled.

Beneath thy feet, he bow'd, he fell,
The lifeleſs corſe diſtain'd the ground,
While purple ſtreams of ſanguine life
Well'd copious from the fatal wound.

Have they not ſped? his mother cries,
Ah, what detains his wonted ſpeed?
Or do they ſhare the ample ſpoils,
The happy conqueror's glorious meed?

What royal captives does he bring,
To crown his ſtate in warlike pride?
What veſtments ſhall adorn his bed,
In Tyre's reſplendent purple dy'd!

Unhappy mother, vain thy wiſh,
The flattering purpoſe of thy ſoul;
What hopes can ſtop the courſe of fate,
Or God's almighty word controul?

So periſh ever Iſrael's foes,
Thy hated foes, Judæa's light,
But vigorous ſhine thy choſen friends,
As the Sun's beam in ſummer's night!

R. Ward.

Origin of Illuminations.

Liverpool, May 18.

IT may be a ſubject of enquiry, what can have been the origin of illumination as a mode of rejoicing; or why, in this age of improvement, we can be ſatisfied with the labours of ſo many days for the tranſitory enjoyment of a few hours, and which, but in the frail memory of thoſe who viewed the ſcene, leaves not a trace behind. Are not we in this age, and would not alſo our poſterity, be better pleaſed in contemplating the efforts of genius, in viewing the brazen monument, the marble pillar, or the engraven tablet, erected by their progenitors, as a ſign to future generations, for them to keep in grateful remembrance ſome memorable event, rather than only to be told, through the page of hiſtory, the rejoicings of an hour, however highly celebrated? or, if perſonal enjoyment be only ſought, why not celebrate the feſtive day in the ſtyle of a neighbouring gentleman, by which the hearts of ſo many were ſubſtantially exhilarated? And to their luxurious kind of enjoyment might be added that of rendering the priſoner free! After indulging theſe reflections, may we be permitted to hazard a conjecture?

To light up, and dance around, the flame

flame of the blazing pile, has been, and is to this day, a mode of rejoicing with man in an uncultivated ſtate. Nay, light is ſo pleaſant, that the ſun, the great fountain of light and fire, have both been conſidered as divinities, and to theſe objects have ſolemn acts of worſhip and adoration been offered. It is a cuſtom with the Church of Rome to this day, that the images of their ſaints, their precious relics, and high altars, be illuminated with lighted tapers. Darkneſs naturally cauſes gloomy reflections; Light, on the contrary, cauſes cheerfulneſs and hilarity. The mind of man is ſtill intent upon emulating the works of its Creator. The feeble attempt of imitating the light of day, though only for a few hours, and in the darkneſs of night, was probably the origin of the idea, that man could not ſhew forth his gratitude of heart in rejoicing, more ſincerely than by means of a few artificial combinations of natural productions, thereby to effect an humble imitation of that great gift of Him, who by his almighty *fiat* ſaid, "Let there be Light, and there was LIGHT!" J. H.

Original Letter from Dr. FRANKLIN *to* JOHN ALLEYNE, *Eſq.*

DEAR JACK, *Craven-ſtreet, Aug.* 9, 1768.

YOU deſire, you ſay, my impartial thoughts on the ſubject of an early marriage; by way of anſwer to the numberleſs objections which have been made by ſhort-ſighted people to your own. You may remember, when you conſulted me upon the occaſion, that I thought youth on both ſides to be no objection. Indeed, from the marriages which have fallen under my obſervations, I am rather inclined to think that early ones ſtand the beſt chance for happineſs. The tempers and habits of young people are not yet become ſo ſtiff and uncomplying as when more advanced in life: they form more eaſily to each other, and hence many occaſions of diſguſt are removed. And if youth has leſs of that prudence which is neceſſary to manage a family, yet the parents and elder friends of young married perſons are generally at hand, to afford their advice, which amply ſupplies that defect; and by early marriage youth is ſooner formed to regular and uſeful life, and poſſibly ſome of thoſe accidents or connections that might have injured the conſtitution or reputation, or both, are thereby happily prevented. Particular circumſtances of particular perſons may poſſibly ſometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that ſtate; but, in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the preſumption is in nature's favour, that ſhe has not judged amiſs in making us deſire it. Late marriages are often attended too with this further inconvenience, that there is not the ſame chance the parent ſhall live to ſee their offſpring educated. Late children, ſays the Spaniſh proverb, are early orphans; a melancholy reflection to thoſe whoſe caſe it may be! With us in America, marriages are generally in the morning of life, our children are therefore educated and ſettled in the world by noon; and thus our buſineſs being done, we have an afternoon and evening of chearful leiſure to ourſelves, ſuch as your friend at preſent pleaſantly enjoys. By theſe early marriages we are bleſt with more children; and from the mode among us, founded in nature, of every mother ſuckling and nurſing her own child, more of them are raiſed. Thence the ſwift progreſs of population among us, unparalleled in Europe!—In fine, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you moſt cor-

cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a uſeful citizen, and you have eſcaped the unnatural ſtate of *celibacy for life*, the fate of many here who never intended it, but who, having too long poſtponed the change of their condition, find at length that it is too late to think of it, and ſo live all their lives in a ſituation that greatly leſſens a man's value.—An odd volume of a ſett of books, you know, is not worth its proportion of the ſett: and what think you of the odd half of a pair of ſciſſars?—it can't well cut any thing—it may poſſibly ſerve to ſcrape a trencher.

Pray make my compliments and beſt wiſhes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I ſhould, ere this, have preſented them in perſon. I ſhall make but ſmall uſe of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends.—Treat your wife always with reſpect; it will procure reſpect to you, not from her only, but from all that obſerve it. Never uſe a ſlighting expreſſion to her, even in jeſt; for ſlights in jeſt, after frequent bandyings, are apt to end in angry earneſt.—Be ſtudious in your profeſſion, and you will be learned. Be induſtrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be ſober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy, at leaſt you will, by ſuch conduct, ſtand the beſt chance for ſuch conſequences. I pray God to bleſs you both! being ever your truly affectionate friend, B. F.

Obituary of eminent Perſons.

Jan. 17. 1789. MR John Ledyard. He had proceeded in the ſervice of the Society for promoting the diſcovery of the interior parts of Africa as far as Grand Cairo, in Egypt: had made an agreement with the conductor of a caravan, and was on the point of taking his departure for Sennaare, when he was ſeized with an illneſs which terminated in his death.

Feb. 13. At Vermont, in North America, Ethan Allen, eſq. brigadier-general of the militia of that ſtate, and well known during the diſputes between this country and the United States.

At Paris, M. de Gibreanval. The French Government has ſuſtained a very heavy loſs by the death of ſo brave and experienced an officer. His knowledge of ordnance was ſuppoſed to be greater than that of any other officer in Europe. He has left a treatiſe behind him, containing an accurate deſcription of all the machines and inſtruments of war now in uſe. He was to artillery what the late King of Pruſſia was to tactics. His burial was as extraordnary as his merit. The curate of St. Roch refuſed to perform the office, becauſe the General had not received from him the *extreme unction*, and *ten ecus* was the money paid for his interment; he having deſired in his will, inſtead of a grand proceſſion, that the expences it would coſt ſhould be given to the poor.

Mr. James Perry, brewer, of Shepton Mallet. He had long been in a deſponding way, had made ſeveral attempts on his life, and at length drowned himſelf in a large caſk of beer. One Shepherd, a clothworker, in attempting to ſave him, unfortunately ſhared the ſame fate. The verdict of the coroner's jury on the former was lunacy, on the latter, accidental death.

Near 100 years of age, John Hammond, gardener, the oldeſt freeman and inhabitant of Maidſtone.

At Galſwhey, near Rippon, co. York, in his 109th year, Wm. Prieſt, who worked as a labourer at Studley-park till within theſe ten years. He

has left a widow and eight children, the eldeſt of which is in her 88th year, and the youngeſt 16.

April 7. At Conſtantinople, ſuddenly, Abdul Hamid, Grand Signor and Emperor of the Turks. He was born March 20, 1725, and aſcended the Ottoman throne Jan. 21, 1744, by the name of Achmet IV.

At Cronſtadt, aged 111, Marie de Chapelet. She was ſiſter to M. de Roſen, brigadier in the Ruſſian ſervice, into which he entered under the reign of Peter the Great, and died lately at the age of 101 years. The caſe of theſe perſons is the more ſingular, as, notwithſtanding their longevity, they preſerved their faculties even to the laſt moments of their lives.

At Dublin, in his 80th year, the Right Hon. James Hewitt, Lord Viſcount Lifford, lord high chancellor of Ireland. He was in apparent good health the moſt part of the preceding week, and on April 23 gave a ſumptuous entertainment to a number of his friends. The whole of his illneſs, which did not amount to quite five days, aroſe from a cold he had received in the Houſe of Lords, which, not being much attended to in its beginning, terminated in a malignant ſore throat, which occaſioned his death. The benefits ſaid to accrue from the exalted ſtation of lord chancellor of Ireland are eſtimated at 12,000l. per annum; and Lord L's perſonal property is ſaid to be 150,000l. If his Lordſhip had lived a ſhort time longer, it is almoſt certain that he would have reſigned the ſeals, and retired on a conſiderable penſion. He was the longeſt in office of any lord chancellor ſince Edward the Firſt's time (being appointed Nov. 24, 1767,) and of any ſince the Conqueſt, ſave two, viz. Stephen Ridel, in Richard the Firſt's time, and Fromund le Brun, in the reign of Henry the Third. The firſt officiated 33 years, and the ſecond 24; whereas the late Lord Chancellor was in office but 22 years.

At his houſe in the Great Sanctuary, Weſtminſter, in his 71ſt year, Sir John Hawkins, knt; to whom the public are infinitely indebted for the many valuable anecdotes recorded in his "Hiſtory of Muſic." He was elected chairman of the ſeſſions for Middleſex, Sept. 19, 1765; in which capacity he publiſhed "A Charge to the Grand Jury, Jan. 8, 1770;" and received the honour of knighthood Oct. 23, 1772.

AMUSEMENTS of the KING *of SPAIN.*

ONE of the moſt remarkable features which diſtinguiſh the age in which we live from all that have preceded it, is the attention which is given to maritime armaments by all the powers of Europe, whoſe ſituation does not abſolutely preclude them. At the commencement of this century no one would have expected to ſee Ruſſian fleets cover the Baltic, the Mediterranean, and the Black Sea. The pains which the King of the Two Sicilies has taken to augment this branch of his forces is well known, as well as his ſucceſs: But SPAIN, perhaps, is, of all the European Powers, at the preſent moment, the moſt aſſiduous in rendering her marine reſpectable;—and if we are to judge of the character and inclinations of Sovereigns by the choice of their amuſements, the new reign may be expected to ſurpaſs in this reſpect that of Charles III. At *Aranjuez*, a palace belonging to the Prince of Aſturias, ſituated on the river Tagus, there has been for nine years a dock-yard, in which the preſent King, when Prince, had a number of ſmall veſſels, built on the model of men of war, with which he uſed to entertain the Royal Family, by cauſing them to ſail on the Tagus illuminated.

This year his little fleet is conſiderably augmented: beſide other ſmaller boats, he has had conſtructed a brigantine and a frigate, each of 14 guns, and large enough to bear a long voyage. The Tagus not being at that place broad enough to ſerve for a repreſentation of naval evolutions, a part of this fleet was tranſported a few days ſince, over land, to the Lake Antigola, which is about a quarter of a league from the palace, and is ſituated in a valley, ſurrounded with hills. The weight of the veſſels, though immenſe, did not prevent the trial. The brigantine, fixed on four enormous rollers, that ſuſtained a frame which embraced the keel, was drawn by forty buffaloes. But theſe animals making no progreſs, on account of the marſhy ſoil, were replaced by men, who in 24 hours drew the veſſel up to the ſummit of a ſmall hill, from whence it was eaſily launched into the lake. This, with two challoupes and two pinnaces, compoſe a fleet of ſeven ſail, beſides other ſmall boats. The commander of this ſquadron is the Brigadier Gravina; and on the 10th of May all the uſual naval evolutions were performed before the King and the Royal Family.—The *coup d' œil* of a little fleet on a lake, and veſſels manœuvring in the middle of a valley, ſurrounded on every ſide by hills, had ſomething in it ſurpriſing, and bordering on enchantment.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Of the Character of the Rev. Dr. BEDFORD, *who died lately in Ireland.*

THIS great Divine was one of the moſt extraordinary characters of the age in which he lived; his life, which commenced with the century, gives a ſtriking proof of the mutability and uncertainty of human events and expectations. At his going to Ireland, he had every reaſon to expect to have died in the primacy, having been ſent there by his near connection with the late Duke of Newcaſtle, when Prime Miniſter, as firſt Chaplain to the Duke of Dorſet, on his original appointment to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, when the late Primate Stone was his ſecond chaplain; but having a mind and ſpirit incapable of entering into the cabals and politics of his coadjutor, a difference took place between them, and the Lord Lieutenant favouring Mr. Stone, a ſcheme was formed againſt Dr. Bedford, by which he was perſuaded into the acceptance of a ſmall living, to make a pretext for ſtriking him off the liſt of Chaplains, which his high ſpirit unwilling to bear, reſigned his Chaplaincy to the Duke at the public levee, with a ſevere rebuke for his treatment of him.

On his return to London, his fame as a preacher went abroad, and he was followed by all the people of rank. On the appointment of the Duke of Devonſhire to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, he returned there again in his former ſtation; but a change of men and meaſures, again blaſted his hopes of great preferment in the church, raiſed at that time to the higheſt pitch of expectation, by the great popularity he had gained in Ireland as well as England, by his preaching.

Tired out at length in the purſuit of thoſe objects which alone could gratify a man, conſcious of his own worth and intereſt, he became diſguſted with the purſuit of vain objects, and retired from the great world about the year 1741, to his pariſh, in the moſt remote corner of Donegall, in Ireland, where being ſecluded from all ſociety, he got imperceptibly into the habits of a monaſtic life, in which he continued till his death, and which no perſuaſion

ſuaſion of friends or addition of fortune could draw him from.

Soon after his retirement, he got 40,000l. by the death of one brother, and ſome thirty years ago, 100,000l. by another; the acquiſition of which never, by one guinea in a year, increaſed his expences, or altered in the ſmalleſt degree his manner of life, from which he was for a long time conſidered as a man of miſerly habits and diſpoſitions, until his character was called forth to public view, by the attack made on it by informations preferred againſt him for a fraud againſt the malt law; when on enquiry into the ſtate of his fortune, it appeared that from the time he had obtained ſo great an increaſe to it, his life had been a continued ſeries of acts of generoſity and liberality to all his friends and relations, among whom, for many years paſt, he had given 700l. a year in annuities, one thouſand of which was to a favourite ſiſter, on the ruin of her huſband's fortune, to whom he had given 30,000l. as her portion. His life was a continued ſeries of the moſt exemplary piety, beneficence, and charity, in the cultivation of which he would moſt probably have long lived, had he not been dragged from his retirement by a charge falſe and diſgraceful—no leſs than a fraud upon the malt law, for which he was fined 500l. on nine different informations, by the Sub-Commiſſioners of the port of Ballyraine—but conſcious to himſelf of the injuſtice of the charge, and ſtill more ſo, of the determinations upon them—he, at an expence of 1000l. proſecuted them in a Court of Appeal, where they were reverſed, and with a ſpirit of juſt indignation and abhorrence at the malignity with which he had been perſecuted—he brought his action for a malicious proſecution, which he brought to trial, and attended in perſon, to confront by his preſence his accuſer; but the learned Judge who preſided to try the cauſe, having declared it his opinion, that the judgment of the Sub-Commiſſioners in favour of his proſecutor, did away all grounds for a charge of malice in him, ſent this unfortunate ſuitor back to the Four-Courts, to ſettle the law for the public good—at his private expence; to which he ſubmitted without repining, declaring his readineſs to ſuffer in his own perſon and fortune, if the public could be benefited by it. But his conſtitution worn out by length of years, which had made one great effort, accompanied by a declaration, that he would live to attend that trial, could no longer brook the law's delay, but like a ſand-glaſs run out to the laſt grain, expired in one day's illneſs, without a groan, and haſtened to take his trial at that great Tribunal, which admits of no delay; and without partiality or regard to poor or rich.

ANECDOTES of JOSEPH BARETTI.

THE circumſtances of the life of this writer, were they fully known, would, we are well aſſured, be both amuſing and inſtructive. That his exertions in the cauſe of literature were uſeful, almoſt every Engliſhman who poſſeſſes any knowledge of the Italian language will bear teſtimony; and that ſome of his works are entertaining, we need refer only to his Travels and his Controverſies. A full account of him would be very acceptable; but this being difficult, if not impoſſible at preſent, to obtain, we are reluctantly confined to the following anecdotes.*

He was born at Turin about the year 1716 *. His father was an

* In the year 1786 he ſpeaks of himſelf as then on the brink of ſeventy.

architect under Don Philip Invara, the famous Sicilian, who left many ſpecimens of his abilities in and about Turin. From this parent he appears to have received a good education, and had ſome little property left him, which he tells us himſelf he gamed away at faro; by which means he was forced to have recourſe to his wits, and thus turned author in ſpite of his teeth, as he phraſes it, to keep them going.——To the early part of his life we are ſtrangers, except that we learn from himſelf, that he had been employed two years at Cuneo aſſiſting at the fortifications there, but left the place a few days before the ſiege of it by the combined powers of France and Spain commenced. This happened in the year 1744. What became of him after this period we are not informed, except that in 1748 he was at Venice a teacher of Italian to Engliſh gentlemen. From circumſtances ſcattered through his works we can collect, that he had travelled much; had encountered ſeveral viciſſitudes of fortune; had experienced ſeveral difficulties; and at length, with little money in his pocket, with a very imperfect knowledge of the Engliſh tongue, and without any recommendations, he bent his courſe towards England, where he arrived in the year 1750, and where he continued to reſide (with a ſhort interval) during the reſt of his life.

A facility to acquire languages he poſſeſſed in a very extraordinary degree, and his perſeverance was not inferior to his natural genius. With theſe advantages he ſoon overcame thoſe difficulties which ſtand in the way of a foreigner on his arrival in England. In a ſhort time he was ſufficiently Maſter of the Engliſh language to be enabled to write in it; and in 1753 publiſhed, what we apprehend to have been his firſt performance, "A Defence of the Poetry of his native Country againſt the Cenſures of Voltaire," who had treated it with too great contempt. About the ſame time accident brought him acquainted with a perſon who was the means of introducing him to the notice of Dr Johnſon, who to the end of his life regarded him with great eſteem. The origin of this intimacy has been frequently mentioned by Mr. Baretti to have happened in the following manner: Mrs. Lennox, the authoreſs of "The Female Quixote," having an intention to publiſh a tranſlation of the novels from whence Shakeſpeare had taken ſome of his plays, wiſhed to acquire a ſufficient knowledge of the Italian language to enable her to execute the work with ſome degree of credit. To accompliſh this point Mr. Lennox, her huſband, went to the Orange coffee-houſe to learn whether any foreigner was deſirous of improving himſelf in the Engliſh language, and by that means receive the ſame advantage as he ſhould communicate. Mr. Baretti happened to be preſent when the enquiry was made, and eagerly accepted the offer. After ſome time he was introduced to Dr. Johnſon. An intimacy commenced between them, which appears to have continued until nearly the end of Dr. Johnſon's life. The incident which occaſioned the interruption of their friendſhip it would be needleſs to detail in this place.

From the time of Mr Baretti's arrival in England he ſubſiſted by teaching the Italian language, and by his writings, a liſt of which is to be found at the end of theſe anecdotes. Through the means of Dr. Johnſon he was introduced to the family of Mr. Thrale, in which he paſſed much of his time; and his employment of teacher, added to ſome agreeable and ſome uſeful qualities, gave him acceſs to the houſes of other perſons of diſtinction. As he poſſeſſed

ſed nothing but what his induſtry enabled him to obtain, he was under the neceſſity of exerting himſelf, and his efforts were not unſucceſsful. What his avocations procured his œconomy rendered ſufficient; and he was never charged with meanneſs or ſervility. By his writings he certainly procured both money and reputation, though he appears to have ſet but little value on his literary performances. Very late in life he ſaid, "Whatever I have written in the "long courſe of my life was all done "out of neceſſity rather than "choice."—Again, As want was in- "ceſſantly puſhing and puſhing at "my back, whatever I ſcribbled was "always done in a moſt confounded "hurry; and it is a miracle greater, "I think, than St. Anthony ever "made, how I came to get bread "and cheeſe, and now and then a "beef-ſteak, by my ill-chopt perfor- "mances. Conſcious of the number- "leſs and ſupreme faults and imper- "fection of all my poor doings that "way, I wiſh now, and to my ſor- "row I wiſh it in vain, that every "page I have *ſent* to the preſs in "Italy or in England were at the "bottom of the ſea."—"After this "declaration, drawn from the very "core of my heart, I give you moſt "ample leave to maſſacre all my li- "terary offspring.

[To be continued.]

General Reflections on Taſte—Tranſlated from the German.

THE celebrated Sulzer ſays, that 'to form and rectify the taſte is an affair of great national importance.' In this he is undoubtedly right; and every perſon of ſound judgment muſt be convinced of the juſtneſs of his obſervation. Do we not indeed obſerve numbers of people of all ranks, who employ every care and attention to exhibit taſte in every thing that ſurrounds them? It may therefore be of ſome importance to ſecond ſo general an emulation. Thoſe things, however, in which people affect moſt to ſhew that they poſſeſs taſte, are ſo badly choſen, that few appear to have a clear idea of what Sulzer means; for were this not the caſe, we ſhould not find, that reading ſilly romances and inſipid comedies, and giving into all the ridiculous extravagancies of faſhion, would be ſufficient to make any one be conſidered as a man of taſte. Such falſe ideas have a ſenſible influence upon literature and the production of the fine arts. It becomes then neceſſary to deſtroy theſe falſe ideas, by demonſtrating that all the grand effects attributed to taſte belong only to that which is founded upon truth and propriety.

A ſound and juſt judgment, capable of comparing and weighing objects and their properties; a fine genius, a lively imagination, and great ſenſibility, ſuſceptible of ſudden and delicate ſenſations, are the eſſential qualities which muſt be united, in order to form a man of taſte. Whilſt taſte never deviates from the invariable rules of truth, it will always be a ſure guide towards the beautiful. Education, in this reſpect, has a wonderful influence, and perhaps many of thoſe learned men, who are ſo little eſteemed in our day, would have been excellent writers, had they had the good fortune to live in the elegant ages of a Pericles or an Auguſtus. I am, however, far from aſſerting, that there are men whoſe taſte is abſolutely bad, as Gerard advances in his Eſſay on Taſte; they will at leaſt have juſt ideas of certain objects, and conſequently be ſometimes able to diſcover what is really beautiful. A ſtorm riſing majeſtically ſlow above the horizon preſents to the civilized ſpectator, as well

well as to the savage, a spectacle equally grand and sublime. Who can behold with indifference the admirable mixture of colours displayed in that phenomenon of nature, the rainbow?

A very striking difference may, however, be remarked between the ideas which individuals, and even different nations form of beauty, as it relates to visible objects, and principally to the most perfect of all, man. An imagination more or less active, the association of foreign ideas, prejudices of education, and a thousand other inexplicable causes, have also a very sensible influence in this respect. A New Zealander is transported at the sight of a tatooed visage; an inhabitant of New Holland thrusts the bone of a bird thro' the cartilages of his nose, and this ornament, doubtless, appears to him to be extremely beautiful.

I shall pass over in silence all that is generally said on regularity, exactness of proportions, and uniformity. I shall only observe, that the sameness of the latter must be interrupted every time the artist perceives that it is necessary to rouse the attention. Immense plains, where a continual uniformity reigns, fatigue the eye of the traveller. Order ought to facilitate the perception of the whole. Large groups, formed by striking objects, do not leave the spectator leisure to observe the want of order, they please and engage his attention by their majestic grandeur.

Noble simplicity belongs to every thing which pleases, by its essence; it will charm good taste wherever it may be. It will please equally in the rotunda and in the character and conduct of Abraham; the voice of epic poetry will render it as interesting as the shepherd's pipe. A noble simplicity reigns throughout all the works of the Creator; a happy imitation of Nature is therefore the surest road to immortality. When the artist disdains to take her for his guide, or when he has not been initiated into her mysteries, Gothic turrets, overloaded with fantastical ornaments, arise in the room of temples which display all the noble simplicity of architecture. The musician, instead of calling forth tears by simple and melodious tones, wanders then in the intricacies of difficult and studied modulations, in order to obtain the applauses of the multitude.

Beauty, in the most extensive sense of the world, is ascribed to every thing which pleases us, and taste attaches itself to every object which, by the great and the sublime, excites admiration and astonishment. A storm at sea, the enormous rocks of Terra del Fuego, piled one upon another with horrid and majestic grandeur, and covered with snow; a burning torrent of lava, which, with the noise of bursting thunder throws itself into the sea, and makes it recede from the shores; a pure sky, such as Bry done beheld in the night time on the top of Mount Ætna, while innumerable orbs sparkled with delightful brightness over his head, and an immense gulph bellowed below his feet, are grand scenes of nature, which a man of taste will always contemplate with extacy.

The property of pleasing is not confined to physical beauty alone; the imagination and the mind may create images which produce the same effect. The thought, that beyond the milky way there may be a thousand others of the same kind, must excite the most exalted ideas in the mind of a man of taste. Repeated meditation on the sublime, and a frequent contemplation of the beautiful and the agreeable, nourishes and purifies the taste, and brings it towards perfection. The flights of a wild imagination will astonish those who are not acquainted with the laws by which invention ought to be re-

gu-

gulated and put in practice. The ſavage American is tranſported with pleaſure when he hears the ſound of his rude inſtrument formed of a gourd; certainly he would not be ſo, had he been accuſtomed to hear the ſtrains of a Handel in his foreſts. He who has become familiar with the ſpirit of Terence, will turn with indignation from the diſguſting farces which give ſo much delight to the loweſt of the vulgar. A pure taſte more and more awakens the ardent deſire of attaining to the higheſt degree of beauty—ſweet foretaſte of immortality! The ſenſations occaſioned by the beautiful become ſo much the livelier as the belief of perfection is ſtronger, and as the imagination is warmer, and ſenſibility more exquiſite. There are a thouſand degrees of taſte, and it is ſtill reſpected whilſt it adheres to truth. But happy is he who may be called a man of ſuperior taſte! He hath reached the ſource of pure, innocent, and ſublime pleaſure. All nature is obedient to his power; art lays before him her productions, which, while they increaſe his pleaſures, add to his knowledge; his imagination is enriched with a thouſand agreeable images, and black melancholy never imbitters a ſingle moment of his life. Taſte diffuſes certain charms over all the actions of a man who really poſſeſſes it. In his mouth common truths acquire more force; they make an impreſſion with more facility, and carry readier conviction along with them. The exquiſite and delicate ideas which he entertains of order and harmony, remove every thing that offend them, and he deſpiſes exaggeration, bombaſt, childiſh conceits, vain ſubtleties, falſe wit, and, in ſhort, every thing that characterizes bad taſte. Taſte, by ſoftening his manners, renders his ſoul more ſuſceptible of whatever is noble and good. It excites him to be more familiar with nature, to carry his reſearches farther, to elevate his ſentiments, and to prepare himſelf for the converſation of ſuperior beings. The beauties and treaſures of nature everywhere open to his view, the delightful valleys of Greece, the burning deſarts of Peru, the heavens beſtudded with ſtars, and in a word, the whole univerſe in all its grandeur preſent him with ſubjects for meditation. The caſe is the ſame with the productions of art. Muſic, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Poetry, Eloquence, and the Theatre, when properly regulated, ſo as to become a ſchool of virtue and morality, furniſh innumerable ſources of pleaſure to the man of genuine taſte.

ORIGIN of the SUNDAY-SCHOOL ESTABLISHMENT.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

HAVING by accident taken up your Magazine for November laſt, in which the world is ſtill given to underſtand that the inſtitution of Sunday-Schools originated with Mr. Raikes of Glouceſter, I am induced ſolely by conſiderations of equity to ſolicit a place in your Magazine, in order to put this matter in its proper light.

The intelligence conveyed through that publication imports, that Mr. Raikes *had himſelf formed* a plan of inſtruction for the children of the poor, and *then* called upon the Curate of the pariſh *officially* to ſuperintend his eſtabliſhment, and mark the progreſs made by the children. Now, Sir, this account by no means does juſtice to a character of diſtinguiſhed bene-

benevolence in his parochial charge. The following ſhort ſtate of facts will fully explain the origin of the Sunday-School eſtabliſhment.

Mr. Raikes one day mentioned to Mr. Stock, the clergyman alluded to, a complaint he had juſt heard, from a perſon, reſpecting the diſorderly behaviour of poor children on the Lord's day. Upon this Mr. Stock, who had himſelf founded Charity Schools in two pariſhes of which he had before been Curate, *invited* Mr. Raikes to attend him into his pariſh, in order to adopt ſome mode of doing good to the children of the poor. No previous plan had been concerted: nothing was thought of, tending to an eſtabliſhment of this nature, but what aroſe from the imme diate ſuggeſtion of the moment, as they viſited the houſes of the poor. As the complaint had been directed to the profanation of the Sabbath by the noiſe and riot of theſe untaught children, it readily occured to theſe gentlemen, that proper perſons ſhould be ſought for to kept them under their eye and management during a certain portion of the Sabbath; and that the hours of confinement ſhould be employed in inſtructing them in the principles of chriſtianity. They therefore took the number of children, and having found as many inſtructors as were requiſite, eſtabliſhed four ſchools, immediately, for the reſort of theſe children, on the Sunday. Rules were formed, by Mr. Stock, for the conduct of the children; and the perſons appointed to the management of the ſchools undertook the important charge. Mr. Stock then took *upon himſelf* the inſpection of the ſchools; and Mr. Raikes agreed to bear two-thirds of the expenditure neceſſary to their ſupport, and Mr. Stock one-third.

Such was the origin of Sunday Schools. Whatever, therefore, may be the merit of Mr. Raikes in this buſineſs, it is plain that he is *not* the SOLE FOUNDER; and that Mr. Stock is, at leaſt, an equal ſharer in the honour of this excellent inſtitution.

This account, Sir, I have ſeveral times heard from indiſputable authority, and have been well informed that Mr. Raikes could not avoid, upon more occaſions than one, acknowledging the juſtice of it.

From a motive of impartiality, and a deſire that the public ſhould be acquainted with the *real ſtate* of the caſe, I requeſt your inſertion of this; and am,

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

PLAIN TRUTH.

Account of MOUNT IDA.

From the Sequel to Savary's Letters.

THE Turkiſh farmer, who had received us ſo kindly at our coming out of the Labyrinth, offered us the beſt entertainment in his power. But our bed was the carpet on which we ſupped, and we laid ourſelves down, booted as we were. In the morning, therefore, we were ſoon dreſſed, and we ſet out at ſun-riſe, after ſatisfying our hoſt, who accepted what we thought proper to give him.

"For ſome hours, our way lay along the plain, and we had an eaſy and pleaſant road; but when we had arrived at the high lands, it became extremely rugged. We travelled along the ſides of the hills which terminate Mount Ida, to the ſouthward. Two chains of theſe hills formed, between us and that mountain, a double amphitheatre, above which it reared its majeſtic head. We could perceive large clouds of a ſhining whiteneſs ranging themſelves around its ſummit, and circling it with a ſilver crown, which

which, illumined by the ſun, ſhone with a wonderful ſplendor. Theſe clouds, obeying the law of attraction, after encompaſſing for ſome hours the head of the mountain, fell in imperceptible drops on all the ſurrounding objects, and intirely diſappeared; others ſucceeded, and were diſſipated in the ſame manner.

"This attractive power, univerſally diffuſed, which forces the clouds towards the tops of lofty mountains, is the origin of ſprings, fountains, ſtreams, and all the rivers on the globe. In the higher regions of the air, where the riſing vapours are condenſed by cold, the water of the clouds is converted into hail and ſnow; but if they attain only a moderate height, where the cold is not very great, they fall in miſts, rains, and copious dews. When the hills are covered with foreſts, the ſprings and rivulets become more numerous, as the leaves of trees poſſeſs the peculiar property of attracting the humidity diffuſed throughout the atmoſphere. To procure water for a dry country, nothing more would be neceſſary than to plant foreſt-trees on the hill tops. When we find the ancients beſtowing the name of rivers on the Glaucus and the Xanthus, which run through Aſia Minor, and are now little more than inconſiderable brooks, we are tempted to ſuſpect them of exaggeration. But if we reflect that the hills, where theſe rivers riſe, are at preſent ſtript of their trees and ſoil, and no longer oppoſe a barrier to the paſſage of the clouds, though formerly, crowned with lofty foreſts, they attracted them around their tops, and drew from them all their moiſture, we ſhall find no difficulty in believing that the Glaucus, the Xanthus, and many other at preſent inſignificant rivulets, might anciently, when fed with more copious ſupplies, well deſerve the appellation of rivers.

"While we were journeying round Mount Ida, we perceived the ſummit gradually overcaſt, and ſoon after vaniſh inveloped in a thick miſt; nor was it long before we again perceived the naked top whitened with heaps of ſnow, and the ſides covered with the glittering mantle of winter. We, however, who were leſs elevated by 1200 fathom, enjoyed a delightful temperature. The ſky was clear and ſerene, and the ſun moved through the azure vault in all his majeſty and ſplendor. In the deep vallies on our left, myrtles and laurel roſes ſkirted the channels of the torrents. Trees, in their brighteſt verdure, adorned the foot of the mountain; and in the month of November we found groves as green and pleaſant as in the middle of ſpring.

"Mount Ida begins near Candia, and ſtretches from eaſt to weſt, as far as the White Mountains. It extends from the northern to the ſouthern ſea, and is the higheſt in the iſland. In many parts of it, the ſnow lies all the year. From its ſummit we may diſcover the ſea of Crete, and that of Lybia. The eye wanders over an immenſe horizon, and diſcerns many of the ſcattered iſlands of the Archipelago, ſuch as Cytherea, Milo, and Argentiera. If we confine our attention to the view of the objects before us, they appear as in an immenſe perſpective, and aſtoniſhingly rich and beautiful.

"In ſummer, when the ſnows are melted, vaſt plains, ſituated on the declivity of the mountain, afford excellent paſturage for the flocks. On that part of it oppoſite to Candia are foreſts, conſiſting chiefly of maple and green oak. The ſouthern ſides abound with the ſtrawberrytree, privets, and rock-roſes. The eaſtern brow is beautified with cedars, pines, and cypreſſes; but on the weſt, its perpendicular ſides preſent nothing but piles of rocks, impoſſible to ſcale.

It is enriched with a infinity of other plants, which would delight the botaniſt, ſuch as the true melilot, the yellow-flowered marjoram, &c. Abundant ſtreams flow on every ſide from its ſummits. Some ruſh in torrents, into the vallies, while others water the plains, which produce luxurious harveſts, or, diſtributed by art, maintain fecundity in the innumerable fruit-trees which grow round the villages. The hill-ſides, expoſed to the powerful rays of the ſun, are clothed with vineyards, which produce exquiſite wines; and the olive-trees every where conſtitute the principal riches of the country.

"The diverſity of landſcapes, which conſtantly charmed the eye, made us forget the dangers to which we were expoſed. For the ſpace of a league we rode along the ſlope of a very high hill. On one ſide, the ground was as perpendicular as a wall, and on the other was the channel of a torrent two hundred feet deep, through which the water ruſhed, over the large flint ſtones, with a violent noiſe. The path at laſt grew ſo narrow, that when once fairly enterered, it was impoſſible to diſmount, but at the riſk of throwing both ourſelves and our horſes into the abyſs below. I can aſſure you, Madam, that in many places, this road was not more than a foot and a half wide, on the brink of a tremendous precipice, which no one could look down without ſhuddering. We were now convinced of the excellence of our horſes, not one of which ſo much as made a falſe ſtep. They ſeemed to feel the danger, trod with caution, and examined where to put their feet. In a wet place, however, mine made a ſlip, and tottered for a moment on the brink of the precipice; but I kept my ſeat firmly, and he recovered himſelf. We deſcended from theſe heights by ſo ſteep a valley, that the rider's back was againſt the crupper of the horſe. But at length, after ten hours ride, we arrived in perfect ſafety, at the monaſtery of Aſomatos."

Obſervations and Reflections made in the Courſe of a Journey through France, Italy, and Germany. By Heſter Lynch Piozzi. 2 vols. 8vo.

FROM this entertaining work we ſhall occaſionally ſelect ſuch paſſages as may be moſt eaſily detached, for the peruſal of our readers. Of the great city of Paris ſhe gives the following deſcription:

"The fine paved road to this town has many inconveniencies, and jars the nerves terribly with its perpetual rattle; the approach however always ſtrikes one as very fine, I think; and the Boulevards and Guingettes look always pretty too: as wine, beer, and ſpirits, are not permitted to be ſold there, one ſees what England does not even pretend to exhibit, which is, gaiety without noiſe, and a crowd without a riot. I was pleaſed to go over the churches again too, and re-experience that particular ſenſation which the diſpoſition of St. Rocque's altars and ornaments alone can give. In the evening we looked at the new ſquare called the Palais Royal, whence the Duc de Chartres has removed a vaſt number of noble trees, which it was a ſin and ſhame to profane with an axe, after they had adorned that ſpot for ſo many centuries. The people were accordingly as angry, I believe, as Frenchmen can be, when the folly was firſt committed. The Court, however, had wit enough to convert the place into a ſort of Vauxhall, with tents, fountains, ſhops, full of frippery, brilliant at once and worthleſs, to attract them; with coffee-houſes ſurrounding it on every ſide; and now they are all again *merry* and *happy*, ſyn-

ſynonymous terms at Paris, though often diſunited in London; and *Vive le Duc de Chartres!*

The French are really a contented race of mortals; precluded almoſt from poſſibility of adventure, the low Pariſian leads a gentle humble life, nor envies that greatneſs he never can obtain; but either wonders delightedly, or diverts himſelf philoſophically with the ſight of ſplendours which ſeldom fail to excite ſerious envy in an Engliſhman, and ſometimes occaſion even ſuicide, from diſappointed hopes, which never could take root in the heart of theſe unaſpiring people. Reflections of this caſt are ſuggeſted to one here in every ſhop, where the behaviour of the maſter at firſt ſight contradicts all that our ſatiriſts tell us of the *ſupple Gaul*, &c. A mercer in this town ſhews you a few ſilks, and thoſe he ſcarcely opens; *vous devez choiſir* (chuſe what you like), is all he thinks of ſaying, to invite your cuſtom; then takes out his ſnuff-box, and yawns in your face, fatigued by your inquiries. For my own part, I find my natural diſguſt of ſuch behaviour greatly repelled by the recollection that the man I am ſpeaking to is no inhabitant of

> A happy land, where circulating pow'r
> Flows thro' each member of th' embodied ſtate—
>
> S. JOHNSON.

and I feel well-inclined to reſpect the peaceful tenour of a life, which likes not to be broken in upon, for the ſake of obtaining riches, which when gotten muſt end only in the pleaſure of counting them. A Frenchman who ſhould make his fortune by trade tomorrow, would be no nearer advancement in ſociety or ſituation: why then ſhould he ſolicit, by arts he is too lazy to delight in the practice of, that opulence which would afford ſo ſlight an improvement to his comforts? He lives as well as he wiſhes already; he goes to the Boulevards every night, treats his wife with glaſs of lemonade or ice, and holds up his babies by turns, to hear the jokes of *Jean Potage*. Were he to recommend his goods, like the Londoner, with ſtudied eloquence and attentive flattery, he could not hope, like him, that the eloquence he now beſtows on the decorations of a hat, or the varniſh of an equipage, may one day ſerve to torment a miniſter, and obtain a poſt of honour for his ſon; he could not hope that on ſome future day his flattery might be liſtened to by ſome lady of more birth than beauty, or riches perhaps, when happily employed upon a very different ſubject, and be the means of lifting himſelf into a ſtate of diſtinction, his children too into public notoriety.

Emulation, ambition, avarice, however, muſt in all arbitrary governments be confined to the great; the *other* ſet of mortals, for there are none there of *middling* rank, live, as it ſhould ſeem, like eunuchs in a ſeraglio; feel themſelves irrevocably doomed to promote the pleaſure of their ſuperiors, nor ever dream of ſighing for enjoyments from which an irremeable boundary divides them. They ſee at the beginning of their lives how that life muſt neceſſarily end, and trot with a quiet, contented, and unaltered pace down their long, ſtraight, and ſhaded avenue; while we, with anxious ſolicitude, and reſtleſs hurry, watch the quick turnings of our ſerpentine walk; which ſtill preſents, either to ſight or expectation, ſome changes of variety in the ever-ſhifting proſpect, till the unthought-of, unexpected end comes ſuddenly upon us, and finiſhes at once the fluctuating ſcene. Reflections muſt now give way to facts for a moment; though few Engliſh people want to be told, that every hotel here, belonging to people of condition, is ſhut out from the ſtreet

like our Burlington-houſe, which gives a general gloom to the look of this city ſo famed for its gaiety: the ſtreets are narrow too, and ill-paved; and very noiſy, from the echo made by ſtone buildings drawn up to a prodigious height, many of the houſes having ſeven, and ſome of them even eight, ſtories from the bottom. The contradictions one meets with every moment likewiſe ſtrike even a curſory obſerver—a Counteſs in a morning, her hair dreſſed, with diamonds too perhaps, a dirty black handkerchief about her neck, and a flat ſilver ring on her finger, like our ale-wives; a *femme publique*, dreſſed avowedly for the purpoſes of alluring the men, with not a very ſmall crucifix hanging at her boſom; and the Virgin Mary's ſign at an alehouſe door, with theſe words,

Je ſuis la mere de mon Dieu,
Et la gardienne de ce lieu.

The mother of my God am I,
And keep this houſe right careſully.

I have ſtolen a day to viſit my old acquaintance the Engliſh Auſtin Nuns at the Foſſee, and found the whole community alive and cheerful: they are many of them agreeable women, and having ſeen Dr. Johnſon with me when I was laſt abroad, inquired much for him: Mrs. Fermor, the Prioreſs, niece to Belinda in the Rape of the Lock, taking occaſion to tell me, comically enough, "That ſhe believed there was but little comfort to be found in a houſe that harboured *poets*; for that ſhe remembered Mr. Pope's praiſe made her aunt very troubleſome and conceited, while his numberleſs caprices would have employed ten ſervants to wait on him; and he gave one" (ſaid ſhe) "no amends by his talk neither, for he only ſate dozing all day, when the ſweet wine was out, and made his verſes chiefly in the night; during which ſeaſon he kept himſelf awake by drinking coffee, which it was one of the maids buſineſs to make for him, and they took it by turns."

Theſe ladies really live here as comfortably, for aught I ſee, as peace, quietneſs, and the certainty of a good dinner every day, can make them. Juſt ſo much happier than as many old maids who inhabit Milman-ſtreet and Chapelrow, as they are ſure not to be robbed by a treacherous, or inſulted by a favoured, ſervant in the decline of life, when protection is grown hopeleſs, and reſiſtance vain; and as they enjoy at leaſt a moral certainty of never living worſe than they do to-day: while the little knot of unmarried females turned fifty round Red-lion-ſquare *may* always be ruined by a runaway agent, a bankrupted banker, or a roguiſh ſteward; and even the petty pleaſures of ſixpenny quadrille may become by that misfortune too coſtly for their income.—*Au reſte*, as the French ſay, the difference is ſmall: both coteries ſit ſeparate in the morning, go to prayers at noon, and read the chapters for the day: change their neat dreſs, eat their little dinner, and play at ſmall games for ſmall ſums in the evening: when recollection tires, and chat runs low.

Poetry.

EPIGRAM.

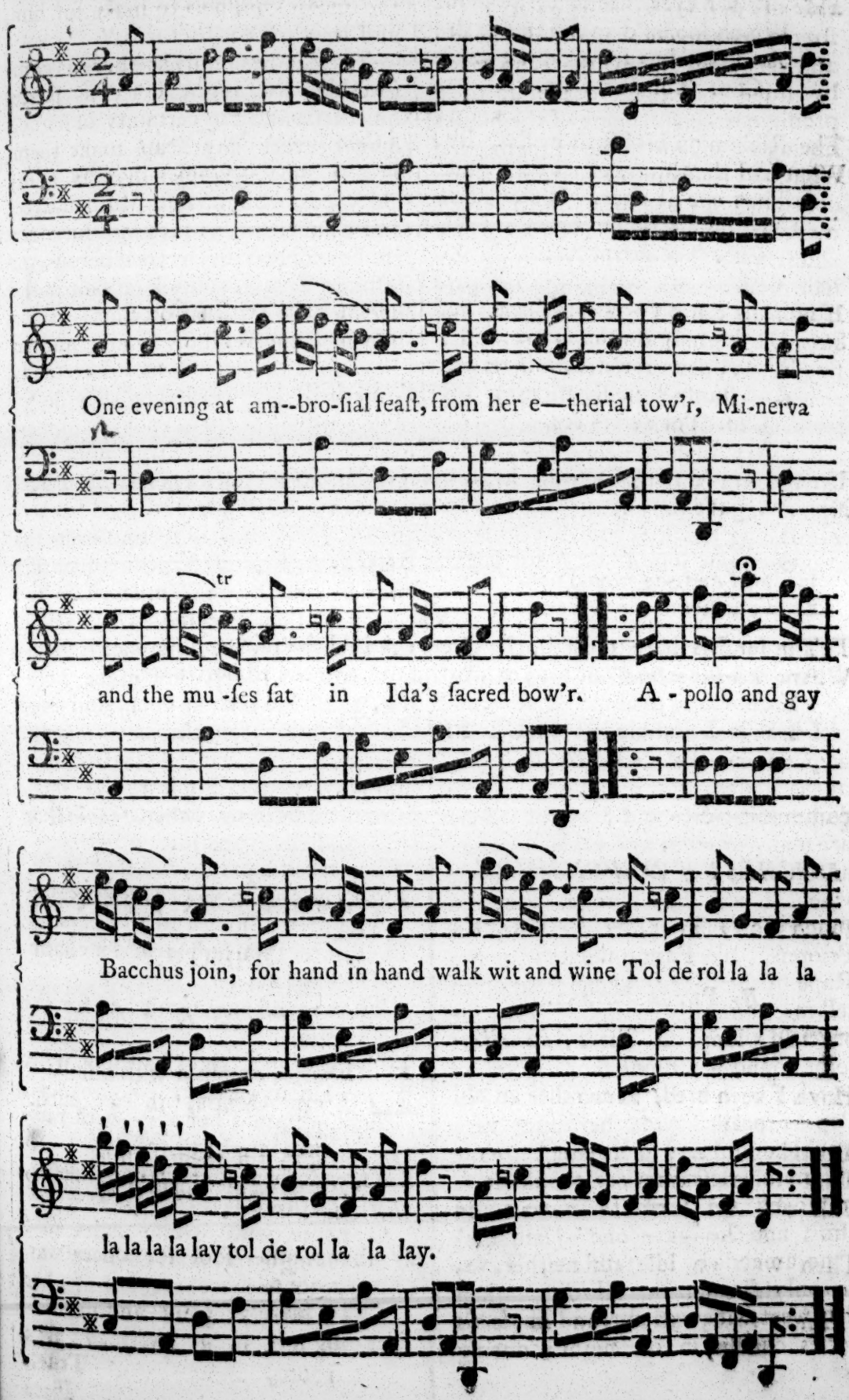
LOthario, raviſh'd with a ſmile
From CHLOE, in a public place,
Exclaim'd in ſtiff theatric ſtile,
"Nature ne'er form'd ſo fair a face!"

By chance the fool for once was right:—
'Twas merely paint and candle-light!

W.

True,

TRUE BLUE, or BRITAIN's GLORY.



II.

Pallas the ſwimming dance began, her hair a fillet bound,
Blue like her eyes, the bandage ſhone, her ſapient temples crown'd.'
Which looſen'd in the Dance dropt down,
And Bacchus ſnatch'd the azure zone.
Cho. Tol de rol &c.

III.

The Ribbon on his breaſt he fixt, by Styx then ſwore the Youth,
What had the throne of wiſdom grac'd, ſhould grace the ſeat of truth,
Then ope at once, his Robe he threw,
And on his Boſom beam'd TRUE BLUE.
Cho. Tol de rol &c.

IV.

If mortals can give garters fame, and honours form on Earth,
Sure Deities may do the ſame, and give one order birth,
This Ribbon lov'd Cæleſtials view,
And ſtamp your ſanction on TRUE BLUE.
Cho. Tol de rol &c.

V.

Urania pleas'd the jolly God, her tuneful Siſters join,
Minerva gave th' aſſenting nod, Phæbus enroll'd the Sign,
Along the ſkies loud Pæans flew,
Olympus join'd and haild TRUE BLUE.
Cho. Tol de rol &c.

VI.

This order Iris bore to earth, the Gods enjoin'd the fair,
Where firſt ſhe found out ſons of worth, to leave the ribbon there.
From clime to clime ſhe ſearching flew,
But in Britannia left TRUE BLUE.
Cho. Tol de rol &c.

DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE.

PETITION *to* TIME, *in her* GRACE'S FAVOUR.

By PETER PINDAR.

TOO long, O TIME, in *Bienſeance*'s ſchool
Have I been bred, to *call* thee an old fool;
Yet take I liberty to let thee know,
That I have always *thought* thee ſo:
Full old art thou to have more ſenſe——
Then with an idle cuſtom, TIME, diſpenſe.
Thou really acteſt now like little miſſes,
Who, when a pretty doll they make,
Their curious fingers itch to take
The pretty image all to pieces.
Thus, after thou haſt form'd a charming fair,
Thou canſt not quit her for thy ſoul,
Till, meddling, thou haſt ſpoil'd her bloom and air,
And dimm'd her eye—with radiance taught to roll.
But now forbear ſuch doings, I deſire,
Hurt not the FORM that all *admire;*
O never with white hairs that temple ſprinkle!
Oh! ſacred be her cheek, her life, her bloom,
And do not, in a lovely dimple's room,

Place

Place a hard mortifying pimple.
Know, ſhouldſt thou bid the beauteous Ducheſs fade,
Thou, thereby, muſt thy own delights invade;
And know, 'twill be a long, long while,
Before thou giv'ſt her equal to our iſle;
Then do not with this ſweet CHEF D'OEUVRE part,—
Keep her—to ſhew the triumph of thy art.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

Epiſtle to Lady Fortune.

The neareſt thing to proſe, as Horace ſays.
BEATTIE.

Adorable creature,

O Ma'am you have a pretty face,
Set off with ev'ry lovely grace,
That can a boſom charm,
And ſure there's none on whom you ſmile,
But think you well reward their toil;
You even ſtoics warm.

Yet ſome have impudently ſaid.
That many great miſtakes you've made,
In dealing your gifts forth;
Who 'cauſe on them you ever frown,
And ne'er their phantom wiſhes crown,
Degrade your fame and worth.

Some ſay you are a Courtier's wife,
Who like your Lord do all your life,
Fawn to the rich and great;
But from the humble cottage door,
Where dwell the lowly and the poor,
You make a ſwift retreat.

Right, Madam, faith you're very wiſe,
For why ſhould even merit riſe,
If found in lowly cell?
You're juſt like me, for I diſdain
To go and viſit any ſwain
Where poverty does dwell.

Pray will you tell me where you ſtay,
And if you'll be at home to day,
I fain would call on you;
I would, Ma'am, a propoſal make;
And if we hands together ſhake,
I'll be t' the bargain true.

Know then that I'm a clever lad,
Who always a great genius had
And if you chooſe I'll ſhow it:
So if a laureat you want,
Who oft the muſes ſeat does haunt,
I fain would be your Poet.

No great reward Ma'am would I aſk,
For my performing this ſweet taſk,
To make your name renown'd.
I'm ſure you would not grudge me now,
If I but ſweetly ſing of you,
Juſt neat Two thouſand pound.

For this you'll have each year three odes,
Shall ſend your fame t'the antipodes
Ev'n thro' the ſolid earth;
And if you will but now believe,
'Tis two more than our Kings receive
To celebrate their birth.

Think not I'm like a common ſwain,
Who wooe the fair in hopes of gain,
And for their riches chooſe 'em;
No no, I reckon money traſh,
Yet Poets love a little caſh,
Juſt, Madam, to amuſe 'em.

Agree then to this modeſt ſcheme,
You'll be my ſweetheart and my theme,
O'er ev'ry hill and dale.
Do ſmile, dear lady, on your bard,
'Twill drive him to miſortune hard,
Should but his project fail.

Aberdeen, 19 March 1789. J. I. Imray

The QUEEN's Viſit to London,
On the 17th of March, 1789.
By the Author of THE TASK.

WHEN long ſequeſter'd from his Throne,

GEORGE

GEORGE took his ſeat again,
By right of worth, not blood alone,
Entitled here to reign.

Then Loyalty, with all his lamps
New-trimm'd, a gallant ſhow!
Chaſing the darkneſs and the damps,
Set London in a glow.

'Twas hard to tell, of ſtreets or ſquares,
Which form'd the chief diſplay;
Theſe moſt reſembling cluſter'd ſtars,
Thoſe, the long milky way.

Bright ſhone the roofs, the domes, the ſpires,
And rockets flew ſelf-driv'n,
To hang their momentary fires
Amid the vault of Heav'n.

Had all the pageants of the world
In one proceſſion join'd,
And all the banners been unfurl'd
That heralds e'er deſign'd;

For no ſuch ſight had England's Queen
Forſaken her retreat;
Where GEORGE recover'd, made a ſcene
Sweet always, doubly ſweet.

Yet glad ſhe came, *that* night, to prove
A witneſs undeſcried,
How much the object of *her* love
Was lov'd by *all* beſide.

Darkneſs the ſkies had mantled o'er,
In aid of her deſign—
Darkneſs, oh Queen! ne'er call'd before
To veil a deed of thine.

On borrow'd wheels away ſhe flies,
Reſolv'd to be unknown,
And gratify no curious eyes
That night, except her own.

Arriv'd, a *night* like *noon* ſhe ſees,
And hears the million hum,
As all by inſtinct, like the bees,
Had known their Sov'reign come.

Pleas'd, ſhe beheld aloft pourtray'd,
On many a ſplendid wall,
Emblems of Health, and Heav'nly aid,
And GEORGE the theme of all.

Unlike the terrors of that line
So difficult to ſpell,
Which ſhook Belſhazzar at his wine,
The night his city fell.

Soon wat'ry grew her eyes, and dim,
But with a joyful tear;
None elſe, except in pray'r for Him,
GEORGE ever drew from her.

It was a ſcene, in ev'ry part,
Like thoſe in fable feign'd,
And ſeem'd by ſome magician's art
Created and ſuſtain'd.

But other magic there ſhe knew
Had been exerted, none
To raiſe ſuch wonder in her view,
Save love of GEORGE alone.

That cordial thought her ſpirit cheer'd,
And through the cumb'rous throng
Not elſe unworthy to be fear'd,
Convey'd her calm along.

So ancient poets ſay, ſerene
The ſea-maid rides the waves,
And fearleſs of the billowy ſcene,
Her peaceful boſom laves.

With more than aſtronomic eyes,
She view'd the brilliant ſhow;
One Georgian Star adorns the Skies—
She Myriads found below.

Yet let the glories of a night
Like that, once ſeen, ſuffice,
Heav'n grant us no ſuch future ſight,
Such previous woe the price!

N. T. can have no place in this this Miſcellany.

Regulus in our next.

THE

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THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER XL.

Thurſday July 16, 1789.

ON FANCY—DIFFERENCE OF TASTE —WHIMS, &c.

"IT is all fancy," ſaid my friend *Eugenio* to me the other day, when I objected to the perfect beauty of his horſe, becauſe he was crop-eared, which I thought deſtroyed the picturesque appearance of that noble animal—"It is all fancy, Sir, for before this horſe was cropt, La! ſaid every body, what a beautiful horſe that would be, were he but cropt! and here you tell me what a perfect beauty he would be, had he not been cropt. I tell you again, it is all fancy. Would you wiſh to widen that opening there which gives a proſpect of the neighbouring field?

Yes, I ſhould think it an improvement.

Ay—There again—my neighbour Sir John told me this very morning, that there ſhould be no opening there at all, and that if it was his he would ſhut it up—Do you like this pattern of a waiſtcoat?

Yes, I like it much.

Now I don't like it at all—and yet I can't give any reaſon for it—So, if you pleaſe, you continue to wear your waiſtcoat, and I to ride my cropt horſe—my horſe is a beauty, and your waiſtcoat is but very ſo ſo. What do you think of fancy now?"———

So much does fancy regulate our words and even actions, and ſo deeply does it enter into our likings and diſlikings, that I have thought proper to dedicate this day's labour to a conſideration of the ſubject.

Very few people act by rule, that is, like or diſlike, cenſure or approve, eſteem or hate, upon *certain* principles. We are every day hearing people ſay, "I do not know why, but I never liked that man, or that book." They are unable to give any reaſon for the diſlike. *It is* becauſe *it is*. They cannot help it, if we take their words for it; they wiſh it were otherwiſe, but "the poſitive fact is they do not like *Mr Such a one*."

Thoſe *fanciful* people are very apt to like or diſlike at firſt ſight, and are for-

for ever confeſſing how much diſappointed they have been in their firſt opinions. "Well, ſurely, when I firſt knew Mr —— I thought him the moſt diſagreeable man, but Lord! now I find him quite otherwiſe"—— or—"when I firſt ſaw Mr —— I thought him one of the moſt charming men breathing, but now I can't abide him."—They imagine that the perſons they thus like or diſlike have changed for the better or the worſe; but as well may we ſay when we have gazed on the ſun until blind, that the ſun is more dazzling then than when we firſt looked on it, or that a public amuſement is changed for the worſe, becauſe we are not ſo much entertained the *fifth* time of going, as we were the *firſt*.

Tom Fickle hired a houſe and gardens pleaſantly ſituated on the banks of the Thames. No man could be more charmed with a ſituation than *Tom* was at firſt with his. He laid out conſiderable ſums of money on improvement, and was always inviting parties of friends to viſit him, and look at his beautiful garden, and enjoy the pleaſant proſpects from his windows—In leſs than two years *Tom* diſcovered that the proſpects were not grand, that the ſituation was confined, the houſe too ſmall, in ſhort, that the whole was the very worſt thing of the kind for him. It became his averſion as much as it was before his delight, and he is now in queſt of another. My friend *Eugenio*, already mentioned, went to look at *Tom's* houſe and garden, and was aſtoniſhed to find that the owner was about to quit them. "Bleſs me! look you now how *fancy* operates with ſome men. *Tom Fikcle* is about to leave the moſt charming ſituation in the world, becauſe of this, that and t'other, which is all in his imagination, and not in reality."

In the caſe of matters of leſs moment than "houſe or land," how eminently are certain perſons the dupes of *fancy!* How many heart-rending ſighs have eſcaped from a fair boſom, in conſequence of fancy repreſenting the gown of another to be preferable to hers—or the cap, or form of the head-dreſs to be more in taſte, more in faſhion! although perhaps the fair *envious* had even rejected the very pattern now ſo much admired, when it was offered to her.

"But, ſome one will ſay, are we never to indulge our fancy, merely becauſe it is our fancy? Muſt we do nothing without giving a reaſon for it, and always be following rules like an arithmetician?" Yes; there are many hundred little circumſtances in life, in which we are regulated by fancy only, and that fancy conſtitutes our natural taſte. By natural taſte I mean our perceptions of beauty, ſublimity, propriety, &c. before they have been regulated by helps from the taſte and experience of other men. This taſte, before it has been thus regulated, may be called *fancy*, and it appears more or leſs juſt, true and elegant, according to the education and habits in which men have been formed. A man of taſte in architecture viewed St Paul's cathedral the ſame day with a money-making citizen. The former conſidered every thing with an attentive and delighted eye; the latter was obſerved to look around at the whole, but at nothing in particular; the former expreſſed his raptures at the ſymmetry of the ſeveral parts, and the ſublime effect of the whole; the latter never ſpoke, until he got into the Church-yard, when looking back, he exclaimed, "What a deal of money has been *ſunk* here!" The verieſt country clown would have gazed with a ſtupid ſtare at the magnificent pile, but it yet would have been the ſtare of his clumſy admiration; he never would have uſed ſuch an expreſſion as this Barbarian. He never would have

thought

thought of deſtroying St Paul's to buy an eſtate.

It is this ſame *fancy* which aſſiſts us in the choice of every thing around us. I have already hinted that I think we ought to chooſe our *friends* on ſome more ſolid grounds than *fancy*—But in leſſer affairs, it may be allowed to guide us. If all men acted by rule in the choice of houſes, equipage, dreſs, furniture, the effect would be a ſameneſs in every thing around us that would be extremely unpleaſing, and which, indeed, mankind never like. Nature herſelf delights in variety, and man, nature's beſt work, is a various being. So much has nature implanted the love of variety in us, that two people are rarely to be found who perfectly agree in their opinion of any object of taſte. Let two men of taſte as nearly equal as poſſible, view the ſame painting; they will fix immediately on different beauties in the picture. In ſpeaking of it, they will alſo take different views—the one perhaps will attend entirely to the compoſition, the other to the colouring, and perhaps becauſe the one conceives that there can be no *effect* without the perfection of compoſition, while the other may conſider *colouring* as immediately productive of effect, becauſe it is what immediately impreſſes the eye. Let them next examine the figures; we ſhall ſuppoſe it to be a landſcape. The one will ſay, Thoſe cattle are very ill grouped; to produce an effect they ought to have been more ſcattered yet, in one part of the picture—Says the other perhaps; "It is my opinion the cattle do not belong to the picture; ſome handsinto which the picture has fallen, have added the cattle; obſerve that the colours are more vivid; they have not the mellowneſs of the fore ground, or the offſkip."

In this manner two men accuſtomed to improve their taſte by an attentive obſervation of the works of nature, would examine a work of art; they would thus point out its beauties and defects; and notwithſtanding the latter, would yet be able to pronounce it a capital work. Show the ſame picture to a man not abſolutely void of taſte, for every man has ſome, but who has never cultivated that taſte, and he will tell you, "It is a very fine picture,"—but you cannot poſſibly get another word from him. The petty Critics at the Royal Exhibition may be heard expreſſing their like or diſlike by "capital, vaſtly fine, ſhocking, abominable," but aſk them why ſuch a picture is capital, while another is ſhocking, and they will tell you "becauſe they think ſo." Hear a man of cultivated taſte give an opinion, and you will at the ſame time hear his reaſons, and although from not poſſeſſing the ſame taſte yourſelf, you may not be ſtruck with the force of his argument, you will, however, be ſatisfied that no man has a better right to give an opinion than he whoſe taſte is rational.

Thoſe remarks I have thrown out without any order or regularity, but as they occurred to me on a ſubject very extenſive, very various, and not unfrequently very irregular. In my next we ſhall conſider the propriety of *regulating* our fancy in the choice of friends and other enjoyments of life.

Sketch of the Riſe, Progreſs, and Effects of the Volunteer Inſtitution in Ireland; extracted from Chambers's Iriſh Edition of Guthrie's Improved Syſtem of Modern Geography, juſt publiſhed in Dublin by Subſcription.

VOLUNTEERS OF IRELAND.

THE page of hiſtory, which in general regiſters only the crimes, the follies, or the misfortunes of mankind, is ſometimes illuminated with a bright paſſage that vindicates the hu-

man character, and lights up the enthuſiaſm of the reader. The *Volunteer Aſſociations* of Ireland, in their riſe and progreſs, their cauſes and conſequence, compoſe a luminous period of this intereſting nature. We are impelled to give a haſty glowing abridgment of this eventful inſtitution, before it fades into hiſtory, and loſes the luſtre of life.

Theſe aſſociations originated in the year 1778, from the acknowledged inability of an ill-regulated government to guard the iſland, then threatned with invaſion; and from the dictatorial neceſſity of ſelf-defence, impoſed on the people by ſuch ſhameful dereliction on the part of their rulers. General government well adminiſtered muſt always ſuperſede particular aſſociations; but even when it becomes ſo weak or ſo worthleſs as to abandon the people, whom it was created to protect, there ſtill exiſts in the community an imperiſhable principle of life, which is rouſed to the exertion of powers till then latent, by the mere urgency of perilous ſituation. It was the preſſure of a calamitous war on a country, in which all the joints of the ſtate were looſened, and government itſelf had become a grievance, rendered ſtill more intolerable by the ruinous effects of an embargo in the ſouth, and the fluctuating fortuitous demand for the ſtaple manufacture in the north, which at length rouſed the public mind from a numbneſs that had locked up all its energy. The people, inſtead of railing with lazy wickedneſs at providence, endeavoured to help themſelves. They did not tumble over the ſtatute book to know by what law they could ſet themſelves in array, but they acted under the law of Nature; and the ſtorm of war that ſeemed to ſeek their ruin, was the occaſion that proved them ſtrong. Neceſſity made the people of Ireland take up arms, but many of the moſt active and noble principles of human nature kept them Volunteers. The poſſeſſion of arms is indeed the prime diſtinction of a freeman from a ſlave. He who has nothing, and belongs to another, muſt be defended by that other, and needs no arms: but he who thinks he is his own maſter, or has any thing he can call his own, ought to have arms to defend himſelf, or otherwiſe he muſt live precarioufly and at diſcretion. Arms made Iriſhmen worthy of their weight, and neceſſity became the hardy nurſe of public and private virtue till then unknown. Common danger made all ranks of men unite in a common cauſe; and every rank roſe in ſelf conſequence, and attained greater elevation in the ſcale of ſociety. Their coaleſcence brought men into a cloſer ſphere of attraction. Patriotiſm became leſs a ſpeculative ſentiment, and more a principle of action: a paſſionate prepoſſeſſion that moved within a ſmaller circle than the empire, but acquired force by the condenſation. The artificial diſtinctions of rank, that, in Ireland particularly, create a great gulph between deſpotic diſſipation and ragged wretchedneſs, were filled up and ſmoothed over for a time. It was ſuch a time as made the higher ranks feel their dependence on the commonalty, who form the piles that ſupport the arch, while they are but the baluſtrades that adorn it—by daring to defend themſelves, the Volunteers added dignity and weight to the national character, and endowed their country with that value which alone can command the ſacrifice of life and fortune in defending it. The public mind, like that of the individual, is elevated or degraded by ſituation. It ſhrinks if it does not ſwell, and becomes little by being engaged about little things. Public ſpirit at this trying time roſe to the exigence of the occaſion. Ireland had hitherto little to do, and therefore did nothing. It only ſuffered. Martial inclination became

came in reality an incentive to induſtry, and the plough and ſhuttle ſped the better, while the peaſant and the manufacturer wiſhed by the ſweat of their brows to purchaſe a manly ornament for their perſons. The dignity of dreſs exalted them from naked naſtineſs to ſome degree of ſelf-eſtimation. There is a hoard of labour which the ſtrongeſt gripe of oppreſſion is not able to wring from the hard hands of the working part of the community, but when the heart of the public goes along with the work, comes forth ſpontaneous and unſolicited. The financier dries up the ſprings of induſtry, and wonders that the ſtreams do not flow. The maſs of the miſerable multitude is laid on the anvil, while the landlord, the merchant, the clergyman and the financier, lift up alternate and gigantic ſtrokes to give the rigid tool its proper malleability; but the willing heart and hand ſupply a never-failing fund of labour; and from this fund only, was produced an army of many thouſands, ſelf-raiſed, ſelf paid, and ſelf-ſupported, who neither bought or ſold their courage; who diſdained to have a hireling hand in their ranks; and whoſe only reward was, the ſalvation of their country and the vindication of its conſtitution.

They went on in a fortunate gradation of perſevering virtue, with regular yet rapid progreſs, from ſmall and ſcattered companies to an union of large and effective military bodies; collected into battalions, ſtrengthened by cavalry, protected by artillery, and completely provided with all the cuſtomary furniture of war. They met in annual reviews; a meaſure which continued their attention to military duty, created uniformity in diſcipline, excited manly emulation, indicated the progreſs of public ſpirit, and gave the multitude that ſurrounded them, every ſweet and every great ſenſation, that ſympathy can yield to the heart of man. Inexperience in military ſervice, and the neceſſary avocations of civil life, prevented them from diſplaying the ſcrupulous regularity and mechanical exactitude obſervable in thoſe whoſe profeſſion is arms; but they always manifeſted ardour to adopt, and alacrity to practiſe, all the ſtrictneſs of diſcipline preparatory to actual ſervice. This diſcipline, though clumſy in its minuter parts, at a proper diſtance appeared uniform, ſhewy and ſhining, and their general numbers,* though in reality great, were perhaps exaggerated by a prudent and patriotic oſtentation.

The country was not only inſpired with a higher genius, but diſplayed a better taſte. There is a ſublimity in the ſemblance of war, which ſwells the ſpirit above thoſe petty barbarities that mingle even in our ſports, in the cruelty of a cock-pit, or in the conteſt of running cattle, where all claſſes meet to contaminate each other, and all are aſſimilated with the manners of the mob. The genius of Ireland made a proud compariſon between Lord Charlemont at a review of men, and the Duke of Rutland at a horſe race. If volunteering was only a diverſion, it was the diverſion of men, a ſport, that dignified, but did not debaſe them. It was better that the volunteer ſhould look upon himſelf as a gentleman, than that the gentleman ſhonld ſhrink into ſavage vulgarity. When men purſue their ſports with inferior animals, their feelings are brutalized, and their nature becomes unfeeling and ferocious; but the fiction, and even the reality of war, raiſes us as it were in rank; and martial manners often contribute to the civilization of certain national as well as perſonal characters. National as well as private character may be often collected, from minute ſtrokes of diſtinction ſo trivial as ſongs and diverſions; and

* Probably about 50,000.

even

even the mottos † on the colours that waved over the heads of the volunteers, manifeſted the virtuous ambition of their hearts. In ſhort, Ireland was no longer a cowed and characterleſs country; never daring to act, from conſcious inſignificance, and always molding herſelf to the meanneſs of her ſituation; but a land, where honour, that uſeful proxy for republican virtue, circulated as an energetic principle of life, through all, even the loweſt ranks of the community.

But ſtill it may be ſaid, Let them ſhew their ſcars: The bloodleſs pageant has paſſed along, but where are the ſpoils and trophies it has left behind? We are limited to a mere index rerum, but even this may ſuffice for an anſwer. 1. The Volunteers ſaved their country in the time of war, and kept it in guarded quiet. If the ſtanding army had remained in the iſland, the invaſion would probably have taken place; for when a mercenary force is the ſole inſtrument of national defence, the nation muſt fall with it: the inhabitants ſurrender with the garriſon. But when martial ſpirit was infuſed into the whole people, the iſland became encompaſſed as with a circle of fire. The fidelity of Iriſhmen to their country was rendered manifeſt, when France would have taken immediate advantage, had it been doubtful. From the living example of Britiſh invaſion in America, ſhe felt inſtinctively how great the force of reſiſtance is, when it is rooted in the hearts of the people. There is an awe which ſurrounds a people, determined to maintain their freedom, as with the influence of a ſuperior genius; and if we may be ſo unfaſhionable as to cite antiquity, deſpotiſm will ever partake in the feelings of the great King, when he ſat and ſaw the gloomy reſolution and ſtern compoſure of thoſe deſpairing Spartans, who were looſing their long hair to the wind, and ſinging their laſt ſong for victory or death.

2. The Volunteers of Ireland promoted civil liberty in the time of peace. They did not lay down their arms when the war was over, but retained them as pledges of peace, whoſe bleſſings they could cultivate beſt by being always prepared for war. What is peace? It is the ſtable tranquillity of undaunted freedom, fixing a firm footing on the rights of human nature, and leaning on the arms by which thoſe rights are to be defended. The peace of ſervitude is worſe than the war of freedom. The Volunteers kept up the internal regimen of the land, and ſuperſeded the neceſſity of what has been called Police; a word derived from the French, whoſe terms have contaminated our language, and whoſe cuſtoms are often copied to corrupt our conſtitution.

3. The Volunteers promoted religious liberty and liberality in Ireland. They aſſociated, although differing in religious opinions, becauſe they wiſhed to create that union of power, and to cultivate that brotherhood of affection among all the inhabitants of the iſland, which is the intereſt as well as duty of all. They were all Iriſhmen, they rejoiced and gloried in that common title which bound them together; and by this inſtitution, the different deſcriptions of religion forgot for a time the diſputation of faith, and united to ſave the ſtate, to do every thing that the union of their hearts and the ſtrength of their hands could effectuate; to render the name of *Iriſhman* ho-

nour-

† For example—The Iriſh Harp—I am new ſtrung and will be heard—A Cock—Ariſe, the day is come—UP—*Expergiſcimini, capeſſite rempublicam—Aut cum his vivendum, aut pro his moriendum—Civis et miles—Ne nous fions qu' a nous—Idem ſentire, decere, agere—Majores et Poſteros cogitate*, &c. &c.

nourable to themſelves, ſerviceable to their beloved country, and formidable to its foes. Toleration is a term which ſtill indicates much of the power, and ſomewhat of the wiſh, to oppreſs; but it is certain, that the Volunteer inſtitution, and their liberal reſolutions, have accelerated the coming of a time, which will give all Iriſhmen a country to boaſt of, liberties to enjoy, not merely by ſufferance; and a God to worſhip as they think beſt; that *God* who, while millions of worlds are circulating with never-ceaſing harmony in the immenſity of his preſence, looks down upon the minute creature *Man*, ever jarring with his brother; *re*-making his creator after *his own* image, attributing to HIM the weakneſſes and partialities of miſerable mortality.

4. The Volunteers of Ireland promoted, perhaps created, national liberty. They appeared under the character of ſoldiers, without any deſign of relinquiſhing for a moment, the name or nature of citizens, but with a view of adding conſtitutional energy to that ſacred title, by adopting a new but conſiſtent appellation. They united the characters of citizen and ſoldier, that the one might animate the other; and that the impetuoſity incident to the military profeſſion, might be tempered with the caution and circumſpection of civil life. They therefore thought it their duty to addreſs their ſentiments on ſubjects of national concern to their countrymen, relations and friends; and they gained that attention which was juſtly due to the guardians of domeſtic peace, and the protectors of the common weal. Their aſſociations were recognized by the thanks of two eſtates of the legiſlature, and the acquieſcence of the third; by the additional ſanction of thoſe moſt learned in the laws, beſt read in the charters of liberty, and moſt accuſtomed to conſult with the genius of the conſtitution. They thought, and they aſſembled in provincial meetings, to aſſert and maintain, that Britain and Ireland were united only by being placed under one and the ſame head; that each realm has its imperial crown, and its diſtinct dominion, ſubordinate to no legiſlative authority upon earth. They impelled parliament to follow up the aſſertion: the inſidious and arbitrary claims of Britain were renounced: the legiſlative competency of Ireland recognized; and the vague aſſertions of individuals acquired at length the force and notoriety of poſitive and permanent law.

MEMOIRS *of the unfortunate* STRADELLA *and* HORTENSIA.

By Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

ALeſſandro Stradella, one of the greateſt Italian Muſicians in his time, flouriſhed about the middle of the ſeventeenth century: He was both a very fine ſinger and an exquiſite performer on the harp, an inſtrument in which he greatly delighted; over and above which qualifications, he poſſeſſed a talent for vocal compoſition, ſufficient alone to have rendered him famous to all poſterity. He was for ſome time, Compoſer to the Opera at Venice, under an appointment of the magiſtrates of that republic, and frequently ſang, on the ſtage, cantatas and other pieces of his own compoſition, accompanying himſelf on the harp.

His character as a Muſician was ſo high at Venice, that all, who were deſirous of excelling in the ſcience, were ſolicitous to become his pupils. Among the many whom he had the inſtruction of, was one, a young lady of a noble family of Rome, named Hortenſia, who, notwithſtanding her illuſtrious deſcent, ſubmitted to live in a criminal intimacy with a Venetian noble-

nobleman. The frequent acceſs of Stradella to this lady, and the many opportunities he had of being alone with her, produced in them both ſuch an affection for each other, that they agreed to go off together for Rome. In conſequence of this reſolution they embarked, in a very fine night, and, by the favour of the wind, effected their eſcape.

Upon the diſcovery of the Lady's flight, the Venetian had recourſe to the uſual method in that country of obtaining ſatisfaction for real or ſuppoſed injuries; he diſpatched two aſſaſſins, with inſtructions to murder both Stradella and the Lady, giving them a ſum of money in hand, and a promiſe of a larger if they ſucceeded in the attempt. Being arrived at Naples, the aſſaſſins received intelligence that thoſe whom they were in purſuit of were at Rome, where the lady paſſed for the wife of Stradella. Upon this, they determined to execute their commiſſion; wrote to their employer, requeſting letters of recommendation to the Venetian Ambaſſador at Rome, in order to ſecure an aſylum for them to fly to, as ſoon as the deed ſhould be perpetrated.

Upon the receipt of a letter for this purpoſe, the aſſaſſins made the beſt of their way towards Rome; and, being arrived there, they learned that, on the morrow, at five in the evening, Stradella was to give an oratorio in the church of San Giovanni Laterano. They failed not to be preſent at the performance, and had contrived to follow Stradella and his miſtreſs out of the church, and ſeizing a convenient opportunity, to make the blow. The performance was now begun, and theſe men had nothing to do but to watch the motions of Stradella and attend to the muſic, which they had ſcarce begun to hear, before the ſuggeſtions of humanity began to operate upon their minds; they were ſeized with remorſe, and reflected with horror on the thought of depriving of his life a man capable of giving to his auditors ſuch pleaſure as they had juſt then felt. In ſhort, they deſiſted from their purpoſe, and determined, inſtead of taking away his life, to exert their endeavours for the preſervation of it; they waited for his coming out of the church, and courteouſly addreſſing him and the lady, who was by his ſide, firſt returned him thanks for the pleaſure they had received at hearing his muſic, and informed them both of the errand they had been ſent upon, expatiating upon the irreſiſtible charms, which of ſavages had made them men, and had rendered it impoſſible for them to effect their execrable purpoſe; and concluded with their earneſt advice that Stradella and the lady ſhould both depart from Rome the next day, themſelves promiſing to deceive their employer, and forego the remaining part of their reward, by making him believe that Stradella and his lady had quitted Rome on the morning of their arrival.

Having thus eſcaped the malice of their enemy, the two lovers took an immediate reſolution to fly for ſafety to Turin, and ſoon arrived there. The aſſaſſins, being returned to Venice, reported to their employer that Stradella and Hortenſia had fled from Rome, and taken ſhelter in the city of Turin, a place where the laws were very ſevere, and which, excepting the houſes of ambaſſadors, afforded no protection for murderers; they repreſented to him the difficulty of getting theſe two perſons aſſaſſinated, and for their own parts, notwithſtanding their engagements, declined the enterpriſe. This diſappointment, inſtead of allaying, ſerved but to ſharpen the reſentment of the Venetian: he had found means to attach to his intereſt the father of Hortenſia, and, by various arguments, to inſpire him

him with a reſolution to become the murderer of his own daughter. With this old man, no leſs malevolent and vindictive than himſelf, the Venetian aſſociated two ruffians, and diſpatched them all three to Turin, fully inſpired with a reſolution of ſtabbing Stradella and the old man's daughter, wherever they found them. The Venetian alſo furniſhed them with letters from Monſ. l'Abbé de Eſtrades, then ambaſſador of France at Venice, addreſſed to the Marquis of Villars, the French ambaſſador at Turin. The purport of theſe letters was a recommendation of the bearers of them, who were therein repreſented to be merchants, to the protection of the ambaſſador, if at any time they ſhould ſtand in need of it.

The Dutcheſs of Savoy was at that time regent; and ſhe, having been informed of the arrival of Stradella and Hortenſia, and the occaſion of their precipitate flight from Rome, and knowing the vindictive temper of the Venetians, placed the lady in a convent, and retained Stradella in her palace as her principal muſician. In a ſituation of ſuch ſecurity as this ſeemed to be, Stradella's fears for the ſafety of himſelf and his miſtreſs began to abate, till one evening walking for the air upon the ramparts of the city, he was ſet upon by the three aſſaſſins above-mentioned, that is to ſay, the father of Hortenſia and the two ruffians, who each gave him a ſtab with a dagger in the breaſt, and immediately betook themſelves to the houſe of the French ambaſſador, as to a ſanctuary.

The attack on Stradella having been made in the ſight of numbers of people, who were walking in the ſame place, occaſioned an uproar in the city, which ſoon reached the ears of the Ducheſs. She ordered the gates to be ſhut, and diligent ſearch to be made for the three aſſaſſins; and, being informed that they had taken refuge in the houſe of the French ambaſſador, ſhe ſent to demand them. The ambaſſador, inſiſting on the privileges which thoſe of his function claimed from the law of nations, refuſed to deliver them up; he nevertheleſs wrote to the Abbé that he had been ſurpriſed into a recommendation of the three men by one of the moſt powerful of the Venetian nobility. In the interim Stradella was cured of his wounds, and the Marquis de Villars, to make ſhort of the queſtion about privilege, and the rights of ambaſſadors, ſuffered the aſſaſſins to eſcape.

From this time, finding himſelf diſappointed of his revenge, but not the leaſt abated in his ardour to accompliſh it, this implacable Venetian contented himſelf with ſetting ſpies to watch the motions of Stradella. A year was elapſed after the cure of his wounds; no freſh diſturbance had been given to him, and he thought himſelf ſecure from any further attempts on his life. The Ducheſs-regent, who was concerned for the honour of her ſex, and the happineſs of two perſons who had ſuffered ſo much, and ſeemed to have been born for each other, joined the hands of Stradella and his beloved Hortenſia, and they were married. After the ceremony Stradella and his wife, having a deſire to viſit the port of Genoa, went thither, with a reſolution to return to Turin: The aſſaſſins, having intelligence of their departure, followed them cloſe at their heels. Stradella and his wife, it is true, reached Genoa; but the morning after their arrival, theſe three execrable villains ruſhed into their chamber, and ſtabbed each to the heart. The murderers had taken care to ſecure a barque which lay in the port: to this they retreated, and made their eſcape from juſtice, and were never heard of more.

Extract from a Treatiſe on Matrimony; or an Addreſs to both Sexes of all Ages. By W. Taplin.

MR. Taplin, in diſcourſing on this ſubject, makes uſe of the following obſervations:

"To ſpeak of matrimony in its different ſtages, requires greater abilities than moſt men poſſeſs, for the major part of thoſe who have been engaged in it, have ſeldom or ever underſtood it—I candidly compare it to law, eaſy of acceſs, but very difficult to get through.—To numbers it proves a woeful labyrinth, and the puzzle ends but with their lives.—Yet ſo infatuating is the very name of matrimony, that many women, who have ſuffered ſufficiently by the unfeeling brutality of the firſt, have rapidly engaged with a ſecond; and as fondly as fooliſhly, fixed the day of conſummation, before the remains of the former can with ſtrict propriety be ſaid to be cold.

I, for the clearer explanation of this ambiguous ſtate, divide it into three ſtages of different denominations. The firſt, for the ſake of diſtinction, I term

The Bowling Green;

which is that calm, uninterrupted twelvemonth, principally compoſed of love and nonſenſe: The world ſatirically confines it to a month, by the appellation of The Honey Moon. But allowing that all the fire and fury of fancied affection may be expended in one month with ſome; others, whoſe feelings are nicer, notions of honour greater, or affection more ſincere, may be indulgently allowed a longer time to diſpenſe all that love and rapture, which ſo many years has been bringing to perfection. Excluſive of this reaſon, ſure no man can poſſeſs injuſtice enough to be weary in one month, of what he has been a ſeeming age in acquiring.—If the affection he thought ſincere is baniſhed, or the attachment imperceptibly gone, the reaſon that man is ſuppoſed to be bleſt with, and which ſhould moſt certainly be his conſtant companion, to diſtinguiſh him from the inferior part of the creation, ſhould prevent him from deſcending to treat ſo haſtily with indifference, what he ſome few days before beheld with adoration.—On the contrary, he ſhould nobly reſolve to let his good manners, politeneſs, or humanity, fully correct his decreaſe of affection; and convince the world, by his tenderneſs and aſſiduity, that although the depravity of nature ſhould not permit him to love her twelve months, he could eſteem her for life.

But to return to the Bowling Green, or firſt ſtage, which I before obſerved, is nothing more or leſs than a compoſition of love and nonſenſe.—A ſtate that is truly diſagreeable to all their acquaintance; the rapturous expreſſions of *angel! charmer! goddeſs!* &c. ſeem a perpetual echo; reaſon, and even decency, are loſt in a cloud of rhapſody, and they conclude the company, nay all the world, arrant fools, that are not painting the ſame rapturous ideas, and dying like them with fancied extacies.—This over fondneſs is an extreme as deteſtable as the oppoſite; if the huſband is in want of any thing, at half the room's diſtance, the ſweet fellow muſt not be permitted to ſtir to fatigue himſelf; he, in return, declares ſuch tenderneſs as her's was never framed for the rough offices of ſervitude; ſhe intreats, he perſiſts; in fact, here is almoſt a civil war, about what a few months totally eradicates; for you may then, without any appearance of affection, or even good manners, hear a diſpute at breakfaſt who has the greateſt right to hand the toaſt or tea kettle.—Towards the concluſion of this ſtage, which is in general extended to eight, ten, or twelve months, they both find their ſhoul-

ſhoulders rather galled; the yoke gets uneaſy, they cannot tell why, but each thinks the other's perſon not ſo agreeable, their manner not ſo genteel, and ſeem to be fully convinced they have been both diſappointed in their matrimonial expectations.

It is at this criſis that they enter the ſecond ſtage, or

CROSS COUNTRY ROAD:

A road fraught with danger and diſquietude—I call it a compoſition of rough and ſmooth, which track they continue in ſeldom leſs than two or three years, a meer ſtruggle who is to have the ſuperiority, or be the commanding officer for life. A ſtruggle, though ridiculous in imagination, is moſt certainly not capital enough to create aſtoniſhment, when we by a due deliberation recollect that from the ſummit of the nobility, to the moſt abject in adverſity (of both ſexes, all ages, and denominations) all are graſping at the power of commanding.

They think they live together on compulſion, are diſcontented in themſelves, and thoroughly diſpleaſed with all the world. In this ſtate I compare them to a pair of young horſes in harneſs, one is of a petulant diſpoſition, the other not more ſubmiſſive; one pulls one way, the other kicks the other; the harneſs is too ſtrong to break; and having thus ſtruggled for the ſuperiority, till they have made themſelves appear ridiculous to their friends and relations by their perpetual diſputes and alternate complaints, which they find totally diſregarded, by the juſt and common obſervation of there being "faults on both ſides," they, for their mutual intereſt, and domeſtic tranquility, after having haraſſed and perplexed each other for two or three years, gradually aſcend to the

TURNPIKE,

or third ſtage of matrimony, which is evidently, in my opinion, the ſtage that all the expected happineſs of the connubial ſtate is brought to perfection.

But as there is no rule without an exception, this cannot be ſuppoſed to be perfect: It is moſt certain, there are numbers, who from a want of ſimilarity of years, diſpoſitions, and a thouſand *etceteras*, travel in the ſecond ſtage thro' life perpetually in miſery; torments to each other, and a terror to all who are unfortunate enough to be connected with them.

The two firſt ſtages are madneſſes, only of a different kind. In the third, you plainly perceive in every wiſh, look, or action, the tender attachment between the parties, where the beauties of the mind, the elegance of deportment, and the propriety of conduct have been greater inducements with each other than the common gratification of ſenſual appetites. Theſe are qualifications that will rekindle every ſpark of affection, when the ſtrongeſt flame will be totally extinguiſhed by a conſtant poſſeſſion of beauty only.

The medium that is obſerved by their reciprocal attention to each other's occaſions, inſures felicity, and I hope the want of refinement in the ſimile will be readily excuſed, when the juſtneſs is duly conſidered, in my comparing theſe to a pair of *Bagſhot poſt-horſes*, who, from experience, find it moſt eaſy to themſelves, and agreeable to their employers, to take an equal ſhare of the diſquietudes and diſtreſſes that this variegated life diſpenſes or affords, from the higheſt to the loweſt.—Having fully explained the three different ideas of matrimonial connections, I ſhall proceed to the ſeparate duty of each party, and endeavour to make it appear, that the ſtate of matrimony is not ſo dreadful as the imaginary diſtreſſes, and fancied misfortunes, of the major part of that claſs, by their indiſcretions and impropriety of conduct, has

taught the world to believe. But, on the contrary, that their happineſs chiefly, nay capitally depends on their own tempers and rectitude of conduct, and that it is always in their power to avoid being miſerable, by making themſelves content.

As there are certain mediums neceſſary to the preſervation of a ſtate of amity between nations, ſo there is a greater equilibrium to be obſerved for the preſervation of peace and unity in families, where the diſpoſitions are often as literally contraſted as the two oppoſite elements.

As the man is, in the general eſtimation, the head of the houſe, it will be paying him no more than a compliment that is juſtly his due, to take him firſt into conſideration.—And to ſay, that when he is on the brink of engaging in ſo ſolemn an act, he ſhould check his impetuoſity by reflection, and recollect that on his preſent determination depends the happineſs not only of the object of his affections, but, perhaps, a numerous offſpring, who may be doomed to wretchedneſs by one bad ſtep, or inadvertent tranſaction in future.—He ſhould ſtrictly examine not only the ſtate of his circumſtances, but the natural failings of his temper, inclinations, &c. and be fully convinced that he has tenderneſs enough for a huſband, indulgence enough for a parent, and equanimity ſufficient to bear loſſes, or unexpected ſtrokes of fortune, with fortitude and reſignation. His qualifications ſhould be as numerous as the woman's, for as he has ſelected her from the world, as the object of his affections, and thought her worthy of a partition of his pleaſures, he ſhould remember that ſhe has relinquiſhed her relations, nay all the world, and the thouſand pleaſures ſhe has conſtantly enjoyed, to depend on his generoſity, and to be a partaker of his troubles. In conſequence of which, ſhe is entitled to all that is in his power to give; ſhe has an undoubted right, from the motives of honour and gratitude, to be made as happy as the limited power of his ſituation in life will permit.—His actions ſhould be a compoſition of love and tenderneſs, eagerly ſupplying all her reaſonable wants, and though he is truly the head of the houſe, he ſhould not be too fond of ſhewing it; for our very ſervants diſlike us from the moment we preſume on our authority. He ſhould not pique himſelf on the ſuperiority that cuſtom has eſtabliſhed, by neglecting to conſult her on certain occaſions, or totally diſreſpect her advice, as he muſt know ſhe is literally and truly his beſt friend, and never can give it more to her own advantage.—Indifference begets indifference, and treating her with diſreſpect will be the moſt ready way to be puniſhed with contempt in return.

Memoirs of Major-General JAMES PATTERSON.

GEneral Patterſon, the father of the gentleman whoſe memoirs I write, was born in Scotland; he got a commiſſion in the army at a very early age, and ſerved in ſeveral campaigns under Prince Eugene againſt the Turks; he died at Richmond in Surrey, where he had ſettled, aged 96, about 20 years ago, having the rank of General in his Majeſty's ſervice. He was on duty in Ireland when his ſon James was born in the year 1734; he was ſent to Portarlington ſchool, and continued there till his father ſent him a commiſſion in the Marines which he was Colonel of. In the beginning of the war before laſt, he was on board the ſhip Admiral Keppel then commanded, cruiſing in the Mediteranean, where he contracted a friendſhip with the Admiral

that

that did not ceaſe till his death; ſome time after he got a company in the 19th regiment of foot, then called Lord George Beauclerk's.—The 19th regiment was ordered on the expedition againſt Belliſle; Captain Patterſon at the head of the company of grenadiers which he then commanded, was the firſt man that landed on the Iſland; his company was almoſt entirely cut off, and he was twice ſhot, and once run thro' the right arm, and cut in the head. After the landing was made good, he was carried on board his ſhip covered with wounds, and ſoon after ſent to England for his recovery; the then Miniſtry gave him the Majority of the 19th regiment for his gallant behaviour on that occaſion. At the concluſion of the peace in 1763, he purchaſed the Lieutenant Colonelcy of the 63d regiment, which was then in Martinico and Guadaloupe; and on their coming to Ireland he joined them. He was Aid-du-camp to the Lords Townſhend and Harcourt in their adminiſtration here, Deputy Adjutant-General in Ireland, and a Governor of Kilmainham Hoſpital. In the year 1775 he went out to Boſton with the 63d regiment, and the year after on the troops coming to Halifax he was appointed Adjutant-General in America, which he reſigned on the troops leaving Philadelphia in 1779, and ſoon after returned to England bringing Government an account of the arrival of the troops in New-York. In 1780 he went out again to America; on his arrival he was appointed a Brigadier-General; he commanded at different times on Staten Iſland and Long Iſland, and was at the reduction of Charleſtown, where he was left Commandant, but was obliged ſoon after to return to New-York on account of his health.

On the arrival of Sir Guy Carleton he was appointed Commander in Chief of his Majeſty's forces in the province of Nova Scotia, where he continued till the peace. In March 1787 he was with my Lord Townſhend at Rynam, when he was appointed on the ſtaff and ordered to Ireland; and in the July after he was appointed Colonel of the 28th regiment of foot. From the various ſituations in life General Patterſon had been in, he had it in his power to render ſervices to many, and I ſincerely believe never did an injury to any man; and he was ever careful ſo to regulate his expences to his income, that he never left a town in his life owing any man in it a ſhilling; he might with great truth have ſaid with the Spaniſh Captain, "that he was as good a gentleman as the King, altho' not ſo rich." From the long and various ſervices the General had gone through, he was rather of a delicate conſtitution, and his health impaired; he had got wet at ſome of the reviews which had given him cold, which he thought ſlightly of; on Monday the 15th, after reviewing two regiments at Galway, he complained of being unwell; the next day he came to Ballinrobe, and the day after it rained inceſſantly, which prevented him ſeeing the 8th dragoons; they were ordered out on Thurſday the 18th; the Doctor adviſed him not to go out; he ſaid he knew his own conſtitution beſt; he got up and dreſſed, and his horſes were at the door ready to carry him to the field, when he died in the courſe of few minutes without a groan. I feel myſelf very unequal to the taſk of doing juſtice to the merit and character of General Patterſon, which would require the pen of a Hume or a Robertſon; but I thought it my duty to give this ſmall tribute to the memory of a gentleman whom I loved, and with whom I lived twenty-ſix years.

Sackville-ſtreet, June 24.

A. AIKEN.

EIGHT

EIGHT USEFUL DIRECTIONS to EPICURES.

Very proper to be read before Anniversary Dinners.

I.

Make it a rule to be early in your attendance; every Epicure will allow that it is better to wait little for dinner, than have the dinner spoiled by waiting for him.

II.

Carefully inspect the bill of fare, that you may know what is coming, and be able to place yourself accordingly.

III.

Place yourself directly opposite your favourite dish; in that case you will be able to help yourself to the nicest cut.

IV.

Help yourself plentifully at first, as it is a thousand to one whether you will have a chance of a second plateful.

V.

Watch the eye of him who wishes to *hob or nob*, and ask him to drink a glass of wine with you.—You may get drunk otherwise, but not so expeditiously and politely.

VI.

If you wish to be witty at the expence of any of the company, attack him after the second bottle. Ten to one but he forgets it all before morning, or if not, you can plead that you had too much wine in your head.

VII.

Always join loudly in the chorus of a song. It opens the pores, and gives a particular relish to the wine.

VIII.

In returning home, particularly if drunk, prefer riding on horseback. You may have a fall in the other way, but there is more spirit and effort in a fall from a horse.—Besides, you can always blame the horses.

KING CHARLES I. AT *NEWCASTLE.*

Particulars not commonly known.

WHEN the unfortunate Charles had fled from Oxford, which was then besieged by the Parliament forces, and had thrown himself into the protection of the Scottish army, at Newark-upon-Trent, that army conducted him to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Here they formed a lane of muskets and pikes, through the streets, from the place at which he entered the town, to the house in which he took up his lodging. He was now caressed with bonfires and ringing of bells, with drums, trumpets, and peals of ordnance. Guarded indeed he was by three hundred Scottish horse, but those near his person were constantly bare-headed; and he and his train had liberty every day to go abroad and play at *Goff*, in a field without the walls, untill a design for his escape was discovered by the treachery of false friends, who had been let in the secret. After this discovery, the scene changed. A guard of soldiers was placed at his chamber door, both within and without, who disturbed him, not a little, by continually smoking before him, although they knew he had a particular antipathy to tobacco. A popular tradition says, that his Majesty had disguised himself, and had found means to get down as far as the grate in the middle of the street; and that a ship, in order to accomplish his escape, lay ready to transport him beyond sea.

A rare instance of great temper appeared during his residence at this place. When the news reached him of the fatal turn of his affairs in Scotland, he took not the least notice of it to those about him, but continued at the game of Chess, just as composed and chearful as before. A Scotch Minister of this place, one day, preached boldly before the King; and when he had finished his sermon, gave out the lii. psalm, which begins,

"Why dost thou, tyrant, boast abroad,

Thy

" Thy wicked works to praiſe ?"
But the King ſtarted up, and courageouſly demanded the lvi. pſalm.
" Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray,
" For man would me devour."

Gaelic Chronicle of Scotch Kings. From the Gentleman's Magazine.

Perth, March 12:

WITH this I ſend a tranſlation of the *Gaelic* Chronicle of the Kings of Scotland, rendered line for line from the original. Though now extremely rare, it muſt have been better known formerly, as it has been taken notice of by Stillingfleet and Kennedy, by Sir George Mackenzie, by Ward and Colgan, and by the author of a Diſſertation prefixed to the Memoirs of the Marquis of Clanrickard.

Several reflections which it ſuggeſts muſt be poſtponed to another time. Suffice it to ſay, that there is reaſon to conſider it as a valuable monument of antiquity, prior to any of our written hiſtories; from which its deviations may, I think, be juſtified by reaſon and argument. The period it aſſigns to the acceſſion of the family of Erc, though an hundred years later than that marked by our hiſtorians, may be plauſibly defended. Some remarks may therefore be expected in a future letter, on the foundation of the Scottiſh monarchy, on the ſucceſſion of our monarchs, and on the chronology of this curious piece, with ſeveral other particulars ſuggeſted by it; which will be ſubmitted to the better judgement of the learned.

Yours, &c. JOHN GILLIES.

Chronicle of the Kings of Scotland, from Angus, the Son of Erc, to Malcolm Canmore. Tranſlated from the Gaelic of Malcolm Canmore's Bard, Hiſtoriographer, or Senneachie.

YE ſkilled of Albion all,
Ye knowing people of yellow hair,
When did you firſt poſſeſs, do you know,
When did you firſt poſſeſs the lands of Albion ?
Albanus took poſſeſſion with his people,
That reſpectable ſon of Iſiacon,
(Brother of Britus without doubt),
After whom is named Albion of Veſſels.
His impetuous brother baniſhed
Britus over the ſea Nichtnamus,
Britus poſſeſſed Albion renowned,
At the perſuaſive deſire of Jothadain.
Long continued Britus of ſmooth lips.
The race of Nemhi received Erglan
Coming from his ſhip: after
Building the tower of fam'd Conang,
They poſſeſſed the weſtern diviſion.
After coming from Erin*
Ten and threeſcore kings
Poſſeſſed the Cruthean portion.
Cathluan the firſt king of theſe.
I inform you for certain
Who was the firſt king of them,
The ſtrong champion Caſandin.
The offspring of Echach after theſe
Took poſſeſſion of Albion exhauſted;
The race of Conar the mild,
The beſt of the brave Gael:
The three ſons of Erc, ſon of Echach glad,
Three who ſurpaſſed the bleſſings of Patric,
Took poſſeſſion of Albion nigh,
Angus, Loarn, Fergus.
Agnus ten years, Loarn three years
In the Sovereignty of Albion;
After Loarn, inherited
During twenty ſeven years Fergus.
Donagard, ſon of Fergus high,
Juſt five years in mildneſs.
Twenty-four years withoutſtrife
To Congall the ſon of Donagard.
Two years mild without contempt
After Congall to Goran:
Three times five years entire
Reigned Connell ſon of Congall.

* Ireland.

Two

Twenty four years complete
Reigned Aidan†.
Ten years in his turn yellow Echach‡
Maintained the ſovereignty.
Conchad, § left-handed, a quarter of a year—ſoft ſtar.
Sixteen the good ſon of Ferchard.
After Ferchard,¶
Fourteen years Donald,
After praiſe-worthy Donald the ſpotted,
Congal and Dongal ten years.
Thirteen years Donald the brown,
After Dongal and Connel.
Malduin ſon of Connal of ſpoils
Seventeen years in rightful manner.
Ferchard, tall and ſinewy,
Spent twenty-one years. Echach** of horſes
Poſſeſſed great regal ſway.
One year determined the exalted fortune
Of Amkellach the excellent ſon of Ferchard.
Seven years of ſovereignty to Dongal impetuous,
And four to Atfin,
Three years to Murdoch the good.
Thirty to Eth in elevated rank.
Twenty-four year without fail
Of years ſpent Donald.
Two years Connal,††
And four years Connal left-handed.
Nine years Conſtantine beloved.
Nine Angus over Albion.
Four years Eth renounced,
And thirteen Eogoran.
Thirty years Kenneth hardy,
Four Donald handſome.
Thirty years of action
To the hardy Conſtantine.
Two years dearly purchaſed
To his brother Eth the nimble.
Donald, ſon of generous Conſtantine,
Spent four years.
Conſtantine ſtrong in battle
Spent forty-ſix.
Milcolumb four years.
Induff eight in the ſovereignty.
Seven years Duffod the brown,
And four Culen.
Twenty-ſeven over the nation
Kenneth the ſon of Milcolumb.
Seven years Conſtantine ſhared,
And four the ſon of Duffus.
Thirty years of varied life,
Reigned with ſucceſs Milcolumb.
Six years Duncan.
Seventeen years the ſon of Finlay‡ Macbeth,
After Macbeth, for but part
Of a year, Lulach was in the ſovereignty.
Milcolumb now is king,
The ſon of Duncan the fair,
As is known to all,
Whether ſkilled or ignorant.
Two under fifty ſucceſſion of kings
(Including the ſon of Duncan)
Of the illuſtrious race of Erc
Have poſſeſſed Albion, ye ſkilled.

† The words *uon Colrann* ſubjoined to *Arvan* in the original, the tranſlator knows not to render.

‡ Or Achaius. ‡ Or Kenneth.

§ *Fegdodrain*, the epithet ſubjoined, is either corrupted or obſelete.

** Or Achaius.

†† The epithet *ceimingle* in the original is not intelligible to the tranſlator.

§§ *Ghlaimgoarth*; obſolete, or corrupted.

Anecdote of Mr. Thickneſſe.

SOME time ago, Mr. Thickneſſe being in great want of money, applied to his ſon, the preſent Lord Audley, for aſſiſtance; but on denial, he immediately hired a cobler's ſtall, in the ſtreet directly oppoſite his Lordſhip's houſe, and had a ſign put up with theſe words on it; "Boots and ſhoes made and mended by Philip Thickneſſe, father of Lord Audley." This anſwered the purpoſe, and Mr. Thickneſſe was ſupplied with every thing he wanted, on condition of his leaving the ſtall.

Ob-

Observations relative to the Picturesque Beauty of several places in Scotland. *By* William Gilpin, *A. M.*

Dunkeld.

THE object of our curiosity at Dunkeld, was the seat of the duke of Athol. From Inver we ferried over the Tay; and in crossing, had a grand view up the river. It was a vista of rock, and wood, which, in nature's hands, was managed without any formality, and made a scene of great beauty. We landed in the duke's garden, where a green walk along the side of the river brought us to his house. It is a villa, rather than a ducal mansion: but being a favourite spot, it has been the object of much attention, and expence.

Dunkeld was formerly both an archiepiscopal see, and an abbey: and the limits of the duke's improvements are those, which formerly confined the monks. Nature has marked them with very decisive boundaries.

This favoured spot (for it is indeed a beautiful scene) consists of a large circular valley, the diameter of which is some parts a mile; in others, two or three. Its surface is various; and some of the rising grounds *within the valley itself*, would even be esteemed lofty, if it were not for the grand screen of mountains, which circles the whole. At the base of those, towards the south, runs the Tay, in this place broad, deep, and silent. The whole valley is interspersed with wood, both on the banks of the river, and in its internal parts; and would have been a still more beautiful scene, if art had done as much as nature. Much indeed it has done; but nothing well. Cascades and slopes, and other puerilities, deform a scene which is in itself calculated to receive all the grandeur of landscape. The walks shew some contrivance; and might, with a few alterations, be made beautiful. Indeed the whole is capable of receiving any improvement; and may by this time have received it. I speak of it only as it was a dozen years ago.

The remains of the abbey, shrouded in wood, stand on the edge of the lawn; but rather too near the house. The solitude, which naturally belongs to them, and the embellishments which are necessary about a habitable mansion, interfere rather too much with each other. These ruins consist of the nave of the great church, the two side ailes, and the tower. The architecture is a mixture of Gothic, and Saxon; yet elegant in its kind. The tower is handsome. At the west end we observed the peculiarity of a round, ornamental window, which is not exactly in the middle, but appears, as if it had been pushed aside by the point of the large one. Part of the old cathedral is now the parish church; and is very beautiful, and very slovenly.

Round one of the rocky mountains, which screen the valley of Dunkeld, the duke has carried walks; and has planted both that mountain, and some others. Many thousands of young pines are struggling for existence among the crannies of rocks; and many thousands more, which have gotten hold of the soil, are flourishing greatly: for the situation seems wonderfully agreeable to them: but on so broad and lofty a base, the whole has yet the appearance only of a green moss tinting the rocks; and it will be a century before these woods, thriving as they are, will have consequence to break the lines of the mountains; and give a proper degree of sylvan richness to the scene.

Having taken a view of that side of the Tay, on which the house is placed, we crossed it again to see the Hermitage; a name the duke

has given to some improvements he has made on the Bran.

Down the side of one of those mountains which forms the southern boundary of the valley of Dunkeld, this river tumbles through a steep rocky channel; and falls into the Tay, at Inver. A considerable part of the ground along its course the duke has inclosed: but his improvements are not suitable to the scene. Nothing was required but a simple path, to shew in the most advantageous manner the different appearances of the river, which is uncommonly wild and beautiful; and should have been the only object of attention. In adorning such a path, the native forest wood, and natural brush of the place had been sufficient. Instead of this, the path, which winds among fragments of rock, is decorated with knots of shrubs and flowers.

Rocks and flowers, no doubt, make a contrast: and contrast is a source of beauty. But the pleasing contrast should be founded either in *harmony*, or *propriety*. In Horace's human head joined to a horse's neck, there is contrast, but it is such a contrast, as the poet tells us every body will laugh at. The contrast is just the same between *rocks* and cultivated *flowers*—between the grandest works of nature, and the prettiest little decorations of art. We object not to wild flowers, growing naturally among rocks. They are *nature's decoration*, and are nurtured in the soil that suits them. We object only when we see *the hand of art laying them out in knots*. Such ideas in scenes, dedicated to grandeur and solitude, are incongruous.

And yet *propriety* may sometimes happily unite ideas, which in themselves are inharmonious. A bull, for instance, grazing with flowers tied to his horns, is absurd: but lead him in the pomp of sacrifice to the altar, and his flowers, which connect him properly with the scene, for that reason become him. Thus an elegant path round the environs of a house, where you would naturally expect the decorating hand of art, is pleasing: *propriety* gives it *beauty*. But in a wild, rocky scene, where you expect no human dwelling; nor any thing but the naked print of nature's foot, all appearance of *artificial ornament* offends.

Having passed through this elaborate parterre, half inclined to turn back at every step, we came unexpectedly to an astonishing scene.

The two rocky cheeks of the river almost uniting compress the stream into a very narrow compass; and the channel, which descends abruptly, taking also a sudden turn, the water suffers more than common violence from the double resistance it receives from compression and obliquity. Its efforts to disengage itself, have in a course of ages undermined, disjointed, and fractured the rock in a thousand different forms; and have filled the whole channel of the descent with fragments of uncommon magnitude, which are the more easily established, one upon the broken edges of another, as the fall is rather *inclined*, than *perpendicular*. Down this abrupt channel the whole stream in foaming violence forcing its way, through the peculiar and happy situation of the fragments, which oppose its course, forms one of the grandest, and most beautiful cascades we had ever seen. At the bottom it has worn an abyss, in which the wheeling waters suffer a new agitation, tho' of a different kind.

This whole scene, and its accompaniments, are not only grand, but picturesquely beautiful in the highest degree. The *composition* is perfect: but yet the parts are so intricate, so various, and so complicated, that I never found any piece of nature

ture less obvious to imitation. It would cost the readiest pencil a summer day to bring off a good resemblance. My poor tool was so totally disheartened, that I could not bring it even to make an attempt. The broad features of a mountain, the shape of a country, or the line of a lake, are matters of easy execution. A trifling error escapes notice. But these high-finished pieces of nature's more complicated workmanship, in which the beauty, in a great degree, consists in the finishing; and in which every touch is expressive; especially the spirit, activity, clearness, and variety of agitated water, are among the most difficult efforts of the pencil. When the cascade falls in a pure, unbroken sheet, it is an object of less beauty indeed, but of much easier imitation.

This grand view, which I scruple not to call the most interesting thing of the kind I ever saw, is exhibited through the windows of a summer-house; which I suppose gives name to the scene, but it bears no resemblance to the idea of a *Hermitage*. A more exact Hermitage had been a better decoration. We can conceive a recluse to have chosen such a retreat, and to have felt tranquillity of mind perhaps the more forcibly near the roar of a cataract. Its noise might exclude every other idea, and leave the mind to itself.—But such a summer-house as this would not suit a recluse. It is too much adorned.

Among its other ornaments, the panes of the windows are in part composed of red and green glass; which to those, who have never seen deceptions of this kind, give a new and surprising effect; turning the water into a cataract of fire, or a cascade of liquid verdigrease. But such deceptions are tricks below the dignity of scenes like this. Coloured glasses may be amusing; but I should rather wish to have them hung up in frames with handles to be used at pleasure, than fixed in a window, and so impose the *necessity* of looking through them.

Almost all the Scotch rivers are rapid, and rocky, as the rivers in mountainous countries commonly are; but we thought the Bran superior in these respects, to any we had seen. Its whole course is a continued scene of violence, opposition, and every species of agitation; till its impetuous waters find peace at length in the tranquillity of the Tay.

Very little advantage however is taken of the romantic banks of this river. The path might have been carried up one side of it, and down the other; straying artlessly to those parts, where the most beautiful views are presented; without any forced openings, formal stands, white seats, or other artificial introductions preparatory to the several scenes. But this walk, which has neither nature in it, nor art, carries you up and down in the same track. It is fortunate, however, that you have such a variety of beautiful scenes, that the eye is not disgusted with seeing them twice over.

In a gloomy cell, on the banks of the river, we found an inscription, which joined its kindred ideas with those of the scene.

Ah! see the form, which faintly gleams:
'Tis Oscar, come to cheer my dreams.
On wreaths of mist it glides away:
Oh! stay, my lovely Oscar, stay.
Awake the harp to doleful lays,
And sooth my soul with Oscar's praise.
Wake, Ossian, last of Fingal's line;
And mix thy sighs and tears with mine.
The shell is ceased in Oscar's hall,
Since gloomy Cairbar saw thee fall.

The roe o'er Morven playful bounds,
Nor fears the cry of Oscar's hounds,
Thy four grey stones the hunter spies,
Peace to the hero's ghost, he cries.

As we passed along the higher banks, we saw another inscription engraven upon a rock within the bed of the river; and as we descended to it, we expected to see an account of some life preserved, or some natural curiosity found upon the spot: but when we arrived at it, we were informed in fair and handsome Roman characters, that a hole in the rock, near the inscription (scooped, as there were many, by the vortices of the river) was on such a day some years ago, drunk full of punch by a set of gentlemen, whose names are inscribed at length. The atchievement appears to have been great in its way; but one should have been sorry to have met the name of a friend recorded on such an occasion.

Blair Castle.

From the straits of Killicranky we soon arrived within the district of the Blair of Athol, as this part of the country is called. Blair-castle, which is the capital of this wide domain, makes but a mean appearance. It stands, as you approach it, under a mountain, with a wood before it: but the former is ill shaped; and the latter, which is chiefly of fir, is formal.

The scenery about the house is inferior to that at Dunkeld; and yet it is suitable to the grandeur of a great house, and capable of much improvement. The plain, on which the house stands, spreads about a mile in front; and might be beautifully diversified with lawns and wood. At present it is much injured by vistas, and a kitchen garden, which though extraordinary in its way, is still a nuisance.

At the end of the plain runs the Tilt, a rapid and rocky stream: but it is of no service in the view; for it lies within such lofty banks, that it is invisible, till you arrive on the spot. There the duke has conducted walks; but I cannot say much in praise either of the artifice with which they are conducted, or of their simplicity. In the course of them you see the cascades of two or three streams, which fall down the bank into the Tilt, and are admired more than they deserve. The bank is of lofty and broken rock; and the streams are by no means inconsiderable; yet the very circumstance of their falling *into the river* is a great disservice to them as capital objects.

It makes them appear smaller, by bringing them into comparison with a greater stream. It exhibits them also in an aukward situation: for as they fall down the side of an extended bank, they do not fill the eye like a river, pouring down between rocks, and seen as a simple object in one grand point of view. One of them is called the York-cascade, in compliment to the late archbishop Drummond; and is admired for its broken stages. For myself, I am more pleased with a simple construction. That at Duukeld indeed is infinitely broken; but it is still one noble gush: whereas this is frittered, and divided into several distinct parts, each of which makes a little separate whole.

Having viewed the disposition of the ground in the front of the house, we viewed it next on the other side, where it is much more beautiful. The mountains here approach nearer the house, between two of which runs a valley about a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth. The sides and bottom of this valley are wholly filled with wood, thro' which runs a rocky and sounding stream. This beautiful piece of natural scenery is improved as it ought

to

to be. A delightful walk about two miles in length is conducted round it; and is in all its parts eaſy and natural; except that, here and there, a ſemi-circular parapet is ſet off from the walk, to ſhew ſome parts of the river and rocks at the bottom. They might have been ſhewn better by the ſimple, and natural curve of the walk. Theſe preparatory ſtations always injure the effect, by exciting before hand the expectation of it. The charm of novelty is ſo far loſt.

Between this ſcenery and the houſe are a few acres, which are laid out with more embelliſhment; but leſs taſte. What we chiefly admired here, were ſome firs of the ſpruce kind, which we thought the moſt picturesque we had ever ſeen. They were indeed

——— a ſtately progeny of pines;
With all their floating foliage richly robed.

If Dunkeld appeared more the retired ſeat of pleaſure; Blair-caſtle, eſpecially in its ancient form, was more the reſidence of the highland chieftain. Here he was always found in the article of danger. Here his clan muſtered around him; and here he fed them, and kept their courage alive, from his extenſive paſtures, and vaſt ranges of foreſt.

(To be concluded in our next.)

An Account of the Life and Writings of Mrs. H. COWLEY.

AMONGST the ladies of the preſent times who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their literary purſuits, and demonſtrated the equality of talents in each ſex, the authoreſs whoſe life we now preſent to our readers ſtands in a point of view equally conſpicuous and eminent. From few authors now living has more theatrical entertainment been derived; from ſcarce any one, when we reflect on the fertility of her genius, is more to be expected.

Mrs. COWLEY is the daughter of Mr. Parkhouſe, of Tiverton, in Devonſhire. He is ſaid to have been every way a man of reſpectable endowments. To the advantages of education he joined a natural flow of humour, which, together with the information he poſſeſſed, rendered him a uſeful friend and a pleaſing companion. He has lately paid the debt of nature, leaving his widow, Mrs. Cowley's mother, who ſtill reſides at Tiverton, enjoying the affection of her daughter, and ſuch attentions as are due from filial piety to virtuous age. To the poem called "The Maid of Arragon," Mrs. Cowley has prefixed a dedication to her father, which may ſerve as a teſtimony of her regard for her parents. It is as follows:

Accept, dear parent! from a filial pen,
The humble off'ring of my penſive muſe:
She painted on my mind a daughter's woes,
Nor could my heart the tender theme refuſe.
The rightful patron of th'eventful tale,
To you I dedicate the ſcenes I drew;
My ſoul ſhe ſearch'd to find Oſmida's thoughts,
And colour'd *her* from what I feel for *you*.
Yours then the meed—if meed kind fame will grant,
The tale to you—to you the bays belong;
You gave my youthful fancy wings to ſoar;
From your indulgence flows my wild-note ſong.
Its muſic in *your* ear will ſweetly ſound;

Its

Its page with fond delight you'll
traverſe o'er:
With half your pleaſure may the
world purſue!
My muſe, my vanity can aſk no
more.
Dear *other* parent! guiltleſs hold my
heart,
Though unadorn'd my numbers
with your name;
Your worth, your goodneſs, in its
centre lives,
And then ſhall periſh only with my
frame.

About the year 1772 ſhe married Mr. Cowley, who is now in the ſervice of the Eaſt-India Company at Bengal (and brother to Mr. Cowley of Cateaton-ſtreet) by whom ſhe has three children, a ſon and two daughters.

It was not until the year 1776 that Mrs. Cowley appeared as a dramatic writer. At the concluſion of Mr. Garrick's management, *The Runaway* was performed, and was the laſt drama received before his relinquiſhing the ſtage both as a performer and manager. To this comedy, which was acted with great ſucceſs, he contributed an epilogue; and the reception the piece met with encouraged our authoreſs to continue her exertions for the ſtage. It is worthy to be remarked, that ſhe has been highly ſucceſsful in the different walks of Tragedy, Comedy and Farce; and that ſhe is not diſtinguiſhed merely by *literary* endowments; for her engaging perſon and manners render her *conſpicuous* in thoſe lines where ladies generally like to be conſpicuous.

The poetical correſpondence of DELLA CRUSCA and ANNA MATILDA has engroſſed much of the public attention. The utmoſt ingenuity has been exerted to remove the veil of myſtery from thoſe two charming writers, who have actually formed *in this late age* a new SCHOOL for POETRY, which muſt reign, and will have its diſciples, as long as the language endures. It is at length confidently whiſpered, that the ANNA MATILDA is Mrs. Cowley, and the DELLA CRUSCA, Mr. Merry; if ſo, the country is indebted to THEM for ſpecimens of the moſt beautiful poetry that any period has produced; and what is very extraordinary, it appears that they are perſonally total ſtrangers to each other, though mutually ſtruck with admiration.

In the life of one devoted to literature there is ſeldom to be recorded either incident or adventure. In that of Mrs. Cowley, the even tenor of domeſtic life has been little varied, conſequently no circumſtance has ariſen worthy of particular notice. We ſhall therefore conclude with a liſt of her works, after obſerving that ſhe went laſt ſummer to Paris for the purpoſe of ſuperintending the education of her daughters and nieces, where ſhe is viſited by people of rank and talents. The place of her reſidence is the *Hotel de Vendome*, at preſent remarkable for the abode of ſeveral perſons of diſtinguiſhed abilities; a Marquis on the ground floor, who has compoſed a petite piece; a Count, the author of two operas; and a Biſhop, celebrated for the beauties of his ſtyle in compoſition. Her apartments command a view of the gardens of the Auguſtines.

Beſides the maid of Arragon already mentioned, Mrs Cowley is the authoreſs of The Scottiſh Village, a poem, and the following dramas:

1. The Runaway, a Comedy, acted at Drury Lane 1776.

2. Who's the Dupe, a Farce, acted at Drury Lane 1779.

3. Albina, a Tragedy, acted at the Hay market 1779.

4. The Belle's Stratagem, a Comedy, acted at Covent Garden 1780. This had a run of upwards of twenty nights.

5. The

5. The School for Eloquence, an Interlude, acted at Drury Lane for Mr. Brereton's benefit 1780. Not printed.

6. The World as it goes, or a Trip to Montpelier, a Comedy, acted at Covent Garden 1781. This was unfavourably received, which occaſioned its being altered, and again brought forward under the title of

7. Second Thoughts are Beſt, a Comedy, acted at Covent Garden 1781, and again unfavourably received. Neither of theſe pieces are publiſhed.

8. Which Is The Man? a Comedy, acted at Covent Garden 1782.

9. A Bold Stroke for a Huſband, a Comedy, acted at Covent Garden 1783.

10. More Ways than One, a Comedy, acted at Covent Garden 1783.

11. A School for Grey Beards, a Comedy, acted at Drury Lane 1786.

12. The Fate of Sparta, a Tragedy, acted at Drury Lane, 1788.

Anecdote related by Mr. Thickneſſe.

HAVING landed at Southampton, about the year 1752, from the Iſland of Jerſey, and lodging in that city, oppoſite the market houſe, I was daily accoſted by a remarkable well looking woman, who had a ſtand there for the ſale of aſparagus, greens, fruit, &c. with "Nothing in our way to-day, Sir?" In ſhort, this woman's captivating manners were ſuch, that I had no idea of dealing with any one in any other way but herſelf. Upon my aſking her one morning the price of her aſparagus, ſhe made ſo high a demand, that thinking myſelf at Jerſey inſtead of Southampton market, I replied, in French, "*c'eſt trop.*" "Indeed Sir," replied my elegant fruiteress, "I have not drank a "drop to-day." I inſtantly recollected my miſtake, explained it, and aſked what ſhe ſuppoſed I had ſaid? She replied, (ſtill preſerving her temper and the utmoſt addreſs and good manners) "I thought, Sir, you ſaid I were drunk." I begged her pardon, and expreſſed my ſurpriſe that ſhe could have ſuppoſed I could have ſaid ſo rude a thing to ſo handſome and ſo well behaved a woman, and we parted both perfectly ſatisfied. A Southampton friend, who dined with me that day, commending her aſparagus very much, I thought a little commendation due alſo to the accompliſhed vender of them, related what had paſſed between us, and deſired he would obſerve her appearance from the window, as ſhe was ſtill at herſt and in the market. "Do "you know who ſhe is?" ſaid my friend. "That woman, Sir," ſaid he, "is the ſiſter of the preſent Ducheſs of Chandos!!" I determined the next morning to give her handſel, and the following dialogue paſſed between us. "Pray, Madam," ſaid I, "are you ſiſter to the Ducheſs of Chandos?" "Yes, Sir, I am." "And "does your ſiſter take no kind notice "of you?" "Yes, Sir, ſhe takes a "proper notice of us all; we are "many ſiſters." "What ſort of no-"tice does ſhe take?" "Why ſhe "ſent for us all up to London, cloath-"ed us ſuitable to our ſtations in life, "ſent a ſervant to ſhew us ſuch "things, in London as were moſt "likely to amuſe ſuch ſtrangers, "put ſome money in our poc-"kets, (obſerving that the Duke "is not rich) and then paid our "journey back again:" adding, "What elſe could ſhe do? for we "were not fit to be ſet down at the "Duke's table." What an inſtance was here of good ſenſe and refined judgment? It were a pity, thought I, that there had not been another good-tempered Duke to have bought this

this woman alſo of her huſband; for ſhe too was certainly worthy of gracing any man's table.

Her Grace, when a girl of 14 years of age, ſerved as pot-girl to an old woman who kept an ale houſe near the entrance gate of the city of Wincheſter; and when the old harridan was told of the ſudden and exalted ſituation of her quondam maid: "Aye, aye," ſaid ſhe, "I always "told her, Nan, you'll come to "good—you'll come to good, Nan."

Remarkable Tenure, not inſerted in Blunt's Collection.

AT Broughton, near Brig, in Lincolnſhire, ſome lands are held by the following tenure. Every year, on Palm Sunday, a perſon from Broughton comes into the church porch, at Caiſter, having a green ſilk purſe, containing two ſhillings and a ſilver penny, tied at the end of a cart-whip, which he cracks three times in the porch, and continues there till the ſecond leſſon begins, when he goes into the church and cracks it three times over the clergyman's head, and kneeling before him during the reading of the leſſon, he preſents the miniſter with the purſe, and then goes into the choir, and continues there during the reſt of the ſervice.

Zaydor, *an* Eaſtern *Character.*

THAT wealth contributes not ſolely to the happineſs of individuals, and that diſcontent is frequently the concomitant of proſperity, are truths, to expatiate on which would only produce a trite ſeries of obſervations, perhaps equally deſtitute of inſtruction and entertainment. The cauſes which contribute to the inefficience of an object, which all purſue, yet ſo few enjoy, have been traced to the weakneſs or depravity of the human mind, to the intrinſic inanity or wilful perverſion of a ſucceſsful purſuit, and from the unexpected effects, which, even in the exerciſe of virtue, ſometimes ariſe from its poſſeſſion.

In the city of Baſſora lived Zaydor, the ſon of Al-Zored, whoſe merchandiſe entitled its owner to the firſt credit among the ſubjects of the commander of the faithful. In addition to riches, Allah had beſtowed on his ſlave, virtue, genius, and a diſpoſition, which if tinged with melancholy, was yet capable of the moſt exalted beneficence. Though in the vigour of youth, tho' in the midſt of almoſt irreſiſtible temptation, the mighty ſoul of the ſon of Al-Zored deſpiſed the faſcinating ſmiles of pleaſure, and deteſted the invitations of brutal ſenſuality. Though ſurrounded with miniſters faithful to his counſels, and obedient to his will, though ſupplied with the means of drowning the motion of every reſtleſs wiſh by immediate ſatisfaction, Zaydor was overwhelmed with the clouds of diſcontent, and rendered inſenſible to the pride of wealth. Nor yet was his mind the receſs of apathy, or the ſeat of envy; neither had diſappointment, in any ſearch or any deſire, ſoured the milk of his natural temper, or cooled the ardour of his romantic generoſity.

Continued proſperity, and perpetual repoſe, generally productive of inertneſs and ſatiety, had lulled to inactivity the intellectual powers of Zaydor, and introduced in him a relaxation, which, if it may be ſo denominated, certainly reſembled lethargic ſtupor. His mind, as it never was involved with the anxiety of any want, never taſted the luxury of long-ſought gratification; as it never followed through the paths of intricacy a diſtant view, never approached with panting

panting expectation, or reached with heart-felt gladneſs the end of a long and tedious journey. Each day reſembled its predeceſſor, and each night departed without the contact or approximation of any novelty. In his commercial affairs the merchant of Baſſora felt no loſſes, which could animate his faculties, and rouze them to an exertion worthy their extent, and equal to their power.

His ſpirits were calm, melancholic, and (though his diſpoſition was attuned to the moſt acute chords of ſenſation) almoſt ſtagnant; nothing occurred which perturbed their tranquillity, or cauſed them by gentle fermentation occaſionally to refine. Thoſe acts of charity, which the liberal ſpirit of Zaydor prompted, or rather impelled him to complete, were the only ſources of a lonely comfort; and yet theſe, ſo fond was he of their influence, had loſt much of their uſual effect, by an unremitted yet laudable repetition.

To participate his miſery, ſympathize in his diſtreſs, recreate his mind, and avert his miſery, was wanting the ſincere advice, the balſamic converſation, the alleviating preſence of a real friend. The piercing underſtanding of the ſon of Al-Zored could penetrate into, his ſoul could deſpiſe, and his humanity could pity the worldly motives of his flattering acquaintance. Their falſe blandiſhments, their pernicious counſels, and their vicious habits could not ſhake *his* firm adherence to the intereſt of virtue, much leſs enforce to him the neceſſity of diſſipation, and the happineſs of unreſtrained paſſion; for, like the emaciated victims of debauchery, they ſtood themſelves ſorrowful, but convictive examples of their own deceitful ſyſtem.

In a profuſion of wealth, and with an enthuſiaſtic attachment to virtue, ſuch was the ſituation of Zaydor; of the horrors of which he appeared deeply ſenſible; when claſping his hands with fervour inexpreſſible, with anguiſh of mind intolerable, he thus addreſſed the great Author of his exiſtence:

"O thou, whoſe throne is eſtabliſhed above the ſeventh heaven, whoſe glory is eternal, whoſe power is omnipreſent, whoſe juſtice is inexorable, whoſe mercy is infinite, give ear to my voice, and let the utterance of my complaint be juſtified by its truth. Why, O Allah, am I doomed to a negation of every enjoyment, yet ſupplied with the reputed means, and tantalized with the appearance of perfect felicity? Gifted by thy all-provident hand, far above the lot of ordinary mortals, whence is it that I feel no internal comfort, and that ſatiety overwhelms the influence of every innocent pleaſure? What unknown, or rather, what unintentional crime do I expiate in this deluſive ſtate? To me the paths of vice, the labyrinths of deceit, and the wilds of deſpair are equally unknown. Virtue has directed, integrity has marked, reſignation has accompanied all my ſteps. The inſidious advice of fawning ſycophants I have rejected with due indignation; the contagious example of the ſenſual multitude I have avoided; and, with the indiſpenſable duties of religion, my compliance has been no leſs cheerful than conſcientious. Rather let me experience the hardſhips of poverty, undergo the miſeries of want, or taſte the arrow of death, than exiſt—thus buried in mental torpidity, thus debarred from ſocial delights."

In this manner prayed the unfortunate Zaydor, while the pearly drops of ſenſibility gliſtened in their courſe: nor was Allah deaf to the emanations of his pious confidence. To the eye of Omniſcience the conduct and ſituation of the ſon of Al-Zored had been long perceptible; his unſhaken piety had been approved, his too ſenſitive nature had been lamented, and his final reward had been determined.

Within the ſhort ſpace of three re-

volving moons, loſs ſucceeded loſs ſo quick, that the merchant of Baſſora had but a ſum left ſufficient to purchaſe a ſmall but pleaſant cottage adjacent to the ſea-ſhore. Even in the midſt of ſudden adverſity, the diſintereſted ſoul of the ſon of Al-Zored felt ſenſations more ſtrong, more favourable to preſent, and more indicative of future happineſs, than any of thoſe which the influx of commercial wealth ever excited. The rectitude of his intentions, and the grateful conſciouſneſs of paſt beneficence, cauſed him to hope that his complaints were accepted; and his humble piety nouriſhed the ſuitable ſuppoſition, that a change of fortune, when effected by the hand of Allah, could be meant as a prelude only to real felicity, and an end of ſplendid ſolitide.

Nor was Zaydor diſappointed; the quiet of retirement ſuited that gentle melancholy to which his mind was propenſe; the falſehood of his acquaintance, the pomp of his retinue, the weight of his indolence, which had before operated to his diſtaſte of riches, and his conſequent conviction of their vanity, were now exchanged for the ruſtic, yet ſincere converſation of peaſants, for the unpoliſhed, yet decent appearance of poverty, for the active, yet comfortable labours of induſtry.

In the ſimple beauty of the country the once wealthy merchant of Baſſora loſt the recollection of urbane magnificence; in the numerous productions of infinite goodneſs, his genius had ample opportunity of obſerving, his gratitude had additional motives to celebrate the power, and praiſe the mercy of his Creator: nor from this let it be inferred, that his mind was debaſed by the influence of ſuperſtition, ſeduced by the arts of a wily prieſthood, or ſubdued by the rapid viciſſitudes of life;—No, for mental liberty, Zaydor, in the days of his affluence, had ſighed with impatience; but poſſeſſed of this gift, though in the midſt of poverty, he defied every ſecret attack of diſcontent, ſince his gratifications were realized, and his enjoyments more diffuſed. That freedom of opinion, that variety of objects, which at Baſſora deſpotiſm had checked, or riches had cloyed, the ſecurity of a cottage both inſpired and afforded. From every ſearch, every ramble, and every fatigue, the ſon of Al-Zored reaped freſh pleaſures; for in each of theſe the faculties of the mind, no leſs than the powers of the body, were agreeably employed, while their occupation was followed, and remunerated with frequent acquiſitions of uſeful knowledge. By the variegated ſcenery of rural nature, the wings of his imagination were expanded, and its flights extended; from the regular ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons, and their different operations on terreſtrial plants and vegetative roots, his attentive obſervation extracted, and his underſtanding interpreted leſſons of a moral tendency, and beneficial effect. Aſſiſted by the continued exertions of manual labour, his health was permanently eſtabliſhed; void of oppreſſion, and occaſionally agitated, his ſpirits were elevated, yet with ſuch moderation as never to be tranſported into the madneſs of exſtacy, and with ſuch uniform regularity, as never to yield during a momentary lapſe to hopeleſs deſpondency; through the ardent glow of real gratitude, the pious cottager ſometimes deprecated the return of riches, and thanked the gracious Allah for their abſence; in the abſolute and enviable poſſeſſion of intellectual objects he buried the murmurs of diſſatisfaction, and cheriſhed the humble charms, the delightful beauties of an obſcure retreat, and a ſocial ſolitude.

Hence, reader, whoever thou mayeſt be, place not thy creed of worldly happineſs in the ſuppoſed infallibility of wealth. Let the eye of ſuſpicion diſtruſt it as a wandering and treacherous light in the ways of darkneſs.

What

Wait not until fatal experience shall have convinced thee of its deceit, and unfolded the illusive coverings of its emptiness.—For remember, that, in proportion to the influence of wealth on thy mind, thy virtue will decay, and that in proportion to thy want of virtue, thy happiness will be deficient.

Anecdotes of the Founder of Marischal College.

[From a short history (in manuscript) of the noble and ancient family of Marischal. The manuscript is dated 1746, and is, with the exception of a few Scotticisms, not inelegantly written. The author is not known.]

GEORGE the fourth Earl Marischal succeeded his grandfather. An exact account of his life would be an advantage to posterity, as well as an act of justice done to his memory. He was trained up at school, and made extraordinary advancements in Latin, Greek, and other parts of scholastic learning. When he was 18 years of age, he was sent into France with his brother William, where he soon accomplished himself in the language, feats of arms, and other civilities of that nation, and carefully studied the politics of the Court, and constitution of the government. Theodore Beza being at that time in great vogue for his learning, and for defending the reformed religion, our young nobleman and his brother left France, and went to Geneva, where they staid in Beza's own house, and under his inspection read Divinity, History, Oratory, and every thing that served to recommend a great man. After they had studied here for some time, they designed to have visited most of the Courts in Europe; but very unfortunately the younger brother William, a youth of great parts, and inferior to none but his brother, was killed in a tumult among the citizens of Geneva. Upon his death, George left Geneva, travelled through Germany and Italy with their dependencies, and so thoroughly understood all the several Courts, customs, laws, languages, cities, camps, castles, and people, that he might well have passed for a native of every country he had seen. The King employed him in all the wealthiest affairs of state, and conceived so high an opinion of him, that he pitched on him as the fittest of all the Scots nobility to go embassador to Denmark to accomplish his marriage with Queen Ann, and to bring her to Scotland anno 1589. In his retinue were the Lord Dingwall of his own name and family, Sir James Scrimzeor of Dudhope, Mr John Skeen, King's Advocate, and Mr George Young, archbishop of St. Andrews. In this embassy he behaved to the great admiration of the Danes and glory of the Scottish nation, and received the particular commendation of the King and Council for his singular good service at that time. This affair, though it brought him great honour, yet it made a vast diminution in his opulent fortune, his charges having been very great, and to this day remaining a debt on the crown. After this the King regarded him mightily, and in the greatest difficulties of state had recourse to his counsel, when the Spanish plot had kindled a flame in the nation, and some of the nobility were in arms anno 1593, he was made Lieutenant of the North, and very successfully restrained the discords and resettled the peace of the kingdom. He was very forward in reforming and cultivating the country, and was for civilizing the people as well as improving the soil. To which purpose, as

a perpetual monument of his piety, and for the better advancement of learning, he founded a college in New Aberdeen anno 1593, which he endowed with the ample privileges of an Univerſity, and beſtowed on it out of his own fortune a yearly revenue for maintenance of a Principal and four Profeſſors of Philoſophy: which firſt foundation has been mightily enlarged ſince, by the generoſity of ſeveral contributors. Of this College the Earls Mariſchal are [*were till* 1715] perpetual Patrons; and it has produced great numbers of men famous for their learning, and for their zeal to the church and the king. The hiſtories of thoſe times preſent this man to the world in all the conſiderable actions done in the country. And, as the higheſt mark of honour which a ſubject could be capable of, King James the VIth then in England cloathed him with royal authority, and made him Commiſſioner to the Scots Parliament, anno 1609. And after he had ſerved his king and country in many eminent ſtations, he died at his caſtle of Dunotyr April 2, 1623, in the 70th year of his age.

Anecdotes, &c. Ancient and Modern, by James Pettit Andrews, *F.A.S.*

Animals.

A FRENCH officer, more remarkable for his birth and ſpirit than his riches, had ſerved the Venetian republic with great valour and fidelity for ſome years, but had not met with preferment adequate, by any means, to his merits. One day, he waited on an "Illuſtriſſimo," whom he had often ſolicited in vain, but on whoſe friendſhip he had ſtill ſome reliance. The reception he met with was cool and mortifying; the Noble turned his back on the neceſſitous veteran, and left him to find his way to the ſtreet, through a ſuite of apartments magnificently furniſhed. He paſſed them, loſt in thought, till caſting his eyes on a ſumptuous ſideboard, where ſtood, on a damaſk cloth, as a preparation for a ſhewy entertainment, an invaluable collection of Venice glaſs, poliſhed and formed to the higheſt degree of perfection: he took hold of a corner of the linen, and turning to a faithful Engliſh maſtiff, who always accompanied him, ſaid to the animal, in a kind of abſence of mind, "There! my poor "old friend! you ſee how theſe "ſcoundrels enjoy themſelves, and "yet how we are treated!" The poor dog looked up in his maſter's face, and wagged his tail, as if he underſtood him. The maſter walked on, but the maſtiff ſlackened his pace, and laying hold of the damaſk cloth with his teeth, at one hearty pull, brought all the ſideboard in ſhivers to the ground, and deprived the inſolent Noble of his favourite exhibition of ſplendour.

The extreme attachment which the fair ſex have ſometime ſhown to domeſtic animals, has ſeldom produced an odder advertiſement than the following, which appeared in the Daily Advertiſer, during the courſe of the month of November, in the year 1744, and which is now in the Editor's poſſeſſion:

"An exceeding *ſmall* Lap Spaniel.

"ANY one that has (to diſpoſe of) "ſuch a one, either dog or bitch, "and of any colour, or colours, "that is very, very SMALL, with a "very *ſhort round ſnub noſe*, and good "ears;

"If they will bring it to Mrs "Smith's, at a coachmaker's, over-"againſt the Golden Head, in Great "Queen Street, near Lincoln's-Inn "Fields, they may, (if approved of) "have a very good purchaſer.

"And to prevent any farther trou-"ble,

" ble, If it is not exceeding SMALL,
" and has any thing of a longiſh peak-
" ed noſe, it will not at all do.
" And, nevertheleſs, after this ad-
" vertiſement is publiſhed no more,
" if any perſon ſhould have a little
" creature, that anſwers the charac-
" ter of the advertiſement,
" If they will pleaſe but to remem-
" ber the direction, and bring it to
" Mrs Smith, the perſon is not SO
" provided, but that ſuch a one will
" ſtill at any time be, hereafter, pur-
" chaſed."

Poetry.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

On HAPPINESS.

I.

O Happineſs! thou Phœnix rare,
Our dawning hope, and even-
ing care,
Hear this my fond requeſt;
And graciouſly vouchſafe to tell,
In what bleſt place thou lov'ſt to
dwell,
'Twill make me truly bleſt.

II.

Among the thorny briers of life
The toils of wealth, ambitious ſtrife,
I long have ſearch'd in vain;
The crowded city's buſtling din,
And all the buſy haunts of men
Afford but care, and pain.

III.

Pleas'd by the ſweet and ſoothing
pow'r
Of meditation's ſilent hour,
Retir'd from life thou dwells;
Where pride and tumult ne'er intrude,
Thou do'ſt reſide with ſolitude,
Thy humble votary tells.

IV.

Hail happineſs! thou heavenly maid,
Like to a goddeſs thou'rt array'd
In thy ſoul ſits philanthropy,
Fulfill now this, my laſt requeſt;
Take full poſſeſſion of my breaſt,
and ſhut out all miſanthropy.

V.

Then ſhall my muſe is grateful lays,
Sing ſongs of tribute to thy praiſe,
Gay joy ſhall chear my mind;
Near purling ſtreams, and Zephyrs
breeze,
Beneath the thick umbrageous trees
I ſhall with thee recline.

FELICIUS.

On the DEATH *of* Mr. JACKSON.

SAY what is life, and what is
power!
And what is wealth's uncertain boon,
That anxious mortals prize ſo high!
Precarious tenures of an hour,
They're fled, they're gone; alas
how ſoon
The unſubſtantial Phantoms die!

Like Spring's firſt flowers at random
caſt
They ſport a while their tranſient
dyes,
To charm the ſenſe, and pleaſe
the eye;
But ſoon ſome unexpected blaſt
Their ſhort-liv'd bluſhing ſweets
ſurpriſe,
And ſcarcely ere they bloſſom die.

Ah! then, ſince nought is certain
here,
But darkneſs all, and doubt and
ſtrife,
May we like him, lamented
youth,
For whom fond Friendſhip ſheds the
tear,
To generous deeds devote our life,
Inſpir'd by virtue, love, and truth!

His was the power, and his the will,
To follow Pity's ſoft command;
To ſeek and ſooth obſcure diſ-
treſs:

His

His ſoul's fine fervour knew no chill,
No frigid precepts check'd his hand,
When want and ſorrow claim'd redreſs.

His was the mind ſublimely fraught
With all the claſſic page could yield,
Yet ſtill no arrogance appear'd:
Simplicity by Nature taught
In each meek action ſtood reveal'd,
And mark'd the ſage—the man endear'd.

Tho' form'd to move in life's gay ſphere,
And Faſhion's circles to adorn,
No ſlave was he to Folly's power,
For ſtill the ſilent ſhade was dear;
The placid eve, the bluſhing morn,
Would often claim his penſive hour.

Where winds the ſtream yon meads along,
Methinks I now behold him ſtray,
Attentive to the plaintive ſtrain
Which marks the bird of eve's ſweet ſong:
I hear a ſigh his grief betray,
Unable to relieve her pain.

For this ſhall Pity's tendereſt tear,
Sweet child of Sympathy, be thine;
And whilſt thoſe friends thy virtues made
Mourn in deep anguiſh round the bier,
The pleaſing penſive taſk be mine
To ſing a requiem to thy honour'd ſhade.

Canterbury, April 26, 1789.

MOON-LIGHT.

HERE on this bank, while ſhine the ſtars ſo clear,
Come, Lucy, let us ſit: how tranquil ſeems
All Nature! with what mildneſs from above
Yon regent of the night looks down on earth,
And gives to every herb, tree, plant, and field,
A ſofter green; mark now her virgin front;
How calm ſhe looks, how open, and how pure!
Nor, Lucy, on thy paler beauty dwells
Leſs ſweet ſerenity; as pure art thou,
As frank and as benignant as the light
Of that fair Planet, when no vapour thin,
Flitting o'er ether, tarniſhes her face
With momentary dimneſs: ſhe, bright Queen
Of all thoſe ſtarry gems which deck this vault
Magnificently built, her ſilver horn
Monthly repleniſhes! from that ſtrong blaze
Of unexhauſted glory, whoſe quick heart
Invigorates the world, ſhe ſtill relumes
Her darken'd countenance. But, Lucy, thou,
When Time ſhall ſteal thoſe youthful charms away,
From what full fountain of immortal grace,
What Sun of Beauty, ſhalt thou then repair
Thy form's diminiſh'd elegance? Alas,
That female luſtre, fairer than all ſtars,
And dearer than the light which rules the day,
Should know no ſecond riſing: that, once ſet,
Nor months, nor years, nor ages can recal!
But turn now, Lucy, and ſurvey that cloud,
Which comes in gloomieſt majeſty along
To ſhroud th' imperial moon: its envious ſhade
Now creeps upon her argent diſk, and now

Blots

Blots it quite out from heaven; with ſuch ſtealth
Malice her thick and baleful darkneſs draws
O'er lucid Virtue, and beneath that veil
Would hide it ever; but as now that cloud
Sails on, and back reſtores the radiant moon
To man's deſiring eyes, ſo paſs the miſts
With which fell Envy labours to conceal
The merit ſhe abhors: thus tranſient too
Was that dread ſtorm which, ſweeping by the throne
Of England, ſhook this kingdom with diſmay;
Till riſing from the black portentous night
Which hung upon his beams, our leading ſtar
Once more diffus'd upon theſe joyous realms
The ſweeteſt influence of his ſober flame. P. H.

The ſweet Verſe which follows, has been ſent us by the Author of Petrarch to Laura, who has frequenly favoured us with the occaſional Effuſions of Fancy; we *therefore greet him as he* merits.

TO HER WHOM I SAW WEEP.

AND by the tear which dew'd thy cheek,
And by the ſigh which ſwell'd thy breaſt!
Ah! pity what I muſt not ſpeak,
Yet *feel* too much if unexpreſt.

Long as the vital ſpark ſhall glow,
May peace and plenty wait on thee;
Unruffled ev'ry rapture know,
Nor loſe one precious thought on me.

Though long inur'd to all the woes
Which penſive lovers fondly bear,
For thy *dear ſake* I'll ſeek repoſe,
And find it in *affection's prayer*.

Perhaps, when abſence muſt divide
The youth who loves ſo well—ſo true!
Remembrance at thy lovely ſide,
May whiſper what I felt and knew.
C. J.

ODE TO PITY.

By J. Rannie.

O Pity! maid of aſpect mild,
I know thee by the melting eye,
Which looks on pale Affliction's child
With ſo much ſenſibility!—
While gentle Hope, thy ſiſter fair,
The balmy comforter of human woe,
Extracts the dart of mercileſs Deſpair,
And bids the heart with new-felt tranſport glow—
Thy tear is kind, to ſuffering Patience giv'n,
As, to the drooping plant, the genial dew of Heav'n.

Afflicted Nature's woes expire
When countenanc'd by Hope and thee,
As all the dreary forms retire
That Fancy gives Deſpair to ſee;
And, ſmiling o'er the couch of Pain,
Belov'd Hygeia lights the torch anew,
Who calls reflective Fancy once again
Her long-forgotten pleaſures to review;
With healing, like the Angel, in her wings,
She o'er receding Grief oblivious ſhadows flings.

Behold the blytheſt of her train,
The Babe that plays, unconſcious, near!

Alas!

Alas! thine eye is fill'd again
With an anticipating tear!
Poor Innocent!—he meets the glance,
Nor bids his inoffenſive ſports adieu—
Whoſe future fortune—thrown on human chance—
So juſtly wake thy apprehenſions now;
For tho' he lives unhurt by Sorrow—yet
The dang'rous ways of Life with thorns are thickly ſet!

And thou, with virtues all thine own,
Canſt trace the future and the paſt,
Bewailing moſt Diſaſter's frown,
By Providence, when doom'd to laſt.
—O meek-ey'd Pity, Sorrow's friend,
Thy trickling balſam ſoothes the wounds of Care;
And thoſe, of ſuch as under Ruin bend,
Or preſſure dire, of abſolute Deſpair;
Lamenting every hardſhip--every woe
From ſoul magnanimous thy kind emotions flow!

I've ſeen thee, when the Lord of Day
Sunk ſlowly on the Weſtern wave,
Thro' the lone church-yard mourn thy way
To Chatterton's untimely grave!
—Too great of ſpirit to endure
The empty ſcoffs of Folly's venal crew,
Or ſupplicate of Charity a cure
For Poverty—his worth could ne'er ſubdue—
Indignant, ſpurning the diſaſtrous ſtrife,
He burſt, with dauntleſs ſoul, the bars of wretched life!

And oft I've ſeen thee, at the hour
When Lovers were about to part,
Thy conſolating-incenſe pour
Upon the grief-diſeaſed heart;
Or, bending o'er the drooping form
Of woe-benighted Pilgrim, faint and hoar,
I've ſeen thee with thy genial influence warm
Inſenſibility, of viſage froze.—
Expreſſive Pity, thou wert form'd to bleſs,
With thy exalted feelings, all the human race!

STANZAS *written by an unfortunate Youth.*

IF hoary Time had o'er me ſhed
The ſnow of age, I'd lay me down,
Calm on the cold grave reſt my head,
And ſink to earth without a ſigh.
But, ah! while youth, life's opening morn,
With roſeate health my cheek ſhould crown;
Then, like a flower untimely torn,
Alas, how hard it is to die!

Ev'n now I ſee my equals throng,
Where laughing pleaſures gaily call;
With eager ſtep they haſte along:—
Far from their lot remov'd and I!
Wan Grief and pale Conſumption taint
The ſource of life—I ſoon muſt fall!
Yet weak regret ſtill whiſpers faint,
Alas, how hard it is to die!

In vain! in vain! 'Tis paſt, 'tis o'er;
The blood, half ſtagnate, chills my heart:
Farewell, dear tender ties!—No more!—
I faint——O Heaven, to thee I cry!
Thou canſt the ſting of death controul;
Yet Nature, Love, ſtill claim their part!
They agonize my parting ſoul——
Alas, how hard it is to die!

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WHERE THE EXERCISE OF THE FANCY MAY BE PERMITTED—AND WHERE NOT—A CHARACTER FROM REAL LIFE—HINTS ON THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS—EULOGIUM ON FRIENDSHIP.

THE exerciſe of the fancy, as has been already obſerved, may be ſafely permitted in things indifferent in themſelves, things in which a man, while he pleaſes himſelf, does no harm to another; but in the choice of friends, in beſtowing eſteem or cenſure, friendſhip or diſlike, he who is regulated by *fancy*, will never be right. Men are rational creatures, they ought to act from motives, and not from inſtinct. The friendſhip of the man who loves at firſt ſight, is no more to be valued for its permanency, than the hatred of him who takes an immediate diſlike, he knows not why, is to be feared. Both love and hatred muſt have ſomething to feed on. This cannot be the caſe where the object loved or hated is merely in our fancy. To take a diſlike to a man, and not be able to ſay why, is a moſt irrational piece of conduct, and not only irrational but cruel and unjuſt; it is diſliking the innocent, nay perhaps diſliking them for their innocence, but that would be a *reaſon*, which we do not ſuppoſe takes place here. To take a *liking* to a man, we know not why, is equally irrational, although neither cruel nor unjuſt; but in neither caſe is our impreſſion likely to be permanent.

No perſons are ſo inconſtant as thoſe who have continual likings and diſlikings they know not why. Such perſons, indeed, ought never to be truſted. It is they who are continually forming and diſſolving friendſhips, who doat one day and hate the next, who invite a friend in cordiality and receive him in dudgeon, who in ſhort having no management of their affections, are the mere creatures of whim, and can no more be depended on than the wind, which blows gently and violently it cannot tell why, and from all quarters in the courſe of a day.

MARIANA is one of thoſe ladies who, like the aſs between the two bundles of hay, is divided betwixt love and hatred, and her alternate leanings to the one or the other, make up the whole buſtle of her life. Every now and then ſhe tells you ſhe drank tea in company where there was a moſt charming man, who, however, in leſs than a fortnight, is "not half ſo agreeable as I thought him." Next day a country relation comes to viſit her; *Mariana* doats on her, thinks her ſuch a pleaſant companion, hopes ſhe will never leave her, but in a month's time, ſends her back to the country, diſguſted with the latter part of her treatment, which proved as cool and mortifying as the former had the appearance of being affectionate and friendly. So quick are the tranſitions of *Mariana*'s affections, that in moſt caſes they begin, continue, and are ended in one day. If you have been once with her, and found that ſhe behaved with much politeneſs and affability, you are not to expect three days afterwards to find her the ſame, for by that time ſhe will have diſcovered that *you* who were "quite charming" on the firſt occaſion, are quite otherwiſe now.

As it is with her friends, ſo is it with her opinions of every thing elſe; you may find her in your way of thinking to-day, but you muſt not expect to have her on your ſide tomorrow, for by that time no doubt ſhe has ſeen both you and the ſubject of your converſation in a different light, and diſlikes both.

Of *Mariana*'s underſtanding my readers will perhaps from this ſketch have no very favourable idea. But *Mariana* probably thinks, that where there is a good eſtate, an underſtanding is not ſo particularly required. I wiſh, however, that while my readers conceive ill of her underſtanding, they may not have as bad an opinion of her *heart*, when I inform them that this exerciſe of her *fancy* is unbounded, and involves in its confuſion all the virtues that ennoble a heart, or benefit ſociety. Hence *Mariana*'s friendſhip is the moſt uncertain thing on earth. She has often inveigled poor girls from their parents and humble occupations, to come and live with her as companions, becauſe "ſhe had taken a prodigious liking to them" —but in a few months ſhe generally drove them from her by ill uſage, or, when they ſtaid, obliged them to do every menial buſineſs. Her charity is equally ſtable with her friendſhip. Although no friend to diſtreſs, ſhe will relieve a pauper, if ſhe happens to take a liking to her or him.

From the uncertainty of *Mariana*'s friendſhip, ſhe has been juſtly neglected by all who do not chuſe to ſport with their feelings, nor hazard chagrin and diſappointment by connecting themſelves with a woman who has neither heart nor head. If any perſon ſays, "I was at *Mariana*'s "houſe laſt night; ſhe ſeems a "mighty agreeable woman, and "preſſed me very much to come "and live with her a while;" a laugh generally follows, and the intended dupe, if a friend be at hand, is prevented from falling into the ſnare. *Lucullus* was on his arrival in town introduced to *Mariana*'s table, and ſhe, as uſual in the caſe of a ſtranger, "took a prodigious liking to him." *Lucullus* thought himſelf very fortunate in having the honour to viſit in ſo elegant a family; but ſoon diſcovered that his viſits were no longer agreeable. His knowledge of mankind, however, had in the mean time revealed to him the character of *Mariana*, and the opportunity of breaking off the connection was no more than he wiſhed himſelf.

A diſpoſition of fickleneſs, irrationallevity, caprice and whim, ſo clearly

ſhews

shows a want of understanding, that persons of *Mariana*'s disposition and rank are generally beset with sharpers, who make the most of the weakness while it lasts, and are not sorry to be dismissed, that they may seek their prey in some other quarter. *Mariana*'s table was generally provided with some foreign *incognito* who passed for a *Count*, or a *Fidler*, characters equally acceptable to Mariana; This gentleman was sure to be agreeable for a month certain, which gave him time to insinuate some story of his birth and adventures; with Mariana he was "a most agreeable man," and she never failed to teaze her husband for money to buy some presents for him: No table presented a greater variety of guests, and as they were selected without judgment, preferred without a reason, and dismissed without a cause, it may be supposed they were of that kind which men of sense and women of character do not chuse to associate with. In the course of a few years, *Mariana* contrived to lavish several thousand pounds on those temporary "charmers," and when by this she had impaired her fortune, she discovered—that amongst her very, very numerous acquaintance, she had not one FRIEND: In her distress, she is unpitied, as in her prosperity she was unenvied.

There cannot, indeed, be a greater proof of the want of understanding, than the practice of chusing and rejecting our friends, as we chuse or reject the pattern of a buckle or a button. A great portion of this levity prevails in common life, especially among those who would be thought fashionable, and too genteel to be seen often in the same company. But where there is any portion of sensibility, this is sporting with, or changing it for a callous indifference to real love or friendship. Men of sense, who value their peace of mind, who prize the sweets of permanent friendship, generally avoid a numerous acquaintance. There may be light in scattered rays, but there cannot be heat. There may be a something of acquaintance, fashionable chat, compulsive pleasure, or what you please to call it, in a constant change of company, but there cannot be friendship. There cannot be friendship where the *fancy* only has led to it; love between the sexes may not always be accountable; but friendship, while it is warm is rational, while it embellishes it improves, and while it feeds on the qualities from which it first took root and grew, it passes by the little defects of temper, and is (its greatest merit) unchangeable by the asperities of fortune.

Observations relative to the Picturesque Beauty of several places in Scotland. *By* William Gilpin, *A. M.*

(Concluded from page 465.)

TAYMOUTH.

HAVING finished our voyage on Loch Tay, we took a walk to Taymouth, lord Breadalbin's seat, where we met with little to engage our curiosity. The house stands on a lawn, between two mountains, which open to the lake; through the architect has contrived to skreen it entirely from the view of the water. The lawn is about a mile in breadth, diversified with a great variety of ground. Under the southern mountain, a quarter of a mile behind the house, runs the Tay; which, though not so grand a river, as we found it at Dunkeld, is however a noble, and rapid stream. The banks of the river, the lawn, and the mountains around, are all well cloathed with wood; and the whole scene is capable of great improvement: but when we saw it, nothing like taste had been exercised upon it. The house was formerly a turreted castle, and

is now, by the addition of two wings, a large, convenient, though unpleasing manſion. The grounds around it were laid out with little beauty; and the walks were formal, and ill-contrived; pacing under the paling of the park, inſtead of winding around, and taking ſuch circuits as might ſhew the lake and mountains to moſt advantage. There was a grand walk alſo beyond the Tay; which had coſt more than it deſerved. Indeed the walks on neither ſide of the river ſeemed intended to ſhew the ſcenery: but rather as avenues to a few tawdry, inelegant buildings, which terminated them. Nothing could ſhew a more thorough inattention to every idea of beauty and taſte, than the whole contrivance of the place.

Perhaps no country in the world abounds more with grand ſituations, eſpecially in the highland parts of it, than Scotland; and perhaps none of the Scotch nobility have a greater variety of noble ſituations, than the earls of Breadalbin. Whether they wiſhed for elevated, or ſheltered ſituations—for views of wood, of water, or of mountains—they had choice of every kind. When, therefore, we ſee a ſituation ſo unhappily choſen, in the neighbourhood of ſuch a ſcene as Loch-Tay; we are apt to think it required ſome ingenuity, and contrivance to fix it. The ſituation indeed in itſelf would not be ſo bad, if we did not ſee every where around it, ſituations that are ſo much better.

Of all the views which a great houſe ſhould wiſh to command, I think *a noble diſtance* is the moſt deſirable. This was the opinion of Horace. He commends the houſe,

——longos quæ proſpicit agros.

And I think he is right. *Diſtant views*, if there is a good foreground, are generally the moſt pleaſing; as they contain the greateſt variety both in themſelves, and in their accidental variations. But if you have before your windows, a beautiful lake retiring among mountains into remote diſtance, as Lord Breadalbin might have had, adorned with woody banks, and tufted iſlands; while his houſe might have been ſkreened from the rough quarters of the ſky; it is all one would wiſh for in a ſituation.

Inverary Castle.

Inverary Caſtle fully anſwered the grandeur of the approach. It ſeems equally adapted to all the purpoſes of greatneſs, beauty, and accommodation. It ſtands upon a gentle riſe, the ground gradually ſloping from it in various directions. The area, which ſurrounds it, is ſpacious, containing two or three miles in circumference; and is bounded, behind the caſtle, by a ſemicircular ſkreen of mountains, riſing in different forms, ſome of them broken, and others adorned with wood; ſo that the caſtle ſtands in a kind of mountain-receſs, open in front; where it commands a ſpacious view over Loch-Fyne. One of theſe mountains, called Doniquaick, is a noble, ſpirited object. Its ſides are ſhaggy, and broken; and the interſtices of ſoil are filled with wood. On its ſummit ſtands a lonely watch-tower, which, like every thing characteriſtic, has a good effect. Had it been an ornamental building of any kind, thus loftily ſeated, it had been abſurd.

At the foot of this mountain, runs the Aray, a conſiderable ſtream. It iſſues through a narrow valley, behind the houſe; and taking a ſemicircular ſweep around it, at the bottom of the lawn enters Loch-Fyne.

This lake, which is the glory of the ſcene, ſpreads into a noble bay before the front of the caſtle; forming an irregular circle of about twelve

twelve or fourteen miles in circumference, beautifully indented with a variety of peninsulas, and surrounded by mountains. It is an object, not only beautiful in itself: but it makes a fine contrast with the woods and mountains around it.

The mountain of Doniquaick, and the lake, are two very harmonious neighbours, in every point, in which they are brought together. We saw them contrasted in several forms; and always beautifully. One of the grandest views of the whole may be taken somewhere about the new-inn. The mountain of Doniquaick—a bridge over the Aray—the lake, and the mountains, which skreen it, all unite in very pleasing composition.

From the bay, which Loch-Fyne forms before the castle of Inverary, run two grand openings; one to the north-east into the country; and the other to the south-west towards the sea: but all appearance of these outlets is excluded from the castle by the folding of the mountains. I mean not by this remark, to express any peculiar excellence in the circular form of a bay. This particular one indeed contains great variety, and is very beautiful in its kind: but still there is, in general, more variety, and more beauty, in the fading distance of a lake going off in perspective.

The castle of Inverary is new, but constructed in the old castle form. The ground plot is square; and each corner is adorned with a round tower. In the middle rises a square one, which is higher than the rest, and gives a picturesque apex to the building. The whole is grand, and makes an appearance suitable to the scene. Yet there are two very disgusting parts about it. These are the square appendages, which are tacked to each side of the middle tower, for the purpose of furnishing the interior apartments of the castle with light. The contrivance is awkward; and greatly injures a noble pile. The inside seems to be admirably divided into grand, and convenient rooms; but it is yet unfinished. At the entrance is a guard chamber; which in most private houses would be ridiculous; but in a Highland castle is characteristic, and gives an uncommon dignity.

In a word, as Inverary-castle has one of the noblest situations that can be conceived, it will probably in a few years, be as well worth visiting, as any place in Britain; if the improvements continue in the same style of simplicity and grandeur in which they are begun. No place we had yet seen in Scotland, if we except Hopeton-house, can bear the least comparison with it. If we found fault with any thing, it was with some little decorations, and cascade-work upon the river; but as these things might have been executed before, and may easily be altered, all censure should cease, till the whole be finished.

Old Scottish Buffalos at DRUMLANRIG.

In one of the Duke of Queensberry's parks, we were informed, the duke had preserved a breed of the old Scottish buffalo, which we were very desirous to see. Our conductor told us, they might probably be in some distant part of the park; and might with difficulty be found. We determined however to go in quest of them. It was high noon, and the day was sultry: the cattle, it was therefore supposed, might be at that time in a valley, which is spread with a large piece of water. Thither we directed our course; and beneath the shelter of a thick wood we walked at ease.

In less than a mile we came in sight of the water. The banks of the pool (for it had not the dimensions of a lake) were adorned with clumps

clumps and single trees: and on the opposite side, a hanging grove swept down to the water. It was an open grove; and the ground was covered with herbage, as far as the eye could penetrate its recesses.

This delicious scene the luxurious herd had chosen for their noontide retreat; where we discovered them at a distance, reposing on the other side of the water. Our guide informed us they were rather shy; and instructed us to walk on without stopping, or paying them any particular attention. We had the pool to walk round; so that we had them long in view, before we came near them. As we approached, they rose and retired gently into the wood; but gave us sufficient opportunity to examine them. There were two bulls, and several cows, and some calves. They were milk white, except their noses, ears, and the orbits of their eyes, which were black. Boethius speaks of this breed of cattle, as *boves candidissimos; in forma leonis jubam habentes; cætera mansuetis simillimos*: and Polidore Virgil mentions them nearly in the same language: *Gignit sylva Calydonia boves candidos, instar leonum jubatos; qui adeo feri sunt, ut domari non possint. Sed quia caro grata palato humano est, ferunt omne pene eorum genus extinctum.*

As to their lion-manes, we saw no such appearance: but indeed we saw them in dishabille, as all cattle are, in their sleek, summer attire. In winter, their shaggy fur is more picturesque; and it is probable their manes may then be luxuriant. We see a great profusion of mane often in our domestic cattle, at that season; especially when they winter abroad in mountainous countries. I have often observed the remains of it even in the mouth of June. It is possible also that the degree of domestication, in which these cattle are now placed, may have deprived them gradually of this ornament. But in all other respects, except the mane, the cattle we saw in the Duke of Queensberry's park answered very exactly to Boethius's description of the Scottish buffalo—that is, *they very much resembled common cattle.* Their form indeed is somewhat more elegant. They have not that bulk of carcass, nor heaviness, which characterizes the common cow. There is a spirited wildness also in their looks; and when they run, instead of the clumsy cow-gallop, they bound like deer. A herd of them rushing at once over a lawn, makes the forest tremble.

One of the bulls (for the other had not yet attained his growth) was a noble animal. He seemed to be a beast of prodigious strength; but it was an active, rather than a sluggish strength. His colour was not so white as the rest of the group. His shoulders and sides had a yellowish tinge, which we thought became him; till our guide informed us, that it was not his natural hue; but that he had been rubbing himself upon some okery ground in the park. This intelligence immediately turned the beauty into a defect. Such is our love for nature, that when we find any thing artificial, which we supposed was natural, we are disgusted, and cannot bring the eye to it again with pleasure. For though the object in its artificial disguise, may be *in itself* more beautiful, yet we cannot persuade ourselves, but that nature *undisguised* would be more *uniform*, and of course more pleasing. Thus in the object before us, though the tinted shoulders of the bull were beautiful; yet when we knew the tint was artificial, the eye immediately revolted; and we conceived, that if it had been removed, we should have seen still greater beauty—the beauty at least of uni-

for-

formity. Thus, too, though the cheek of a lady, when ſkilfully painted, may appear more beautiful, while we are ignorant of the artifice; yet when we are aſſured it is painted, we take offence—either becauſe on cloſer inſpection we conceive a cheek ſo glowing, as not perfectly in uniſon with the other features, on which time may have made an impreſſion; or becauſe we conceive the bloom to be a diſguiſe to ſome defect, which the prying imagination endeavours to ſee through.

The wild cattle we were examining, are as much in a ſtate of nature, as the boundaries of an extenſive park will admit. They are at leaſt ſubject to no controul. Domeſtic uſe of no kind is made of them; and when killed, they are ſhot, like wild beaſts, from trees. For if they ſhould happen only to be wounded, they are dangerous. Otherwiſe, they moleſt nobody, who does not moleſt them: but the cows, if you offer to touch their calves, are fiercer than the bulls.

Naturaliſts give a uniform colour to all animals in a ſtate of nature; and inform us, that domeſtication induces variety. In cows we may ſuppoſe therefore the original colour to be white, or a tint ſo near it as to be called white. Æneas found white cattle in Italy; and Admiral Anſon, in Tinian. Buffon indeed ſuppoſes the yellowiſh dun to be the original colour. But whether white or yellow be the original colour, it is certain that white has ever been in eſteem. When a bull, or a heifer, was led up to the altar of the Gods, it was generally white: and when deſcribed by the poets as peculiarly beautiful, this hue is always given it. The venerable Apis himſelf was white.

For myſelf, with regard to the *pictureſque beauty* of white cattle, I ſhould make a diſtinction. As the *ornament of a ſcene*, I think no cattle ſo beautiful. No ſight of the kind ever exceeded that of the herd, which gave occaſion to theſe remarks. At the ſame time, when we conſider the bull as a *ſingle object*, a dark colour melting into a lighter, is more pictureſque: and of all colours, Buffon's yellowiſh dun, if the head and ſhoulders be dark, is the moſt beautiful.

ANECDOTES.

DURING the late war a conſpiracy was formed on board a Britiſh frigate, on her voyage to America, the purpoſe whereof was, when they ſhould come upon that coaſt, to riſe, throw the officers over board, ſeize the ſhip, and carry her into an enemy's port. It was concerted with judgment, and kept with ſuch ſecrecy that the officers could not have the leaſt ſuſpicion of it. It happened that the day before that appointed for the execution of the plan, it occurred to the Captain to try whether one of the quarter-deck guns might not be brought to bear as a bowchaſe with efficacy on a flying enemy, when occaſion might occur: for this purpoſe a gun was hawled out of its port, and pointed forward. He who was at this time ſteering the ſhip, and who was one of the conſpirators, immediately imagined that the officers had diſcovered the concerted mutiny, and were now turning the guns of the quarter-deck upon the crew for their own preſervation. He therefore ſuddenly called out with great emotion: "Gentlemen, if you "will ſpare my life, I will give you a "liſt of them all." And the whole was diſcovered.

The boatſwain of a man of war that had juſt been paid off in the River, paſſing through Monmouth-ſtreet with

with full pockets and a prodigal heart, was ſo captivated with the richneſs and finery of a velvet ſuit which was diſplayed at the door, that he immediately went in and bargained for it. Having tried it on, he was ſo pleaſed with his appearance, that he was eaſily prevailed upon by the merchant to complete his dreſs with the neceſſary appendages, a bag-wig, a ſword, and chapeau en bras. Thus equipped, his next care was, where to exhibit himſelf. The theatre readily occurred, whither he went, and placing himſelf in the front row of one of the ſide-boxes, ſoon became attentive to the play. Notwithſtanding his diſguiſe, he was preſently recognized by one of his ſhip-mates in the upper gallery, who pointing him out to his comrade, aſked if that was not their boatſwain; a queſtion which the other anſwered in the negative, aſſuring him that it was a "lord or ſome great gentleman." "We'll ſoon ſettle it," ſaid firſt, "for we'll hail him. Ohoa, "the boatſwain of the Romney, "Ohoy!" who forgetting his ſituation ſtarted from his ſeat, anſwered "Holloa!" and was diſcovered.

On the Prevalence of Fun.

THE Engliſh language ſcarce affords a term ſo copious in its ſignification as the monoſyllable Fun. Our light-heeled Gallick neighbours amuſe themſelves in the dance, the Italians in muſic; in ſhort, every nation takes delight in ſome particular ſpecies of ſcience or pleaſure (except where univerſal torpidity rebates the animal ſpirits, and by incapacitating the mind for an induſtrious application to buſineſs, requires not the relaxation neceſſary to men of more intenſe ſtudy) but fun ſeems to be conſtitutionally inherent in the inhabitants of this iſland; for although the veſtiges may be found perceptible in other countries, yet England ſeems to be its favoured reſidence.

I have often heard people attempt to excuſe an action for which they have been reprehended, by ſaying, "it was only a little harmleſs Fun;" but the term ſeems quite incongruous to me, having ſeldom obſerved any fun that was not in ſome degree cruel or criminal, the analization of which would afford but little pleaſure to the benevolent mind, ſince it generally conſiſts in the diſtreſſes of ſome unfortunate animal, and tyranny conſtitutes an eſſential part of its compoſition. Hiſtory has indeed placed this amuſement in an odious light, and called that cruelty which the performers themſelves might perhaps have denominated "harmleſs Fun." For certainly, when Nero ſet fire to Rome, and ſung its funeral dirge to the harp, this ſpirit of Fun, more than ſtudied ferocity, ſeems to have actuated his conduct, or rather the natural cruelty of his diſpoſition tinctured all his amuſements with inſeparable barbarity. It may appear to an Engliſhman very extraordinary that a Roman Emperor ſhould eſteem killing flies good fun; or that another ſhould become barber for the fun of cutting off men's noſes; but let him conſider how prompt his countrymen are to take pleaſure in the torment of other animals, and how ready to laugh at any awkward geſtures to which diſtreſs or paſſion may give birth; perhaps he may have been an eye-witneſs of the alacrity with which an Engliſh mob take the executive power of juſtice in their own hands, and their expreſſions of joy at the ineffectual efforts of a half-drowned pickpocket.

I am conſcious that all rural amuſements lie under the imputation of cruelty; that hunting, ſhooting, and angling are by no means exempt from this accuſation. But to interdict theſe di-

diverſions through a principle of humanity would be as abſurd, as to accuſe the butcher of cruelty in following the neceſſary duties of his occupation. Nor is it my deſire, at preſent, to inveſtigate the rationality of ruſtic ſports; it was rather my intention to ſhew how nearly thoſe amuſements, in which the mind does not take part, are allied to cruelty, and that if this ſpirit of fun is not excluſively the property of Engliſhmen, it yet makes a conſiderable part of their national character. Within the ſpace of a century two unfortunate wretches were drowned in undergoing the ridiculous ordeal of witchcraft; and the man who was moſt inſtrumental in their murder, received money from the ſurrounding multitude, as a reward for the fun he had exhibited in ducking them; nor is it neceſſary that we ſhould turn a retroſpective eye to the errors of antiquity, ſince daily experience convinces us, that this love of fun is as prevalent at this period of time, as it has been in any preceding age. The alacrity with which men of every deſcription reſort to Newmarket, ſufficiently elucidates my obſervation, and proves this place to be, at particular ſeaſons, a principal emporium of fun; but a knowledge of the proceſs of modern horſemanſhip muſt conſiderably abate the pleaſure which a feeling mind would otherwiſe experience at the gaiety of the ſcene; nor can it be agreeable, except to thoſe who are on the turf, to know that the King's plates, which are given to encourage the breed of horſes, ſhould tend to its perverſion; that by training theſe animals merely for fleetneſs, we rear a breed that would bend beneath the weight of a well-grown boy; beſides that a month's training, (which conſiſts of hard exerciſe and little food) always precedes this amuſement, which to be pleaſing muſt be of ſhort duration. Nor is it horſe-racing alone that brings ſuch a periodical concourſe to Newmarket; a boxing match ſometimes concludes this routine of faſhionable diverſions, yet for the ſake of humanity it is to be hoped that a fellow-creature beat to death for the amuſement of the ſurrounding croud is not always eſteemed good fun.

Such are the diverſions which, with an irreſiſtible charm, attract the ſporting gentleman of England; for the ſake of which, Peers condeſcend to keep company with ſharpers, and where, as at a maſquerade, all diſtinction vaniſhes, and then aſſume characters wholly different from the general tenor of their lives. For how totally unlike the prime miniſter haranguing the Parliament, is the booted premier ſoliciting the opinion of the Jockey club, or diſputing with a ſharper; and who that ever heard him diſcourſe upon the Britiſh laws and conſtitution, would ſuppoſe that he was equally ſkilled in the conſtitution of a horſe? yet this has been no uncommon ſpectacle at Newmarket.

Amongſt the loweſt orders of men, if that ſpecies of fun, denominated bull baiting, cock fighting, bear baiting, &c. were aboliſhed, they would not be leſs ſober or induſtrious. But as it cannot be expected, that men let looſe from labour ſhould regulate their conduct in the hours of relaxation with the propriety which reaſon might require, I ſhall forbear paſſing any ſtrictures on their paſtimes, however repugnant to humanity, but cannot help taking notice of one in particular, which is as extraordinary as it is replete with barbarity, I mean throwing at a cock on Shrove Tueſday; why that day ſhould be particularly ſelected for the deſtruction of the feathered ſpecies, remains an enigma to me which folly perhaps can only ſolve, ſince from thence it appears to take its riſe. Of late years indeed this ſpecies of fun has been leſs regarded than it uſed to be, and I make no doubt but that this and every other irrational diverſion will in the courſe of a few

years dwindle into neglect. But although time and reason may prune these exuberances, the sense of *fun* will by no means be contracted, as long as the folly of mankind continues to find fresh meanings to this comprehensive but incomprehensible monosyllable. To substantiate this assertion I must digress into anecdote, and inform my readers, that a gentleman, whom business of consequence compelled to visit Ireland, was tired with a long walk through the streets of Dublin, when a Coffee house opportunely presented itself to his view, into which as he entered, a man of a martial appearance, who was talking to a waiter, immediately attracted his attention, in the course of whose conversation he overheard him enquire if there had been any sport there, and the waiter reply to this effect: 'O, no, Captain, no fun at all, since the death of Fitzgerald, (it is a pity he was not suffered to escape, to keep up the breed of duellists); to be sure we have had a little popping, but only two men killed for this last six months;' it is natural to suppose, that the Englishman, who had not much relish for fun of this sort, was not altogether free from apprehensions of this terrific votary of Mars, which he soon terminated, by abruptly leaving the room. Upon a description of the place when he returned to his lodgings, he was informed it was called *Lucas*'s Coffee-house, where gentlemen, who had more hot blood in their veins, than brains in their heads, might be accommodated with an opportunity of trying their courage gratis, with an elegant assortment of various weapons, and the strictest secrecy to be depended upon, where men of honour resorted every morning, equally prompt to attend as seconds, or be engaged as principals; or should the combatants selfishly choose to have all the fun to themselves, they would still, with the strictest honour, guard them from interruption. The Englishman was astonished to hear a meaning appropriated to fun, which he, although coming from its favourite residence, had hitherto been unacquainted with. Soon after this circumstance, he returned to his native country, but whether he or any other person had the honour of importing this recent signification of fun, I have never yet been able to discover; nevertheless, Englishmen, to shew their skill in the imitative art, soon added this new attribute, as in a duel that happened soon after, in which neither of the gentlemen engaged were materially hurt, one of the seconds was heard to exclaim, with a discontented air, that he looked upon this rencontre as very bad fun, and hoped to have a better field-day the next time he should be in a similar situation. Hitherto a contempt of death has been thought sufficiently characteristic of a brave man, but I don't recollect that it was ever before thought necessary for the valiant to take pleasure in bloodshed, or that cutting throats was ever esteemed a source of rational amusement even for Irishmen.

Whimsical Adventure of a Company of Gypsies.

IN a great chief's house, while the master was from home, on the grand business of canvassing for elections, we were kindly received by the servants, who, notwithstanding the vigilance of a crabbed old steward, found means to entertain us for a whole fortnight. We were dispersed in the day time in coal-mines, and when it began to be dark we were received through a private door into an outer house, where we generally remained from nine or ten o'clock to one or two in the morning, when we

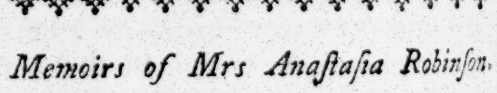
we crept into our holes again, well loaded with all kinds of necessary refreshments. After this intercourse had been carried on for some days, the coachman, who had no doubt discovered the distinguished rank of my partner and myself, invited us to pass a night in one of the empty stalls in the stable, where he had taken care to provide abundance of fresh hay, with some horse clothes instead of blankets. He himself so early as twelve o'clock shewed us our bedroom, and having carefully looked over the whole stable, according to custom, carried off the light for fear of accidents, and locking the door, put the key in his pocket, and walked home. No sooner did our host retire, than up jumps a large monkey, called the Man of the Woods, with a whip in his hand, on the back of one of the saddle horses, and lashing him most unmercifully, rode the animal for hours together, and then placing the whip where he found it, retired in the morning to his cave. My gentleman, who had a taste for variety, did not confine himself, as I afterwards found, to one horse, but roamed as the whim struck him, from one horse or mare to another, over the whole stable; so that now one of the creatures was all in a sweat, and bore marks of the lash in the morning, and now another. All inquiries into the cause of this had proved vain. The coachman and grooms, the gardeners and others, with the curate at their head, had often watched in the stable to no purpose; for so long as they were present, the Man of the Woods was too cunning to stir from his hiding place.

"It is a maxim of the gypsies never to report any thing they hear or see, especially in great families; because the connexions and relations of things are so complicated and various, that the simplest fact proclaimed might prove detrimental to some one or other. It was a mark of profound wisdom and sagacity in the Lord Treasurer Oxford, that he knew when to hold his tongue. In this he was not a whit behind hand with the gypsies, though I very much doubt whether, with all his knowledge of books, and acquaintance with men of letters, he received so good a political education as that in which the gypsies are bred from their very cradles: for there is a great difference between that attention which is paid to maxims taught at schools, and that which is shewn to maxims on whose immediate and unremitted application men depend for immediate subsistence. We studied to give no offence, but to gain the good will, not only of every human creature, but of the very domestic animals in great families. Had we revealed the pranks of the monkey, even that creature might have contrived to do us a mischief. But, even without any dread of the monkey, it was a law with us to be silent on all occasions, however frivolous, lest being injurious to others might prove detrimental to ourselves, and by too much speaking we lose our reputation for knowledge. No, no. It was not our business to bring an impeachment against the Man of the Woods, though we laughed heartily at his tricks among ourselves. We played a deeper game After we had loitered four or five days about this place, we led on the conversation to the beauty and to the variety of the Chevalier's stud, and were of course informed, that scarcely one night passed in which some one or other of those generous creatures was not almost ridden to death by some evil spirit, or incubus. Holly-bush, mountain ash, and red thread, with a thousand other exorcisms, had been tried in vain; insomuch that the Chevalier entertained thoughts of pulling down his princely stables, and

and building new ones faſt by the ſide of an old decayed chapel, and, for the greater ſafety, even to encroach a little on the conſecrated ground.

"I boldly undertook to exorciſe the devil. I was aſſured, that a protection, and even encouragement to ſtroll throughout the whole county of Cumberland ſhould reward ſo great and good an action. It was now reported by the ſervants to the land ſteward himſelf, that that the gypſey doctor, whom they confeſſed they had privately entertained, had undertaken to exorciſe the evil ſpirit that haunted the ſtables. The land ſteward chid them for their audacity, but gave me leave to make a trial of my ſkill and power. He winked at the reſidence of the gypſies ſo near the *hall* (ſo the noble ſeat was called,) who now creeped out of their holes, and reſorted even to the environs of the kitchen.

"There is a fungous ſubſtance formed by the foam of the ſea, and the influence of the ſun and air, the moſt ſubtle of all chemical menſtrua, well known to the vulgar on the coaſts of Scotland under the name of *ſea-ſyke* This ſubſtance, dried and pulverized, forms a pungent powder, which poſſeſſes a ſtrong power of pricking and bliſtering, thence denominated *ſea ſyke;* becauſe ſlipped, by miſchievous boys, into the ſmall-clothes of their comrades, it makes them fidge, or in the Scotch dialect, *ſyke.* I quickly provided myſelf with abundance of this ſubſtance, and ſcattered it for ſeveral nights on the backs of the horſes. The monkey by the agitation of his poſteriors, when he went to take his ride, gave full efficacy to the medicine, which bliſtered and afflicted him very ſeverely. He ſoon gave over his tricks, and became afraid even to come near an horſe, or to look him in the face. Several nights had now elapſed, and no harm had happened to the horſes. I declared that the devil was now exorciſed, and that he would no more appear in the ſtables; adding, that I would return within eight days to ſee whether there were any new complaints. I received five guineas from the land ſteward, with aſſurances that if I would do ſo, and that the miracle ſhould hold, I ſhould receive other five. I ſprinkled the horſes backs again with the powder, and retired with the reſt of our company to the environs of Whitehaven, where our reputation waxed greater and greater every day. At the end of eight days I returned to the *hall*, where I found all well. I received five guineas more, according to promiſe, with farther aſſurance of being more liberally rewarded by the Chevalier, when he ſhould return from Yorkſhire. I ſlept in the ſtable, at my own deſire, as uſual, although I had an offer of a good bed in the houſe. And leſt eaſe ſhould recant vows made in pain, I adminiſtered in a ſweet cake, which I gave to the monkey, a poiſon, that ſecured my miracle, by putting an end in the courſe of a few days to his exiſtence.



Memoirs of Mrs Anaſtaſia Robinſon.

THE following account of Mrs Anaſtaſia Robinſon, one of the moſt famous ſingers that ever was in England, will, we flatter ourſelves, prove acceptable to moſt of our readers.

Mrs Anaſtaſia Robinſon was of a middling ſtature, not handſome, but of a pleaſing, modeſt countenance, with large blue eyes. Her deportment was eaſy, unaffected, and graceful. Her manner and addreſs very engaging, and her behaviour, on all occaſions, that of a gentlewoman, with perfect propriety. She was not only liked by all her acquaintance, but loved and

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careſſed by perſons of the higheſt rank, with whom ſhe appeared always equal, without aſſuming. Her father's houſe, in Golden Square, was frequented by all the men of genius and refined taſte of the times: among the number of perſons of diſtinction who frequented Mr Robinſon's houſe, and ſeemed to diſtinguiſh his daughter in a particular manner, were the Earl of Peterborough, and General H——; the latter had ſhewn a long attachment to her; and his attentions were ſo remarkable, that they ſeemed more than the effects of common politeneſs; and as he was a very agreeable man, and in good circumſtances, he was favourably received, not doubting that his intentions were honourable. A declaration of a very contrary nature was treated with the contempt it deſerved, though Mrs A. Robinſon was very much prepoſſeſſed in his favour.

Soon after this, Lord P. endeavoured to convince her of his partial regard for her; but agreeable and artful as he was, ſhe remained very much upon her guard, which rather increaſed than diminiſhed his admiration and paſſion for her. Yet ſtill his pride ſtruggled with his inclinations, for all this time ſhe was engaged to ſing in public, a circumſtance very grievous to her, but urged by the beſt of motives ſhe ſubmitted to it, in order to aſſiſt her parents, whoſe fortune was much reduced by Mr Robinſon's loſs of ſight, which deprived him of the benefit of his profeſſion as a painter.

At length Lord P. made his declaration on honourable terms; he found it would be vain to make propoſals on any other, and as he omitted no circumſtance that could engage her eſteem and gratitude, ſhe accepted them, as ſhe was ſincerely attached to him. He earneſtly requeſted her keeping it ſecret, till it was a more convenient time to make it known; to which ſhe readily conſented, having a perfect confidence in his honour. Among the perſons of diſtinction that profeſſed a friendſhip for Mrs A. Robinſon, were the Earl and Counteſs of Oxford, daughter-in-law to the Lord Treaſurer Oxford, who not only bore every public teſtimony of their affection and eſteem for Mrs A. Robinſon, but lady Oxford attended her when ſhe was privately married to the Earl of P. and Lady P. ever acknowledged her obligations with the warmeſt gratitude; after Lady Oxford's death, ſhe was particularly diſtinguiſhed by the Ducheſs of Portland, Lady Oxford's daughter, and was always mentioned by her with the greateſt kindneſs, for the many friendly offices ſhe uſed to do her in her childhood, when in Lady Oxford's family, which made a laſting impreſſion upon the Ducheſs of Portland's noble and generous heart.

Mrs A. Robinſon had one ſiſter, a very pretty accompliſhed woman, who married Dr Arbuthnot's brother. After the death of Mr Robinſon, Lord P. took a houſe near Fulham, in the neighbourhood of his own villa at Parſon's-Green, where he ſettled Mrs Robinſon and her mother. They never lived in the ſame houſe, till the Earl, being ſeized with a violent fit of illneſs, ſolicited her to attend him at Mount Bevis, near Southampton, which ſhe refuſed with firmneſs; but upon condition that, though ſtill denied to take his name, ſhe might be permitted to wear her wedding ring; to which finding her inexorable, he at length conſented.

His haughty ſpirit was ſtill reluctant to the making a declaration, that would have done juſtice to ſo worthy a character, as the perſon to whom he was now united; and, indeed, his uncontroulable temper, and high opinion of his own actions, made him a very awful huſband, ill ſuited to Lady P——'s good ſenſe, amiable temper, and delicate ſentiments. She was a

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Roman Catholic, but never gave offence to thoſe of a contrary opinion, though very ſtrict in what ſhe thought her duty. Her excellent principles and fortitude of mind ſupported her through many ſevere trials in her conjugal ſtate. But at laſt he prevailed on himſelf to do her juſtice, inſtigated, it is ſuppoſed, by his bad ſtate of health, which obliged him to ſeek another climate, and ſhe abſolutely refuſed to go with him, unleſs he declared his marriage: her attendance upon him in his illneſs, nearly coſt her life.

He appointed a day for all his neareſt relations to meet at the apartment, over the gate-way of St. James's palace, belonging to Mr Poyntz, who was married to Lord Peterborough's niece, and at that time preceptor to Prince William, afterwards Duke of Cumberland. Lord P. alſo appointed Lady P. to be there at the ſame time; when they were all aſſembled, he began a moſt eloquent oration, enumerating all the virtues and perfections of Mrs A. Robinſon, and the rectitude of her conduct during his long acquaintance with her, for which he acknowledged his great obligations and ſincere attachment, declaring he was determined to do her that juſtice which he ought to have done long ago, which was preſenting her to all his family as his wife. He ſpoke this harangue with ſo much energy, and in part ſo pathetically, that Lady P. not being appriſed of his intentions, was ſo affected that ſhe fainted away in the midſt of the company.

After Lord P—'s death ſhe lived a very retired life, chiefly at Mount Bevis, and was ſeldom prevailed on to leave that habitation, but by the Duchеſs of Portland, who was always happy to have her company at Bulſtrode, when ſhe could obtain it, and often viſited her at her own houſe.

Among Lord P—'s papers, ſhe found his memoirs, written by himſelf, in which he declared he had been guilty of ſuch actions as would have reflected very much upon his character. For which reaſon, ſhe burnt them; this however, contributed to complete the excellence of her principles, though it did not fail giving offence to the curious enquirers after anecdotes of ſo remarkable a character as that of the Earl of Peterborough.

On the State of the People in Circaſſia, and the Commerce of Female Slaves.

CIRCASSIAN Tartary extends at preſent from the Cimmerian Boſphorus, or the Straits of Jenikale, as far as Cabarta. It is bounded on the north by the country of the Nogais of Kouban; on the ſouth by that of the Abaſſes and Mount Caucaſus; on the eaſt by Cabarta; and on the weſt by the Black Sea. The Circaſſians, who were dependant on the Khan of the Tartars,* were divided into fourteen *Kabiles*, or tribes; and each tribe was ſubdivided into *Tchagars*. A Tchagar is an aſſemblage of ten families. The diviſion of the men in Circaſſia is reduced to four claſſes, viz. the Beys, the Sipahis, the Uſdens, and the Kouls.

* Formerly the Circaſſians were tributary to the Khan of the Tartars, who reſided at the city of *Baktcheſerai*, in the Crimea, ſituated in a hollow valley, about a league in length, and a mile in breadth, and which lies between two ſteep rocks; but as the whole Crimea, and almoſt all thoſe ſtates which compoſed the Tartar monarchy, are now under the dominion of Ruſſia, the ſituation of the Circaſſians is conſiderably changed, and though they are not entirely ſubjected by that empire, retain only the ſhadow of liberty.

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In each *Kabile* or tribe, there is a noble family which poſſeſſes with ſovereign authority all the lands of the tribe, and which rules over it with deſpotic ſway. Each family has a principal Bey, who is the head of it, who riſes to this dignity by age, and ſeveral other Beys, who are the heads of the different branches of the family, and who are all ſubordinate to the firſt. Theſe Beys divide the lands, and the ſubjects of the tribe among them. The principal Bey always has the greateſt number of Tchagars, and the reſt ſhare the remainder amongſt them.

All the Circaſſians are by birth ſerfs and ſlaves to their gentlemen, who may ſeize their effects, put them to death, and ſell them, or diſpoſe of them in whatever manner they think proper. There are, however, two kinds of free men among them, the Sipahis and the Uſdens.

The Sipahis are thoſe, who after having been taken in war, or ſold by their Beys, obtain liberty, and return to their own country. They are there free as well as their deſcendants, and when they are rich enough to make acquiſitions, they purchaſe *Tchagars*, and put themſelves on a level with the Beys.

The Uſdens are freed people, who have obtained their liberty from their Beys, as a reward for ſome ſervice. They enjoy as well as their poſterity, the ſame privileges as the Sipahis.

The Kouls are ſerfs who have never been made free, and who are ſlaves according to the original conſtitution of the country.

The Beys of Circaſſia make continual incurſions into the territories of one another, from tribe to tribe, to carry away ſlaves. All that the aggreſſor can tranſport with him is accounted a lawful prize, and is never reclaimed; but if he has the misfortune to be taken, all thoſe who accompany him are detained as ſlaves. The Bey alone is excepted; the perſon offended is ſatisfied with ſending him back, after having cut off the tail and ears of his horſe; this is the only vengeance which they take of one another upon ſuch occaſions. Even [illegible]ons of the Bey are not exempted from ſlavery; after they have been taken or ſold, they are degraded, and never can become Beys; if they happen to recover their liberty, and return home, they are only Sipahis, and can never be admitted to the rank of gentlemen. The Beys ſell their daughters, when they have been convicted of any action contrary to modeſty; they ſell even their male children, when they have committed great faults deſerving ſuch a puniſhment.

The Beys, the nobles, and the Sipahis alone, are entitled to carry arms, or to have them in their poſſeſſion; they are prohibited to all ſubjects who are ſerfs. When a nobleman has become a Bey, his only occupation is to procure a quantity of arms ſufficient for equipping all the ſubjects of his domain; and when he goes to war, all the Kouls who are obliged to follow him, go to his place of reſidence, to furniſh themſelves with bows, arrows, ſabres, fuſees, and piſtols, which on their return, are all carried back to the magazines whence they were taken.

The Circaſſians live almoſt in the ſame manner as the Nogais.* They

* The Nogias are divided into four grand Hordes, and occupy all that part of Little Tartary which lies between the Danube and Kouband. The lands of each Horde are divided among different tribes, whoſe territories have certain boundaries; but individuals have no determined ſpots of land. Each tribe wanders in their own diſtrict, and have no fixed habitation; but in winter they chooſe that canton in their own domain, which appears to be beſt ſheltered from

have neither cities nor fixed habitations; they lead a wandering life, without, however, going out of the boundaries of their tribe; they paſs the ſummer in their plains, and in winter retire to their mountains; they have no diſtinct lands, and cultivate ſometimes one canton, and ſometimes another. Their houſes are only holes dug in the earth, and thatched with leaves or ſtraw. The tribes of the Ada, Ademi, Beſteni, Bouſadig, and Kermirkeui, alone, are thoſe among whom Mahometaniſm is eſtabliſhed on a ſolid foundation. It would be difficult to give a juſt idea of the religion of the other tribes, though a few remains of Chriſtianity are to be found among ſome of them, and certain veſtiges of idolatry among others. In the centre of Circaſſia there is a famous tree, for which the Circaſſians have the utmoſt veneration. This tree is called *Panagiaſan*. This word is a corruption of the name *Panagia*, which the Greeks give to the Virgin Mary, and by extenſion to certain chapels, and other places of devotion, dedicated to the mother of our Lord, ſuch as are ſeen in all the ſtates of the Grand Signior. In the time of the Greek Emperors, there was doubtleſs ſome hermitage of the ſame kind near this celebrated tree, the name of which the Circaſſians have not ſo much diſfigured, but that it may be eaſily known.

A conſiderable trade is carried on with female ſlaves in Turkey, and ſome of the other eaſtern countries.—Thoſe who are purchaſed for that purpoſe are of four different nations, Circaſſians, Georgians, Kalmouks, and Abazes; but the Circaſſians are moſt in requeſt, becauſe the women of that country are the moſt beautiful and ſeducing perhaps in the world; their natural graces and figure are indeed enchanting. The men alſo are almoſt all ſtout and well made.

None but Circaſſian women are admitted to a ſhare of the Grand Signor's bed, and of that of the Tartar princes; the gentlemen of Crimea have none but Circaſſian concubines. The mixture of this beautiful race, has corrected the uglineſs of the Tartars, and aboliſhed thoſe ſmall round eyes and flat noſes, which are obſerved among all the Nogais, who have never intermixed with the Circaſſians. There are indeed ſome very beautiful people among the nobility of the Crimea; but the vulgar are truly frightful.

The ſecond claſs of ſlaves are the Georgian women, who are beautiful, but clowniſh, and devoid of grace; they have not the ſame delicacy as thoſe of Circaſſia. The men are healthy and robuſt.

The Turkiſh Emperors were formerly accuſtomed to have indifferently Georgian and Circaſſian concubines; but owing, as is ſaid, to the following circumſtance, they were excluded from that honour. A certain Sultan having paſſed the night with a Georgian, and happening to aſk her towards morning if it was day, ſhe told him, it muſt be very near it, as ſhe felt a certain need, which always came upon her at a fixed hour about that time; upon which the Sultan, diſguſted with this

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from the ſeverity of the ſeaſon.—When the time of ſowing and planting arrives, each *Aoul*, which is an aſſemblage of a certain number of tents, in the form of a village, encamps in that part of the country which they propoſe to ſow; but they ſeldom cultivate the ſame land two years ſucceſſively. When the encampment is formed, the *Mirſa*, or chief of the *Aoul*, diſtributes to his vaſſals a certain portion of land, which is meaſured with a cord, and each forms round his field a kind of hedge, or diſtinguiſhes its boundaries by certain marks.

piece of ruſticity, ſent her immediately away. Some days after, he aſked the ſame queſtion of a Circaſſian, whom he had put in the place of the diſgraced Georgian; but the former was more polite; ſhe replied, that the dawn was approaching, becauſe ſhe already felt her hair agitated by the ſoft breath of the morning zephyr. The Grand Signior was ſo ſatisfied with this anſwer, that he ſwore that neither he, nor any of his ſucceſſors, ſhould admit to their bed any other women but Circaſſians.

Slaves are a merchandize, the price of which it is impoſſible to determine. There are of them of all ages, from infancy to decrepitude. The different uſes for which they are deſtined, their ſex, beauty, age, graces, talents, ſtrength, and health regulate their value; it is from ſixty to five or ſix thouſand piaſtres.*

It muſt be here remarked, that Chriſtians and Jews of whatever nation they may be, are forbid to purchaſe ſlaves from amongſt the Circaſſians and the Abazes, becauſe they are accounted Mahometans.

The BENEFICENT GRIPER; *an Anecdote.*

THE late Dr. Goldſmith, in one of his Eſſays, in order to prove that miſers, who are generally characterized as men without honour, or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this paſſion ſacrifice every other happineſs, do not always deſerve this character, relates the following pertinent and entertaining anecdote:

'A French prieſt, whoſe name was Godinot, went for a long time by the name of *The Griper*. He refuſed to relieve the moſt apparent wretchedneſs; and, by the ſkilful management of his vineyard, he had the good fortune to acquire immenſe ſums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow citizens, deteſted him; and the populace, who ſeldom love a miſer, wherever he went, received him with contempt. He ſtill, however, continued his ſimplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. This good man had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore, that whole ſum which he had been amaſſing, he laid out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more uſeful and laſting ſervice, than if he had diſtributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.'

Having an opportunity, in the year 1771, of ſpending ſome weeks at Rheims, I made particular enquiries after a character ſo much deteſted, and yet ſo excellent. Of what Goldſmith has ſaid it is certain that enough is true to juſtify his argument, that a ſeeming miſer may be a benevolent man. Upon a ſtrict enquiry, however, I could not find that the populace ever held him in that deteſtation of which Goldſmith ſpeaks. On the contrary, his memory is held at Rheims in the greateſt veneration. He devoted above 500,000 livres [21,875l. ſterling] for different objects of public utility, ſuch as aqueducts, the embelliſhment of the public walks, the inſtitution of free ſchools, &c. Goldſmith is likewiſe miſtaken in ſaying, that he employed his whole fortune in bringing water to the city. On this he expended only 100,000 livres [4,375l. ſterling]; but the work not being finiſhed in his life-time, he left the remainder of his fortune to continue it. Thoſe who are acquaint-

* If we reckon the piaſtre at four ſhillings, the price of the worſt ſlaves will amount to 12l. and that of the beſt to 1200l. ſterling each.

ed with the French language, and who would wiſh for a more particular account of a citizen, who has ſo well deſerved the veneration of his country, may read his Eulogy by his friend and compatriot, M. Lewis Leveſque de Pouilly, the author of an excellent work entitled, *La Theorie des Sentimens Agreables.* In the mean time ſome of your readers may not be diſpleaſed with the following conciſe account of him, which I have taken from that entertaining Biographical Collection, *Le Nouveau Dictionnaire Hiſtorique.*

'John Godinot, Doctor of Divinity, and Canon of the Cathedral of Rheims, was born in that city in the year 1661. Perſuaded, that to the peaceful ſacerdotal functions he might conſcientiouſly unite commerce, he enriched himſelf by trading in wine; but his riches were not for himſelf; they were for the poor and for his fellow-citizens only. After having given twice the amount of his patrimony to his family, he employed above 500,000 livres in decorating the cathedral, in bringing good water into the city, in founding free-ſchools, and opening an aſylum for the ſick. While he was thus ſetting an example of the moſt uſeful beneficence to the great and opulent, he was cenſured, and even oppoſed by ſome of his countrymen; and after he had cloſed his eyes, in the year 1749, at the age of eighty-ſeven, his enemies would fain have deprived him of eccleſiaſtical ſepulture, on account of his oppoſition to the celebrated bull *Unigenitus.* But the influence of the wiſer citizens prevailed: he was very honourably interred; and a prodigious concourſe of people attended at his obſequies.'

You will perceive, ſir, that the *cenſure* and *oppoſition* mentioned in this account, is far from being that univerſal deteſtation of the populace of which Goldſmith ſpeake; and it proceeded rather from a difference of religious ſentiments, from that violence of fanaticiſm which raged at that time in France between the Jeſuits and the Janſeniſts; which extended even to the aſhes of this excellent man, and which would have induced the contending parties to conſign to everlaſting damnation the moſt virtuous characters on earth. Happier now is France in more enlightened ideas, in ideas more conformable to the ſpirit of meekneſs and candour which Chriſtianity inculcates. The virtuous, the beneficent deeds of a Godinot are now as univerſally revered in that country, as are the beautiful, the benevolent ſentiments of a Fenelon.

I am, ſir, &c.

May 1, 1789. LUCIUS.

Travels through the interior Parts of America, in a Series of Letters, by an Officer. 2 vol. 8vo. Lane.

THESE letters, which are ſaid to be written by an officer of the name of Anbury, are dedicated to the Earl of Harrington; they contain much information, both reſpecting the interior parts of the continent, the natives, and the operations of the army under general Burgoyne.

The letters are written in an eaſy, agreeable ſtyle, and embelliſhed with ſome pleaſing views.

We have ſelected the following for the entertainment of our readers.

Camp at Button-Mole Bay, upon Lake Champlain, June 24, 1777.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

After the meeting of the Indians at the river Bouquet, the general ordered them ſome liquor; and they had a war dance, in which they threw themſelves in various poſtures, every now and then making hideous yells;

yells; as to their appearance, nothing more horrid can you paint to your imagination, being dreſſed in ſuch an *outre* manner, ſome with ſkins of bulls with the horns upon their heads, others with a great quantity of feathers, and many in a ſtate of total nudity: there was one among them at whoſe modeſty I could not help ſmiling, and who, rather than be diveſted of any covering, had tied a blackbird before him. Joined to theſe ſtrange dreſſes, and added to the groteſque appearance, they paint their faces of various colours, with a view to inſpire an additional horror. It is almoſt incredible to think what a prodigious degree of conceit and foppery reigns amongſt the ſavages in decorating their perſons, perhaps not inferior to that by which alone ſome of our pretty fellows of the preſent age ſo conſpicuouſly diſtinguiſh themſelves. The following ſtriking inſtance of it, ſeveral other officers, as well as myſelf, were eye-witneſſes to, and it afforded us no ſmall entertainment:

In our way to their encampment, we obſerved a young Indian who was preparing for the war-dance, ſeated under a *wigwam*, with a ſmall looking-glaſs placed before him, and ſurrounded with ſeveral papers, filled with different paints. At our ſtopping to obſerve him, he was at firſt a little diſconcerted, and appeared diſpleaſed, but ſoon after proceeded to adorn himſelf. He firſt ſmeared his face with a little bear's greaſe, then rubbed in ſome vermilion, then a little black, blue, and green paints, and having viewed himſelf for ſome time in the glaſs, in a rage he wiped it all off, and began again, but with no better ſucceſs, ſtill appearing diſſatisfied. We went on to the council, which laſted near two hours, and on our return found the Indian in the ſame poſition, and at the ſame employment, having nearly conſumed all his ſtock of colours! What a pity it is the ladies in England, adepts in this art, have not ſuch a variety of tints to exerciſe their genius with!—in my mind, if they muſt paint, the more ridiculous they appear, the better.

Bear's greaſe, indeed, would not be a very delicate perfume, but no matter——if nature muſt be patched up, it little ſignifies with what!——I could laugh at the ſtreaks of an Indian, but am ſtruck with contempt at the airs put on by your flirts, from a penny-worth of carmine, and am touched with pity when *ſixty* would aſſume the glow of *fifteen*, through a falſe ſhame, or a childiſh want of admiration!

An Indian's idea of war conſiſts in never fighting in an open field, but upon ſome very extraordinary occaſion, for they conſider this method as unworthy an able warrior, and as an affair in which fortune governs, more than prudence or courage.

They are of eſſential ſervice in either defending or invading a country, being extremely ſkilful in the art of ſurpriſing, and watching the motions of an enemy.

On a ſecret expedition they light no fire to warm themſelves, nor prepare their victuals, but ſubſiſt merely on the miſerable pittance of ſome of their meal mixed with water; they lie cloſe to the ground all day, and only march in the night; while halting to reſt and refreſh themſelves, ſcouts are ſent out on every ſide to reconnoitre the country, and beat up every place where they ſuſpect an enemy can lie concealed. Two of the principal things that enable them to find out their enemies, is the ſmoke of their fires, which they ſmell at a vaſt diſtance, and their tracks, in the diſcovery and diſtinguiſhing of which they are poſſeſſed of a ſagacity equally aſtoniſhing, for they will diſcern, by the footſteps, that to us

would appear extremely confuſed, nearly the number of men, and the length of time ſince they paſſed; this latter circumſtance was confirmed to me by an officer, who has the ſuperintending of their tribes. Being out upon a ſcout with them, they diſcerned ſome footſteps, when the Indians told him that ſeven or eight people had paſſed that way, and that only two or three days ſince: they had not gone far, before they came to a plantation with a houſe upon it, and as is the cuſtom with the Indians, ran up to it, and ſurpriſed a ſcouting party of the Americans, conſiſting of ſeven who had come there over-night.

In travelling through the woods, they carefully obſerve the trees, eſpecially the tall pines, which are for the moſt part void of foliage on the branches that are expoſed to the north wind, the trunk on that ſide having the bark extremely rugged, by which they aſcertain the direction to be taken; and for their more eaſy diſcovery of their way back again, tomahawks are continually blazing the trees, which is cutting off a ſmall piece of the bark, and as they march along they break down the underwood.

Every Indian is a hunter, and their manner of making war is of the ſame nature, only changing the object, by ſkulking, ſurpriſing and killing thoſe of their own ſpecies, inſtead of the brute creation.

There is an indiſputable neceſſity of having Indians, where Indians are employed againſt you, unleſs we had men enough of our own trained up in that ſort of military exerciſe, as our European diſcipline is of little avail in the woods againſt ſavages.

The reaſon of my dwelling ſo much on the ſubject of Indians, is becauſe I am ſenſible how repugnant it is to the feelings of an Engliſhman to employ them, and how much their cruelty and barbarity has been exaggerated.

They fight, as thoſe oppoſed againſt them fight; we muſt uſe the ſame means as our enemies, to be put on an equal footing with them. I often reflect on that laconic ſpeech a great and gallant officer made to his men, in the laſt war, previous to their going to battle, "There, my brave lads, there's the enemy, and, by God, if you do not kill them, they'll kill you."

There is a very great natural curioſity upon Lake Champlain; I am led to imagine that it was originally two lakes. About the centre of it the land contracts to ſuch a degree, that it appears as if the rock had been ſeparated by an earthquake; the paſſage between what are now two rocks, was but juſt wide enough for our large ſhips to paſs through, and that only with a fair wind, on account of the current. You'll allow the place to be very juſtly named Split Rock.

This bay, where our preſent encampment is, lies on the ſouth ſide of the lake, and derives its name from the pebbles, of which great abundance are thrown on the ſhores, the exact form of a button mould, and where thoſe of wood or horn could not be procured, would be no bad ſubſtitute.

Juſt before we entered this bay, there came on a moſt violent and unexpected ſquall, occaſioned by land winds blowing from the top of the high mountains on the north ſide of the lake: it was but of ſhort duration, but very terrible while it laſted. You will form ſome idea how powerful, and with what violence it blows from theſe mountains, from the following circumſtance: A ſmall brig belonging to the fleet, with very little ſail, was in an inſtant laid flat on her ſide, and the crew were ob-

obliged to cut away the maſts to make her riſe again. The lake was vaſtly agitated, you may eaſily judge how very dangerous it muſt have been to the ſmall *batteaux*, which are conſtructed with flat bottoms, and quite ungovernable when it blows hard. Though the men who rowed the *batteau* in which I was, were continually relieved, it was with much difficulty they could bring her into this bay, their ſtrength being almoſt exhauſted. However, the whole brigade got ſafe except two *batteaux* that were ſwamped juſt as they got cloſe in ſhore, but as it was not out of a man's depth, no lives were loſt.

During this ſtorm I dreaded much for the fate of the Indians in their birch canoes, which I thought muſt have inevitably been ſunk; upon reflection, indeed, they did not ſeem to be in ſuch perſonal danger, as both male and female, above the ſtate of infancy, are eternally in the water; to the ſurpriſe of every one, however, their canoes roſe to every wave, and floated like a cork, which muſt be entirely owing to the lightneſs of their conſtruction; this lightneſs obliged them to remain ſome time upon the lake after we landed, leſt the waves ſhould daſh their canoes againſt the ſhore, and deſtroy them.

I omitted to mention in my laſt, that at the mouth of the river *Bouquet* there is a ſmall iſland, on which were found ſeveral young fawns, where the does had ſwam acroſs to drop them, as if by a natural inſtinct ſenſible that the buck would deſtroy her young. A ſoldier of the company, who had been on this iſland, got one, which he preſented to his captain; it was beautifully marked, and ſo young, that it could ſcarcely walk; we put it on board the *batteau*, but during the ſtorm it was waſhed overboard, and every effort to ſave it proved ineffectual, without hazarding the lives of thoſe in the *batteau*.

Every day, as Addiſon ſays, grows

"Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome."

To-morrow we embark from this place to Crown Point, where our operations commence againſt the enemy. Reſt aſſured I ſhall embrace every opportunity of ſending you the particulars of our proceedings.

Yours, &c.

WHAT AN ESCAPE! *A Parental Leſſon.*

[From the French of the Mercure de France.]

WELL, my friend, thou art now a father. What happineſs awaits thee! But with what dangers too art thou ſurrounded! I will relate to thee an event of my life, which I can never forget, and which it is time to commit to thy memory. I will not endeavour to embelliſh it; for my object is not to amuſe thy imagination, nor even to intereſt thy heart, but to inſtruct, to enlighten thy paternal tenderneſs.

I am of an honourable and opulent family. Neither attention nor expence was ſpared in my education. At the age of twenty-five, I was married to one of the moſt lovely of her ſex. Our affections were reciprocal; our happineſs exquiſite: too exquiſite indeed to be laſting. Ten years after our marriage, I loſt this excellent wife, who left a ſon and daughter, yet too young to be ſenſible how irreparable was their loſs. I committed them to the care of a valet-de-chambre, who had waited upon me from my boyhood. This man was inceſſantly complaining of my children; and, as he had obtained a great aſcendency over me, and I im-

implicitly believed his aſſertions, you may imagine my affliction. An old college friend, who was viſiting me in my country retirement, watched the conduct of my children, and that of my valet de chambre. Having in vain endeavoured to ſhake my confidence in the latter, he perſuaded me, however, that in the education of my children I had not adopted a proper plan; and I followed his advice in ſending my daughter to a convent, and my ſon to a military boarding-ſchool. He had the goodneſs, moreover, to aſſure me, that he himſelf would be aſſiduouſly attentive to their progreſs.

This arrangement ſeemed to give great pleaſure to my valet de chambre, who enjoyed, in courſe, a greater degree of leiſure. My friend frequently wrote to me concerning my children, and his letters were extremely ſatisfactory. I communicated the contents of them to my valet-de-chambre; but they did not ſeem to afford him any pleaſure, and I obſerved that he was much happier in talking of one of my couſins, and particularly of his children, who were inceſſantly the ſubject of his praiſe.

After two years abſence, my children requeſted permiſſion to viſit me, and to ſpend the holidays at my houſe. I conſented, and my college friend accompanied them. I found them greatly improved both in perſon and underſtanding. My joy was that of a good father: their careſſes rendered me inexpreſſibly happy: they awakened all the recollection of that felicity which I had enjoyed with their mother. I ſhed tears of tenderneſs; and they wiped them away, while I wept afreſh, at the repeated effuſions of their affectionate ſenſibility.

Having no motives for diſtruſt, I often left the key in my bureau, in which I had placed two purſes of 1200 livres, in preſence of my children and the valet-de-chambre. Some days after, having occaſion for money, what was my aſtoniſhment, at finding only one of my purſes! My valet-de-chambre, whom I queſtioned on the theft, ſeemed to anſwer with heſitation. He appeared apprehenſive of afflicting me by ſpeaking. In fine, having inſiſted upon an explanation, he informed me, that, from his chamber window, he had ſeen my children bury the purſe of money in the park, and he pointed out to me the very ſpot. Many circumſtances confirmed his account but too well. He lamented that taſte for expence with which my children had been brought up: a fatal taſte, he added, which has been productive of ſuch misfortunes and of ſuch guilt.

What torture to a father, to believe his children guilty! The emotions of my ſoul were viſible in my countenance. I endeavoured to conceal them, when my children came, as uſual, to ſalute me in the morning. They perceived my embarraſſment, my agitation; and they trembled in anſwering me, when I deſired an account how they had expended ſome louis-d'ors I had given them. Surpriſed to find they had ſpent none of it, I told them, ſtill with the ſame agitation, that they had gratified their wiſhes with ſome other money, which, no doubt, they had. They bluſhed; they could only anſwer by their tears. I no longer doubted that they were guilty; and I ſent them away, deſiring them, at the ſame time, to prepare to leave me the next day.

My college friend, ſurpriſed at this ſudden order, and ſtill more at my ſilence when he queſtioned me, reproached me with all the warmth which friendſhip could inſpire; but, perceiving that I returned no anſwer to all theſe marks of the moſt ſincere attachment, he requeſted me to give orders that he might depart the ſame day with my children. I conſented.

But

But before their departure, my valet-de-chambre having conducted me to the ſpot where the purſe of 1200 livres was depoſited, I brought them away, replaced them in my bureau, and was retiring to my chamber, a prey to the moſt painful reflections. Still agitated beyond expreſſion, I was walking with quick ſteps, when I heard ſomebody walking haſtily in the garden, and I preſently ſaw my children running towards the place in my park, whence I had juſt brought the purſe of money. I went into a cloſet, where I could the better obſerve their motions. What was my grief and agony, when I ſaw them ſtoop, and ſearch in the very ſpot where the purſe had been concealed! I rang inſtantly for my valet de-chambre, and I ſaid to him with a voice of horror, 'Thou haſt not deceived me: my children are there, looking for what they have ſtolen. See! See!'—The man, not in the leaſt diſconcerted, with an unaltered countenance ſaid, 'I never told you an untruth in my life.—I ordered him to haſten their departure, and to acquaint them, that I would not ſee them.

After their departure, my valet-de-chambre came to me with a very melancholy air. I enquired into the cauſe; and he anſwered, that the circumſtance which had given him the greateſt pain, and which had made him the moſt ſenſibly apprehenſive for the future welfare of my children, was, that they had received this order without the leaſt appearance of concern, and had left their father's manſion without regret. I am haſty; I am paſſionate. I inſtantly wrote to my friend not to let either of my children ſtir out, without my orders, and I reduced my allowance for their expences; but I did not reveal to him the ſecret anguiſh of my heart. My children wrote to me from time to time: I did not anſwer their letters.

My chief ſociety was that couſin, in whoſe favour my valet-de-chambre had ſo warmly intereſted me. I grew extremely fond of him: we became inſeparable. Governed by a reſentment which bordered on frenzy, I ſettled my affairs in ſuch a manner, that I left nothing to my children but what they were entitled to by law; and I bequeathed the remainder of my fortune to the children of my couſin.

But an unexpected event ſoon altered this arrangement: My valet-de-chambre was taken ill; and the diſorder became ſo alarming, that it was thought neceſſary to adminiſter the ſacraments. Perſuaded of his attachment to me, I lamented the loſs which I was likely to ſuſtain, by the death of ſuch a faithful ſervant. After having fulfilled the duties of religion, he deſired to ſpeak to me in private. Oh! my friend, how ſhall I deſcribe my feelings, when I heard him exclaim, that he merited my utmoſt indignation; that he was a wretch unworthy of pardon! In a word, he informed me, that my children were not guilty of the theft of which he had accuſed them; that he had himſelf concealed the purſe of 1200 livres, and the more readily to induce me to believe this accuſation, he had perſuaded them, on pretext that they would find ſomething that would pleaſe them, to go and ſearch the ſpot where the purſe had been concealed. He added, that ſome anonymous letters I had received on the bad conduct of my ſon, were written by one of his friends; and he deſired a box to be opened, which contained all his correſpondence with this friend. After this confeſſion, he beſought my pardon for his crime, and, while uttering a few words more, expired.

Recovered from the firſt impreſſions of this interview, how different was my ſituation! I longed to ſee my children again, to embrace them, and

and to confeſs to them my too eaſy credulity. I wrote to my college friend; I entreated him to come to me with my ſon and daughter; and I promiſed to open my whole heart to him. While I was expecting their arrival, I reflected often on the danger of a blind and unbounded confidence in our ſervants. I had condemned my children as guilty, and they were innocent. What a ſource of remorſe to a feeling mind! If I had died before this wretch, of what injuſtice to my children ſhould I have been guilty! And for no other reaſon than that I had not made all the enquiries that were neceſſary before I had a right to pronounce them guilty.

I will not attempt to deſcribe what I felt on ſeeing them again! With what pleaſure, with what tranſport I embraced them! In them, and in my excellent friend, I ſhall find all my happineſs; and I hope ſoon to augment it by the choice of a ſon and daughter-in-law. I will relate to them my griefs, my errors. I will inſtruct them by my example; that they may be wiſer than I have been, and, of courſe, more uniformly happy.

OBSERVATIONS *and* REFLECTIONS *made in the Courſe of a Journey through* FRANCE, ITALY, *and* GERMANY. *By* Heſter Lynch Piozzi. 2 Vols. 8vo.

MRS. Piozzi's talents for deſcription are evident throughout theſe volumes. Though her remarks on ſubjects of a lighter kind are ſprightly and pleaſing, yet we may eaſily diſcover a depth of penetration, and a juſtneſs of thought, when thoſe of a more ſerious caſt come under her conſideration. Her reflections in general are pertinent and ingenious, and her obſervations afford both inſtruction and amuſement.

Our future Extracts from this publication will principally conſiſt of ſhort deſcriptions, intereſting narratives, and characteriſtical anecdotes, all of which are ſtrongly expreſſive of national manners and local prejudices.

Of Venice and its laws we have the following particulars:

"WE have been told much of the ſuſpicious temper of the Venetian laws; and have heard often, that every diſcourſe is ſuffered, except ſuch as tends to political converſation, in this city; and that whatever nobleman, native of Venice, is ſeen ſpeaking familiarly with a foreign miniſter, runs a riſque of puniſhments too terrible to be thought on.

How far that manner of proceeding may be wiſe or juſt, I know not; certain it is that they have preſerved their laws inviolate, their city unattempted, and their republic reſpectable, through all the concuſſions that have ſhaken the reſt of Europe. Surrounded by envious powers, it becomes them to be vigilant; conſcious of the value of their unconquered ſtate, it is no wonder that they love her; and ſurely the true *Amor Patriæ* never glowed more warmly in old Roman boſoms than in theirs, who draw, as many families here do, their pedigrees from the conſuls of the Commonwealth.—Love without jealouſy is ſeldom to be met with, eſpecially in theſe warm climates—let us then permit them to be jealous of a conſtitution which all the other ſtates of Italy look on with envy not unmixed with malice, and propagate ſtrange ſtories to its diſadvantage.

That ſuſpicion ſhould be concealed under the maſk of gaiety is neither very new nor very ſtrange: the reign of our Charles II. was equally famous for plots, perjuries, and cruel chaſ-

chaſtiſements, as for wanton levity and indecent frolics: but here at Venice there are no unpermitted frolics: her rulers love to ſee her gay and cheerful: they are the fathers of their country, and if they *indulge*, take care not to *ſpoil* her.

The deep ſecrecy of their councils, however, and unrelenting ſteadineſs of their reſolutions, cannot be better explained than by telling a little ſtory, which will illuſtrate the private virtue as well as the public authority of theſe extraordinary people; for though the tale is now in abler hands (intending, as I am told, to form a tragedy upon its baſis), the ſummary may ſerve to adorn my little work; as a landſcape painter refuſes not to throw the ſtory of Phaeton's petition for Apollo's car into his picture, for the purpoſe of illuminating the back ground, though Ovid has written the ſtory, and Titian has painted it.

Some years ago then, perhaps a hundred, one of the many ſpies who ply this town by night, ran to the ſtate inquiſitor, with information that ſuch a nobleman (naming him) had connections with the French ambaſſador, and went privately to his houſe every night at a certain hour. The *meſſergrando*, as they call him, could not believe, nor would proceed, without better or ſtronger proof, againſt a man for whom he had an intimate perſonal friendſhip, and on whoſe virtue he counted with very particular reliance. Another ſpy was therefore ſet, and brought back the ſame intelligence, adding the deſcription of his diſguiſe: on which the worthy magiſtrate put on his maſk and bauta, and went out himſelf; when his eyes confirming the report of his informants, and the reflection on his duty ſtifling all remorſe, he ſent publicly for *Foſcarini* in the morning, whom the populace attended all weeping to his door.

Nothing but reſolute denial of the crime alledged could however be forced from the firm minded citizen, who, ſenſible of the diſcovery, prepared for that puniſhment he knew to be inevitable, and ſubmitted to the fate his friend was obliged to inflict; no leſs than a dungeon for life, that dungeon ſo horrible, that I have heard Mr. Howard was not permitted to ſee it.

The people lamented, but their lamentations were vain. The magiſtrate who condemned him never recovered the ſhock: but Foſcarini was heard of no more, till an old lady died 40 years after in Paris, whoſe laſt confeſſion declared ſhe was viſited with amorous intentions by a nobleman of Venice whoſe name ſhe never knew, while ſhe reſided there as companion to the ambaſſadreſs. So was Foſcarini loſt! ſo died he a martyr to love and tenderneſs for female reputation! Is it not therefore a ſtory fit to be celebrated by that lady's pen, who has choſen it as the baſis of her future tragedy?—But I will anticipate no further."

The following is a curious inſtance of animal ſagacity:

"An odd thing, to which I was this morning witneſs, has called my thoughts away to a curious train of reflections upon the animal race; and how far they may be made companionable and intelligent. The famous Ferdinand Bertoni, ſo well known in London by his long reſidence among us, and from the undiſputed merit of his compoſitions, now inhabits this his native city, and being fond of *dumb creatures*, as we call them, took to petting a pigeon, one of the few animals which can live at Venice, where, as I obſerved, ſcarcely any quadrupeds can be admitted, or would exiſt with any degree of comfort to themſelves. This creature has, however, by keeping his maſter company, I truſt, obtained ſo perfect an ear and taſte for

muſic, that no one who ſees his behaviour can doubt for a moment of the pleaſure he takes in hearing Mr. Bertoni play and ſing: for as ſoon as he ſits down to the inſtrument, Columbo begins ſhaking his wings, perches on the pianoforte, and expreſſes the moſt indubitable emotions of delight. If however he, or any one elſe, ſtrike a note falſe, or make any kind of diſcord upon the keys, the dove never fails to ſhew evident tokens of anger and diſtreſs; and if teized too long, grows quite enraged; pecking the offender's legs and fingers in ſuch a manner, as to leave nothing leſs doubtful than the ſincerity of his reſentment. Signora Cecilia Giulani, a ſcholar of Bertoni's, who has received ſome overtures from the London theatre lately, will, if ſhe ever arrives there, bear teſtimony to the truth of an aſſertion very difficult to believe, and to which I ſhould hardly myſelf give credit, were I not witneſs to it every morning that I chuſe to call and confirm my own belief. A friend preſent proteſted he ſhould feel afraid to touch the harpſichord before ſo nice a critic; and though we all laughed at the aſſertion, Bertoni declared he never knew the bird's judgment fail; and that he often kept him out of the room, for fear of his affronting or tormenting thoſe who came to take muſical inſtructions. With regard to other actions of life, I ſaw nothing particular in the pigeon but his tameneſs, and ſtrong attachment to his maſter: for though never winged, and only clipped a very little, he never ſeeks to range away from the houſe, or quit his maſter's ſervice, any more than the dove of Anacreon:

"While his better lot beſtows
Sweet repaſt and ſoft repoſe;
And when feaſt and frolic tire,
Drops aſleep upon his lyre."

(Continued.)

A Remarkable Inſtance of FEMALE HEROISM.

A Few days ago, I went to ſee ſome officers of the 24th regiment, at Verchere, near Montreal; which village is extremely pleaſant, commanding a very extenſive view both ways of the river, with a proſpect of this city. It derives its name from a circumſtance whereby it is proved that the fair ſex, upon emergencies, poſſeſs a courage equal, if not ſuperior to ours. In the year 1690, when this province was in a continual ſtate of warfare with the Indians, and the inhabitants were obliged to reſide in forts, it happened that a madame de Verchere was left alone in the fort, while the reſt of the people were at work in the fields; a ſmall party of Indians gaining this intelligence, were determined to enter the fort, plunder it, and take her priſoner; madame de Verchere, however, perceiving them approach in a poſture for ſcaling the paliſado, fired ſome muſquet ſhot, and drove them to a diſtance; they inſtantly returned, and were again repulſed, aſtoniſhed, you may be ſure, ſince they could only diſcover a woman, who appeared as undiſmayed as if ſhe had been ſurrounded with a numerous garriſon. The Indians knowing the place was unprovided with any other defence, made ſeveral attempts, and were always repulſed by the lady, who defended herſelf in the fort for near four hours, with a valour and preſence of mind which would have done honour to an old warrior: they were at length compelled to retire entirely, as the inhabitants of the fort (who always went out to labour with their muſquets, in caſe of an attack) were returning, and greatly ſuperior in number to the Indians. This was not the only inſtance of this lady's courage, for about two years after, a party of the ſame Indians, but much more

more numerous, ſurprized and took priſoners the men, when at work; a little girl happened to make her eſcape, who, running into the fort, acquainted madame de Verchere of what had happened. Shortly after the Indians appeared before the fort, leading the men captive. There was not a ſoul left in it, beſide a young ſoldier and a number of women, who raiſed moſt lamentable cries at the ſight of their huſbands being led priſoners. In the midſt of this, madame de Verchere loſt neither her courage nor preſence of mind, for after locking up the women, that their groans and weeping might not inſpire the Indians with additional courage, and aſſuming the habiliments of a ſoldier, ſhe fired a piece of cannon and ſeveral muſquet ſhot, ſhewing herſelf with her ſoldier, ſometimes in one redoubt and ſometimes in another, always firing upon the approach of the Indians to the breaſt-work, who did not make a fierce aſſault, as by her ſtratagem they ſuppoſed there were many men in the garriſon. Fortunately for the lady, ſhe had not long to remain in this diſagreeable ſtate, for the chevalier de Criſafy, who was governor of a ſmall fort at Chamblee, upon hearing the firing of cannon, came to the ſuccour of the place, and that ſo ſuddenly, that the Indians were obliged to make a very precipitate retreat, leaving their priſoners behind them.

This remarkable lady lived to a good old age, and died in Normandy, where there is a monument erected to her, with theſe two ſingular inſtances of her fortitude and bravery.

One would imagine that this ſpot of Verchere was deſtined for the trial of fortitude and bravery in the fair ſex, to which I might add conjugal affection. At this time a lady reſides here, noble by birth, in whom are united all the ſoftneſs and delicacy of her ſex, ever accuſtomed to thoſe elegances and refined enjoyments which are attendant upon high rank and fortune: ſhe has forſaken all the pleaſures of the gay and faſhionable world, to accompany her huſband to the wild foreſts of Canada; already travelled a vaſt extent of country, in different extremities of ſeaſon, and with difficulties that an European will not eaſily conceive. Such inſtances of connubial attachment, in the levity of the preſent day, are rarely to be met with; but that ſuch characters do exiſt, and that the pleaſure and gaieties of the *beau monde* have not altogether vanquiſhed the ſocial virtues, is to be inſtanced in that pattern of her ſex, lady Harriet Ackland, who has not only encountered the hardſhips already deſcribed, but upon joining the army, in addition to her former fatigues, had to attend her huſband upon his ſick bed, in a miſerable hut at Chamblee. A mind like hers, animated by love and affection, is alone capable of encountering ſuch hardſhips.

Poetry.

Verſes by Queen Mary, *on the death of her huſband* Francis II. *by Mr* Pye.

IN melting ſtrains that ſweetly flow,
Tun'd to the plaintive notes of woe;
My eyes ſurvey, with anguiſh fraught,
A loſs beyond the reach of thought;
While paſs away life's faireſt years,
In heaving ſighs and mournful tears.

Did cruel Deſtiny e'er ſhed
Such horror on a wretched head?
Did e'er once happy woman know
So ſad a ſcene of heart-felt woe?
For ah! behold on yonder bier
All that my heart and eyes held dear.

Alas! even in my blooming hours,

'Mid opening youth's reſplendent flowers,
I'm doom'd each cruel pang to ſhare,
Th' extremeſt ſorrows of deſpair,
Nor other joy nor bliſs can prove
Than grief and diſappointed love.

The ſweet delights of happier days,
New anguiſh in my boſom raiſe,
Of ſhining day, the pureſt light
To me is drear and gloomy night;
Nor is there aught ſo good and fair,
As now to claim my ſlighteſt care.

In my full heart and ſtreaming eyes,
Pourtray'd by woe, an image lies,
Which ſable robes but faintly ſpeak,
Or the pale languor of my cheek,
Pale as the vi'let's faded leaf,
The tints of love's deſpairing grief.

Perplex'd by this unwonted pain,
No place my ſteps can long detain,
Yet change of ſcene no comfort gives,
Where ſorrow's form for ever lives.
My worſt, my happieſt, ſtate of mind,
In ſolitude alone I find.

If chance my liſtleſs footſtep leads
Thro' ſhady groves, or flowery meads,
Whether at dawn of riſing day,
Or ſilent evening's ſetting ray,
Each grief that abſence can impart,
Inceſſant rends my tortur'd heart.

If to the heavens, in rapturous trance,
I haply throw a wiſtful glance,
His viſionary form I ſee,
Pictur'd in orient clouds; to me,
Sudden it flies, and he appears,
Drown'd in a wat'ry tomb of tears.

A while if balmy ſlumbers ſpread
Their downy pinions o'er my head,
I touch his hand in ſhadowy dreams,
His voice to ſoothe my fancy ſeems,
When wak'd by toil, or lull'd by reſt,
His image ever fills my breaſt.

No other object meets my ſight,
Howe'er in robes of beauty dight,
Which to my ſad deſpairing heart,
One tranſient wiſh will e'er impart;
Exempt from that unalter'd woe,
Which this ſad breaſt muſt ever know.

But ceaſe my ſong—Ceaſe to complain!
And cloſe the idly plaintive ſtrain,
To which, no artificial tears,
But love unfeign'd the burthen bears.
Nor can my ſorrows e'er decreaſe,
For ah! his abſence ne'er can ceaſe.

To the Editor of

The ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

GEnts, if ye think my humble verſe
Your Magazine will nae diſgrace,
Among the reſt you'll gae't a place,
If it ne'er clog
Your ſale, by offering ſik a meſs,
A dead lap dog.
As Madam's indiſpos'd herſell,
That ſhe's unfit his worth to tell,
Or elſe ſhe would his praiſes ſwell
In better notes;
But here's her thoughts as I can ſpell,
In guid bredd ſcots.

EVentful day, unhappy morn,
That leaves me thus to ſigh forlorn,
Since ſullen death from me has torn
That bonny head;
How can this dire event be born.
My Shock lies dead!
O whan I ſee his cloſed een,
And mind that they ſhort time ſinſeen,
Look'd in my face, and clear did ſhine
As ony bead,
My ſorrow I cannae contain,
Now that he's dead.
Were I but fit to draw's portraiture,
For wit was ſtamp'd on ilka feature,
And nane cudding him wi' guidnature
O' a the breed;
O! but he was a kindly creature,
Who now lies dead.
Whane'er he nott to take a nap,
He came and lay down in my lap,
Then he would ſleep as ſoun's a tap,
Withouten dread;

Ye:
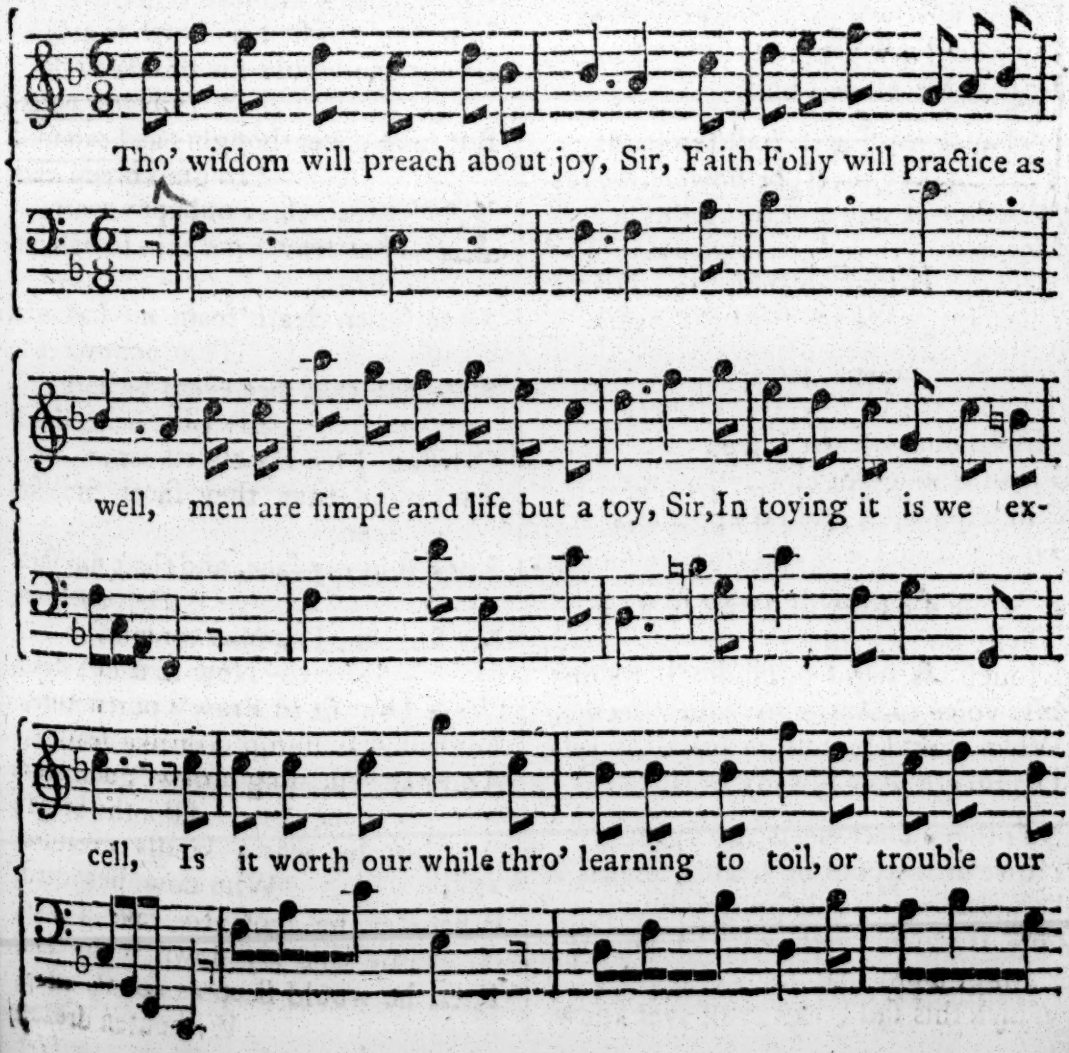
Yet death has catch'd him in his trap,
And fell't him dead.
My ſiſter A——, ſays it's a ſin,
For ony brite to mak a din;
I'd nae be warſe tho' a' my kin
Were cauld as lead;
For them I dinna care a pin,
Since Shock lies dead.
With ſorrow I repine at fate,
That's taen frae me my only pett;
It was my care baith air and late
To doe him guid;
The like o' him I'll never get
Who now lies dead.
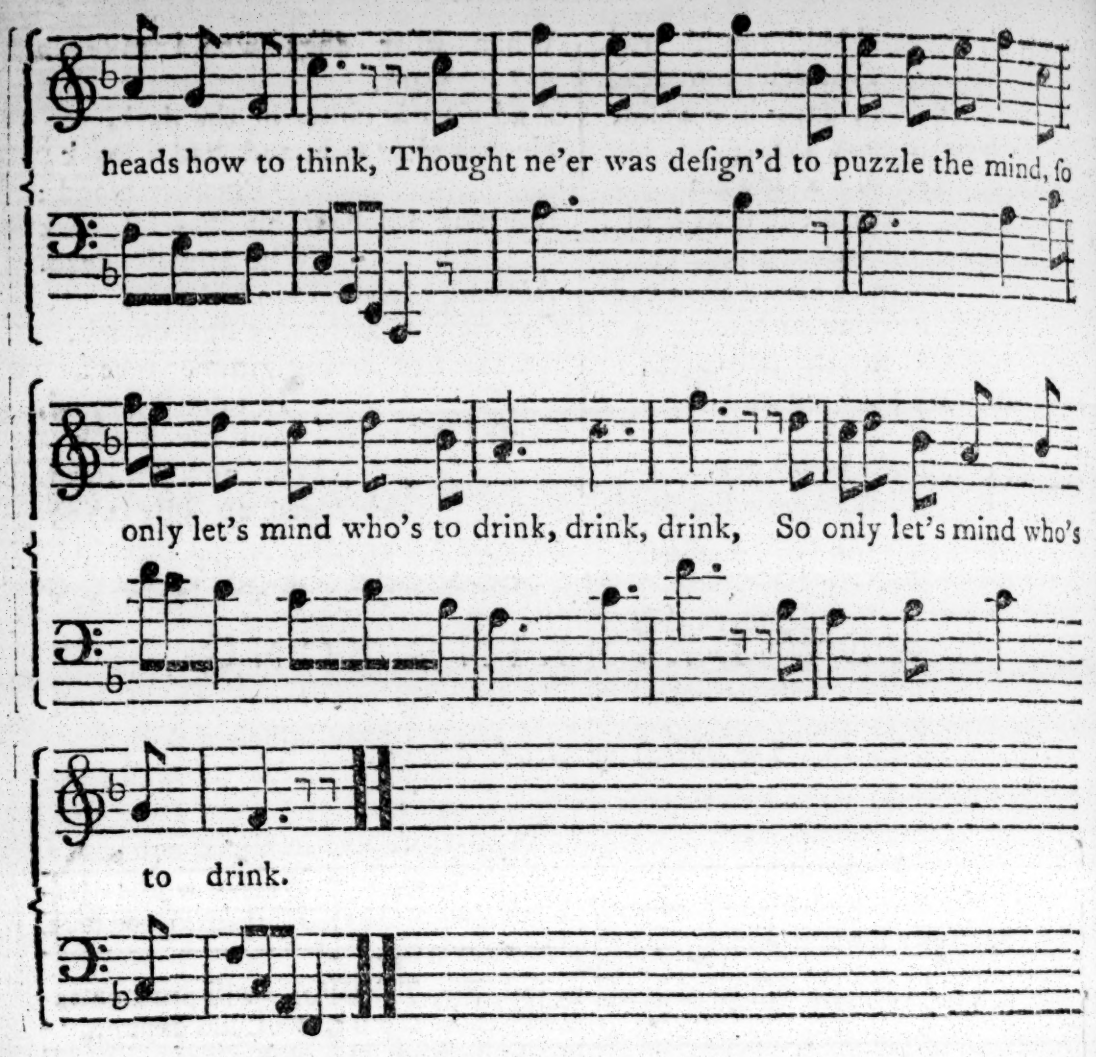
Whan ither dogs would raiſe a wark,
And niarr at either in the dark,
He was mair wiſe, and had a ſpark
O'gentler blood;
Nae mair I'll hear his chearful bark
Who now lies dead.
A' tender hearted kind o' folk,
Gae mourn, and ev'ry ſigh unlock,
And lat nae jeering gimmer mock,
In taunting meed,
Cauſe I wi' tears lament my Shock
Who now lies dead.
Aberdeen 20 July 1789.

Wm Beattie, a Drunken Flat Brother

A NEW DRINKING SONG.

The Words by G. A. Stevens.





II.

King Solomon, I'm not profane, Sir,
Was a wiſe, yet a whimſical elf;
He never thought any thing vain, ſir,
Till he was paſt pleaſure himſelf.
He uſed to ſay,
There's a time for to play,
To labour, to love, and to think;
Let thoſe in their prime
Remember their time;
At preſent 'tis time we ſhould drink.

III.

A pox on reflection, be jolly;
Diſpaſſionate dulneſs deſpiſe;
Did you once know the pleaſure of folly,
You'd ne'er be ſo weak, to be wiſe.
Let the trumpet of fame
Thoſe heroes proclaim
Who never at cannon balls blink,
By the buſy in trade
Be Cent per Cent made;
'Tis cent per cent better to drink.

Come

IV.

Come about with a Bumper, boys, hearty,
To our King and our country ſucceſs;
To oblivion toſs envy and party,
May freedom our fireſides bleſs.
Here's a health to thoſe,
Who face our foes
To thoſe who dare ſpeak as they think;
To ſuch ſort of Men
Again and again,
Again, and again boys we'll drink. I. R.

The Monkey and the Ox. A Fable.

A Monkey for amuſement bred,
And by his maſter daily fed,
A playful, chatting, roving thing,
Could dance and drink, and aim to ſing:
To make him fine nought was forgot,
He ſtrutted in a ſcarlet coat.
For he could well advance on two,
Cou'd ogle, ſmile, and make a bow,
Was wonderfully ſly and ſmart,
But by indulgence grown pert,
His ſword, cockade, and martial air,
Declar'd him favourite of the fair.
He was as quick at quart and tierce
As puppies are in battle fierce,
He puſh'd ſo firm and with ſuch grace,
He was the darling of his race,
Thruſts flew like bullets from his hand
No gladiator cou'd withſtand.
Knew ev'ry tittle of his trade,
He was a beau in maſquerade.
One day gone out to take the air,
An ox he thus accoſted there,
Thou ſilly, aukward, ſtupid beaſt!
What made an ox ſo void of taſte!
To drudge all day, thou heavy aſs,
Thy ſole reward a feed of graſs,
Man has no pity for thy groans,
And afterwards he picks thy bones.
His body is as weak's his mind,
Rebel, and you will find kind,
We monkeys are much wiſer beaſts.
Obſerve their ways and learn their taſtes,
Our genius ſurpaſſes theirs
For managing all nice affairs.
The theory is in my head,
But farming is a vulgar trade,
To drain the march and plant the hill,
I know I have ſufficient ſkill,
Cou'd manage things as well's the ſquire,
And farm five hundred pounds a year.
Near where they ſtood grew various plots,
Of rye, of barley, peaſe and oats,
Pray, ſaid the ox, will you explain,
And ſhow the different kinds of grain,
The art, by which they're taught to grow,
Their properties I wiſh to know,
For tho' we labour for our food,
That oxen never underſtood.
Can you expect, that I'll take pains
You blockhead, to enlarge your brains?
Go, heavy monſter, to the plough,
The only ſubject fit for you.
The ox enraged with his horn
Soon made the monkey feel his ſcorn.
Such is the debt, that folly pays,
But monkeys never will be wiſe.
Are labour, care, and watchful nights
Derided thus by puppies ſlights?
Be modeſt on whate'er you know,
And never judge from outward ſhow.

July 13th 1789. REGULUS.

SON-

SONNET.

To the Lark on Dartmoor.

SWeet ſoaring minſtrel of the wild,
I hear
The pleaſing muſic of thy tuneful
throat,
As welcome o'er the deſart to mine
ear,
As to benighted hinds the matin
note.

I thank thee, warbler, for thy cheering
lay—
But why, in ſuch a barren lonely
dell,
While other ſcenes the vernal ſweets
diſplay,
A wing'd recluſe art thou content
to dwell?

O, yet I trace thy motives in thy
ſong,
For freedom now the lofty burden
bears,
And now a tenderer ſtrain is pour'd
along,
And Love is breath'd with all its
charming cares:
Thus, though ev'n here ſequeſter'd,
doſt thou prove
Life's deareſt bleſſings, Liberty and
Love.

A Sonnet from the 'Zeloſo Eſtremeno' *of* Cervantes, *by Mr* Pye.

MOTHER, with watchful eye
you ſtrive
My freedom to reſtrain;
But know, unleſs *I guard myſelf,*
Your guard will be but vain.
It has been ſaid, and reaſon's voice
Confirms the ancient lay,
Still will confinement's rigid hand
Enflame the wiſh to ſtray.
Love, once oppreſs'd, will ſoon encreaſe,
And ſtrength ſuperior gain;
'Twere better far, believe my voice,
To give my will the rein:
For if I do not guard myſelf,
Your guard will be but vain.

For her who will not guard herſelf,
No other guard you'll find;
Cunning, and fear, will weak be found
To chain the active mind.
Tho' Death himſelf ſhould bar my
way,
His menace I'd diſdain;
Then learn, that, till I guard myſelf,
Your guard will ſtill be vain.

The raptur'd heart, which once has
felt
A ſenſe of love's delight,
Flies like the moth's impetuous wing,
To find the taper's light.
A thouſand guards, a thouſand cares,
Will ne'er the will reſtrain,
For if I do not guard myſelf,
All other guards are vain.

Such is the all-controuling force
Of Love's reſiſtleſs ſtorm,
It gives to beauty's faireſt ſhape,
The dire chimera's form.
To wax the melting breaſt it turns,
Flame o'er the cheek is ſpread,
With hands of wool, ſhe opes the
door,
On felt, the footſteps tread.
Then try no more with fruitleſs care,
My wiſhes to reſtrain,
For *if I do not guard myſelf,*
Your guard will be but vain.

The Editors reſpectfully acquaint their friends, that the Chronicle of Occurrences has been poſtponed, till an account, more authentic than the flying reports of the day, of the glorious ſtruggle now making in France for Liberty, can be preſented. Along with this will be given an accurate Summary of the Proceedings of this Seſſion of Parliament.

THE

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THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER XLII.

Thurſday Auguſt 13, 1789.

ON POLITICS——TALKING POLITICS THE ONLY CONTINUED AMUSEMENT —USES OF IT—PORTER—TOBACCO —NECESSARY TO MOST MEN—DEGENERACY OF POLITICS—MORAL EPILOGUE.

THE privilege which every man in this free country enjoys of examining, canvaſſing, and diſcuſſing all public meaſures, as well as the character and conduct of all public men, is juſtly conſidered as ineſtimable. It is to our conſtitution what the circulation of the blood is to the human body. It may be ſlower or quicker at one time than another, but if once ſtopt, all vitality ceaſes.

How much my countrymen value this privilege, may be gathered from the circumſtance of their always exerting it. We have been called ſometimes a nation of politicians, and indeed, as far as abilities will permit, there are very few public houſes who do not boaſt of a Miniſtry and Oppoſition fully qualified (with the exception above mentioned) to carry on public affairs.

Of all amuſements there is none that merits the epithet of *never-ceaſing*, except "talking politics." It is as natural, and one would be tempted to think, is as neceſſary, as the bread we eat, or the raiment we put on. Playhouſes can be kept open only for a ſeaſon, and ballrooms muſt ſometimes be ſhut; we cannot always liſten to muſic, and Opera-houſes may be *burnt*. In a word, interruption may be given to all amuſements, or employments, but *politics* lives for ever. Like the air it is common to all men, the rich and the poor, the great and the ſmall, and like all our harmleſs enjoyments it is liable to be abuſed, although the abuſe has never been thought to overbalance the uſe.

But it is not merely as an amuſement that we ought to conſider "*talking politics.*" Its uſes are ſo many, that were there ever to take place a change in the government of this country, were Great Britain ever to be ſubjected to tyrannic ſway, and a deſpot placed on her throne, it would

be good policy to permit the talking of politics.

First. It increaſes the revenue immenſely, by promoting the conſumption of thoſe articles which have always been found neceſſary to the proper diſcuſſion of political topics, I mean *porter*, *ale*, and *tobacco*. Without politics, the public houſes would be ſoon ruined; and many very reſpectable brewers have aſſured me, that according to the face of affairs, they perceive an increaſe or decreaſe of demand for porter. During a war, the conſumption is at its height—every battle occaſions a freſh tap, and ſuch was the influence of Lord Rodney's victory on the 12th of April, that it was in contemplation to raiſe porter one halfpenny a pot, which ſeemed more adviſeable, as the defeat of the Spaniards at Gibraltar happened ſoon after. But the peace being concluded that ſame year, it was thought adviſeable that the events of the war ſhould be diſcuſſed, and the battles re-fought at the old price.

I am likewiſe aſſured from the ſame authority, that the decreaſe in the conſumption of this beverage has not been ſo great ſince the peace as was expected; for although we have had no wars, yet we have repeatedly had "rumours of wars," which I find anſwers the ſame purpoſe. The wars abroad, too, have tended to keep up a belligerent ſpirit among our politicians. The taking of Oczakoff has been of no little emolument to the *Gooſe* and *Gridiron*—and a fellow in my neighbourhood has opened the *States General Ale-houſe* merely upon the ſtrength of a Revolution in France.

As to tobacco, it cannot I think be ſuppoſed that the revenue on this article ſhould amount to £400,000 ſterling, the ſum ſtated in the houſe of Commons, if people could have ever held their tongues. No. I conſider a pipe as of infinite ſervice in the diſcuſſion of politics. It is a common ſaying, "there is no ſmoke without fire"—and I ſay, there would be little ſmoking if there was no political meaſure on the tapis. It is well known that during the proſpect of a regency, ſo much of this article was inhaled and exhaled, that we might truly be ſaid to be "under a cloud." Moſt people, indeed, found it difficult to ſee their way, and ſome very able politicians acknowledged that they groped in the dark.

But Secondly—Beſides the advantages ariſing to government from the conſumption of theſe articles, let us alſo conſider, that *politics* is become ſo neceſſary an *item* in our living, that there really would be no living without it. People may call it a luxury, if they will, but when luxuries become neceſſaries, it muſt always be good policy to tolerate them

Every public-houſe now-a days holds a language that is ſtrictly parliamentary. The preſident is uſually *ſpeaker*, and deſerves that name often better than the gentleman with the great wig in Palace-yard; for as the latter is called Speaker, becauſe he holds his tongue, ſo the other is denominated in like manner, becauſe he is the moſt vociferous in the whole company. No man ventures to call for a freſh pot, without putting it to the *vote*—a turbulent member is *called to order*—another, inſtead of the old way of ſpeaking, *riſes to move*; and whenever the company wiſh to have an annual dinner, there is a *call of the houſe*. It differs, indeed, from the parliamentary proceeding in one inſtance, namely, that all *bills* are brought in, not when the houſe meets, but when it is about to depart, Every member, however, punctually pays his ſhare of the *Supplies*, and I wiſh I could ſay as much of the Members of *every* political aſſembly!

But alas! ſo univerſal are the marks of degeneracy, that even *talking*

ing politics is not what it has been. We hear nothing now of the ruin of one's country, and the dangers of church and ſtate, which uſed to convulſe the nerves of our public (houſe) ſpirited anceſtors. Few can ſay now with *Razor* in the play, "I can't ſleep o' nights for thinking of poor Old England"—Indeed the very name of *poor old England* ſeems forgotten. We talk, and ſmoke, and drink our battles, our bills, and our taxes, but it is to be feared theſe matters interfere very little with the mid-night hours of his Majeſty's lieges. You ſhall hear an able politician condemn the whole conduct of an adminiſtration, and prove by calculations, broken pipes, and tobacco-duſt, that things are not as they ſhould be, that ſomebody was wrong for not taking the advice that ſomebody gave, and that nobody now-a-days minds what will be every body's ruin, &c. &c.—and yet after all theſe melancholy aſſertions, and diſmal deductions, he goes to bed and ſnores as loud as a houſe dog, that has no country to be ruined.

Time has been that a good, clever *ſuppoſe*, with a few ***s and—— daſhes, would have ſet a whole hoſt of politicians to work night and day, buſineſs would have been thrown aſide, (for what is buſineſs compared to the good of one's country?) and even their families left half ſtarving, till the dreadful report was cleared up in a ſatisfactory way. But paſt are thoſe happy days. And if it were not for a few among us who ſtill keep up the old ſpirit, we ſhould ſoon degenerate to a nation of *talkers* only, and loſe thoſe fine feelings which incite a man to neglect himſelf that he may tremble for his country, ſtarve his family to liquidate the national debt, and get drunk in defence of the Church.

To conclude. As it may not be quite eaſy to revive this ancient ſpirit, let us try another plan, and while we enjoy our politics and our pipe, conſider ourſelves as individuals each bearing a part of the aggregate of national happineſs, and ſtudy to promote that happineſs, by every practice that flows from and is encouraged by piety and virtue. This will be to acquit ourſelves as true patriots.

The Young Widow; or, The Hiſtory of Cornelia Sedley: *in a Series of Letters. 4 Vols. cr. 8vo.*

IN the crowd of Novels, which ſwarm in this country from a thouſand circulating libraries, and which too frequently tend to debauch and deprave the tender mind, by throwing hues of falſe gloom or luxuriance over life, it gives us great pleaſure to find, now and then, a work of moral tendency. Such is the one now before us; of which the ſtory is briefly as follows:

Sedley, an old and peeviſh huſband, dying, leaves a young and charming widow, Cornelia, and two boys. When death was faſt approaching, he had charged Cornelia, in a pathetic converſation, never to wed a ſecond huſband whoſe mind was not trained to a deep ſenſe of religion. Seymour, a faſhionable infidel, who had long admired Cornelia, pays the warmeſt addreſſes to her, and excites an equal ardour upon her ſide; but not all his love nor arts can prevail upon her to wed a man of profeſſed infidelity. After an ineffectual ſtratagem to ſecure his marriage with Cornelia, Seymour in deſpair goes to Italy, where, by an accident in eſcaping from the window of a courtezan, he is mortally hurt, and ſoon after dies; but firſt becomes a convert to Chriſtianity. Cornelia, deeply afflicted for his death, remains unmarried.

After an interval of fifteen years, Cornelia's eldeſt ſon falls in love with an Engliſh girl of pleaſure to ſuch a violent degree, that he is reſolved upon marrying her. Not all his mother's art or affection can ſave him from this ſnare; till at laſt a caſket of jewels, left by Seymour to be delivered to this ſon when he comes of age, is opened, and a letter of Seymour to him is found, ſo full of pathetic and wiſe counſels, that the youth's mind relents, and, giving up his low inclination, he marries the young lady recommended to him by his mother.

There are different epiſodes, and an under-plot, not unintereſting, concerning the loves of Peverel, a young Engliſh gentleman, and Giuliana, an Italian lady, of great beauty, chaſtity, and piety.

The plot of this Novel is new, and far from unhappy. The ſtruggles between Love and Religion, in the tender mind of Cornelia, and between Love and Infidelity, in the vigorous ſoul of Seymour, are not ill deſcribed, but might ſurely have been improved to a far higher degree by a writer who is ſo maſterly an anatomiſt of the human heart. There is ſomewhat of tautology in this work; and perhaps too few incidents. The cataſtrophe is cruel, and ſeems oppoſite to the effects which the author appears to propoſe. But his good intention muſt ſecure him praiſe from every candid reader; and the work, though it have faults, will be found far ſuperior both in ſtyle and matter, to the common run of Novels.

The following extract, from the ſolemn converſation of the dying Sedley with his wife, will give the reader no unfavourable idea of the writer's ſtyle. Cornelia is the relater.

"Be calm, he cried, I conjure you, my dear Cornelia; for it is of great importance to the preſent relief of my mind, and to your future happineſs, that I ſhould have a long and unreſerved converſation with you." I ſat ſilent, and half petrified with aweful expectation. "I have wiſhed (he continued) for ſome days to enter on this diſcourſe; and I feel that I muſt not let ſlip the preſent hour, becauſe it is moſt probable that I ſhall not have another in which I may poſſeſs eaſe and ſtrength of body ſufficient to utter all I would ſay to you: No! my dear Cornelia, you muſt not think of my recovery. There is not indeed a ſhadow of foundation for any hope of that kind; and, believe me, I am willing to die; my affection for you, ſtrange as it may ſound, has a tendency to favour a turn of mind ſo deſireable in a ſtate like mine. I have wiſhed very ineffectually to make you happy; your excellent father had the ſame paſſionate deſire, and as he had alſo a ſtrong abhorrence for the profligate manners of our young men, and a fond anxiety to guard you from the miſeries of conjugal infidelity, he gave you, at ſeventeen, to the arms of his particular friend, whoſe integrity he conſidered as much more than a compenſation for the difference of our age—that difference indeed was not painfully viſible at the period of our union, but every ſucceeding year rendered it more apparent, and accident conſpired with time and nature to preclude us from that felicity which he had fondly perſuaded himſelf we were deſtined to enjoy. Flattered by the alacrity with which you obeyed the wiſh of a father whom you idoliſed, I was vain enough to ſuppoſe that you loved me, before I had in truth merited your tenderneſs. Eager to improve your admirable underſtanding, I began to play the preceptor too ſoon and too ſedulouſly. I beſtowed that time and care on the cultivation of your mind which I ought to have devoted to the acquiſition of your heart.

heart. I did not perceive my error, and its very natural consequence, till I had been visited for some time by the severe internal malady which has long rendered my existence so painful to myself, and so burthensome to all around me. You, my dearest Cornelia, have been a very diligent and a very kind attendant to a wretched invalid; but your own heart will inform you, that I am not mistaken in saying, you have been so much more from the sense of duty than from the sentiment of love.—Do not, I conjure you, suppose that I mean to cast a shadow of reproach upon you by what I am saying: on the contrary, I consider myself as making a just acknowledgement to the excellence of your conduct; there is, assuredly, more virtue in discharging very burthensome and painful duties with the strictest fidelity, than in merely acting from the impulse of an ardent affection. Yet when I have observed your lively spirit depressed, and at times even the loveliness of your countenance impaired, by being involved so early in offices ill-suited to your youth, I have almost thought it a crime in me to labour for the preservation of a life whose continuance could only lengthen your misfortune." He uttered these words with such an enthusiastic mixture of tenderness and despair, that I could remain silent no longer. I know not, however, what I attempted to utter, for he soon restrained my endeavour to take a part in the conversation by requesting me to hear what he wished to say of our children; a subject which he has long been unable to touch upon without a very painful and distressing emotion. After some affectionate remarks on their infantine dispositions, "They have," he said, "and I hope they will long have, a mother to whom Nature has given every perfection that belongs to the maternal character: but as it is possible that, when they will stand most in need of paternal admonition, they may find only a nominal father whose parental solicitude may be engrossed by more fortunate children"——As he was uttering his apprehension, I felt a sort of proud anguish, and affectionate indignation, that I was unable to suppress; and I interrupted him with a vehemence of manner so different from my usual behaviour to him, that he gazed at me in silent astonishment, while I exclaimed, 'I see the full extent and cruelty of your fears. O Sedley! if I have hitherto failed in affection, let me now give you a convincing proof that you are much dearer to me than you imagine. If it will afford any relief to the fond parental anxiety that afflicts you, I will bind myself, by any form of adjuration or engagement you can prescribe, to live only for your children, and never, whatever offers may tempt me, to marry a second time.' No words, my dear Harriot, can give you a complete idea of the effect which this sudden, unexpected (and you, I know, will call it) romantic testimony of genuine attachment produced on the dear invalid. Starting up in a wild agitation of delight, and looking indeed like a being just transported from the grave into paradise, he exclaimed, "No, thou divinest of women, I am not such a selfish wretch as to form a wish so inhuman." Then drawing me forcibly in his emaciated arms to a pier-glass, at some distance from his sopha, "Look there, my angel," he continued, "look there! and let the beautiful image in the mirror inform you what a despicable brute I must be, if, sensible as I am that you have never yet experienced the delicious passion of love, I could suffer you to make such a sacrifice to generosity as your angelic soul has suggested. No!—But, my Cornelia, I am referring you to a monitor unfaithful to my purpose; however true that reflection may be to the beauties of

your

your person, your native diffidence will render it a weak interpreter of my meaning. Turn then to me alone, and believe the voice of a dying man, who tells you, in a state which admits not any species of adulation, that you are at this moment, both in person and in mind, one of the most lovely creatures with which the Great Parent of all loveliness has deigned to embellish this world. Why do I tell you this?—for the kindest of purposes, to impress on your own mind a juster estimate of the perfections you possess, that, seeing at once their value, and the various dangers to which they may expose their possessor, you may render them no more the sources of disquietude, but the instruments of happiness. Not marry again! Oh, heavens! my dearest Cornelia, it is my ardent prayer that you may; and in such a manner, that your second marriage may afford you the fullest compensation for all the inevitable infelicity of the first."—Here his voice failed him, and a fit of his severe agony came on so suddenly, that I was terrified with the idea of his expiring as he leant exhausted and speechless, against my bosom. I contrived, however, to replace him on his sopha; and after some dreadful writhing of his poor tortured frame, he resumed his discourse with an astonishing coherence and composure. I vain I conjured him not to destroy his reviving strength by farther conversation on a subject at once so distressing and so unnecessary. "I am convinced, my dear Cornelia," he replied, "that at this moment you believe it unnecessary; but the day perhaps may come, when you will reflect upon it, as a useful caution, with affectionate gratitude. Having been an unworthy partner to you in life, I am the more anxious to have a friendly and beneficent influence on your thoughts when I have ceased to live. Do not shrink from my discourse with such an appearance of distress. I have but little more to say; but that little may be of great importance to you: hear it, therefore, I conjure you; and, as the subject is indeed too affecting to us both, I will then dismiss it for ever!—You have little experience of the world; you have naturally an open, lively, unsuspecting temper: you are still so young, that your beauty, striking as it is, has not yet perhaps attained its perfection. You are hitherto (forgive me for repeating this important truth), you are hitherto a stranger to the passion which your bosom is naturally formed to feel in the very height of its purity and its power;—a passion, my dear Cornelia, which, even in a heart so virtuous and so gentle as yours, is forcible and imperious to a degree that you can hardly conceive!—No! by Heaven! so far from wishing to withhold you from a future marriage, had I the powers of angels, I would exert them to select for you an object that should render you the happiest of wives. I have not such a privilege; but I can at least caution you against the kind of character that would have the greatest tendency to produce the opposite effect. Vice, my dear Cornelia, is a still greater enemy to happiness than a lingering distemper. Heaven forbid that you should ever be the wife of a man whose profligacy might induce you to regret your departed invalid! You must, indeed, be egregiously deceived before this could happen; but how common is such deception in the world! How many men have I known extolled by their acquaintance for infinite honesty of heart, and high sentiments of honour, yet practising every device that could be productive of misery to your sex, and caressed by the polite world in proportion as they merited universal detestation! What examples have we of husbands, who married with every possible advantage of rank, fortune,

tune, underſtanding, and perſon, united in either party, yet who have wantonly ſacrificed every bleſſing to a rage for licentious pleaſure, and have left a lovely woman to ruin her health by diſſipation, or to pine in ſolitude over her declining beauty, and her deſerted children! But is there any kind of caution which a woman may conſider as her ſafeguard againſt miſery like this? Yes! my dear Cornelia, there is one, a very ſimple one, which has chiefly induced me to trouble you with this long diſcourſe. Let this, I conjure you, be the leading maxim of your life,—that he can never be a proper partner for a lovely and innocent woman, who has no ſenſe of his obligation to her Creator. It is my hope, and my ardent prayer, that you may never beſtow your invaluable ſelf on any man, however engaging his accompliſhments, and however numerous his good qualities may be, if his mind is avowedly deſtitute of Religion." Perceiving that his weak frame was exhauſted, to the moſt alarming degree, by the great exertion of talking ſo long on a ſubject that preſſed with ſo much weight upon his heart, I ſeized with great eagerneſs the opportunity of replying. I aſſured him, that, ſince the hour of my birth, no words had ever made an impreſſion at once ſo aweful and ſo tender on my mind, as thoſe which he had juſt uttered. I ſaid this with the ſtricteſt truth; and indeed, my dear Harriot, I queſtion if the voice of an angel, giving me counſel from Heaven, could have filled my retentive mind with ſuch grateful admiration."

The following are ſelected from a Collection of ANECDOTES *lately publiſhed by* J. P. ANDREWS, Eſq.

CHRISTINA of Sweden is reported to have been never better pleaſed with a ſtory, than that of a Norman curate's artifice to ſave the reputation of his Seigneur, who had been broken alive on the wheel, at the "Greve," for two or three robberies, and a murder. "We pray thee, O Lord, (ſaid the cunning eccleſiaſtic) for the ſoul of ———, ſeigneur of this pariſh, who has lately died *of his wounds* at Paris."

Hackney coaches were firſt introduced into Paris by Nich. Sauvage, in 1650. They obtained the name of Fiacre, either from the inventor reſiding at an hotel of that name, or from the image of that ſaint (a favourite one with the people) being painted on the pannels.

But by a letter in Stafford's Collection, dated April 1, 1634, it appears that hackney coaches were then to be hired in London at their ſtand at the Maypole in the Strand, or elſewhere; it is added, "Every body is much pleaſed with it. For, whereas before, coaches could not be had but at great rates; now a man may have one much cheaper."

The oath uſed among the Highlanders, in judicial proceedings, contains a moſt ſolemn denunciation of vengeance, in caſe of perjury, and involves the wife and children, the arable and the meadow land, of the party who takes it, all together in an abyſs of deſtruction. When it is adminiſtered, there is no book to be kiſſed, but the right hand is held up while the oath is repeated. To prove the ſuperior idea of ſanctity which this imprecation conveys to theſe who have been accuſtomed to it, it may be ſufficient to relate of a Highlander, who, at the Carliſle aſſizes, had ſworn poſitively, in the Engliſh mode, to a fact of conſequence. His indifference during that ſolemnity, having been obſerved by the oppoſite party, he was required to confirm his teſtimony by taking the oath of his own country to the ſame. "No, no," ſaid

ſaid the mountaineer, in his Northern dialect, "Ken ye not thar is a hantle o' difference, 'twixt bla-ing on a buke, and damming ane's ain ſaul!"

Such remarkable ill fate has attended ſome families, that none of the elder branches have eſcaped a violent end. The ſucceſſors of Charlemain, in his French dominions, were examples of a melancholy deſtiny. His ſon, Louis Debonnaire, died for want of food, in conſequence of a ſuperſtitious panic. His ſucceſſor, Charles the Bald, was poiſoned by his phyſician. The ſon of Charles, Louis the Stutterer, fell alſo by poiſon. Charles, King of Aquitaine, brother to Louis, met with his death by the ridiculous circumſtance of being deſperately wounded on the head by a lord, named Alcuin, whom he was endeavouring, by way of frolic, to terrify, in diſguiſe. Nor leſs ſtrange, though rather more picturesque, was the cauſe of deſtruction to Louis III. ſucceſſor to Louis the Stutterer. This gallant prince, having caſt his eyes on a handſome girl, (the daughter of a citizen named Germond,) as he was riding through the ſtreets of Tours, purſued her, inſtantly, with infinite agility. The terrified girl took refuge in a houſe, and the king, thinking more of her charms, than of the ſize of the gateway, attempting to force his horſe after her, broke his back, and died. He was ſucceeded by Carloman, who fell by an ill-directed ſpear, thrown by his own ſervant at a wild boar, although the dying prince had the generoſity to charge the beaſt with his death. Charles the Fat periſhed of want, grief, and poiſon, altogether. His ſucceſſor, Charles the Simple, died in priſon of penury and deſpair. Louis the Stranger, who ſucceeded him, was bruiſed to death as he was hunting. Lotharius and Louis V. the two laſt kings of the race of Charlemain, were both poiſoned by their wives, to whoſe little indiſcretions they had taken too much attention.

Of the whole line, after a revolution of 230 years, there now remained only Charles, Duke of Lorrain, and he, after an ineffectual ſtruggle in defence of his rights, againſt the ambitious and active Hugh Capet, ſunk beneath the fortune of his antagoniſt, and ended his life, and the family of Charlemain, in a lonely priſon.

It is an obſervation of the French hiſtorians, that the epithets given to the princes of Charlemain's race, were, almoſt all, expreſſive of the contemptuous light in which that family was held by the people over whom it reigned.

In our own iſland, we can produce in the royal line of Stuart, a race as ſteadily unfortunate as ever were recorded in hiſtory. Their misfortunes continued with unabated ſucceſſion, during 390 years.

The family of Lorges, Sieurs de Montgomeri, were ſingularly unfortunate. They were loyally attached to the crown of France, yet, it chanced that within the ſpace of forty years, two kings of that nation ſuffered, the one a ſevere wound, the other death, at their hands. It was in 1521, that Francis I. amuſing himſelf by attacking a houſe with ſnowballs, was wounded in the head by a firebrand, incautiouſly thrown from within by the Capitaine de Lorges; ſo ſeverely, that he was obliged to wear his hair ſhort for ſo conſiderable a time, that it became a faſhion at court. Afterwards in 1559, Le Compte de Montgomeri, ſlew Henry II. at a tournament. And although this unhappy event was every where acknowledged to be purely the effect of accident, nevertheleſs Catharine de Medicis, widow of the deceaſed king, purſued Montgomeri fifteen years, with active ven-

vengeance, nor ever ceaſed from the chaſe, until ſhe had actually brought him to the ſcaffold, and had cauſed his family and children to be declared infamous. "Let them ſubmit to the ſentence," ſaid the dying ſoldier, "and I am ready to join in their degradation, if they do not aſſert their claim to nobility by deeds worthy their anceſtry."

M. de Menſerade was deſired by a lady to tranſlate for her the motto, "Fundulo, ſed avito," which had been taken by one of high birth, but ſmall fortune. It means, ſaid he, "I am a beggar by hereditary right."

An ingenious French writer obſerves, that thoſe who depend on the merits of their anceſtors, may be ſaid to ſearch in the *root* of the tree, for thoſe fruits which the *branches* ought to produce.

The Folly of Affectation, expoſed.

IF I was aſked, which of all the qualities that conſtitute an amiable character would ſingly go fartheſt in gaining my love and admiration, I ſhould anſwer, without heſitation, ſimplicity. I cannot ſuppoſe myſelf peculiar in this preference; for I have obſerved the general attraction of this quality, which operates even on thoſe who are themſelves moſt deficient in it. How comes it then to paſs, that an exceſſive deſire of admiration always ſhews itſelf in affectation of ſome kind or other? That every one ſhould, in proportion to the ſtrength of this deſire, act in a manner which moſt effectually defeats the accompliſhment of it, is ſurely a phænomenon in the moral world not unworthy the inquiry of Philoſophers.

Affectation is ſo univerſally acknowledged to be diſguſting, that it is among the faults which the moſt intimate friends cannot venture gravely to reprove in each other; for, to tell your friends that they are habitually affected, is to tell them that they are habitually diſagreeable; which I am afraid nobody can bear to hear. I beg leave, therefore, as a general friend, without offending any, to whiſper to all thoſe whoſe hearts confeſs that vanity has inſpired them with any ſort of affectation, that it never does, nor ever can ſucceed, as a means of pleaſing.

I have a thouſand times wiſhed to tell Flirtilla, that the efforts ſhe makes to be conſtantly in motion, and perpetually giggling, do not paſs upon me for the vivacity of youth: I ſee they coſt her a great deal of trouble, and it gives me an irritation of nerves to look at her; ſo that it would have been much for her eaſe and mine, could I have ventured to beg that ſhe would always in my preſence give way to her natural languor and dulneſs, which would be far more agreeable to me.

Glorioſa, whenever a remarkable inſtance of generoſity or goodneſs is mentioned, takes infinite pains, with the moſt pompous eloquence, to convince me that the action ſeems poor to the greatneſs of her ſoul—that ſhe ſhould think half her fortune a trifling gift to a worthy friend—that ſhe would rather ſuffer the moſt exquiſite pain herſelf, than ſee a fellow-creature, though a ſtranger, endure it—and that it is a nobler effort in her to refrain from the moſt generous actions, than it would be in the greateſt miſer to perform them.—I long to let her know, that the only effect theſe declarations produce in my mind is a doubt, which I ſhould not otherwiſe have entertained, whether ſhe really poſſeſſes even the common portion of good-nature and benevolence.

Humanus, on the other hand, need not be ſo much aſhamed of his tender-

neſs and goodneſs of heart,—which is the only agreeable part of his character, and which all his affected roughneſs and inſenſibility cannot hide.—Be content, good Humanus; you never can attain the reputation, to which you aſpire, of a ſtern unfeeling heart; we all know you are good-natured and affectionate; and it is for the ſake of theſe qualities alone that we endure all the diſguſting airs of brutality you give yourſelf.

Poor young Saunter, having obſerved that the few men of faſhion and fortune who admit him into their company are gameſters and debauchees, thinks nothing more is neceſſary to make him appear like a man of faſhion and fortune than to be thought a gameſter and a debauchee. To this end he really practiſes ſome vices, and profeſſes many more. He will entertain you for hours with boaſting of ruinous betts which he never made, and riotous debauches of which he never was guilty. But no-body believes him: Every-body knows that the poor young man would be ſober enough, if he thought it genteel; and, notwithſtanding the great ſpirit with which he profeſſes to deſpiſe his too indulgent father, and to wiſh him dead, there are ſtrong ſuſpicions that he is not abſolutely without natural affection, and that he really does not behave ill to the good old man, except in the article of ſpending too much of his money. Let me perſuade you, Saunter, to make an experiment, whether the world would not receive you as well with a few good qualities, as with all the bad ones you aſſume. If you find it does not ſucceed, you may more eaſily return to the ways of vice, than you could to thoſe of virtue, ſhould you delay much longer, and ſhould you ever have ſenſe enough to perceive what a deſpicable animal vanity has made you.

The important airs and inſolence of a rich mechanic, juſt ſetting up for a Gentleman, is not a more deciſive mark of a low-lived man, than the over-ſtrained humility of Superbia is of an immeaſurable pride. Whilſt ſhe depreciates herſelf in every ſentence, and affects to exalt her companions ſo far above her, that ſhe will ſcarcely allow herſelf worthy to converſe with them, ſhe makes them feel her proud condeſcenſion in a manner that is more offenſive than the moſt openly aſſumed ſuperiority. Her aim is to place in the ſtrongeſt point of view the advantages ſhe has, or thinks ſhe has, over them, and then to be ſuppoſed ſuperior in herſelf to all thoſe advantages, and adorned with ſuch humility as muſt heighten their reſpect and admiration. Poor woman! ſhe fails in both theſe aims. Her affected humility renders her contemptibly ridiculous; and her real pride arms every body's ſelf-love againſt her, and diſpoſes them to under-value thoſe circumſtances on which they ſee ſhe founds her conſequence.

As liars often preſume ſo far on the politeneſs of the company—which forbids the flat contradiction of a matter of fact—as to utter the moſt palpable falſhoods; ſo the perſons I have deſcribed preſume, on the ſame grounds, that every one they converſe with is the dupe of their affectation. A little better opinion of the ſagacity of others would ſave both the affected and the cunning a world of unneceſſary trouble. Cunning does indeed ſometimes ſucceed in deceiving the particular perſon to whom it is applied; but a man, characteriſtically artful, is almoſt always ſeen through by the generality of the world. Affected geſtures, manner, or ſentiments in converſation, are obvious to every underſtanding: Every one joins in pronouncing them ridiculous.—One of the moſt affected women I ever knew ſaid to me once, in a tone of the utmoſt languor, "You know one had

better

better be dead than be affected!" Thus all condemn what they expect to be admired for, and hope, againſt all reaſon and probability, to impoſe on the world by the ſame arts which they can themſelves ſo eaſily diſcern in others, and ſo readily join to deride. C.

Spirited Repartee *of an* English Ambaſſador.

INSOLENCE and pride are generally allowed to be the prevailing characteriſtics of the Spaniards. Every rank in life is, more or leſs, infected with it, from the Monarch upon the throne, to the meaneſt of his vaſſal ſubjects. From thoſe who approach the royal preſence, the moſt abject ſubmiſſions are required, which ſeldom accord well with the temper and genius of their Engliſh viſitors.

An Ambaſſador from England, on being preſented to his Spaniſh Majeſty, was told to doſome particular homage, which, as being rather inconſiſtent with the inſtructions of his maſter, and too humiliating for the character he bore, he begged leave to decline.

The King was ſo offended at this imaginary inſult, that, in the view of putting him out of countenance, he cried aloud to the Courtiers around him, "What! has my *good brother* of England no other men in his court, that he has ſent me a *fool* to repreſent him?"

"O! yes, may it pleaſe your Majeſty," replied our Countryman, "My maſter has many men about him far wiſer than me, but he always makes it a rule to ſuit every *Ambaſſador* to the *King* with whom he is about to reſide."

TYCHO.

A ſhort Diſſertation on Maſks.

SINCE perfection is not to be expected in this world, I am glad to chooſe my companions according as their virtues preponderate, and their failings are found light, in my eſteem. Agreeable to this maxim, I ſhould alſo regulate myſelf in the choice of the fair-one I would marry, or in the preference of the book I would peruſe; provided always the firſt had good-nature, and the laſt had common-ſenſe, without which my happineſs or entertainment could never be completed.—Sterne being one of thoſe Authors whoſe excellencies greatly over-balance their defects, I frequently amuſe myſelf with him. Yet I cannot but confeſs he is ſometimes above my comprehenſion; for, in his life and opinions of Triſtram Shandy, he has ſingly undertaken what Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, in the memoirs of Martinus Scribleruſ, jointly began—a Satire on the abuſes of human learning. One muſt therefore have a ſmattering of every thing, thoroughly to underſtand him.—He is moreover, in his endeavours on all occaſions to be witty, not a little guilty of playing upon words, but, when he does lay earneſt hold of a ſubject, it muſt be acknowledged he treats it in a manner inimitable by any body elſe. I wiſh, for that reaſon, he had left leſs to the imagination of his readers concerning the ſubject I have now taken in hand; my friends would then have been better entertained with his obſervations than they can poſſibly be pleaſed with mine.

Not excepting the ſavage of the woods, which of us, almoſt from our cradle to our grave, wear not the maſk at times? We all wiſh to appear better than we are; and our very endeavours ſo to appear have often, in example, the effects of real virtue. I would not, therefore unmaſk the whole

whole human ſpecies. It is, beſides, an invidious taſk to attempt pulling the maſk off thoſe who wiſh to be concealed; and though the Author of the Fable of the Bees had only expatiated on this text of Scripture—"If we ſay we have no ſin, we deceive ourſelves, and the truth is not in us;" though he had allowed us ſome virtue, he would ſtill have acquired a character of ill-nature, which I ſhould be ſorry to get by my writings.

I am no enemy to a maſk, as long as it is put on with a good intention. A clergyman is, by his profeſſion, entitled to wear one; for, with the appearance of an extraordinary ſanctity of manners, he is to enforce his precepts by a good example. When he is to ſay grace at table, he is not to mutter a few haſty words, as if he were aſhamed of the office; nor is he to riſe up, in the middle of his ſtory, to return thanks, and, inſtead of the Amen, to conclude his thankſgiving with, "This is by way of parentheſis." Nor is he, in reading prayers at church, to ſmell at his noſegay, to puſh back his wig and wipe his ſweaty brow with his handkerchief, to loll lazily with both elbows on the deſk, to recline with his cheek on one hand, nor to be continually ſcratching his head. He is to addreſs his God with ſolemn voice and ſerious demeanour, that he may not, by his negligence, ſtrengthen the incredulity of unbelievers.

A judge is another that ought undoubtedly to be maſked during the time he is executing the duties of his office; for he is to impreſs the minds of his beholders with the higheſt notions of the auſterity of the law againſt its offenders, and of its due adminiſtration with the aid and interpretation of his own ſuperior wiſdom. When he pronounces ſentence of death on a criminal, he ought to deliver himſelf with the moſt awful dignity, with the moſt compoſed and ſerious countenance. A Judge on the Bench ought not ſuddenly to interrupt his jocular diſcourſe with the ladies who ſit near him, to put on his cap ſmiling, and pronounce ſentence of death as a thing of the leaſt importance.—An Alderman, for the reaſons aſſigned above, is alſo entitled to wear the maſk; and ſo is every country juſtice.

As for a phyſician, I am not quite ſo certain if a grave wiſe face is always of as much ſervice to his patients, as it is of uſe to himſelf, in procuring the public opinion of his experience and learning. If he be to wear a maſk, then, let it rather be of the comic kind; for the cheerful, good-natured looks of ſome doctors are an antidote to low ſpirits; whereas the ſad ſolemn features of others may (in hypochondriacal caſes) be as bad as the Undertaker's.

It is generally allowed, that the members of the Houſe of Commons would receive conſiderable addition to the dignity of their appearance, were they to attend the Houſe in ſerious maſks and dominos; I mean, that if they were never to ſit there but in robes and grave faces, more reſpect would be ſhewn to the repreſentatives of a great people, and leſs trifling would be ſome of their Speakers, than when ſo many of them attend in boots and leather breeches.

But no one has certainly greater occaſion to wear a maſk, than the Sovereign of a mighty Empire. And yet our good and gracious King wears the maſk but ſeldom; which I verily believe proceeds from his utter diſlike to one.

Self-defence juſtifies the uſe of a maſk at any time. When I perceive a man ſpeaking to me with a ſeeming ſincerity and candour, at the ſame time that he is only tempting me to lay myſelf open to him, that he may ridicule me in my abſence, or take ſome private advantage of what I might diſcloſe to him; I immediately maſk myſelf too, and let him ſee no more

more of me than I deſire ſhould be ſeen by the whole world.

I would, in this eſſay, willingly expoſe thoſe ſelfiſh or mean ſpirited wretches who live in an eternal dread of what men might ſay of them, or in a continued hypocritical diſguiſe, with the ſole purpoſe of ſerving their own private intereſt.—'Tis certainly a moſt laudable deſire to wiſh to ſtand well in the eſteem of our fellow creatures; and in trifling concerns or amuſements I would cheerfully give up my own taſte or opinions, rather than I would forfeit the good-will of my neighbours; but, in the great and important tranſactions of life, a man ought to be guided by the noble motive alone of pleaſing his Creator; and the fear of offending him ſhould be the only reſtraint upon his actions. One had better be born to a mild ſervitude or ſlavery, than live under a conſtant apprehenſion of his neighbour's cenſure.—I have an ample fortune, which enables me to live in affluent and independent circumſtances; ſhall I marry Clariſſa, born of honeſt and worthy parents, and bleſſed with every virtue and accompliſhment to render our marriage happy? No; I muſt not think of it: ſhe is but a farmer or a tradeſman's daughter, and I ſhould be the ridicule of all my gay acquaintances.—I cannot join in every prayer of the church ſervice, and I diſapprove of its forms and repetitions—but I muſt attend the church; for if I diſſent, and go to the meeting, I ſhall be laughed at by my epiſcopal neighbours. Or, perhaps, though educated a preſbyterian, I ſhould wiſh to join in ſome form of prayer, rather than endure the abſurdity of my miniſter, who will ſometimes, at pleaſure, (as it is left to him) invoke God for me in impertinent nonſenſe. Yet I muſt be maſked, and attend the meeting, or I ſhall paſs for a graceleſs apoſtate, among a congregation of very religious people.—Nay, if I am born among Roman Catholics, I muſt be doubly maſked (as Mr. Brydone tells me in his tour to Sicily and Malta); and I muſt kneel, however againſt my opinion, to the Hoſt and to all the ſaintly images; and I muſt pay adoration to the Virgin Mary. That gentleman even blames a blunt Engliſhman for ſtanding up unmaſked, one day, when the Hoſt paſſed him.

This would naturally lead us into the conſideration of forms and ceremonies of every denomination; but I muſt confine my obſervations within the ſhort limits of a paper. Forms and ceremonies are oftentimes but maſks, which the crafty make uſe of to impoſe on the ignorance and credulity of mankind; and ſo far as they tend to maintain the peace and good order of ſociety, they ought undoubtedly to be ſupported: but when they are employed by the great and opulent to keep the poor in the groſſeſt ignorance, and in the moſt abject ſtate of dependence, the maſk ſhould be pulled off, the cheats detected, the ceremonies levelled, and the forms aboliſhed.

In fact, if we look round us in the world, we ſhall ſee that they are the prudent and ſelfiſh who are in general reputed to be righteous overmuch.—In attending regularly the Church, and ſcrupulouſly obſerving its ceremonies, they miſtake the *means* of becoming virtuous for *real* virtue. Some of them, indeed, may excel in the negative virtues;—they will not drink, they will not wh—e, they will not ſwear—all perfectly commendable. But what good have they done to their fellow-creatures? Their virtue, therefore, centers in itſelf; but the virtue of the noble and generous, like the light of the ſun, diffuſes itſelf on every one around them.

I would not be underſtood to diſcourage the attending Church on the Sunday. As that is the only day of the

the week in which the laborious part of mankind have opportunity to improve their underſtanding, the rich (were it only for example's ſake) ought to keep it holy. Nor would I be thought to caſt any reflections againſt frequent ſecret prayer to the Almighty. On the contrary, the effuſions of a grateful heart heighten the enjoyment of every bleſſing in life; and a due reſignation to the Divine Will, and a firm confidence in the goodneſs of the All-wiſe diſpoſer of events, are the beſt comforts under every misfortune he may afflict us with. Beſides, no ingenuous mind can be conſtantly humbling itſelf before God, without as conſtantly recollecting, and forming a reſolution to amend itſelf.

I once knew a Gentleman ſo well perſuaded of the truth of this remark, as even in a dangerous ſickneſs to be deterred from praying for the recovery of his health. Going one day to ſee him when he was ſeverely attacked, I aſked him how he found himſelf? "Oh! very ill, indeed! I never had ſuch an inclination to pray in my life." "And why don't you pray then? ſaid I.—"To ſay the truth, my friend," replied he, "I could not bring myſelf to promiſe never to ſin again; without which I thought my prayers would have little effect."

I knew another Gentleman as little given to implore the daily protection of God.—He belonged to the army; and happened to be fiſhing with another Officer in one of the rivers which empty themſelves into the St. Laurence, not a great diſtance from Quebec. They were in a little canoe, which they ſuffered to float ſo long with the ſtream, that, without perceiving it, they were got into a ſtrong current, and were precipitately driving to a cataract: there they muſt have been daſhed againſt the rocks, ſunk, and inevitably periſhed. They tugged and laboured at the oars, as ſoon as they ſaw their danger; but, they were ſtill approaching the fall, and could not get out of the current. One of them then deſpairing, threw down his oar, and fell on his knees in devout invocation to God. The other ſtuck to his oar through perfect ſhame, in his perilous ſituation, of imploring the Omnipotent aſſiſtance. "I thought," ſaid he to me, when he told me the ſtory, "that as it had been a long time ſince I had prayed to God before, he would look down on me with utter contempt: I thought I heard his tremendous voice reproaching me in theſe words: 'Are 'not you a pitiful, cowardly raſcal 'to be praying to me now you are 'going to death?—You who forgot 'me in the days of your proſperity, 'what expectation can you have that 'I ſhould prolong your exiſtence?'—So I took both the oars, added he, and while my companion prayed, I rowed with all my might; and I tugged ſo tight, that at laſt, with the bleſſing of God, I got the canoe ſafe into a creek." Theſe men had ſouls above diſſembling virtue; and deplorable as their ſituations were, I leave it to Caſuiſts to determine, whether their inward conviction of unworthineſs would not lead as readily to repentance, as the feigned ſanctity of ſome hypocrites, or the uſeleſs maſked life of a Monk.

The Candid Corrector.

AS every man's favourite purſuit has been for ſome years, and is now, generally called his Hobby-horſe, I ſhall avail myſelf of this faſhionable mode of expreſſion, made current, though not coined, by the facetious author of Triſtram Shandy, and proceed, without any further introduction, to exhibit a few characters, who,

who, by their reſpective hobbies, diſtinguiſh themſelves as candidates for renown.

The *Miniſter's* hobby is *Ambition:* his ſupreme delight is to hold the *reins* of government in his hand, to *ride* the nation with *ſharp ſpurs*, and *to curb* all who *kick up a duſt againſt him*, and *carry their heads* high, in oppoſition to his meaſures; but with all his prancing, and pawing, and parading, in his *rich trappings*, he may, while he goes on at a *powerful, deep rate*, and thinks himſelf *firm* in his *ſeat*, be *diſmounted* by thoſe who, *covetous of his ground*, are in continual *training* to *throw him out of the ſaddle.*

The *Patriot's* hobby is *Popularity:* for the gratification of that paſſion he will *curry* favour with the loweſt beings exiſting, and if he is of a ſcribling turn, will *litter* every place with his inflammatory pieces. He is a *reſtiff, hard-mouthed* animal, and often deſerves a *bridle* for his tongue, when he is railing till he almoſt *loſes his wind* againſt every miniſterial proceeding, right or wrong. With regard to real patriotiſm, however, he is *no where;* for, if any ſcheme is propoſed for the public good, he *ſtarts* away, and ſhews that he has not a drop of patriotic *blood* in his veins: he is full of *flaws*, and *heeds* nothing but ſedition.

The *Libertine's* hobby is *Seduction:* he is a very *unlucky, vicious animal*, and ſo mettleſome, that it is the moſt difficult thing in the world to *break* him of bad habits.— He "rejoiceth in his ſtrength;" and in the pride of youth, while he has no keepers to reſtrain him, with particular pleaſure,

"——— ſnuffs the females in forbidden ground."

He is often *neighing* after his neighbour's wife, but would *gallop* away from the firſt *brood of mares*, if any one attempted to put the *harneſs* of matrimony upon him. Sometimes, when he has *ſown his wild oats*, he grows ſo tame that the moſt timorous female may *ſtroke* him with ſafety; but he frequently comes to a miſerable end; and after having made a wretched appearance in *Rotten Row*, finiſhes his courſe at *Devil's Ditch.*

The *Man of Honour's* hobby is a *duel;* he cares not a *ſtraw* about the merits of a diſpute; but when he is *pricked forward* by reſentment, *whips* a man through the body without the leaſt remorſe; and now and then *turns too ſhort* upon his adverſary to gain advantage over him.

The *Miſer's* hobby is *Money*; if he has but a *full cheſt* he is ſatisfied; and he is ever on the *hoof* to *take ſomebody in*, and if he can *jockey* a friend out of a ſhilling, looks upon himſelf as a *knowing one.* Tightly *girted* by avarice, he has no feelings for the joys or griefs of others: his heart is as hard as a *ſtone*; he is *aſtray* in the midſt of ſociety, and often deſerves to be *pounded* for having recourſe to the ſhabbieſt tricks to make himſelf a man of *weight.*

The *Poet's* hobby is *Fame.* 'Tis diverſion enough to ſee an old bard, *paſt ſervice, laſhing* his *jade* of genius, only to *ſtir-up* the compaſſion of ſome people, and the indignation of others: ſuch a bard, could he poſſibly arrive at the top of *Parnaſſus*, by being buckled to the fleeteſt *Pegaſus* in *Apollo's ſtud*, would on his appearance before the muſes, make the moſt contemptible figure; and inſtead of being honoured with the *laurel*, he would be diſgraced with a *dock.*

Such are the common purſuits of common men: my friend, Charles Freeman, deviating from the vulgar tracks, whiſks into a new path of *Hobbyiſm.* Without abilities for the cabinet, without any inclination to add fuel to the flame of popular diſcontent, without wiſhing to ſhine as a ſeducer of women, without envying the coffers of the miſer, or the couplets of the poet, he *walks* quietly through life, never *ſtumbling*, never making any

falſe

falſe ſteps. Charles's *Hobby*, in ſhort, is Virtue, in the moſt extenſive ſenſe of the word. With a good head, he always thinks right: with a good heart, he always acts well; and while he ſquares his conduct by the rules of virtue, he finds himſelf in poſſeſſion of *that plate* [more valuable than even the King's] which thouſands run for in vain, the plate of Happineſs.

ANECDOTE *of the late* GENERAL BLIGH.

WHEN Mr. Bligh was a Captain in a marching regiment, as he and his Lady were travelling in Yorkſhire, they put up at an inn, where there happened to be only juſt as much in the larder as would ſerve them for dinner, which was immediately ordered. In the mean time, ſome ſporting Gentleman of the country coming in, and finding there was nothing in the houſe but what was getting ready for another company, aſked who they were? The Landlord told them he did not directly know, but he believed the Gentleman was an *Iriſh Officer*. "Oh, d—n him, if he's Iriſh, (ſays one of the company) a *potatoe* will ſerve him." Here, Waiter, take up this watch (pulling out an elegant gold watch) carry this up ſtairs, and aſk the Gentleman what's a clock? The Waiter at firſt remonſtrated, but the company inſiſting upon his delivering the meſſage, he was obliged to comply. Mr. Bligh, as may well be imagined, was ſurprized at ſuch an impudent meſſage, but recollecting himſelf a moment, took the watch from the Waiter, and ſent his compliments to the company, he would tell them before he parted. This meſſage, however, produced his dinner to be ſent up to him in quiet; which after he had eat, he claps a couple of large horſe piſtols under his arm, and going down ſtairs, introduced himſelf into the company who had ſent up ſuch a meſſage, by telling them he was come to let them know *what a clock it was;* but firſt begged to be informed, to which of the Gentleman the watch belonged? Here a dead ſilence enſued. Mr Bligh then began on his right hand, by aſking them ſeverally the queſtion, each of whom denied knowing any thing of the circumſtance. "Oh, then, Gentlemen (ſays he) I find I have miſtaken the company; the Waiter a while ago brought me an impudent meſſage from ſome people in this houſe, which I came (as you ſee, pointing to his piſtols) properly to reſent, but I find I have miſtaken the room." Saying this, he wiſhed them a good evening, which they as politely returned, paid his bill, ſtept into his carriage, and drove off with the watch in his pocket, which he kept to his death, and has lately left it by will, with a large fortune, to his brother, the preſent Dean of Elphin.

A NEW METHOD *to convert a Man from* DRUNKENNESS.

CHAPELLE was a man of a very ſingular character; he was learned, but hated pedantry in his converſation; he had abundance of refined and pleaſing drollery; he was fond of ſociety, and loved now and then to play the Epicure: in ſhort, his company was coveted by all who knew, or pretended to know, the *bon ton*.—It was his misfortune, that he was too fond of liquor; his friends wanted to break him of ſo pernicious a cuſtom. Boileau who loved him, undertook to preach him out of it. One day he met him in the ſtreets of Paris, and immediately began his lecture; he talked ſo powerfully, that Cha-

Chapelle liſtened to him with great attention; as they walked on, Chapelle obſerved that they were juſt oppoſite to a tavern:—Come, ſays he, let us juſt ſtep into this houſe, that I may hear what you have to ſay at leiſure, and without diſturbance; for upon my word, my dear friend, you have moved me greatly.—A bottle of wine was called for, to be ſure, and another, and another after that; for Boileau thought it beſt to preſs the argument while his penitent was warm, and under conviction. In ſhort, the convertor and converted took ſo hearty a doſe, that the man of the tavern thought proper to have them both carried home to their beds.

An Adventure in a Stage Coach.

From Governeſſes, *ſuch as theſe,*
Your Girls, ye Mothers, quickly ſeize!

RETURNING from a friend's houſe, a little way out of town, the other day, in a Stage-coach, I met with no ſmall amuſement, and quite ſuitable to my diſpoſition, which has ever been a merry one. In our way we took up an ordinary man, according to his appearance, with his wife and daughter. The two latter, by their converſation with each other, ſoon informed me who they were. The Lady's firſt addreſs to *me* was about weather; concerning which ſhe very judiciouſly obſerved, that it had been for ſome time uncommonly hot; "and yet, Sir, continued ſhe, there "was a fine *Rorus Borus* t'other "night, which is *ſeldom* ſeen at this "time of year."

"La! Mamma," replied Miſs, interrupting her (a girl about fourteen)—"how you always murder "that poor word! Has not Mr. *Claſſic*, our Curate, told you a thouſand times, that it was *Aurora Borealis?*"

"And are you not a pert huſſey to find fault with your mother, eſpecially before folks?" ſaid the father. "But indeed, Sir," continued he, turning to me, "the girl is quite ſpoiled by keeping *the beſt company*. You muſt know, that Mr. *Claſſic*'s ſiſter is one of our half-boarders, and Polly is always catching and letting out ſome words neither ſhe nor any body elſe underſtands."

"I wiſh, Papa, you would leave off calling me Polly," ſaid Miſs, with pouting looks; "I am ſure it is the vulgareſt ſound in the world; none of our Ladies would bear it—but, indeed, they have all genteeler names."

"Why, you know, child," ſaid her mother, "that they *comes* of great families: yet we have very good relations, too," added ſhe, turning to me, "though I was reduced to ſet up a Boarding-ſchool, becauſe I choſe rather to work for my living, than *ax* any body for any thing."

"Lord, how Mamma talks!" cried Miſs. "She would make people believe we were nothing at all: but, indeed, I don't care, as long as we don't keep a naſty ſhop: whatever I am, I am above ſtanding behind a counter, that I know."

"You talk like a ſimpleton," replied her mother; "I am ſure I ſhould be very glad if your father had a good ſhop to mind—it would be a vaſt help to us; for you muſt know, Sir," added ſhe, turning again to me, "he helps to teach ſome of the little ones their letters: but Mr. *Claſſic* ſays he is not *learned* enough, as yet, to be Reading maſter to the ſchool. So that I believe, I muſt get Mr. *Claſſic* to take that place upon himſelf, as it is quite neceſſary the Ladies ſhould know how to ſpeak proper, and be taught to write letters, which is a great ſervice to them; for I dare ſay you cannot gueſs how much it

coſts me, in paying a perſon to write to the friends of our young Ladies."

"I think, Madam," replied I, "your daughter might ſave you all that expence, if you told her what to ſay."

"Upon my word," anſwered Miſs, drawing up her long neck, "I ſhould not have thought of that, indeed. I believe I can write a letter to any body, fully as well as Mamma; and when we have got a reading-maſter to teach me how to ſpell the hard words, I ſhall not yield to the beſt Lady in the land."

"No," replied her mother, with a look and tone, as if ſhe was proud of her daughter's knowledge; "Mary is quite an accompliſhed girl: but I cannot ſpare her, Sir, to ſpend ſo much of her time at her pen, as ſhe teaches French work, and *Tambour*, and can make pictures in ſhades, and in human hair. Indeed, Mr.——," naming her huſband, "might be of vaſt uſe in the ſchool, if he was not ſo *littery* a man: but he is fit for nothing, and married me purely to be kept. I am ſure, I was at expence enough before: but I did not know that he was ſuch a *do-little*. He cannot ſpeak a ſingle word of French."

"Don't abuſe me," exclaimed her huſband, interrupting her (he ſeemed to be a tame animal, who would patiently bear a good deal of correction); "don't, I ſay: becauſe I have not been learnt your outlandiſh *lingo*, it is not my fault. As for you Mrs.——, you can't ſpeak *Engliſh*; and that's more neceſſary in a Boarding-ſchool, where there is ſuch a jabbering all day long, enough to deafen one. I am very poſitive," continued he, addreſſing himſelf to me, "my wife was nothing upon earth but a Barber's daughter, who happening to go over to Boulogne with her father to learn to dreſs hair, got a ſort of a ſmattering kind of jargon, neither one thing nor the other; and ſo ſhe comes over, and ſets up a French Boarding-ſchool, where the children are taught nothing that can be of uſe to them. Inſtead of learning to mend their linen, and make ſhifts, they ſit ſtitching ſhoes, and flowers in aprons and ruffles, from morning to night, except when they are making curtſies with their dancing-maſter, or tinkling the ſpinnet; and now, truly, they muſt ſpend that time in ſcrawling letters to nobody knows who, which might be employed to ſome purpoſe in learning to make a good pudding or pie."

Here the Lady and her daughter felt themſelves exceedingly offended, and began to articulate a ſort of language, which convinced me, in a ſtill more forcible manner, that they were totally unfit for the buſineſs in which they were engaged. It was with difficulty, indeed, that I refrained from laughing loudly at them; but not having the leaſt inclination to bring myſelf into a quarrel with a couple of ſuch characters, I deſired the coachman to let me out, that I might give a looſe to my merriment. I then went on homewards, making reflections upon Boarding-ſchools for young Ladies in general, and upon thoſe which are conducted by ſome of the moſt illiterate and under-bred women in the kingdom, in particular. From the politeſt Seminaries of this kind for the Miſſes of the Age, they do not always come into *the world* to the greateſt advantage; but in thoſe under the direction of Governeſſes like my companions above mentioned, of which the number is conſiderable—I was going to ſay—lamentable—what a farce is Female Education!

The SECRET *how to keep a* HUSBAND *true.*

WITHOUT any deſire to be conſidered as wiſer than the reſt

reſt of the *thinking* part of the world, I would wiſh to communicate to married Ladies a *Secret* of ſome value, which, if properly attended to, however *bitter* it may at firſt appear to the taſte, will not fail to give a never-fading luſtre to beauty.

To keep a huſband true, the wife muſt herſelf be ſtrictly virtuous, not fond of the company of other men, however innocent may be their connection and amuſements. Where ſhe cannot, conſiſtently with truth, take his part in any argument ſtarted in company, inſtead of joining againſt him, ſhe ſhould either be ſilent, or prudently endeavour to turn the converſation to another ſubject more to his advantage. Nothing more effectually leſſens man and wife in the eyes of the world, than when they publicly differ in opinion; and it is of little conſequence which may have the moſt reaſon on their ſide, ſince both will equally ſuffer by the deciſion:—Modeſty and diffidence are the greateſt ornaments of a married woman.

If decently ornamenting the perſon is indiſpenſably neceſſary *before* marriage, it is ſtill more ſo *after;* and nothing can be more fatal to conjugal happineſs, than that careleſſneſs of dreſs, that looſe and diſorderly attire, to which too many married Ladies give themſelves up. When a Huſband finds in his *Wife*, a very different woman from her he *courted*, indifference, if not diſguſt, will undoubtedly enſue; and there will be no wonder in it if the huſband roves abroad, like the Bee, in ſearch of new ſweets.

That enchanting inſtrument, the female tongue, when *properly* attuned, is more powerful than all the charms of muſic. By this the ſtubborn ſoul of mankind is ſoftened, and men know not how to refuſe, when women know but how to aſk. Were every woman in this reſpect a Cleopatra, every man would be a Marc Antony. Happily for men, the generality of women do not know their own power, or how much mankind would be their ſlaves, were they conſtantly to exert thoſe tender and endearing arts, which Nature has ſo laviſhly beſtowed on them. Anger, violence, and rage, deform the female figure, and a turbulent woman diſgraces the delicacy of her ſex. When violence reigns, love ſoon takes its departure from that quarter. Be adviſed, ye fair, never be loud or violent, if you mean or wiſh to be happy.

The characteriſtics of an engaging temper are mildneſs and cheerfulneſs, and with theſe two qualities a woman muſt pleaſe a huſband. To engaging manners women owe the ſtability of their empire; and the leſs power they aſſume, the more they will have. Too many women, far from betaking themſelves to the road pointed out by nature, ſeem to endeavour to counteract its intentions. Some, inſtead of mildneſs, their natural appendage, aſſume an imperious haughtineſs, kindling at the ſlighteſt contradiction, and impoſing their fallies as laws: others, miſtaking arrogance for an air of grandeur, deſpiſe delicacy as a mean virtue; and beſides an overbearing freedom in all their behaviour, a peremptory pride diſplays itſelf in their countenance and *nod:* Some others, inſtead of that placid ſerenity ſo graceful to their ſex, affect a gloomineſs and melancholy: they are no ſooner out of bed, than they ſet up their lamentations—every thing vexes them even to provocation—they wiſh themſelves in their grave; and thus, inſtead of that pleaſure and harmony which Hymen promiſed them, they diffuſe ſadneſs and languor around them. The conſequence of all this is, the huſband flies to a tavern for amuſement, and hates the very name of Home. The cheerful glaſs goes round, the evening imperceptibly ſteals away, and the huſband thinks not of returning till the dawn of

Aurora tells him it is high time to depart. He ſtaggers home, and his wife is ready to receive him, not in the language of reaſon, but with the fury of a Xantippe. Thus is the married ſtate rendered, of all others, the moſt hateful and lamentable.

My fair countrywomen will readily excuſe the liberty I have here taken in thus cenſuring the conduct of ſome ladies, ſince, if they look around them, they will find too many originals that correſpond with this picture. It is true, indeed, that there are ſome men of ſo perverſe a diſpoſition, that neither love nor friendſhip can bring them to act like reaſonable creatures; but let married women take this as a certain *rule*, If *love* and *tenderneſs* cannot ſubdue the ferocity of him with whom they may be unfortunately connected, *fury* and *violence* never will obtain that happy end. B.

Extraordinary Anecdote.

IN the Gazette Litteraire of Berlin, I find the following extraordinary ſtory pretty well atteſted, and as ſuch I give it you, without being anſwerable for the truth of it.

A father and ſon of the town of Gand were accuſed of having murdered the rector of the pariſh-church, and ſtealing from it the plate, to a conſiderable value; for which ſuppoſed offence they were haſtily tried and condemned to loſe their heads on a certain fixed day. It happened, however, that the executioner was too ill to attend his duty, and as the ſentence, by the law of the country, could not be deferred to another day, the magiſtrates offered the life of one, to become the executioner of the other. The father rejected the propoſal with horror; but the ſon, without any heſitation, acquieſced. The father was accordingly led out to execution, but did not know by whoſe hands he was to ſuffer, till he ſaw his ſon armed with a naked ſabre on the ſcaffold, where he embraced him, and poured out affliction like a flood. It is not, ſaid he, the fear of death, but the unnatural hand by whom I am to die, is what afflicts me; for being innocent of the crime laid to my charge, I have more to hope than to fear. He then took a tender leave of his ſon, and laid his head on the billet to ſubmit to the fatal blow; but to the aſtoniſhment of all preſent, when the ſon was lifting up the ſabre, the blade, without any violence, broke in the middle; a circumſtance ſo extraordinary, that the multitude, with one voice, called out for *grace* (pardon) and the civil magiſtrates conducted the father and ſon to their former confinement, and informed the prince with what had happened on the ſcaffold, who, in conſequence thereof, pardoned them both: ſoon after which a criminal was executed, who confeſſed being the real murderer of the Curé, and the plunderer of the church.

Whether this ſtory be true or not I cannot affirm; but that there is upon a little bridge near the fiſh-market in the town of Gand, two ſtatues in bronze, where one is repreſented in the very action of cutting off the head of the other, is very certain: and the ſame ſtory ſeems to be repreſented in a picture ſtill preſerved in the Hotel de Ville of Gand. I cannot, however, (being an enemy to ſuperſtition, and an unbeliever of whatever ſeems ſupernatural) help obſerving, that as this event is recorded to have happened in the year 1371, that perhaps the ſtory was made to account for the figures on the bridge, inſtead of the figures being made to commemorate a ſtory, which ſeems to a be provincial ſtain and blemiſh on the people. Yet if ever the hand of Providence ſtooped to the hand of man, this was ſure-

ly,

ly, according to human judgement, a time when the grace of God, as well as that of man, might unite to ſave the innocent father, and withhold the unnatural arm of the ſon.

I am, yours &c.

A TRAVELLER.

A remarkable old American Anecdote.

IN the year 1636, when the colony of Guadaloupe was in its earlieſt infancy, and but in a low, diſtreſſed condition, one d'Olive, being governor of the iſland, formed a project of making war on the friendly natives, in hopes to better the circumſtances of the coloniſts, by plundering thoſe poor people of their manioc, and other proviſions; and, indeed, determining to deſtroy them all. He, therefore, loſt no time, but forming the minds of the few people that remained to his purpoſe, he began to make war upon the ſavages, Jan. 26, 1636, by ordering ſome of them, who appeared in a canoe making for the fort, to be cut to pieces the moment they landed: but they providentially ſteered another courſe. Some of theſe poor wretches, deſtined for ſlaughter, having carried off ſome cotton from the Cul-de Sac, to which, perhaps, they had been enticed by ſome of d'Olive's wicked emiſſaries, though they had left in the room of it a hog, and ſome fruit really more in value, it was thought a ſufficient motive for commencing hoſtilities. By precaution, however, one Fontaine was diſpatched with fifteen ſtout ſoldiers, to make a tour round the iſland, and bring off by fair means a few French, who had for two or three months paſt ſojourned among the ſavages. Theſe poor people, ſuſpecting nothing, received Fontaine and his men with great ſatisfaction, regaled them in the beſt manner they could, reſtored their countrymen to them, and warned them that a ſmall Engliſh veſſel had landed ſome men upon the iſland, who had viſited them, and propoſed an alliance againſt the French; that they had openly rejected their overtures; and that the Engliſh were now gone up the country in ſearch of game. Fontaine made ſo good a uſe of this intelligence, that he took the Engliſh veſſel, and brought her to Fort St. Peter.

Three days after this action d'Olive, with ſome deſperadoes, inured to villany, embarked to viſit the habitations of the ſavages in that part of the iſland where now ſtands Port Royal, reporting that they were going in ſearch of a more convenient ſpot than that which they at preſent occupied. The ſavages, having by ſome means or other been advertiſed of their cruel intention, had abandoned the place, carried off their proviſions, and ſet fire to their huts; ſo that when d'Olive landed, he found only an old man, aged ſixty-ſix, named Yance, with two of his ſons, and two other young men, who had not time to make their eſcape. Theſe people, when they ſaw the French approach, made all poſſible ſigns of ſubmiſſion, crying out, "France, no angry with us;" and being aſſured no hurt was deſigned them, they ſurrendered at diſcretion.

D'Olive now changed both his looks and diſcourſe, and with a ſtern countenance, called the old man villain and traitor; accuſing him of conſpiring with other natives againſt the colony, and agreeing to cut all the throats of the French. The poor man denied the charge, with all the openneſs and honeſt aſſurance that always accompanies truth: declaring, at the ſame time, that he and all his countrymen were ſo ſtrongly attached to the French, that they would leave nothing undone to ſerve them; but d'Olive taking a watch

out

out of his pocket, ſhewed it to him, telling him it was the devil of France, and that he had been aſſured by him of what he had affirmed. The Indian, aſtoniſhed at the noiſe and motion of this little machine, which he really ſuppoſed a ſpirit, and the author of the calumny, exclaimed againſt it with ſtrong invictives and reſentment, declaring it to be an impoſtor and a liar, and ſwearing ſolemnly, that neither he nor any of his countrymen had conceived the leaſt deſign againſt the French. To confirm the truth of this aſſeveration, they commanded him to order the women, who were in ſight, to come in and ſurrender; to which he readily conſented, giving a commiſſion for that purpoſe to one of his ſons: but the young man, inſtead of returning, took his flight with the women.

This ſo enraged d'Olive, that dragging Yance and his other ſon into the ſhallop, they killed the young man with their poinards, in ſight of the unhappy father, whom they afterwards ſtabbed in ſeveral parts of the body, and then flung him into the ſea, where, being of a robuſt conſtitution, he kept himſelf up for ſome time by ſwimming, intreating them with tears, and the moſt piteous cries, to ſave his life, but in vain, for theſe mercileſs villains knocked him on the head with their oars. The two other young men they preſerved alive, only till they ſhould guide them to the retreat of the women, in the way to which, one of them took an opportunity of leaping from a precipice, and tho' he was much bruiſed, he made ſhift to travel five leagues to the women and his comrades, whom he informed of the approach and inſatiate cruelty of the French. On this they haſtily retired farther up the country, having firſt grubbed up all the *manioc*, and other proviſions on the ground, in ſuch a manner, that when theſe bloody villains arrived here, they ſtood upon the relief which they ſought, without knowing it to be ſo near. The other ſavage, whom they had preſerved alive to be their guide, having found an opportunity of eſcaping in the night, they were forced to return without their errand.

REVOLUTION IN *FRANCE.*

HIS Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty opened the ſeſſion of the States-General of the kingdom on the 7th of May: we ſhall give a conciſe narrative of the proceedings of that Aſſembly ſince that time, and which have produced a revolution unparalleled, we believed, in the annals of the world.

The Aſſembly ſat ſeveral days without having brought forward any buſineſs of the nation, or even concluded on the mode in which it was to be tranſacted.

After much ill-will and contention between the three orders of the State, on the 19th of May the Clergy acquainted the Nobility and the Commons or Third Eſtate, that they were willing to renounce their peculiar privileges. This important queſtion was moſt violently debated and oppoſed, but at length carried by a ſmall majority.

This point being ſettled, the Commons acquainted the Nobility and Clergy, that they had appointed commiſſioners to confer with them to prove the powers of each Deputy, to which they aſſented with ſome complimentary words on this conciliating diſpoſition.

On the 28th of May, the following letter, written by the King of France to the Aſſembly, was circulated in Paris:

" I have been informed that the difficulties which have been made relative

lative to the aſcertaining of the powers * veſted in the members of the States-General ſtill ſubſiſt, notwithſtanding the care taken by the Commiſſioners choſen by the three Eſtates to find out the means of ſettling this point. I cannot ſee without pain, and indeed much uneaſineſs, the National Aſſembly which I have called together to be concerned with me in the new regulation of the kingdom, ſunk into inaction, which if continued would cauſe all the hopes which I have formed for the happineſs of my people, and the benefit of the State, to vaniſh away. Under theſe circumſtances I deſire that the conciliatory commiſſioners already choſen by the three orders reſume their conferences to-morrow at ſix o'clock in the evening, and, for this occaſion, in the preſence of my guard of ſeſſion and commiſſioners whom I ſhall join with them, in order that I may be more particularly informed of the propoſals for agreement which ſhall be made, and directly contribute to ſo deſirable and preſſing a ſtate of harmony. I charge the perſon who ſhall exerciſe the office of Preſident to make known theſe my intentions of the Aſſembly."

In anſwer to this letter, the following juſtificatory Addreſs was preſented to the King from the Commons or Third Eſtate on June 6.

" SIRE,

" The Deputies of your faithful Commons would have long ſince preſented to your Majeſty the reſpectful proof of their gratitude for the convocation of the States, if their powers had been verified; which they would have been, if the *Nobleſſe had not inceſſantly raiſed new obſtacles.*— They, with the moſt lively impatience, wait the inſtant of their verification, in order to offer a more diſtinguiſhed homage of their love for your ſacred perſon and auguſt family, and their devotion to the intereſts of the Monarch, which are inſeparable from thoſe of the nation.

" The ſolicitude which your Majeſty feels from the inaction of the States, is a new proof of your deſire to procure the happineſs of France. Af-

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* That every one of our readers may underſtand the cauſe of theſe diſputes, which are rather difficult to deſcribe to thoſe unacquainted with the ſubject, we ſhall remark, that the three orders of the State, namely, the Nobility, Clergy, and Third Eſtate, are each obliged to prove the *verification of their powers*, or, in other words, to prove, firſt—the right of their electors to ſend them to Parliament; and ſecondly, to prove their qualifications of having been duly elected. This again may require ſome explanation; for as no Aſſembly of the States General has been held ſince the year 1614, and as many towns which are at preſent in the moſt populous and flouriſhing ſtate, did not exiſt at that diſtant period, or were then too inſignificant to ſend Deputies to Parliament, theſe of courſe now, from their importance, put in a claim of repreſentation, and have accordingly elected Deputies. The only tribunal which could properly decide on the merits of theſe petitions, was the Aſſembly itſelf, when once formed. This is what the French have termed the *verification of the powers of the elected.*

The firſt thing to be conſidered, was in what manner this queſtion ſhould be decided, and who were the proper perſons to do it.

It was a cauſe of very ſerious debate, how theſe three orders of Repreſentatives ſhould vote, whether in a body, or in ſeparate Chambers. The Third Eſtate violently proteſted againſt the latter mode, as in that caſe, were the Nobility and Clergy to join, it would be two to one againſt them.

Afflicted by this fatal inaction, the Deputies of the Commons have tried all means to determine those of the Clergy and Nobleſſe to unite with them to eſtabliſh the National Aſſembly; but the Nobleſſe having again expreſſed their reſolution of verifying their powers in a ſeparate body, the conciliatory conferences begun on this important queſtion were terminated. Your Majeſty has deſired that they might be reſumed in the preſence of the Lord Keeper, and others, whom you have appointed. The Deputies of the Commons, aſſured that under a Prince who wiſhes to be the Reſtorer of France, the liberty of the National Aſſembly cannot be in danger, have been eager to comply with your Majeſty's deſire. They are convinced that an exact account of theſe conferences being laid before your eyes, will ſhew, in the motives which direct them, nothing but the principles of juſtice and of reaſon. Sire, your faithful Commons will never forget what they owe to their King, nor that *alliance between the Throne and the People againſt all Ariſtocracies*, whoſe power cannot be eſtabliſhed but on the ruins of the royal authority, and the public felicity. The people of France, who have ever gloried in loving their Kings, will always be ready to ſhed their blood, and give their fortunes to ſupport the true principles of Monarchy. From the firſt moment when the inſtructions which the Deputies have received will permit them to make a national vow, you will judge, Sire, whether the Repreſentatives of your Commons will not be the moſt eager of your ſubjects to maintain the rights, the honour, and the dignity of the Throne, to conſolidate the public engagements, and to re-eſtabliſh the credit of the nation: You will ſee alſo that *they will not be leſs juſt towards their fellow-citizens of every claſs, than devoted to your Majeſty.*"

His Majeſty gave the following anſwer.

"Gentlemen,

"I receive with ſatisfaction the teſtimonials of devotion and attachment to the monarchy, of the repreſentatives of the Third Eſtate of my kingdom. All the orders of the State have an equal claim to my favour, and you may rely on my favour and protection. Above all, I recommend to you ſpeedily to ſecond, and that with a ſpirit of prudence and of peace, the accompliſhment of the benefits I am impatient to confer on my people, and which they confidently expect from my ſentiments in their favour."

JUNE 17. The chamber of the Third Eſtate, finding all their conciliatory meaſures ineffectual, and that the Nobleſſe were determined not to unite with them, have paſſed the two laſt days in conſidering on the legal manner of conſtituting themſelves as the repreſentatives of the people at large, and on the title their Aſſembly ſhould hereafter aſſume. The motion was at length made, "That the National Aſſembly is now legally conſtituted:" and this motion was carried by 491 voices againſt 80.

A ſecond motion was then made, "That the National Aſſembly immediately deliberate on the affairs of the nation," which was unanimouſly agreed to. It was then propoſed, that all the exiſting taxes that have been impoſed without the conſent of the nation were illegal, and ought therefore to ceaſe; and for the immediate ſervice of Government they ſhould now be granted anew, under the ſame form as heretofore, to continue till ſome new proviſions ſhould be made, or till the laſt day of this preſent ſeſſion, and no longer.

They next took into conſideration the public debt, and placed the creditors of the State under the protection of the honour and loyalty of the nation at large.

When

When these important proceedings were at an end, the President was sent for to receive from the Keeper of the Seals the promised answer to their justificatory address to the King of last week, which was read to a very full assembly. The galleries of the Hall, which are capable of containing near three thousand people, as well as all the avenues, were completely crowded. The letter, in the King's own hand-writing, and addressed to the President of the Third Estate, is as follows:

"I shall never refuse to receive any "of the Presidents of the Three Or- "ders, when charged to convey a "particular message to me, and "when they shall have asked by "the * accustomary organ of my "Keeper of the Seals the moment it "shall please me to appoint. I disap- "prove the repeated expressions of "*privileged classes*, employed by the "Third Estate, to designate the two "*higher orders*. These unusual ex- "pressions are fit only to foment a "spirit of division absolutely contra- "ry to the advancement of the wel- "fare of the State, since this welfare "can only be effected by the concur- "rence of the Three Orders, com- "posing the States-General, *whether "they deliberate separately or in com- "mon*. The reserve which the order "of the Nobles had made in their "acquiescence in the conciliatory "overture made by me, ought not to "have prevented the order of the "Third Estate from giving me a "proof of their deference. Adopted "by the Third Estate, it would have "determined the order of Nobles to "desist from their modification. I "am persuaded, that the more the "Deputies of the Third Estate shall "give me marks of confidence and "attachment, the more faithfully "will their measures represent the "sentiments of a people whom I love, "and by whom I shall make it my "happiness to be beloved."

If there appears some little (perhaps politic) disapprobation of certain ideas of the Commons in this letter, the Nobles have had their share in the Royal answer to their absurd resolution on the same conciliatory proposition, which is as follows:

"I have examined the resolution "of the order of Nobles. I have "seen with pain that they persist in "their reserve of the modifications "they annexed to the plan proposed "by my Commissioners. A greater "portion of deference on the part of "the Nobles, would have perhaps "produced the reconciliation I de- "sired."

JUNE 19. The Assembly proceeded to vote a Committee to enquire into the causes of the scarcity of corn; and the present distresses of the people, another to draw up a manifesto to the nation; and a third to enquire into the merits of contested elections. In the interim, matters were ripening in the Assemblies of the two other orders, the patriots in which were determined to make their last efforts in favour of union, before they took a decisive part. In the Nobles the majority persisted in their former principles, and voted a violent address to the King. In the Clergy, the great question was moved, to unite with the Commons formed in the National Assembly; and, on a division, there were 129 for, and 137 against the question, and nine who declined voting—a close run! Next day (the 20th) was the day fixed on for the minorities to join the Commons. The Duke of Orleans was to have headed about sixty Nobles to the Assembly; the Archbishops of Bourdeaux and Vienne, &c. the Clergy. But early in the morning a proclamation was made by the Heralds

* The Commons had demanded a direct communication with the King.

at Arms, ſetting forth, that as the King intended to hold a Seſſion of the States-General on Monday the 22d, the alterations required in the Hall made it neceſſary to ſuſpend all previous aſſemblies. Mr. Bailly, the Preſident of the Commons, after being refuſed admiſſion into the Hall, aſſembled the Members in the Tennis court, and at eleven o'clock gave the following account of what paſſed in the morning.

At nine in the morning of the day appointed for the meeting of the National Aſſembly, the Preſident and the two Secretaries preſented themſelves at the gate of the Hall, which they found ſhut, and guarded by ſoldiers. The Preſident enquired for the officer on guard, and the Count de Vaſſan appeared, and ſaid, that he had orders to ſuffer no perſon to enter the Hall of the States-General. The Preſident replied, that he proteſted againſt ſuch orders, and would give an account of them to the Aſſembly. The Preſident obſerved, however, that part of the benches were carried off, and all the courts filled with ſoldiers. He had in conſequence repaired to the Tennis-court, in the ſtreet of St. Francis, where the two Secretaries followed him.

When this narrative was finiſhed, M. Target made a motion for an oath to be taken by the Members, which paſſed without a word of oppoſition. He then drew up the following reſolution, accompanied by the oath:

"The National Aſſembly, conſidering that, called together as they are to fix the conſtitution of the kingdom, to operate the regeneration of public order, and to maintain the genuine principles of the monarchy, nothing can prevent them from continuing their deliberations in whatſoever place they may be compelled to hold their meetings, and that whereſoever the Members are collected, there is the National Aſſembly; do reſolve, That each Member of the Aſſembly ſhall inſtantly take a ſolemn oath never to ſeparate, but to aſſemble together wherever circumſtances ſhall require, until the conſtitution be eſtabliſhed and conſolidated on ſolid foundations; and all the Members collectively, and each of them ſeparately, ſhall confirm, by their ſignatures, this unalterable, and (it is to be hoped) unanimous reſolution."

The Preſident requeſted to be permitted to be the firſt to put his own ſignature to the oath, which was granted with loud applauſes; and the names being called over, each Member ſigned the above paper in their turn.

The fermentation was ſo general throughout the capital and neighbourhood, on receiving the above account, that Government took the alarm, and the following letter from Mr. Neckar to Mr. de Croſne, the Lieutenant of Police, was diſpatched to Paris in conſequence of a council, and into the provinces, where all the deputies had ſent alarming accounts of the tranſactions of Saturday.

"June 21,—Five o'clock. The Hall of the States General having been ſhut from abſolute neceſſity, and the deputies of the Third Eſtate being aſſembled in another place, the public might imagine that it was the King's intention to diſſolve the States General: It is eſſential, Sir, for you to aſſure all Paris, that the King is conſtantly occupied in reſtoring union and concord for the happineſs of his people, and that the ſittings of the States-General will be reſumed on Monday."

June 23. The Commons, mixed with the greateſt part of the Clergy, were aſſembled in the anti-chamber of the Hall by nine o'clock: It rained; ſeveral of the Deputies were without, as there was not room for them all; the murmurs were loud, and the impatience great; in the interval, part

part of the Clergy, and all the Nobleſſe, entered at the oppoſite doors, and placed themſelves in the Hall; at laſt the Commons entered, and the two firſt Orders received them ſtanding and uncovered.

The King being placed upon his throne, made the following ſpeech:

"Gentlemen,

"At the time I took the reſolution of aſſembling you; when I had ſurmounted all the difficulties which threatened a convocation of my States; when I had, to uſe the expreſſion, even preconceived the deſires of the nation, in manifeſting beforehand my wiſhes for its welfare, I thought to have done every thing which depended on myſelf for the good of my people.

"It ſeemed to me that you had only to finiſh the work I had begun; and the nation expected impatiently the moment when, in conjunction with the beneficent views of its Sovereign, and the enlightened zeal of its repreſentatives, it was about to enjoy that proſperous and happy ſtate which ſuch an union ought to afford.

"The States General have now been opened more than two months, and have not yet even agreed on the preliminaries of its operations. Inſtead of that ſource of harmony which ſhould ſpring from a love of the country, a moſt fatal diviſion ſpreads an alarm over every mind. I am willing to believe, and I ſhall be happy to find, that the diſpoſition of Frenchmen is not changed; but to avoid reproaching either of you, I ſhall conſider, that the renewal of the States General after ſo long a period, the turbulence which preceded it, the object of this aſſembly, ſo different from that of your anceſtors, and many other objects, have led you to an oppoſition, and to prefer pretenſions which you are not entitled to.

"I owe it to the welfare of my kingdom, I owe it to myſelf, to diſſipate theſe fatal diviſions. It is with this reſolution, Gentlemen, that I convene you once more around me—I do it as the common father of all my people—I do it as the defender of my kingdom's laws, that I may recal to your memory the true ſpirit of the conſtitution, and reſiſt thoſe attempts which have been aimed againſt it.

"But, gentlemen, after having clearly eſtabliſhed the reſpective rights of the different orders, I expect from the zeal of the two principal claſſes—I expect from their attachment to my perſon—I expect from the knowledge they have of the preſſing urgencies of the State, that in thoſe matters which concern the general good, they ſhould be the firſt to propoſe a re-union of conſultation and opinion, which I conſider as neceſſary in the preſent criſis, and which ought to take place for the general good of the kingdom.

"It is my deſign, gentlemen, to offer to your examination the different benefits which I grant to my people.—I do not wiſh, however, to circumſcribe your zeal in the boundary that I am about to mark out; as I ſhall adopt with pleaſure any other plan for the public good which ſhall be propoſed by the States General.—I may ſay, without deceiving myſelf, that no other King has ever done ſo much for any nation; but what other nation has ever merited ſuch a conduct but that of France?—I do not heſitate to declare, that thoſe who by exaggerated pretenſions or unreaſonable difficulties ſhould retard the effects of my parental deſigns, would become unworthy to be conſidered as ſubjects of France."

The Keeper of the Seals then read a declaration from the King, containing 35 articles, the principal of which were, that

He granted the abolition of Letters de Cachet.

He granted the liberty of the press under certain regulations, namely, that persons abusing that liberty should be subject to punishment by laws to be enacted.

He repeated the assurances he had given upon his Royal word of not laying taxes without the consent of the States General.

He blamed the Third Estate for the violence and rashness of their proceedings, and annulled all the resolutions that they had come to since the 10th inst."

His Majesty then continued his speech as follows:

" You have heard, gentlemen, the result of my designs; they are conformable to the lively desire that I have of producing public good; and if, by a fatality, of which I have no conception, you abandon me in such a glorious enterprise, I will alone procure the happiness of my people;—I will consider myself as their true representative; and being convinced of the union there is between the general wish of the nation and my intentions, I shall possess all the confidence which such an union is calculated to inspire, and I shall proceed towards my object with the utmost courage and resolution.

" Reflect, gentlemen, that none of your projects or dispositions can obtain the force of a law, without my special approbation. I am also the natural guardian of your respective rights, and all the Orders of the State may rest upon my just impartiality. Opposition on your part, would be the greatest injustice. It is myself alone, who to this moment does every thing for the happiness of my people: and it is surely no common thing, that the only ambition of a Sovereign should be, to obtain the consent of his subjects to accept of the benefits he wishes to confer upon them.

" I command you, gentlemen, to separate immediately, and to return to-morrow morning to the different Chambers appropriated to your Orders, to re-take your seats. I accordingly order the Grand Master of the Ceremonies to make the necessary preparations."

The King's speech was received by the Commons with a murmur of discontent. As the King withdrew, a motion was made in the Third Estate, and carried: " That his Majesty's patriotic intentions had been perverted by bad advice."

The Nobles and part of the Clergy shouted *Vive le Roi:* but the Commons remained in profound silence; nor would they quit the Hall, where, together with about fifty of the Clergy, who would not separate from them, they instantly proceeded to discuss the royal proceedings. Four times the King sent an officer to order them, on their allegiance, to break up their meeting—four times did they decidedly deny the authority of the King to command them to separate, and by their firmness carried their point.

M. Le Camus, one of the Paris Deputies, then moved, that the National Assembly do persist in all its preceeding Resolutions, those of the the Clergy who remained nobly desiring their presence to be specified. This proposition was unanimously adopted, nor would they hear of a motion of adjournment all next day.

Another motion followed from the Comte de Mirabeau, to the following effect, and nearly in these words: —" The National Assembly, feeling " the necessity of securing the per- " sonal liberty, freedom of opinion, " and the right of each Deputy to " the States-General to enquire in- " to, and censure all sorts of abuses " and obstacles to the public welfare " and liberty, do resolve, that the " person of each Deputy is inviolable " —that any individual, public or " private, of what quality soever, " any

" any corporate body of men, any " tribunal, court of juſtice, or com- " miſſion whatſoever, who ſhall dare, " during the preſent ſeſſion, to pro- " ſecute, or cauſe to be proſecuted, " arreſt, or cauſe to be arreſted, de- " tain, or cauſe to be detained, " the perſon of one or more Deputies, " for any propoſition, advice, opi- " nion, or ſpeech made by them in " the States-General, or in any " of its Aſſemblies, or Committees, " ſhall be deemed infamous, and a " traitor to his country; and that in " any ſuch caſe or caſes the National " Aſſembly will purſue every poſſible " means and meaſures to bring " the authors, inſtigators, or execu- " tors of ſuch arbitrary proceedings " to condign puniſhment." This re- ſolution was carried, 483 againſt 34.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

The following PROLOGUE was ſpoken by a GREAT PERSONAGE, *before the tragedy of Cato, in the year 1749; as it may be new to many of our Readers, we therefore give it a place.*

TO ſpeak with freedom, dignity, and eaſe,
To learn thoſe arts which may here- after pleaſe,
Wiſe authors ſay—let youth, in ear- lieſt age,
Rehearſe the poet's labours on the ſtage.
Nay more—a nobler end is ſtill be- hind,—
The poet's labours elevate the mind;
Teach our young hearts with gene- rous fire to burn,
And feel the virtuous ſentiments we learn:
T'attain theſe glorious ends what play ſo fit
As that where all the powers of hu- man wit
Combine, to dignify great Cato's name,
To deck his tomb, and conſecrate his fame?
Where Liberty—O name for ever dear!
Breathes forth in every line, and bids us fear
Nor pains nor death, to guard our ſacred laws,
But bravely periſh in our country's cauſe.
Patriots indeed—worthy that honeſt name,
Through every time and ſtation ſtill the ſame.
Should this ſuperior to my years be thought,
Know—'tis the firſt great leſſon I was taught.
What, tho' a boy, it may with pride be ſaid,
A boy, in England born, in England bred,
Where freedom well becomes the earlieſt ſtate,
For there the love of liberty's innate.
Yet more—before my eyes thoſe he- roes ſtand,
Whom the great William brought to bleſs this land,
To guard with pious care that gene- rous plan
Of pow'r well bounded—which he firſt began.
But while my good forefathers fire my mind,
The friends, the joy, the glory of mankind,
Can I forget that there is one more dear?—
But he is preſent—and I muſt forbear.

LIFE: An ODE.

STrange ſtate of wiſhes, hopes and fears,

Of

Of diſappointments, ſmiles and tears,
Where man purſues, with anxious mind,
The treaſure he can ſeldom find;
Since diſappointment, more or leſs,
Attends his ſearch of happineſs.
It is a phantom that eſcapes,
And cheats him in a thouſand ſhapes.
Now beauty's winning graces wears,
And now in Mammon's form appears;
Anon the hero's pomp aſſumes,
The flowing robes, and nodding plumes;
To fame invites with brandiſh'd ſword,
Then wooes him at the feſtive board,
With fools and madmen to poſſeſs
The fancy'd pleaſures of exceſs:
In ſacredotal habit here,
A patriot now, and now a peer;
A nabob now, with heart of ſtone,
And now a monarch on his throne;
Yet none of them, alas! ſupplies
The happineſs for which he ſighs.
'Tis not in pomp, 'tis not in pow'r,
'Tis not in folly's mirthful hour;
'Tis not in luxury's exceſs,
'Tis not in vain deſire's ſucceſs;
It is not in a bed of down,
It is not in the monarch's crown;
'Tis not in miſers coffers found,
Nor on the hero's temple bound;
'Tis not in circles of the vain,
Nor in the fierce oppreſſor's chain;
'Tis not in what keeps man in awe,
The endleſs puzzle of the law;
'Tis not in diſtant climes convey'd,
Nor deep in earth, with diamonds laid;
'Tis not in all the gems that deck
The favourite Sultana's neck;
It dwells not in the harlot's face;
It dwells not in the lov'd embrace;
'Tis not to worldly friendſhip ty'd,
Nor by the flatterer's tongue ſupply'd;
It breathes not in the fragrant gale,
It reſts not in the ſpicy dale;
'Tis not in ſweeteſt notes convey'd,
Tho' wafted from the ambroſial ſhade:
Nor can bright beauty by the eye,
Its eſſence to the ſoul ſupply;
'Tis not the hearing, touch, or ſight,
Can give us this ſupreme delight:
It is in God alone we find
This *panacea* of the mind;
He gives new fragrance to the roſe,
New ſweetneſs to each bud that blows;
New vigour to the ſunny beam,
New luſtre to the lucid ſtream;
New ſoftneſs to the cooing dove,
New ardour to the voice of love;
Without his preſence all is dim,
For ev'ry bleſſing comes from him.

L. F.

LIBERTY; FROM METASTASIO.

THanks to thine own perfidious wiles,
At length I breathe in peace again,
At length, in pity to my pain,
Relenting Heaven looks down on me, and ſmiles.—
Now roves my ſoul in freedom ſure,
I know its liberty ſecure;
I dreamt of love and faith before:—
'Twas all a dream; but now I dream no more.

Cool'd is the fire I once did feel;
So calm, ſo tranquil is my mind,
Reſentment there no place can find,
To tell the paſſion Love would fain conceal:
No more, of thee when any ſpeak,
The colour changes on my cheek;
No more at ſight of thee I ſigh,
Or flutter at my heart when thou art nigh.

Still do I ſleep, and ſtill I dream;
But now no longer to my eyes
In all my dreams doſt thou ariſe;
I wake to think, and thou art not the theme:
Tho' far from thee my courſe I ſteer,
No wiſh I feel to have thee near;
Tho' with thee, yet canſt thou beſtow

Nor

Nor good nor ill, nor happineſs nor woe.

No more Love's ſoft emotions riſe,
Whilſt I thine every charm run o'er;
I think upon the wrongs I bore,
Yet new-born anger in my boſom dies:
Tho' thou approach, no tremors tell
Within this heart what tumults dwell:
Let others now their flame declare,
It hurts not me, if others think thee fair.

View me with looks of proud diſdain;
Uſe ſweeter tones than ever hung
On fond impaſſion'd lover's tongue:
Vain is thy ſcorn, and all thy favour vain:
Thoſe coral lips to me have loſt
That eloquence they once could boaſt;
Within this breaſt thoſe eyes now ſee
No priſon'd thought which ſtruggles to be free.

To thee that joy or grief is mine
No more I owe; that I am glad,
Is not thy gift; that I am ſad,
Is now no fault, no injury of thine.
The hills and woods to me are gay,
Tho', Laura, thou art far away;
All that's unſightly to the view,
Can now delight no more, tho' ſeen with you.

Now hear the truth: I think thee fair,
Beauteous to me thou ſtill doſt ſeem,
But not, as I was wont to dream,
With thine on earth no beauty might compare.
Let not my words thine ear offend:
The form, I thought not heaven could mend,
Has ſome defect; and in thy face
That now is blemiſh, which was once a grace.
My ſhame I own: as from my ſide
I pluck'd the deep ingrafted dart,
I thought it would have broke my heart;
Such pain I felt, I thought I ſhould have died,
But, to throw off oppreſſion's load,
And blunt the numerous ſtings that goad
A lover's ſoul, and back recall
Loſt Liberty, who would not ſuffer all?

The bird that treads the viſcous ſpray,
Laid with the fowler's niceſt care,
May leave ſome feathers in the ſnare,
But ſtill at large ſhe wings her eaſy way:
Her rifled pinion ſoon reſumes
The glories of its gaudy plumes;
And ſhe, by ſad experience taught,
With arts of fowlers can no more be caught.

I know thou think'ſt me priſoner ſtill;
I know thou think'ſt ev'n now my breaſt
With all its former fire's poſſeſt,
So oft I boaſt the freedom of my will:
Who doth not dangers paſt explore,
And dwell on ills that wound no more?
'Tis nature's inſtinct bids me ſay,
I now am free, and Nature I obey.

Now, as I view them from afar,
I tell the woes I once endur'd;
Ev'n ſo, to ſcenes of death inur'd,
The victor warrior ſhews his glorious ſcar;
And ſo the ſlave, eſcap'd from pain,
Exulting ſhews the galling chain,
Sparkling his eyes thoſe fetters ſee
Which once he dragg'd, and prove that he is free.

I ſpeak, tho' thou art far away;
Yet not, as once, I wiſh thee near,
Whate'er it be I ſpeak, to hear;
Nor care I if thou credit what I ſay:
I ſpeak not now but ill at eaſe,
Anxious to know if thee I pleaſe;

Nor,

Nor, if on me thou talk'ſt, do I
Aſk if thou doſt it with a riſing ſigh.
A treacherous maid I leave behind,
And thou doſt loſe a lover true;
I know not of the hapleſs two
Which firſt a comfort in his loſs ſhall find;
But this I know, ſo much of truth
Laura ſhall never find in youth;
Whilſt I might gain, in many a place,
A nymph as faithleſs with as fair a face.

P. H.

On viewing a BACK-GAMMON TABLE.
A quo diſcimus—id docet. Incert.

WHAT ſome to ſordid ends abuſe,
And others, tho' leſs ſordid, uſe
To cheat themſelves, amidſt their play,
By trifling time and thought away;
Let us, as in a mirror, ſee
Man's life, and its variety;
Where various checks of mingled dye,
Each in their ranks, alternate lie;
And by their varied colourings paint,
Both what we are, and what we want.
Each man's a check that fills a ſpace,
And helps to form the mottled race:
Each check a lot, by heav'n aſſign'd
To form a ſyſtem to its mind;
Which yet, how ſtrange it may appear,
Is ſtill compos'd in character.
See then in this the type of fate,
Or providence, that plans its ſtate,
Moulding or mingling here below
The chequer'd ſhades of weal and woe,
And with its ſpots of black and white,
Diſtinguiſhing, as day and night,
Our partial griefs, allay'd with joy,
Or comforts that thoſe griefs alloy;
All wiſely plann'd and mix'd for good,
If ſuch it were by mortals view'd,
Who partial ſee, and fondly moan
Another's pain is not their own,
Ne'er dreaming, while their foot is ſore,
Another's ſhoe mght pinch them more.
Thus they complain, as none but they
Were chequer'd with a cloudy day:
Whereas, could Blindneſs but perceive,
Or Infidelity believe,
They each with wonder would confeſs,
Who has the leaſt, might ſtill have leſs;
And who the moſt, might be bereft
Of all he had, and nothing left;
His ſubſtance to another given,
Not more a favourite of Heaven.
However, be this as it will,
Wiſdom alone is wiſdom ſtill:
With whom 'tis evermore a rule,
To fools to ſhew herſelf a fool,
And act, as far as in her lies,
Quite the reverſe that they think wiſe,
Confounding (as confounded) thoſe,
Whoſe folly lifts itſelf her foes;
And only to her friends makes known,
This truth, "That ſhe and truth are one."
Stay then, Impatience, and attend,
Your doubtings ſoon ſhall have an end;
Diſtruſt and darkneſs ſhall be o'er,
And checquer'd forms perplex no more;
But perfect day, or perfect night,
Be one eternal black or white!

ALBO-NIGRO.

THE

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PROSPECTS *of an* IMPROPER EDUCATION.

Among the moſt reſpectable advocates for the Cauſe of Virtue, that has appeared for many Years, is the Author of 'Zeluco: Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners foreign and domeſtic.' *The Tendency of this excellent Work will beſt appear from the following Article, which is taken from the two firſt Chapters, and which evinces the fatal Effects that are likely to enſue from permitting to Youth the unreſtrained Indulgence of their Paſſions. The Narrative throughout diſplays a great Knowledge of the Human Heart and of the World, and exhibits in the moſt terrific Light the Miſeries inſeparable from a Vicious and Depraved Diſpoſition; while, on the other Hand, the Diſguſt which ſuch a character neceſſarily excites, is relieved by the Contemplation of the Happineſs, finally the Reſult of virtuous Principles, exhibited by a very amiable Character in the moſt difficult and trying Scenes.*

RELIGION teaches, that vice leads to endleſs miſery in a future ſtate; and experience proves, that in ſpite of the gayeſt and moſt proſperous appearances, inward miſery accompanies her: for, even in this life, her ways are ways of wretchedneſs, and all her paths are woe.

This obſervation has been ſo often made, that it muſt be known to all, and its truth is ſeldom formally denied by any; yet the conduct of men would ſometimes lead us to ſuſpect, either that they had never heard it, or that they think it falſe. To recal a truth of ſuch importance to the recollection of mankind, and to illuſtrate it by example, may therefore be of uſe.

Tracing the windings of Vice, however, and delineating the diſguſting features of villany, are unpleaſant taſks: and ſome people cannot bear to contemplate ſuch a picture. It is fair, therefore, to warn readers of this turn of mind not to peruſe the ſtory of Zeluco.

This perſon, ſprung from a noble family in Sicily, was a native of Palermo, where he paſſed the years of early childhood, without being diſtinguiſhed by any thing very remarkable in his diſpoſition, unleſs it

was a tendency to inſolence, and an inclination to domineer over boys of inferior rank and circumſtances. The bad tendency of this, however, was ſo ſtrongly remonſtrated againſt by his father, and others who ſuperintended his education, that it was in a great degree checked, and in a fair way of being entirely overcome.

In the tenth year of his age he loſt his father, and was left under the guidance of a mother, whoſe darling he had ever been, and who had often blamed her huſband for too great ſeverity to a ſon, whom, in her fond opinion, nature had endowed with every good quality.

A ſhort time after the death of his father, Zeluco began to betray ſtrong ſymptoms of that violent and overbearing diſpoſition to which he had always had a propenſity, though he had hitherto been obliged to reſtrain it. Had that gentleman lived a few years longer, the violence of Zeluco's temper would, it is probable, have been weakened, or entirely annihilated, by the continued influence of this habit of reſtraint, and his future life might have exhibited a very different character; for he ſhewed ſufficient command of himſelf as long as his father lived; but very ſoon after his death he indulged, without control, every humour and caprice; and his miſtaken mother applauding the bluſterings of petulance and pride as indications of ſpirit, his temper became more and more ungovernable, and at length ſeemed as inflammable as gunpowder, burſting into flaſhes of rage at the ſlighteſt touch of provocation.

It may be proper to mention one inſtance of this violence of temper, from which the reader will be enabled to form a juſter notion than his mother did of what kind of ſpirit it was an indication.

He had a favourite ſparrow, ſo tame that it picked crumbs from his hand, and hopped familiarly on the table. One day it did not perform certain tricks which he had taught it, to his ſatisfaction. This put the boy into a paſſion: the bird being frightened, attempted to fly off the table. He ſuddenly ſeized it with his hand, and while it ſtruggled to get free, with a curſe he ſqueezed the little animal to death. His tutor, who was preſent, was ſo ſhocked at this inſtance of abſurd and brutal rage, that he puniſhed him as he deſerved, ſaying, 'I hope this will cure you of giving vent to ſuch odious guſts of paſſion. If it does not, remember what I tell you, ſir; they will render you hateful to others, wretched to yourſelf, and may bring you one day to open ſhame and endleſs remorſe.' Zeluco complained to his mother, and ſhe diſmiſſed the tutor, declaring, that ſhe would not have her ſon's *vivacity* repreſſed by the rigid maxims of a narrow-minded pedant.

Being now freed from that authority which had hitherto ſtimulated him to occaſional exertions, Zeluco renounced all application to letters. This was partly owing to the love of diſſipation and amuſement natural to boys, but principally to the influence of a maxim very generally adopted by ſervants, and by them and other profound obſervers inſtilled into the minds of the young heirs of great fortunes, whoſe faculties it too often benumbs, like the touch of the torpedo, and renders them incapable through life of every praiſe-worthy exertion. The maxim is this—That learning, although it is ſometimes of ſervice to thoſe who are intended for certain profeſſions, or are in any way to gain a livelihood by it, is entirely uſeleſs to men whoſe fortunes are already made.—It is hardly to be conceived how many young minds have been checked by the ſecret operation of this malignant doctrine.

The neglect of letters was com-

pen-

penſated, in his mother's opinion, by his aſſiduous application to dancing, fencing, and other accompliſhments of the ſame claſs. Indeed, ſhe imagined he beſtowed ſuperfluous pains even on theſe, being perſuaded that nature had done ſo much for her ſon, that there was no need of the ornaments of art.

Being captivated with the uniform of ſome Neapolitan officers, Zeluco, at an early period of his life, announced a decided taſte for the profeſſion of arms. This heroic reſolution was highly approved of by all thoſe to whom he communicated it; which, indeed, was generally the caſe whatever he communicated, becauſe he aſſociated only with thoſe who were ready to approve of all he did or propoſed; for it was another miſerable trait in this young man's character, to prefer the company of obſequious dependants, who on no occaſion withhold their aſſent, to that of men of a liberal ſpirit, or of equal rank with himſelf; a feature which infallibly puts an end to improvement, and renders a man at length as diſagreeable to ſociety as ſociety is diſagreeable to him.—The tender affection of his mother was not greatly alarmed at the martial reſolution of her ſon, becauſe, in the Neapolitan dominions, the profeſſion of a ſoldier having no connection with fighting, this indulgent parent knew that her ſon's military ardour would ſubject him to no other danger than is attendant on reviews: to this ſhe ſubmitted, being aware that glory could not be obtained for nothing.

The pacific ſituation of the Neapolitan army, however, was not Zeluco's reaſon for preferring it; for he was naturally of a daring ſpirit. He, like many other idle young men, was attracted to the profeſſion of arms by a reliſh for the dreſs of an officer, and by the vanity of command over a few ſoldiers. At this time he thought no deeper on the ſubject. An application was therefore made by this indulgent mother for a commiſſion for her ſon; between which period and the time of its being granted, Zeluco counted the moments with the moſt fretful impatience; for although he had already ordered his regimentals, and often indulged himſelf in the pleaſure of ſtrutting in them before a mirror, yet he experienced the agonies of Tantalus till he could appear with them abroad. As the exigencies of the ſervice did not require the immediate preſence of Zeluco, he was permitted to remain at Palermo, and was introduced by his mother into a ſelect circle of her own acquaintance, which, ſhe informed him, conſiſted of *the very beſt company* of Palermo, where he would acquire the moſt uſeful of all knowledge—the knowledge of the world—and this too in the moſt agreeable and moſt effectual manner.

This ſociety was principally compoſed of a ſet of ladies of quality—maidens, wives, and widows—reſpectable undoubtedly on account of their ſex and age; and a few gentlemen, who bore a wonderful reſemblance in character to the ladies. Whatever buſineſs or avocation the members of this ſociety had, beſide thoſe of cards and ſleep, it muſt be confeſſed that ſuch avocations occupied but a moderate ſhare of their time, as all of them ſpent ſix or ſeven hours of the four-and-twenty in the former, and none of them allowed leſs than nine to the latter.

Zeluco's bloom, vivacity, and aptitude in learning the different games, procured him many flattering marks of attention from the female members. Theſe for ſome time pleaſed the youth himſelf, while his mother was highly gratified with the congratulations poured out on all ſides on the promiſing talents and charming appearance of her ſon; ſhe reflected with pleaſure alſo on the vaſt advan-

tage which he enjoyed in being, at ſuch an early period of his life, removed from the contagion of frivolous company, and introduced into ſo poliſhed a circle.

What degree of improvement a ſteady and perſevering cultivation of this ſociety might have produced in Zeluco, was not fairly tried; for the flattery and blandiſhments of the old ladies ſoon became inſipid, and he ſtrayed in ſearch of pleaſure to thoſe haunts where ſhe appears with leſs decorum and more zeſt Soon after he joined his regiment at Naples, where he paſſed moſt of his time with a few young officers, who with an equal paſſion for pleaſure, had not equal means of indulging it, and were therefore too apt to flatter his vanity and bear his humours.—The love of pleaſure ſeemed to increaſe upon him by indulgence, and was greatly cheriſhed by the ill judged prodigality of his mother, whoſe fondneſs could not reſiſt his unrelenting importunity for money. The means with which this furniſhed him of indulging all his humours, in a country where rank claims an almoſt deſpotic ſway over the lower orders of mankind, joined to his keeping company only with dependants, cheriſhed and invigorated the ſeeds of caprice, ſelfiſhneſs, pride, and injuſtice, which had been early ſown in the breaſt of Zeluco, and perhaps generated thoſe which did not originally exiſt. With no purſuit but pleaſure, and with ſuperfluous means of attaining it, he enjoyed very little, being the conſtant ſlave of humour and caprice; and, beſides, he looked forward with ſuch fretful impatience to the period when the law allowed him the uncontrolled command of his fortune, as was ſufficient of itſelf to embitter all his preſent enjoyments.

The original ſource of his wretchedneſs, and what had augmented, or perhaps generated, this miſerable impatience of temper, was the indulgence of his humours and his being too liberally ſupplied in the means of gratification; but he himſelf imputed all his miſery to the ſcanty allowance granted by his tutors, and to his not being of age.

Previous to this period he returned to Palermo; and although he did not attend his mother's aſſemblies with all the punctuality that ſhe wiſhed, yet he could not *always* reſiſt the importunity of a mother who was ready to make every ſacrifice for his gratification, and who exacted nothing in return but that he ſhould give her the pleaſure of ſeeing him admired in public, and condeſcend to beſtow a little of his company on her in private.

The happy moment he had ſo anxiouſly ſighed for, arrived; and his guardians devolved into his own hands the intire conduct of his fortune.—He was obliged, however, to remain for ſome time in Sicily, on account of certain arrangements in his affairs, to the completion of which his preſence was thought to be indiſpenſably neceſſary.

(Further Extracts afterwards.)

The following curious Circumſtance in Natural Hiſtory is related by a Gentleman of Veracity, Learning, and Abilities, who fills a conſiderable Poſt in the Company's Service in India, dated Patna in Bengal, Sept. 24, 1788.

THE travelling Faquirs in this country are a kind of ſuperſtitious devotees, who pretend to great zeal in religion, but are, in fact, the moſt vicious and profligate wretches in the world. They wander about the country here, as the Gypſies do with you; and having ſome little ſmattering of phyſic, muſic, or other arts, they introduce themſelves by theſe

theſe means wherever they go.—One of them called a few days ago at my houſe, who had a beautiful large ſnake in a baſket, which he made riſe up and dance about to the tune of a pipe on which he played. It happened that my out-houſes* and farm yard had for ſome time been infeſted with ſnakes, which had killed me ſeveral turkies, geeſe, ducks, fowls, and even a cow and a bullock. My ſervants aſked this man whether he could pipe theſe ſnakes out of their holes, and catch them? He anſwered them in the affirmative, and they carried him inſtantly to the place where one of the ſnakes had been ſeen. He began piping, and in a ſhort time the ſnake came dancing to him: the fellow caught him by the nape of his neck, and brought him to me. As I was incredulous, I did not go to ſee this firſt operation; but as he took this repriſe ſo expeditiouſly, and I ſtill ſuſpected ſome trick, I deſired him to go and catch another, and went with him myſelf to obſerve his motions. He began by abuſing the ſnake, and ordering him to come out of his hole inſtantly and not be angry, otherwiſe he would cut his throat and ſuck his blood. I cannot ſwear that the ſnake heard and underſtood this elegant invocation. He then began piping with all his might, leſt the ſnake ſhould be deaf; he had not piped above five minutes, when an immenſe large Covne Capelle (the moſt venomous kind of ſerpent) popped his head out of a hole in the room. When the man ſaw his noſe, he approached nearer to him, and piped more vehemently till the ſnake was more than half out, and ready to make a dart at him; he then piped with only one hand, and advanced the other under the ſnake as it was raiſing itſelf to make the ſpring. When the ſnake darted at his body, he made a ſnatch at his tail, which he caught very dexterouſly, and held the creature very faſt, without the leaſt apprehenſion of being bit, until my ſervants diſpatched it. I had often heard this ſtory of ſnakes being charmed out of their holes by muſic*; but never believed it, till I had this ocular demonſtration of the fact.—In the ſpace of an hour the Faquir caught five very venomous ſnakes cloſe about my houſe."

Memoirs of JOHN WESLEY, *M.A.*

INCLUDING AN

Hiſtory of, and Obſervations on Methodiſm.

IF to have ſpent a long life in an active intercourſe with the world, and by much the moſt conſiderable part of that life at the head of a very widely extended and powerful religious ſect, entitles a man to a place in our biography of living characters, none can lay a juſter claim to this kind of honour than the ſubject of our preſent Memoirs.

JOHN WESLEY was born in the year 1703, at Epworth, a village in Lincolnſhire, of which place his father, Sam. Weſley, was rector. He was a man of ſome erudition, and publiſhed ſeveral heavy works; one in particular, entitled, *Diſſertationes in Librum Jobi*, folio, 1736, was preſented by his ſon John to Queen Caroline. This Samuel Weſley, on account of ſome doggrel verſes with which he burthened the preſs, was honoured by Mr. Pope with a place in the firſt editions of his Dunciad; but his harmleſs inſignificance, it is ſuppoſed, procured his diſmiſſion afterwards from the Temple of Dullneſs. His wife was

* That this method of charming the ſerpentine race was practiſed at a very early period of antiquity, appears from the alluſion of the Holy Pſalmiſt, in the 4th and 5th verſes of the 58th Pſalm.

the

the daughter of Dr. Sam. Anneſley, who was ejected from the living of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, for non-conformity in 1662. She appears from ſome letters printed by her ſon to have been a woman of piety and good ſenſe. By her Samuel Weſley had ſeveral children, of whom Samuel, who was firſt an uſher at Weſtminſter-ſchool, and afterwards maſter of Blundel's grammar-ſchool at Tiverton, and author of a volume of poems 1736, was the eldeſt. He and his mother were ſober and rational in their religious principles, and highly diſapproved of the extravagancies of Methodiſm.

When John Weſley was about ſix years old, the parſonage-houſe at Epworth was burnt to the ground, and he eſcaped in a very wonderful manner; one man ſtanding upon the ſhoulders of another took him out of the window, immediately upon which the whole roof fell in. In alluſion to this deliverance ſome prints of him have the following motto: "Is not he a brand plucked from the fire?"—doubtleſs meant to convey a ſpiritual as well as a literal ſenſe.

At a proper age he was ſent to Chriſt Church College, Oxford, where he was a lively, agreeable ſtudent, and no way averſe to the pleaſures of this world. About 1725 he was elected Fellow of Lincoln College; and ſome very gay verſes of his, wrote at that time, chiefly tranſlations from the Latin, but totally oppoſite to fanatic preciſeneſs, are in print.

He informs us himſelf in his Firſt Journal, that "it was in November 1729, that he and his brother Charles, with two others, agreed to ſpend three or four evenings in a week together. Our deſign was to read over the claſſics, which we had before read in private, on common nights, and on Sunday ſome book in divinity*. In the ſummer following Mr. M. (one of the number) told me he had called at the

* The writer of this cannot help thinking that it would be a great mean of clearing the univerſities of this country from the odium which ſeems ſo juſtly to lie upon them, of not being ſo friendly to learning and morals as formerly, if the Vice-chancellors and Heads of Houſes would inſtitute a regulation ſimilar to that which the above young men voluntarily engaged in. It is but too certain that numbers of our youth go away from our public ſchools to the univerſities very good claſſic ſcholars, who ſoon loſe the beſt part of their learning through the relaxed diſcipline of thoſe once famous nurſeries of literature. And as to morals, it is notorious that vice reigns in thoſe ſeminaries to a degree of refinement which is perhaps unequalled but in the faſhionable places of diverſion. I have known many youths who went to college full of good reſolutions and virtuous diſpoſitions, and returned from thence not merely initiated but confirmed in habits of iniquity. This is not indeed always the caſe, but it is very common; and even thoſe whoſe peculiar ſituation or temper may have preſerved them from being eminently vicious, have yet become very lax in *poſitive* virtue; evil diſcourſe and evil company have ceaſed to be odious to them, though perhaps their conſtitutions might be averſe to intemperance and debauchery. In ſhort, the governors of thoſe places ſhould conſider the danger young men are in, by being emancipated from the ſeverity of private diſcipline, and the carefulneſs of parental obſervation, and aſſociated with a number of young fellows eager to initiate them, not in the way to honour, but in that which leadeth to infamy. I ſay, this ſhould be conſidered by thoſe whoſe duty it is to conſider it, and a remedy ſomewhat ſimilar to that abovementioned applied to remove the evil.

gaol

gaol to see a man who was condemned for killing his wife; and that from the talk he had with one of the debtors, he verily believed it would do much good if any one would be at the pains of now and then speaking with them. This he so frequently repeated, that on the 24th of Aug. 1730 my brother and I walked with him to the Castle. We were so well satisfied with our conversation there, that we agreed to go thither once or twice a week; which he (Mr. M.) had not done long, before he desired me to go with him to see a poor woman in the town who was sick. In this employment too, when we came to reflect upon it, we believed it would be worth while to spend an hour or two in a week, provided the minister of the parish in which any such person was, were not against it. But that we might not depend wholly on our own judgments, I wrote an account to my father of our whole design, withal begging that he, who had lived seventy years in the world, and seen as much of it as most private men had ever done, would advise us whether we had yet gone too far, and whether we should now stand still or go forward?"—The old gentleman's answer was full of encouragement to the young men, and of thanks to God for their good dispositions. They accordingly, by his advice, received the approbation of the bishop, and then went on, being increased to five, in this certainly commendable course. Such a novel institution however, and one so uncommon for young men just entered upon the gay part of life, could not fail attracting the attention of the university. It was honoured by the academic witlings with the titles of the *Holy Club*, the *Godly Club*, the *Enthusiasts*, or the *Reforming Club*, and more generally the *Methodists*. No one, however, can find fault with the proceedings which thus procured the ridicule of the thoughtless; on the contrary, we must contemplate with admiration a line of conduct so singular and commendable, because voluntary, and contrary to that love of pleasure and idleness which is too common in youth.

So far all was well; but the spirit of reformation began from thence to shew itself more extensively. Mr. John Wesley, his brother Charles, one Benjamin Ingham, of Queen's College, Oxford, and Charles Delamotte, a layman, were inspired with a desire to go over to the new colony of Georgia, in order to convert the Indians and other inhabitants there. They accordingly embarked in 1735 at Gravesend, and after a passage of three months arrived at Savannah. But though Mr. Wesley and his coadjutors remained in America above two years, their success was very trivial, and among the Indians, the prime object of their mission, nothing. One of our apostle's conversations with two of the Indian Chiefs, as published in his First Journal, may be amusing to our readers, and therefore we shall give it entire.

" W. Do you believe there is one above who is over all things?

A. We believe there are four beloved things above, the clouds, the sun, the clear sky, and he that lives in the clear sky.

Q. Do you believe there is but one lives in the clear sky?

A. We believe there are two with him; three in all.

Q. Do you think he made the sun, and the other beloved things?

A. We cannot tell. Who hath seen?

Q. Do you think he made you?

A. We think he made all men at first.

Q. How did he make them at first?

A. Out of the ground.

Q. Do you believe he loves you?

A. I do not know. I cannot see him.

Q. But

Q. But has he not often saved your life?

A. He has. Many bullets have gone on this side, and many on that side, but he would never let them hurt me; and many bullets have gone into these young men, and yet they are alive.

Q. Then, cannot he save you from your enemies now?

A. Yes, but we know not if he will. We have now so many enemies round about us, that I think of nothing but death; and if I am to die, I shall die, and I will die like a man: but if he will have me to live, I shall live. Though I had ever so many enemies, he can destroy them all.

Q. How do you know that?

A. From what I have seen. When our enemies came against us before, then the beloved clouds came for us; and often much rain, and sometimes hail has come upon them, and that in a very hot day. And I saw, when many *French* and *Choctaws* and other nations came against one of our towns, and the ground made a noise under them, and the beloved ones in the air behind them; and they were afraid, and went away, and left their meat and drink, and their guns. I tell no lie. All these saw it too.

Q. Have you heard such noises at other times?

A. Yes, often; before and after almost every battle.

Q. What sort of noises were they?

A. Like the noise of drums and guns and shouting.

Q. Have you heard any such lately?

A. Yes; four days after our last battle with the *French*.

Q. Then you heard nothing before it?

A. The night before I dreamed I heard many drums up there, and many trumpets there, and much stamping of feet and shouting. Till then I thought we should all die. But then I thought the beloved ones were come to help us. And the next day I heard above an hundred guns go off before the fight began. And I said, "When the sun is there, the beloved ones will help us, and we shall conquer our enemies." And we did so.

Q. Do you often think and talk of the beloved ones?

A. We think of them always, where-ever we are. We talk of them and to them at home and abroad, in peace, in war, before and after we fight, and indeed whenever and wherever we meet together.

Q. Where do you think your souls go after death?

A. We believe the souls of red men [Indians] walk up and down near the place where they died, or where their bodies lie; for we have often heard cries and noises near to the place where any prisoners had been burnt.

Q. Where do the souls of white men go after death?

A. We cannot tell. We have not seen.

Q. Our belief is, that the souls of bad men only walk up and down; but the souls of good men go up.

A. I believe so too. But I told you the talk of the nation.

(*Mr. Andrews.* They said at the burying, "They knew what you was doing. You was speaking to the beloved ones to take up the soul of the young woman.")—

Q. We have a book that tells us many things of the beloved ones above, would you be glad to know them?

A. We have no time now, but to fight. If we should ever be at peace, we should be glad to know.

Q. Do you expect ever to know what the white men know?

(Mr. *Andrews.* They told Mr. O. they believe the time will come when the red and white men will be one.)

Q. What

Q. What do the *French* teach you?

A. The French black Kings* never go out. We see you go about. We like that. That is good.

Q. How came your nation by the knowledge they have?

A. As soon as ever the ground was found, and fit to stand upon, it came to us, and has been with us ever since. But we are young men. Our old men know more. But all of them do not know. There are but a few whom the beloved one chuses from a child, and is in them, and takes care of them, and teaches them. They know these things, and our old men practise; therefore they know. But I do not practise; therefore I know little."

While at Savannah, Mr. Wesley involved himself in a disagreeable dispute with the gentlemen of the province, by debarring one Mrs. Williamson from the sacrament, who had, before her marriage, refused his addresses. His own account of the affair is very far from being honourable to himself. It shews that the *carnal* man predominated over the *spiritual*. Finding, therefore, that *America* was no longer a proper theatre for his labours, he suddenly pretended "a call from God "to return to England;" which call he prudently obeyed, to avoid a prosecution from the judicial court of Savannah, and arrived in England the latter end of 1737.

* The French Clergy.

(To be continued.)

THE TRIFLER,

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AMONG the most amusing works of our age, and in which the age has been uncommonly fertile, are books of Travels. Were they always, or even for the most part written by men qualified to the task, they might also be among the most instructive works. But of many which have been lately published, the best that can be said is, that they might have been written as well in the closet without travelling at all, as after it; and I know not whether many of them have not really been written in this manner.

It has happened to travel-writing as to Poetry. For one genius there are a thousand pretenders. It is certainly not one man in a thousand who is qualified to travel with improvement, much less to convey that improvement to the world. Why so many writers of travels have failed in making either an instructive or an amusing book, and why so many men have travelled without any visible improvement to their own minds, appears to me to proceed from one or all of the following reasons.

The early period of Life at which Travelling Commences. It is the fashion to send a young man on his travels, as soon as he has gone through the usual school discipline, in company with a tutor, or travelling companion, who nine cases out of ten has never travelled before, and therefore, bating the difference of a few years, is every way on a level with his pupil.

The young gentleman sets out to visit foreign countries before he has seen his own: Before he has acquired any knowledge of mankind at home, before he has mixed with his own countrymen in such a manner as to know their genius, dispositions, and particular characteristics. By this he loses one requisite in travelling, the power of comparing the manners of his own with those of any other country, and learning to quit the prejudicial and adopt the good. Confined all his short life within the walls of a school or college, he is sent abroad

to make obſervations on other countries—he, who has never learnt the habits of obſervation at home. Hence he greedily imbibes the manner, and is pleaſed with the character of the firſt nation into which he enters, for there he finds himſelf, for the firſt time in his life, at liberty. An extraordinary genius may, notwithſtanding all theſe diſadvantages, profit by travelling, but ſuch geniuſes are rare, and it is more natural to expect that he who ſet out a booby will return a fop, at leaſt ſuch is moſt commonly the caſe.

Another reaſon why ſo many people travel to little purpoſe is becauſe they have no turn, no talent for enquiry; they are ſatisfied with merely looking at fine buildings, pictures or ſhews, but how to employ the curioſity incident to travelling in any uſeful purpoſe, they are perfectly ignorant. Many, indeed, return without ſo much as having acquired a knowledge of the languages of the countries through which they have paſſed, or at leaſt they poſſeſs ſuch a ſmattering as a boarding-ſchool at home could have furniſhed.

Lord Bacon has well enumerated the chief objects which ought to employ a traveller's curioſity. "The things to be ſeen and obſerved," ſays that great man, "are the Courts of Prin-
"ces, eſpecially when they give
"audience to Ambaſſadors: The
"Courts of Juſtice, while they ſit
"and hear Cauſes, and ſo of Con-
"ſiſtories Eccleſiaſtic: The Churches
"and Monaſteries, with the monu-
"ments, that are therein extant:
"The walls and fortifications of
"cities and towns, and ſo the havens
"and harbours; Antiquities and
"ruins: Libraries, Colleges, Diſ-
"putations, &c. Lectures, where any
"are: Shipping and natives: Houſes
"and Gardens of ſtate and pleaſure
"near great cities: Armories, Ar-
"ſenals, Magazines, Exchanges,
"Burſes (*ſhops*) Warehouſes; Exer-
"ciſes of Horſemanſhip, Fencing,
"Training of Soldiers, and the like:
"Comedies ſuch whereunto the bet-
"ter ſort of perſons do reſort. Trea-
"ſures of Jewels and Robes: Cabinets
"and Rarities. And to conclude,
"whatſoever is memorable in the
"places where they go."

No one can ſuppoſe that theſe things can be viewed uſefully without ſome previous knowledge of their nature, nor can it be ſuppoſed that ſuch previous knowledge is to be acquired at the card-table, or on the Turf at Newmarket. And yet without that knowledge how is it poſſible that the view of ſuch things in foreign countries can be ſerviceable?

The leaſt well-bred man in company, ſays Swift, is a young man juſt returned from his travels. It is not, however, merely his being juſt returned from his travels that conſtitutes him ill-bred, but the impertinent tedioufneſs with which he relates—not what he has ſeen, for that might be pardonable, but what he has done, how much money he loſt to Count—at one place, how he had an intrigue with an actreſs at another, how infinitely preferable *French* wine is to humble Port, which may be denominated Engliſh, for the ſame reaſon that a painter is never ſaid to belong to the country in which he was born, but in which he practiſed his art for the greateſt number of years——and laſtly, not to enumerate all he has done and diſcovered, how he fought a duel at the Spa, and what a mere brute an Engliſh hairdreſſer is when compared to a Paris *friſeur*. We do not blame the man who deems all this impertinence, nor have we a very high idea of travelling when we imagine it produces no better information.

Another great error in travellers, or rather in writers of travels, is their pretending to decide on national cha-

racters

racters by a poſt-haſte obſervation. It is not the reſidence of a few weeks or even months that can enable a man to decide upon national character. Since the intercourſe between the ſeveral nations of Europe has been intimate, the caſe with the laſt fifty years, and ſince nations have adopted the liberal plan of admitting foreigners to ſettle in them, the great and prominent features of countries are no longer viſible at firſt ſight, on a haſty glance. In England we may find fops and knaves—In France philoſophers and grave men—In Spain affable and eaſy gentlemen—In Holland, Dutchmen of taſte—In Ruſſia and other northern nations, refinement of manners and ſenſibility. But ſuperficial travellers content themſelves with the characteriſtics which whether true or falſe have formerly been applied to certain nations; hence an Engliſhman is, with ſuch, ſerious and moroſe; a Scotchman proud, an Iriſhman, a fortunehunter—a Frenchman, a fop with paper ruffles to—no ſhirt—A Spaniard, grave, ſtiff and haughty—a Ruſſian, beariſh——an Italian a fiddler, &c. &c. &c.—In ſavage nations, one character perhaps ſtill prevails; in civilized kingdoms, civilized to a degree of refinement, no ſuch general character can exiſt. When a multitude of men have a multitude of intereſts, they will purſue them ſo many different ways as to occaſion a multitude of characters. We need not, however, appeal to gentlemen who have travelled on the continent for inſtances of ridiculous prejudices on this ſubject. Nearer home, it may be poſſible to find ſuch. I once heard a gentleman who had travelled in Scotland very gravely ſay that ABERDEEN (*ſalve, magna parens!*) was "the *Briſtol* of Scotland," and on enquiring what kind of people the Briſtol men were, he anſwered "All Jews, Sir, Jews by G—" —I remember too a Scotch gentleman, who after many months reſidence in London declared, "he had never ſeen a handſome Engliſh woman." The horizon of ſuch men ſhould be a counting houſe eight feet by ten. I would not truſt them to look out of doors.

The miſtakes incident to haſty judgment on national character bring me back to what was before ſaid, that youth, that is, the period at which young men commonly travel, is not the time for judging of characters. You do not find one young man in five hundred who can decide on the characters of his neareſt acquaintance. The truth is, the ingenuouſneſs of youth is much againſt diſcrimination of this kind, and hence it is that in youth we are ſo frequently deceived and duped. It requires ſome time to know our own characters, a longer time to make obſervations on character in general, but that man muſt have ſeen much, thought much, and read much, in whoſe hands I would truſt the character of a whole nation, and that nation not his own.

REVOLUTION IN *FRANCE.*

(Continued from page 536.)

EVery thing was now in the moſt violent fermentation, both at Paris and Verſailles.

On the night of this memorable day, an immenſe multitude of perſons of all ranks aſſembled at eleven o'clock, about the Caſtle, with menaces; the Princes called to arms; the ſoldiers refuſed, the King and Queen ſent for Mr. Neckar, who at firſt refuſed to come, but at laſt appeared, and the people were appeaſed.

Next day (Wedneſday JUNE 24), Mr. Neckar appeared in his ſtation as uſual with the King.

The Commons continued their de-

iberations, and ſent a Deputation to compliment Mr. Neckar, who returned a moſt affectionate but *guarded* anſwer, giving the ancient title of *your order* to the Commons.

JUNE 25. The Duke of Orleans, at the head of more than *forty* of the principal Nobles, and two hundred of the Clergy, joined the third Eſtate, ſubſcribed the oath they had previouſly taken, and gave their unanimous aſſent to the ſeveral Reſolutions which they had come to, after having ſent the following letter, addreſſed to the Preſident of the Nobleſſe:

"M. Le Preſident,

"IT is with real concern that we have determined on a ſtep, which, for the moment, ſeparates us from an Aſſembly for which we are penetrated with reſpect, and in which every Member has juſt pretenſions to our eſteem: but we conſider it as an indiſpenſible duty to repair to the Hall, where a majority of the States-General are united.

"We think that it is no longer permitted to us to delay, for an inſtant, giving to the nation a proof of our zeal, and to the King a teſtimony of attachment to his perſon, "in pro-"poſing and in procuring, in the af-"fairs that regard the general good, "a re-union of the advice and ſenti-"ments that his Majeſty conſiders "as neceſſary to operate in the pre-"ſent criſis, as heretofore, to the "welfare of the State."

The moſt fervent wiſhes of our hearts will be undoubtedly to ſee our modes of thinking adopted by the Chamber of the Nobleſſe at large. It is in that contemplation that we now act; and the part that we think ourſelves obliged to act, would be, without that hope, the greateſt ſacrifice that the love of our country could induce us to make; but in the place which we occupy, it is no longer permitted to us to follow the rule which directs private men. The choice of our fellow-citizens has made us public men. We belong to France at large, which deſires, above all things, to ſee a States-General; and to our conſtituents, who have a right to be repreſented there.

"Such are, Mr. Preſident, our motives and our excuſe. We ſhould have had the honour to bear ourſelves to the Chamber of the Nobleſſe, the reſolution that we have taken, but that you informed one of our body, that it would be more reſpectful to tranſmit our declaration in writing. We have, therefore, the honour to intreat you to lay it before the Chamber.

We are with reſpect,
Mr. Preſident, &c. &c.
Le Duc d'Aiguillon, &c. &c.

Theſe were followed by other Nobles on the ſucceeding days. A great body of the Clergy had already joined, but nearly an equal number ſtill perſiſted, headed by the Archbiſhop of Paris, and the Cardinal de la Rochefoucault, Archbiſhop of Rouen. A ſhort letter from the King*, however, put an end to this perſeverance, and the remainder of the Clergy, as well as the Nobles, acceded to the union on Saturday the 27th. The inſtant this great event took place, an immenſe multitude of perſons of all ranks, many even of the moſt reſpectable condition, who had conſtantly ſurrounded the hall, and all its avenues for ſeveral days, to protect their repreſentatives, flocked to the palace, and filling all the Courts, the Terrace,

* The Letter was as follows;

"Entirely occupied about the general welfare of my kingdom, but deſirous above all things that the States General of France ſhould be employed in the attainment of thoſe objects which intereſt the whole nation, I requeſt my faithful Nobles to *re-unite* themſelves without any delay to the *two other Orders*."

&c.

&c. made the air reſound with their acclamations. The King and Queen appeared on a balcony, where they remained a quarter of an hour to receive the bleſſings and applauſes of their ſubjects.

JUNE 30. The National Aſſembly met, according to the adjournment from laſt Saturday, and proceeded to verify the returns of all the Members in common, when the majority of the Nobility proteſted againſt any Reſolutions of the Aſſembly till they receive further inſtructions from their conſtituents.

In the midſt of theſe tranſactions an alarming and critical event occupied their attention.—Two ſoldiers of the French guards, having dreſſed themſelves in plain cloaths, intended to enter the National Aſſembly to-day, to complain againſt the Duc de Chatelet, their Colonel, in the name of the whole regiment; but being obſerved on the preceding day, were committed by him to the priſon of the Abbaye St. Germain. On the evening of the ſame day, a letter was ſent by theſe men to the Caffe de For, in the Palais Royal, the rendezvous of the friends to liberty, ſtating the circumſtances, and calling on them for aſſiſtance, their lives being in imminent danger, on account of the patriotic conduct the regiment had diſplayed the other day, when called upon to fire on their countrymen!

This letter was inſtantly read aloud, and produced an immediate effect. An immenſe multitude of perſons of all ranks ſet out from the Palais Royal at ſeven o'clock, and were joined by thouſands in their way, among whom were a great number of French guards, and having procured inſtruments from ſmiths, carpenters, &c. as they went along, proceeded to the Abbaye St. Germain, where in an hour's time they forced open all the gates and bolts, and releaſed the priſoners. Mean while, troops of dragoons and huſſars were ſent for; but on arriving, they likewiſe ſheathed their ſabres, drank with the multitude, and aided rather than moleſted them, joining in their acclamations, &c.

The releaſed ſoldiers were conveyed in triumph to the Palais Royal, and lodged at a tavern, where they have ſince remained, wanting for nothing, and continually ſurrounded by thouſands. Next day a deputation of nineteen perſons were ſent by public reſolution to Verſailles, to ſtate the tranſaction, and demand the ſupport of the National Aſſembly. On their arrival all buſineſs was ſuſpended, and various were the opinions reſpecting the mode of proceeding in ſo delicate a buſineſs—ſome thinking it improper for the legiſlative to interfere with the executive power—others, holding more patriotic language, repreſented the neceſſity of taking ſome ſtep to prevent the fatal conſequences of rigour in the executive; while the Chevalier de Boufflers, the celebrated Poet, moved a reſolution declaratory of the power of the Monarch:

"That the ſole executive authority was veſted in his Majeſty—that he had the command of all the military forces of the kingdom; and that all appointments to the army flowed excluſively from the throne."

This reſolution was carried unanimouſly.

The debates were long and warm, and the matter was adjourned over to Wedneſday (JULY 1) when after being again debated at length, and various motions made and rejected, the following was at length adopted, on the motion of M. Garget.

"The National Aſſembly, deeply 'afflicted at the popular emotion 'which at preſent agitates the capital, 'reſolved that a Committee of ſix-'teen be named, four of the Clergy, 'four of the Nobility, and eight of 'the Commons, to repair immediate-'ly to the King, to ſupplicate his 'Ma-

'Majesty to use such efficacious 'means as his goodness, his clemen-'cy, and paternal heart shall dic-'tate, to put an end to the present 'troubles, and to pardon the indiscreet 'movements of the multitude, and 'that the Deputies of Paris be reque-'sted by the National Assembly to 'write to their constituents, entreat-'ing them to employ every possible 'measure to appease the tumult and 'restore peace.'

The Committee, having at their head the Archbishop of Paris, and the Bishop of Amiens, immediately set off to wait upon the King, who afterwards returned the following answer in a letter to the Archbishop of Paris:

"Sir, I have received an exact detail of what passed on the 30th of June. The violence employed to deliver the prisoners from the Abbaye St. Germain is highly deserving punishment. Every honest and peaceable citizen, as well as all descriptions of persons, have a particular interest to protect the laws for the public tranquility. I will, however, yield on the present occasion to the petition of the Assembly of Representatives, as it is their first request, and I hope that nothing will happen in future to make me repent my clemency. I trust that this Assembly will consider the success of those measures of still greater importance, which I shall find necessary to take for the re-establishment of the public tranquility in the capital. A licentious spirit and want of subordination are destructive to the public welfare, and if suffered to augment, will disturb the happiness, and breed distrust in the mind of every citizen. Acquaint the States-General with the contents of this letter, and doubt not, Sir, of my esteem for you.

(Signed) "LOUIS."

JULY 3. The States General being assembled, the Duke of Orleans was chosen President of that Assembly: but his Highness declining that office, the Archbishop of Vienne was elected almost unanimously, and accepted that important appointment.

In the beginning of the following week the Palace at Versailles was completely surrounded by an army under Marshal de Broglio of 35,000 men, accompanied by a very large train of artillery, stationed between Paris and Versailles, as a security to the King.

The Marshal entered on his command with great firmness and intrepidity. He had not been long arrived, before his activity was called into action: on an insurrection at Versailles, the mob threw large stones at a party of Hussars, who were sent to disperse them. They were on horseback with their swords drawn, and finding themselves resisted, they put up their sabres and withdrew. On receiving further instructions from Marshal Broglio, and having been joined by two additional companies, they returned with orders, that if the mob would not disperse, they should ride over them sword in hand. This was done, and one of the leaders taken up and sent to prison. The mob soon rallied afresh, and were proceeding towards the prison, when M. de Broglio sent them word, that if they did not immediately desist, the prisoner should be produced to them, but hanging at the window. This threat had its effect, and the mob dispersed.

The sittings of the National Assembly on Wednesday the 8th of JULY were uncommonly tumultuous, and dispelled the pleasing hope which had been entertained, that when once the Assembly had regularly met, tranquillity would be restored. The encampment became the subject of debate. The meeting was extremely full, and the rumours which had gone abroad on the subject, had prepared men's minds for something important.

M. de Mirabeau arose, and in a very

very florid ſpeech of two hours, deſcribed the critical ſituation in which the Aſſembly was placed by the arrival of this army. "The ſtation of theſe troops," ſays he, "is ſubverſive of the liberty of this Aſſembly, contrary to the true intereſts of the King, and an infringement on the Privileged Orders. The purpoſe for which they are aſſembled cannot be the re-eſtabliſhment of tranquillity in Paris: beſides, his Majeſty muſt be aware, that to proviſion 35,000 men in this time of famine, muſt only increaſe the public misfortunes. The King is ill-adviſed by ſome wicked traitors to the Conſtitution, and it behoves us to ſeek the beſt remedy in our power."

M. de Mirabeau then moved, "That an addreſs be preſented to the King, praying that he would take into conſideration his own intereſt as well as the national liberty, and that under the circumſtances of the preſent famine, he would order the troops back with their train of artillery to thoſe places from whence they came: that ſhould his Majeſty be fearful of any diſturbances at Paris or Verſailles, he might raiſe companies of armed burghers in thoſe towns, who would be at his orders, and a ſufficient protection."

M. de Mirabeau intermixed this diſcourſe with every ſpecies of matter which might inflame the minds of the meeting. He pictured theſe ſoldiers as taking poſſeſſion of all the bridges and eminences where the people might defend their liberties, and called on his fellow-citizens not to ſubmit to the yoke.

He next moved, "That this motion might be reported the next day in the Aſſembly."

Several Members called out to have it immediately conſidered; and after ſome converſation, M. de Mirabeau ſaid, that as the Aſſembly was pleaſed to receive his motion ſo favourably, he thought that it ſhould immediately be taken into conſideration.

M. Target declared, that he was charged on the part of his conſtituents, to inſiſt that no troops ſhould be ſuffered to approach the National Aſſembly.

M. Gregore, a curate, ſaid, that they would be treacherous to themſelves, as well as to the people at large, if they ſuffered themſelves to be overawed; and he was of opinion, that the adviſers of his Majeſty ought immediately to be impeached.

The Aſſembly became extremely tumultuous, and there was a general cry of—*To voices—To voices.*

The queſtion was then put, That a Committee ſhould be appointed to preſent M. de Mirabeau's motion, in the form of a petition to the King, which was carried by a majority of 830 voices againſt three.

JULY 9. The Preſident informed the Aſſembly, that he had the honour, in conſequence of being ſent for, to ſee the King laſt night; when His Majeſty told him, "he had been made acquainted with the Reſolutions of the Aſſembly, and, willing to remove their fears, begged leave to aſſure them that the army which had approached the Capital, had no other object than to prevent any dangerous commotions; and that as ſoon as he was informed the people had returned to peace and order, the troops ſhould retire;" adding, His Majeſty alſo announced that he would receive the Deputation, and hear their Addreſs.

The preſident next obſerved, that the Central Committee had made a report.

This report was alſo received with the greateſt applauſe by the Three Orders.

The preamble of it is drawn up in a truly patriotic ſtile, although it contains no more than is eſſentially neceſſary to prepare the ſpirits of thoſe who

who are to be employed in the great work of the Conſtitution, and to inſpire them with ſentiments of moderation, love, and peace.—The following is the order of proceeding recommended in this report to the National Aſſembly.

1ſt, Declaration of the Rights of Men.

2d, Principles of Monarchy.

3d, Rights of the Nation.

4th, Rights of the King.

5th, Rights of a Citizen.

6th, Organization and Rights of the National Aſſembly.

7th, Forms neceſſary for the Eſtabliſhment of Laws.

8th, Organization and Functions of the Provincial Aſſemblies.

9th, Obligations and Limits of the Judiciary Power.

10th, Functions and Duty of the Military Power.

All the Committees met in the afternoon to confer on the above project.

(To be Continued.)

Remarkable Anecdotes of Impriſonment in the Baſtile.

IN 1674 the baggage of Louis chevalier de Rohan, grand huntſman of France, having been taken and rummaged in a ſkirmiſh, ſome letters were found which cauſed a ſuſpicion that he had treated with the Engliſh for the ſurrender of Havre de Grace. He was arreſted and put into the Baſtile. The Sieur de la Tuanderie, his agent, concealed himſelf. The proof was not ſufficient. A commiſſion was named to proceed againſt the accuſed for treaſon. La Tuanderie was diſcovered at Rouen: an attempt was made to arreſt him; but he fired on the aſſailants, and obliged them to kill him on the ſpot. Perſons attached to the chevalier de Rohan went every evening round the Baſtile, crying through a ſpeaking trumpet, 'La Tuanderie is dead, and has ſaid nothing;' but the chevalier did not hear them. The commiſſioners, not being able to get any thing from him, told him, 'that the king knew all, that they had proofs, but only wiſhed for his own confeſſion, and that they were authoriſed to promiſe him pardon if he would declare the truth.' The chevalier, too credulous, confeſſed the whole. Then the perfidious commiſſioners changed their language. They ſaid, 'that with reſpect to the pardon, they could not anſwer for it; but that they had hopes of obtaining it, and would go and ſolicit it.' This they troubled themſelves little about, and condemned the criminal to loſe his head. He was conducted on a platform to the ſcaffold, by means of a gallery raiſed to the height of the window of the armoury in the arſenal, which looks toward the little ſquare at the end of the *Rue des Tournelles*. He was beheaded on November 27, 1674.

The ſame year, the Jeſuits of the College of Clermont, in Paris, having invited Lewis the fourteenth to honour with his preſence a tragedy to be performed by their ſcholars, that prince accepted the invitation. Theſe able courtiers took care to inſert in the piece ſeveral ſtrokes of flattery, with which the monarch, greedy of ſuch incenſe, was greatly pleaſed. When the rector of the college was conducting the king home, a nobleman in the train applauded the ſucceſs of the tragedy. Louis ſaid, 'Do you wonder at it? this is my college.' The Jeſuits did not loſe a word of this. The very ſame night they got engraved in large golden letters on black marble, *Collegium Lodovici Magni*, inſtead of the former inſcription which was placed beneath the name of Jeſus on the prin-

principal gate of the college (*Collegium Claramontanum Societatis Jesu;*) and in the morning the new inscription was put up in place of the old one. A young scholar of quality, aged 13, who was witness to the zeal of the reverend fathers, made the two following verses, which he posted up at night on the college gate:

Abstulit hinc Jesum, posuitque insignia regis
Impia gens: alium non colit illa Deum.

The Jesuits did not fail to cry out sacrilege: the young author was discovered, taken up, and put into the Bastile. The implacable society caused him, as a matter of favour, to be condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and he was transferred to the citadel of the isle Sainte Marguerite. Several years after, he was brought back to the Bastile. In 1705 he had been a prisoner thirty one years. Having become heir to all his family, who possessed great property, the Jesuit Riquelet, then confessor of the Bastile, remonstrated to his brethren on the necessity of restoring the prisoner to liberty. The golden shower which forced the tower of Danae had the same effect on the castle of the Bastile. The Jesuits made a merit with the prisoner of the protection they granted him: and this man of rank, whose family would have become extinct without the aid of the society, did not fail to give them extensive proofs of his gratitude.

No where else on earth, perhaps, has human misery, by human means, been rendered so lasting, so complete, or so remediless. This, a very striking case may suffice to evince; the particulars of which are translated from that elegant and energetic writer M. de Mercier. The heinous offence which merited an imprisonment surpassing torture and rendering death a blessing, though for obvious reasons not specified by our author, is known from other sources to have consisted in some unguarded expressions implying disrespect concerning the late Gallic monarch Lewis the fifteenth.

A Journey to the Court of Bossa Ahadee, *at* Abomey, *the capital of* Dahomy, *an inland country of* Guinea. *By* R. Norris.

I WAS now come to the disagreeable and truly fatiguing part of the journey, and judged some rest necessary previous to entering upon it. Here the *great wood* commences, through which the path is so narrow, crooked, and bad, that it is impossible to be carried in a hammoc, even at the present, which is the best and driest season of the year.

We entered the wood at three o'clock in the morning, Feb. 3d, with the advantage of a bright moon and serene sky. The captain of the guard disposed his men, some in front, some in the rear, with loaded muskets, to defend us from the attacks of wild beasts with which this dreary wood abounds; two of the hammoc men, carrying lanthorns with lighted candles in them, on each side of me, on which the natives have great reliance for terrifying the beasts of prey: the whole party singing, and shouting as loud as they could bellow; blowing their trumpets, and firing muskets occasionally, which, with the chattering of monkies, alarmed at our approach, the squalling of parrots, the roaring of wild beasts, and the crashing and rustling of elephants through the underwood, formed the most horrid discord that could be conceived.

Afrer a fatiguing march of five hours, we reached *Agrimee*, a small town on the opposite side of the

wood, where we halted ſome time to breakfaſt, and then reſumed our journey to Calmina, which we reached in two hours.

I left Calmina at five in the evening, and proſecuted my journey for Abomey, which I reached in two hours.

On my arrival at the gate of Abomey, I was ſaluted with fifteen guns, and conducted to the white men's apartments in Mayhou's houſe; whoſe ſteward waited on me, with a preſent from his maſter of a jar of cool water, a pot of *pitto*, and ſome fowls. Mayhou ſoon made his appearance, accompanied by Eubigah the vice-roy of Whydah, and preſented the king's compliments on my ſafe arrival, and eſcape from accidents, or ſickneſs on the journey; which was followed by a preſent from the king, of a ſheep, ſome fowls, two jars of *pitto*, two baſkets of corn-flour, a callebaſh of palm oil, one of ſalt, and a flaſk of brandy.

Having had occaſion to mention Mayhou's name, it may be neceſſary to explain his office, and that of a few others. The prime miniſter is called Tamegah: he is the firſt civil officer of the ſtate, and ranks immediately after the king: he is the only perſon in his dominions whoſe head the king may not take off at his pleaſure. It is Tamegah's duty to aſſiſt the king with his advice, and to aid him in the cares of government. Upon the deceaſe of the king, he, and Mayhou, have the power of appointing which of his ſons is to ſucceed to the government; tho' the firſt ſon born after his father's acceſſion is deemed the heir apparent, yet, if they think him unworthy to ſucceed, they have a right to confer the ſovereignty on ſome one of his brothers, whom they judge poſſeſſed of ſuperior merit and abilities. The next in rank is ſtiled Mayhou; he is alſo a counſellor of the king, and acts as maſter of the ceremonies; he directs, or ſuperintends the public feſtivals of the court: and has the care of all ſtrangers that viſit Dahomy, whether Europeans, Moors, or Negro ambaſſadors from neighbouring ſtates. Tamegha and he are judges in criminal caſes; and one or other of them are almoſt conſtantly with the king, informing him of every circumſtance that paſſes. Agaow is commander in chief of the army. Eubigah is vice-roy of Whydah: the literal tranſlation of his title is, "*Captain of the white men.*" Jahou is maſter of the horſe: he has the care of criminals, and is to ſee their puniſhments inflicted; he has alſo the ſuperintendance of the plantations which ſupply the king's houſehold with proviſions; and to ſee that the *women who are to cultivate them* are not remiſs in the diſcharge of their duty.

The court was engaged at this time in the celebration of a grand feſtival, which continues ſeveral weeks, and is called "*the Annual "Cuſtoms;" when the king waters the graves of his anceſtors with the blood of many human victims.* The governors of the forts at Whydah are expected to attend, and make a preſent on the occaſion; which ſhould conſiſt of at leaſt one piece of Indian damaſk, or ſome other handſome ſilk; the vice-roy of Whydah, and the governors of the different towns and provinces, muſt be there with their preſents alſo, and give an account of their conduct, and of every circumſtance which the king wiſhes to be informed of.

On the annual return of the *Cuſtoms* (at which *all* muſt attend, unleſs prevented by ſickneſs,) every perſon being immediately in the king's power, they who have been guilty of any delinquency are apprehended without any trouble; and

an inquiry into ſmall offences is frequently deferred to that time; but on a ſuſpicion of crimes that merit immediate inquiry, ſuch as imprudent familiarity with the king's women, witchcraft, or theft, the offender is viſited by certain meſſengers, called *half-heads;* (from having one half of their heads ſhaved, and the hair permitted to grow to its full length on the other; which, with half a dozen ſtrings of human teeth that reach from the right ſhoulder acroſs the breaſt and back to the oppoſite knee, gives them a ſtrange appearance;) theſe meſſengers hear the merits of the caſe before the magiſtrate of the town; and if the offence is proved, they either carry the criminal's head with them in a bag, to ſhew the king that ſentence has been executed, or conduct him to the capital to receive his puniſhment there.

The town is large, and may contain about *twenty-four thouſand* inhabitants. It is built without any order, or the leaſt regard paid to the regularity of the ſtreets. A number of ſmall huts for the women, and a ſhady piazza or two for the maſter, the whole incloſed with a high *mud wall*, form the accommodations of each family. It is ſituated upon a dry gravelly plain, and is ſupplied with water from a rivulet near two miles off, which makes that article dear; and a number of *women* are employed in carrying it round the town, in earthen pots, to ſell. The town is ſurrounded by a wide and deep ditch, but has no breaſt work; nor does it appear how they have diſpoſed of the clay that has been dug out of it, unleſs it has been expended in conſtructing the mud walls of their houſes. There are in different places four *wooden* bridges acroſs this ditch, and a guard-houſe at each, in which ſome ſoldiers are ſtationed.

The king has two houſes, called Dahomy and Gringomy, in the town, and another without the gates, called Dampogey; they are about the ſame dimenſions as that at Calmina; and, like it, are incloſed by a *mud-wall* about twenty feet high. In paſſing the guard-houſe at the door of Gringomy houſe I obſerved a great number of human ſkulls fixed on ſmall ſtakes on the roof of it: they were the heads of priſoners taken in war. On each ſide of the door was a pile of human heads, at leaſt fifty in each; and at a few yards diſtance, oppoſite to the door, was a ſmall ſtage about ten feet high, on which lay about two dozen heads of unfortunate victims who had been ſacrificed a few days before at ſome of the late feſtivals.

On my return, I received a meſſage from the king, who deſired to ſee me next morning in Dahomy houſe. I prepared, accordingly, for my viſit, by unpacking a very handſome ſedan chair, and a chamber organ, which I had previouſly ſent up from Whydah. Theſe I ſent early in the morning by my porters to the palace, and followed them at ten o'clock, February 5, accompanied by my linguiſt. I was received at the door by Mayhou; on each ſide of it was a human head, *recently cut off*, lying on a flat ſtone, with the face down, and the bloody end of the neck towards the entrance. In the guard-houſe were about forty women, armed with a muſket and cutlaſs each; and twenty eunuchs, with bright iron rods in their hands; one of whom ſlipped away to announce my arrival; and Mayhou, walking cautiouſly forward, conducted me through the firſt court to a door, near which were two more heads, where he proſtrated himſelf, and kiſſed the ground; on which it was opened by a female, and we entered a ſecond court, two ſides of which

were formed by long ſhady piazzas: in this we were met by Tamegah and Eubigah, who, with Mayhou, frequently knelt down, and kiſſed the ground, pronouncing aloud ſome of the king's titles as we walked acroſs this court, in which were ranged ſix human heads. From this we paſſed through a third door into the court, where the king was ſeated on a handſome chair of crimſon velvet, ornamented with gold fringe, placed on a carpet, in a ſpacious cool piazza, which occupied one ſide of the court. He was ſmoaking tobacco, and had on a gold-laced hat, with a plume of oſtrich feathers; he wore a rich crimſon damaſk robe, wrapped looſely round him; yellow ſlippers, and no ſtockings: ſeveral women were employed fanning him, and others with whiſks to chace away the flies: one woman, on her knees before him, held a gold cup for him to ſpit in.

When the door which led into this court was opened, Tamegah and his two companions immediately fell down, rubbed their foreheads in the duſt, kiſſed the ground repeatedly, and approached the king crawling on their hands and knees, proſtrating themſelves frequently, and throwing the duſt plentifully with both hands upon their heads: had it been mud from preceding rain, the ſame ceremony would have been performed.

Having bowed to the king, I was directed to a chair a few yards from him; and having drank his health in a ſmall glaſs of brandy, and he mine, he enquired after the health of his brother, King George of England; and aſked ſome queſtions reſpecting my voyage. We converſed through the medium of my ſervant, who acted as interpreter, and Mayhou, who firſt kiſſed the ground before he preſumed to repeat the king's words to my ſervant; a cuſtom always obſerved in every part of the country, as well as in the royal preſence, when a perſon has occaſion to repeat the king's words, or deliver any meſſage or order of his. After ſome converſation, he deſired me to let him hear the organ, and appeared much pleaſed with the tunes. I then explained the uſe of the ſedan chair, which I repreſented as much more convenient than hammocs, which he generally uſed. Half a dozen of his hammoc men were then introduced, crawling on their hands and knees; and by his deſire, I went into the ſedan, and directing them what to do, was carried by them all in turns, until they appeared to be pretty expert at their buſineſs: he then went into it himſelf, and was carried repeatedly round the court, amidſt the ſhouts and acclamations of his miniſters, his women, and his hammoc men. It was a ſmart ſhowy thing, covered with red morocco leather, and lined with white ſilk. He was aſtoniſhingly delighted with it, and diverted himſelf with opening and drawing the curtains, which he deemed a moſt ingenious contrivance; at laſt, in the exultation of his ſoul, ſome of the eunuchs were called in to ſupply the place of the hammoc men, and the door leading from the piazza to his private apartments being opened, he was carried by them to diſplay his finery among his women; and I had permiſſion to depart: his nobles retiring in the ſame abject manner which they obſerved in approaching him. In the evening, I purchaſed thirty-two ſlaves, which finiſhed the buſineſs of the day.

On the next morning (Feb. 6.) I had an invitation to come, if it was agreeable, and be a ſpectator of ſome amuſements at the king's gate, at Gringomy, which I accepted, as I underſtood that Agaow (the general) had returned, in the preceding night,

night, from an expedition againſt the Mahees, and had brought ſome priſoners which I wiſhed to enquire about. I found Tamegah, Mayhou, Eubigah, Agaow, and Jahou ſeated on ſtools, placed on leopards ſkins, at the king's gate, and ſheltered under large umbrellas from the ſun. An accommodation of the ſame ſort was provided for me. A large concourſe of people was aſſembled, but I found it was not a time, or place, for buſineſs, ſo entertained myſelf with the droll diſtortions, and antic dances of a multitude of people, to the harſh muſic of a variety of inſtruments; amidſt all this feſtivity, ſhould a man's foot ſlip, and ſhould he tumble and get a fall, which are regarded as bad omens, the poor wretch is immediately taken out of the crowd, and his head is ſtruck off, without any interruption to the dance, which goes on, as if nothing had happened. To theſe ſucceeded a troop of about two hundred and fifty females, whoſe motions and grimaces were ſtill more comic, if poſſible, than what had preceded. This band was compoſed of ladies of pleaſure, ordered to be ſuch by royal authority. This is a precaution taken by government to prevent the peace of private families being violated, and is perhaps more neceſſary here than in any other ſtate; as *adultery* is ſeverely puniſhed, and every indiſcretion of gallantry expoſes the delinquents to *death*, or *ſlavery*; eſpecially, too, as the people of rank engroſs the major part of the women. The king's ſeraglio conſiſts of between three and four thouſand; his principal men have from one to three or four hundred wives each; and people in humbler ſtations from half a dozen, to twenty: from this unequal diſtribution, in which the rights of mankind are infringed, and their wants egregiouſly miſcalculated, the lower claſs remain unprovided with female companions; but in every town there is a certain number of women, proportioned to its ſize, who are to be obliging to every cuſtomer that offers: the price of their favours is regulated, and very moderate; and though theſe poor creatures pay a heavy tax annually, which was the occaſion of their being convened at preſent, yet by having ſmall beer, and breeding poultry added to what their occupation brings in, they are enabled to live; and I am inclined to think there are wretches in the world of the ſame profeſſion more miſerable than they are.

Whatever entertainment this ſcene might afford, was damped, by my ſervants's officiouſly pointing out ſeven horſes, and the ſame number of men with their ankles and wriſts ſecured round tall poſts fixed in the ground; where they were to remain till the night preceeding the next feſtival; when both men and horſes were to have their heads ſtruck off; theſe unhappy victims, though conſcious of their impending fate, were not indifferent to the muſic, which they ſeemed to enjoy, by endeavouring to beat time to it I ſoon took my leave and quitted this ſcene of diſtreſs, but had not proceeded far before I was almoſt ſuffocated by an inſupportable ſtench; which, upon looking round, I found to proceed from the heads of thirty-two horſes and thirty-ſix men who had been maſſacred on two preceding feſtivals, not for any crime of theirs, but as a ſacrifice to the miſtaken grandeur of the king, and agreeable to cuſtom immemorial. Directing my courſe from thence towards the market place, I found at the entrance of it two gibbets about twenty feet high, with a murdered man hanging naked by the ankles to each; and at the other end of the market two other gibbets furniſhed in the ſame manner. Theſe poor wretches were

were put to death by blows of heavy clubs on the head, and had their privities cut close off, that the delicacy of the king's women, who had to march under them in procession on a festival about eight days before, might not be offended. The birds of prey were tearing out their bowels and devouring them piece-meal, which the natives looked at without the least emotion, only admiring the grandeur of the king, who could defray the expence of such exhibitions*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Authentic Narrative of the Revolutions at Delhi, in the Months of September, October, November, and December 1788.

INCLUDING AN

Account of the Joinaghur Rajapoots, and the barbarous Cruelty of the Rohilla Monster Goolam Kadir Khaun towards the King Shaw Allum and his Family.

[*Extracted from Papers written by an Engliſh General Officer who was an Eye-witneſs of the Tranſactions.*]

HOwever ſhocking part of the following recital muſt be to every man of common humanity, we could not, upon a ſubject ſo very intereſting, hold ourſelves excuſed in keeping it back from the public eye. Such events as theſe convey an ample fund for moral inſtruction. They teach us at one view the uncertainty of human life, and the miſeries that await mankind, when ſavage power, without reſtraint, is let looſe upon them; and, by compariſon, they ſatisfy every man who is born to a private ſtation, that he ought to be contented, and thankful for his lot.

The Mogul, who for ſeveral years paſt has been principally dependent on ſuch of his principal ſervants (the upſtarts of the day) as by intrigue or force became poſſeſſed of the cities of Delhi and Agra, with their neighbouring territories and adminiſtration of his affairs, was driven, ſome time ago, as a laſt reſort, to the neceſſity of calling in the Mahratta chief Madajee Sindiah, with a large army, to put an end to the enormities of which, without being able to give a remedy, he was obliged not only to be an eye witneſs, but forced (to the great degradation of the diſtinctions conferred) to beſtow on the ſucceſsful competitors for the government of the above cities and depending diſtricts, ſuch honours and titles as they choſe to demand, however oppoſite to the King's intereſt; for ſuch is the reſpect paid to, and veneration ſtill held for, the decrees of the illuſtrious houſe of Timur, by the great body of the people in the north of India, that no ſucceſsful conqueror would find it an eaſy matter to reconcile the bulk to his government, without having previouſly obtained thoſe grants and inveſtitures from the court of Delhi, however obtained; and which even the Britiſh nation, in the midſt of their victories, were happy to procure for the government of Bengal, though the ſword had already acquired that country for us which formed the baſis of our former connection with the Mogul, by his conferring on us the Dewannee grant, or power of collecting the revenues of Bengal.

This digreſſion we find neceſſary, as many of our readers may not have paid previous attention to the revolutions at Delhi which led to the late one, attended with ſuch horrid and monſtrous acts of barbarity.

Ma-

* I obſerved in the market, that the fleſh of dogs was expoſed for ſale here, as well as in Whydah, in common with that of other animals.

Madajee Sindiah, on his arrival in the country with a powerful army, found the Mogul generals ſo divided, that, either by intrigue, bribery, or force, he not only reduced them to order, but had the addreſs ſo far to reconcile them, that they arranged themſelves, with their troops, under his banners, on his ſecuring to ſome of them the military tenures in the country from whence they drew their former ſubſiſtence. This ſyſtem, however ill calculated to ſecure the Mahrattas a permanent footing in their new acquiſitions, did not alter that held for ſome time paſt towards the Mogul by his own generals. Sindiah continued to hold his conqueſt, for as ſuch he looked upon it, in the ſame independent manner; obtaining the ſame and greater titles and honours from the Mogul than had been confered on the principal of the former. Had Sindiah, however, been ſatisfied with theſe advantages; which, even in a pecuniary point of view, would add, when the country ſettled, near two crores of rupees, or two millions ſterling a year to his revenue; he might, aſſiſted by his powerful reſources from the Mahratta country, have conſiderably improved them, and made ſome progreſs towards a permanency of ſituation. Inſtead, however, of this, by unwarrantable demands on the neighbouring Rajapoot princes, he exaſperated this brave and warlike race of Hindoos, inhabiting a hilly country, the principal capital of which is Joinaghur, a city of great beauty and ſplendour, and the principal ſeat of religion with the above tribes, amongſt whom it is held in great veneration. The princes who have filled this throne have long been celebrated for their piety, particularly for their liberal encouragement to the arts and ſciences; and in the above town, though 1000 miles within land, is to be ſeen an obſervatory of European ſtructure, ſaid to have been erected by the Jeſuits. The Raja of Joinaghur, diſdaining to ſubmit to Sindiah's demands, left the event to the fortune of war. Sindiah marched to beſiege his capital. The Joinaghur Raja was, however, joined by another powerful prince of his tribe, the Raja of Oudipoor; and theſe gained over to their ſide ſeveral of the Mogul chiefs, with their forces, who as above mentioned, had ranged themſelves under Sindiah's banner, on his firſt reduction of them; and amongſt theſe one of great note, called Mahomed Beg Amadanee, whoſe particular diſaffection to Sindiah had been of ſome ſtanding, from ill treatment. The united forces of the Rajapoors and diſaffected Moguls, now become formidable, marched to attack; and a bloody battle enſued in the neighbourhood of Joinaghur. The Rajapoots charged the Mahrattas ſeveral times with extraordinary courage: the latter gave way, and were running in diſorder, purſued by the Ratoreans, a ſelect body of cavalry and infantry belonging to the Oudipoor Raja, when the good conduct of Major De Boigne's regiment of ſepoys, on the ſide of Sindiah, gave a turn to the day. The firm ſtand of this corps repelled the repeated attacks of the Ratoreans, and did their commander, Major De Boigne, much credit, who, after great ſlaughter, put the Rajapoots to the rout. As ſoon as they gave way, the retreating Mahrattas and Moguls rallied, and, in their turn, charged the Rajapoots. The victory declared itſelf in favour of Sindiah. Mahomed Beg Amdanee, the Mogul chief, on the ſide of the Rajapoots, was killed, and on both ſides many others of leſs note.

Two days after the victory the remaining Mogul troops with Sindiah, his ſepoys, and other corps, demanded their pay, due for ſeveral months. Sindiah, however, elated with his victory, treated them with contempt; they

they accordingly mutinied, and threatened to go to the Joinaghur ſide, if not paid. Sindiah not ſatisfying them, they deſerted to the Rajapoots. This deſertion left him with his Mahrattas only, and Major De Boigne's regiment of ſepoys: the fear of worſe made him retreat haſtily to Agra, with theſe few remains of at leaſt 100,000 men. Not thinking himſelf ſafe under the walls of that city, he retreated ſhamefully 80 miles farther to Gualior, a ſtrong fortreſs in the Mahratta country, abandoning every thing to his enemies, who he thought were in cloſe purſuit of him, though the Rajapoots had not moved from the place where the battle had been given in the neighbourhood of Joinaghur. By Sindiah's running away out of the country, his office of courſe under the Mogul was abandoned. However we might have reaſon to regret this loſs, from the good underſtanding which, ſince our late peace with the Mahrattas, has ſubſiſted between us and Madajee Sindiah, the horrid barbarities which the ſaid loſs was the cauſe of towards the Mogul, (unparalelled in the hiſtory of the preſent times) will make us ever lament that the reſtrictions laid on our government in India, confining them, at that diſtance, within the letter of limited inſtructions, ſhould make us become inactive ſpectators of ſuch a ſcene, with the power in our hands to prevent it, without riſk or expence, when the national honour and intereſt was ſo much concerned, not to ſay humanity and ſound policy. On Sindiah's abandoning the above territories a Rohilla chief, named Goolam Kadir Khaun, (whoſe territories border on thoſe of the Nabob of Oude) a bye-ſtander during the above conteſts, availing himſelf of Sindiah's abſence, immediately haſtened up to Delhi with a few followers, and forcing himſelf into the Mogul's preſence at court, mentioned Sindiah's defeat, and demanded the office of Emir ul Omrah. The King refuſing it, he boldly repeated his demand to be made Emir ul Omrah, or menaced the ſovereign with the loſs of his head. The Mogul at laſt, through fear, complied, and, though in the middle of his capital and attendants, conferred the title on this ſavage Rohilla, Goolam Kadir Khaun, who had not 100 men in his ſuite, and who immediately, on obtaining the above title, proceeded to purſue victory againſt Sindiah, attacking the ſeveral forts the latter had poſſeſſed himſelf of in that neighbourhood, belonging formerly to the Jeuts, Macheri Raja, and Agra; for which purpoſe he joined his forces with thoſe of the late Mahomed Beg Amdanee, now commanded by Iſmael Beg a brother of the late commander, and poſſeſſed himſelf of every fort in that quarter in Sindiah's poſſeſſion, excepting that of Agra. To this place they laid ſiege, Iſmael Beg on one ſide, and Goolam Kadir on the other. After they had lain before it about a fortnight, the Mahrattas from Gualior, with Major De Boigne, endeavoured to raiſe the ſiege, but without ſucceſs. All this time the Rajapoots did not move a ſtep from the ſpot in their own country where they had attacked Sindiah; wiſhing to convince the latter, that they had no other object in fighting him than that of defending their country, apprehenſive as they were, in the event of his retrieving his affairs, that they might ſuffer for any further hoſtile attempts they might make on him. They accordingly now remained inactive, as did alſo the Mogul, refuſing to declare openly for any party, but endeavouring to cultivate a good underſtanding with all, particularly with Sindiah; to whom the King wrote, that though he had conferred the office of Emir ul Omrah on Goolam Kadir Khaun, it was by compulſion; though there is not a doubt but

but the King, as well as every other Mahomedan, wiſhed to ſee the Mahrattas expelled from his dominions. The ſiege of Agra ſtill holding out, Goolam Kadir Khaun marched to reduce ſeveral places. At laſt, finding the King appeared rather more inclined to ſupport Sindiah, and not being able to raiſe money for his troops, he now endeavoured to make friends at Delhi, having made himſelf particularly obnoxious at that Court during his late viſit; where after the King had conferred the above mentioned title on him, he endeavoured to ſeize the palace; and for this purpoſe had erected a battery againſt it, and was beſieging it when the news of Major De Boigne's approach with the Mahrattas from Gualior to raiſe the ſiege of Agra, obliged him to haſten to the aſſiſtance of Iſmael Beg, whom he left before this place, for the reduction of which he now became particularly anxious, but could ſcarce make any impreſſion on it.

The Mahratta army was ſtill at Gualior, very much diſſatisfied with the conduct of their commander Sindiah. This circumſtance encouraged Goolam Kadir Khaun to go again to Delhi to get money to pay his troops, who were become very riotous and ungovernable, particularly the Rohillas, the moſt cruel people of that part of the world. Goolam Kadir already ſucceeded in gaining over to his intereſt the Nazir, an Eunuque, and principal miniſter about the King's perſon, attached to his houſe from his infancy. The treaſon of the Nazir procured Goolam Kadir immediate admittance with his Rohillas into the fort at Delhi, where the royal palace is ſituated, who inſtantly took poſſeſſion of both. The Mogul in vain proteſted againſt this violence. At length he diſſembled, on the Nazir and Goolam Kadir's proſtrating themſelves before the throne, declaring they were his ſlaves, the ſupporters of the Mahomedan religion, and would die in the defence of Shaw Allum and his family; requeſting that his Majeſty, King of Kings, would open the lock of his beneficence, and allow him (Goolam Kadir) his ſlave, the means of ſupporting the Muſſulman army againſt the infidel Hindoo Mahrattas, the enemies of Mahomed. The King pretended it was out of his power to aſſiſt them with money: the application was renewed, but to no purpoſe. While this was going on, the Nazir and an old lady within the walls, wife to Mahomed Shaw (who was on the throne of Delhi at the time of Kouli Khan's invaſion in 1739, named Mulkzimanee) were adopting meaſures to have the grandſon of the latter placed on the throne, for which ſervice ſhe promiſed to pay Goolam Kadir Khaun 15 lacks of rupees, or 150,000 l. ſterling on the ſpot, with a promiſe of more ample ſupplies afterwards; and the Nazir promiſed to point out where the treaſure of the reigning king was depoſited. Goolam Kadir, on receiving theſe overtures, began to treat the latter with cruel ſeverity, who immediately wrote to Sindiah to come to his relief; and that if he would expel Goolam Kadir and his Rohillas, he ſhould receive a reward of ten lacks of rupees, or 100,000l. ſterling. The treacherous Nazir acquainted Goolam Kadir with the contents of this letter, who had it intercepted, and immediately impriſoned the King, demanding the money which this letter proved he was in poſſeſſion of, and rebuking him for his conduct in endeavouring to call the Hindoos to his aſſiſtance, at a time that the Muſſulmen were ſacrificing their lives for him and their religion. The King, however, perſiſted in refuſing to pay any money; and Goolam Kadir having determined within himſelf to depoſe him, he was accordingly made a cloſe priſoner; and Biddor Bux, the grandſon of Mahom-

ed Shaw, whom the old Begum had been exerting herſelf in favour of, was placed on the throne, and proclaimed King under the name of Biddor Shaw The old King's family, his wives, ſons, and daughters, with his and their effects, being all ſeized, Goolam Kadir extorted from them fifty lacks of rupees in money and jewels—a great ſum conſidering the diſtreſs that the Houſe of Timur has been in of late years; but which under every circumſtance of the former ſituations of many of the living members of this branch of it, it is more than likely they poſſeſſed, if not more conſidering the general diſpoſition of the natives of India for hoarding, in the midſt of the moſt harraſſing ſituations.

Goolam Kadir alſo received the 15 lacks of rupees from the old Begum Mulkzimanee: but theſe reſources were trifling compared to what he had ſecured for himſelf, from taking poſſeſſion of Selim-Ghur; an account of which place may be new to an European reader.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Poetry.

The preſent State of PARNASSUS.

A poetical Eſſay.

Sint Mæcenates; non deerunt, Flacce, Marones;
Virgiliumque tibi vel tua rura dabunt.

WHAT rare felicity, a Verſe to write
Which men of taſte with fondneſs may recite?
More wit and ſkill are wanted to compoſe
One happy ſtanza than whole ſheets of proſe.
Departed health, an old excuſe, I plead,
For penning what, perhaps, you'll ſcorn to read.
A ſick-bed does not ſuit the pleaſing ſtrain;
Then pardon this laſt offſpring of my brain.
Victorious Death! I feel thee coming faſt—
But let thy Victim rally to the laſt:
Where med'cine fails, amuſement ſhould be ſought,
Though but to ſoothe the miſeries of thought;
When one is juſt about to be a clod,
Cenſure may ſmile to ſee him lift her rod.
Since both in Arts and Arms the preſent age,
Impartial admiration muſt engage;
And burſting error's chains, the vigorous mind,
Throws every former effort far behind;
You aſk, with ſeeming ſorrow and ſurprize,
" Why no ſuch Bards as Butler now ariſe,
" To paint the follies of the paſſing day,
" And force moroſe Enthuſiaſts to be gay?
" No modern rivals Milton's pure ſublime,
" Or Dryden's ſweet ſimplicity of rhyme—
" His happy boldneſs, great without
" pretence,
" His ſtrong inceſſant ſtream of com-
" mon ſenſe.
" Our living Play-wrights likewiſe
" are confeſs'd
" To be but Shakeſpere's ſhadows at
" the beſt.
" No Lear, no Brutus, dignifies their page—
" Their phantoms but exiſt upon the ſtage;
" The language of the ſtews perhaps,
" rehearſe,
" Or elſe *out-bedlam* Bedlam in blank verſe."

Thus

Thus ſtands the fact, but then we muſt allow
Numbers were never leſs eſteem'd than now;
And thoſe who bear the Patron's boaſted name,
Of taſte a ſolid ſhare can ſeldom claim,
A juſt conception Beauties to diſcern,
Knowledge to teach, or modeſty to learn;
And pedantry and quaintneſs oft obtain
That praiſe Buchanan might demand in vain.
But words, alas! all the great can ſpare,
As if a Poet could ſubſiſt on air.
Artiſts, dear Sir, in every other trade,
For every piece of work are duly paid.
What but bad verſes ſhould the world expect,
When riſing worth is ſure of groſs neglect?
What harveſt would the richeſt acres yield
Did not the farmer cultivate his field?
And who but madmen would mature a ſoil,
Which cannot promiſe to reward their toil?
Yet 'tis a vain young rhymer's common fate
To burn his bundle, and be wiſe—too late;
When ſix fond prattlers for their food exclaim,
I would not take the gift of Virgil's fame.
Domeſtic eaſe our happineſs muſt found;
For all beſides is nothing but a ſound!
Old, peeviſh, poor, we to the duſt deſcend,
Without one veſtige of a generous friend!
But thoſe who, living, would not ſpare us bread,
Illuſtrate, publiſh, and admire the dead!
Some reverend doctor, with his long tail'd notes,
And damn'd corrections, each plain ſentence blots;
Drench'd in his Critic's filth a writer lies,
From twelves diſtorted to the folio ſize.
Then ſordid widows, as a thing of right,
Expoſe what never ſhould have ſeen the light;
Our cloſet ſweepings to low Printers ſell,
And Memoirs next the precious cargo ſwell.
Yet, though in life our proſpects are o'ercaſt,
All other human labours ours outlaſt.
An actor's efforts with his breath expire,
And colours from the canvas muſt retire.
Of Roſcius we juſt know what Tully ſays—
No portraits of Apelles reach our days.
The fiddler who ſtands foremoſt in renown,
Succeeding fiddlers in their quavers drown;
But Pindar's Ode outlives the Dorick lyre,
Yet ſtern Tyrtæus ſets each nerve on fire;
Warns the bold Youth "his country's wrongs to feel,
"And ruſh undaunted on the reeking ſteel!
"To War's embattl'd van his front oppoſe,
"Nor ſhrink one footſtep from an "hoſt of foes;
"But, breaſt to breaſt, repulſe the warrior's ſhock!
"Cleave the broad ſhield, and give "the ſhorten'd ſtroke!"
His laurels, yet unfaded, Homer wears,
Freſh from the havock of three thouſand years;

And ſhall, when Afric freezes at the pole,
And Hecla's flames between the tropicks roll.*
Of all the fatal viſions e'er poſſeſs'd
A Scholar's mind, 'tis madder than the reſt
To graſp each man of letters as a brother,
To dream the ſpecies truly love each other;
And fancy that the friend who ſees your worth,
Will frankly try to draw each talent forth.
Though, otherwiſe, he ſhews an honeſt heart,
Reſiſtleſs paſſions at this project ſtart.
Pride views all mankind with malignant eyes,
And Envy ſickens at a rival's riſe.
" What! ſhall I puſh this upſtart into view,
" Who thinks my ſervice nothing but " his due?
" A dunce, for certain, ought to be " preferr'd
" Whom titles cannot raiſe above the herd."
Forward to purchaſe an immortal name,
And hear their bounty fill the voice of fame,
The days have been when every rank of men
Were proud to patroniſe a Claſſic Pen.
Thus Milton's toils the Great Protector paid—
Dryden, from Dorſet, found a father's aid:
The good Southampton, Shakeſpere's wants ſupply'd—
A Templar buried Butler when he died!
But now the fit of Patronage is paſt,
And Spite and Scorn the budding Poet blaſt!
Let us, to Pity ere we ſhall pretend,
Forget poor Chatterton's lamented end.
Truſt not that thoſe who Walpole's meanneſs mourn,
Will be one jot more generous in their turn.
That Grub for certain ſhocks with worſe neglect,
Who, more than all the world, our merit ſhould reſpect.
On a ſmall eminence by Fortune plac'd,
With not one ſpark of underſtanding grac'd,
Obſerve yon Book-worm—who a Chaiſe has got,
By vending two trite quartos which he wrote!
He quarrels with old Madam twice an hour,
And thruſts his grey-hair'd ſervant to the door,
(A man, with whom, he ſpent his ſchoolboy days)
As too infirm to drive the new-bought Chaiſe!
Will ſuch a cold hard-hearted coſtive thing
O'er infant Genius ſtretch a Parent's wing;
His Grace, whom endleſs ſupplications ſteel,
Has neither time to think, nor ſenſe to feel!
'Tis really ſtrange, for what capricious ends
A vulgar man of wealth his income ſpends!
Where no true pleaſure, profit, or renown,
Can tempt the fool to throw his money down.
By heaping ſtones, one, eager to be great,
To build a palace, ſquanders an eſtate:
Another on his ſtable caſts away
The caſh: a third, ſtill worſe, conſumes in play:
For game-cocks, hounds, and girls, another ſighs:
Each cobler's vote the borough member buys,

Sneaks

* Philoſophers compute that twenty thouſand centuries are requiſite to accompliſh this revolution.

Sneaks through night cellars with a fawning face,
And, if a Patriot, rails at rogues in place;
Bears the groſs belch from ev'ry porter's lungs,
And groſſer outrage of ten thouſand tongues!
Others, by law, their ſenſes undermine,
While ſoakers, to the glaſs, felicity confine.
But theſe, and all the reſt, alike refuſe
To ſhed ſubſtantial comfort on the Muſe;
When half their barber's wages would preſerve
The wretch they flatter,—ſtill that wretch muſt ſtarve—
Or, ſome proud Bookſeller's inſulted ſlave,
Place his laſt dream of hope beyond the grave;
From ſtale exiſtence drain the vileſt lees,
And envy every beggar whom he ſees!
Yet, when he views Old England's preſent ſtate,
No more he marvels at injurious fate;
He learns that Senſe to Folly bows her head,
That rank Corruption hath our iſle o'er-ſpread;
That, of Auguſta's cits, not half a ſcore
Who get a wife, can want one bedmate more;
That half their Ladies well deſerve the ſtocks,
That half the town is rotten with the p— ;
That, as for Virgins with unſhatter'd ware,
The Sphynx and Unicorn are ſcarce ſo rare;
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
That Peers, for bruiſing butchers, form a ring,
And Prelates preſs to hear an Eunuch ſing;
That Ducheſſes canvaſs from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And ſink five thouſand guineas on a treat.—
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
The caſe explain'd, no longer you'll enquire
For Satan's dignity or Richard's fire;
Cecilia's Odes unrivall'd ſhall remain,
And Ralpho's back ſhall ne'er be flay'd again;
The wiſe apply to more auſpicious ſchools,
And leave the field of Poetry to fools.
Then wonder not, my friend, that I reſign
All correſpondence with the tuneful Nine;
With me the days of vanity are paſt,
Oh! that my firſt eſſay had been my laſt!
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Long ere the luckleſs dream poſſeſs'd my brain,
Of penning what no Critic ſhould diſdain,
Moſt happy once I was to hold the plough,
To plant my cabbages, and feed my cow;
Or glad to ſeize ſome moment for my own,
Along the graſſy turf to lay me down;
And as my lambs were ſporting by my ſide,
Smile at the littleneſs of letter'd pride.
While honeſt Scorn provokes me to deſcribe
The wonted baſeneſs of the Patron-tribe,
One worthy man is deſtin'd to remain,
To whom Misfortune never ſu'd in vain;
In whom good ſenſe and tenderneſs conſpire,
And cool reflection fans the nobleſt fire.
He to ſupport the poor, ſpends all his days—

Envy

Envy for him is prodigal of praiſe;
He did true Genius ſtrike—an orphan Bard;
Hath *taſte* to feel, and *juſtice* to reward;
While ſome ſage Friends of Learning ſcarce allow
A *monthly breakfaſt*, and a *civil bow*.
Might he with theſe unhappy verſes bear,
My wildeſt wiſh is but to ſuit his ear—
T' amuſe the Landlord to my little farm
Would force exiſtence, though in age, to charm.
—Weak Hope, adieu! theſe nerves convulſe with pain,
And mortal ſickneſs ſhoots thro' ev'ry vein—
By cares, infirmities, and years oppreſs'd,
The long toil'd intellect retires to reſt!

AMICUS.

LAWRENCE KIRK, 16th *June*, 1789.

*** Our Correſpondent has not ventured to name the perſon whoſe virtues he ſo warmly celebrates in the concluſion of his Eſſay: but by dating it from the village of Laurence Kirk, he ſufficiently fixes the identity of his Landlord—than whom it would be difficult to point out a character more univerſally or more deſervedly beloved.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

The two MONKIES,

OR

A Duel in Taſte.

IN Eſop's days, ſays Eſop's fable,
Each animal to talk was able;
And learnedly diſcourſe of things,
At country courts or chuſing kings.
With parſons they could hold debate
Of Sybil's books and dubious fate,
And lawyers in a doubtful cauſe,
Conſulted brutes about the laws.
From this it is the grave Hiſtorian,
Relates the ſyſtem Pythagorian,
That Man when dead transformed was,
To dog or cat, to horſe or aſs.
And tho' they chang'd their outward figure,
They ſtill retain'd their mental vigour.
Tho' Monſieur Buffon, wonderous ſage,
In all his nature-teaching page.
Ne'er mentions once that brutes could ſpeak,
Or on their foes a jeſt could break;
Yet poets brains, when rhymes prevail,
Will ſtick at nought to frame a Tale.
So as they did in days of yore,
I now beg leave to think once more,
"That Quadrupeds can mimic man,
"And act and talk upon his plan."
So you believe, ere I before ye,
Can lay my truly epic ſtory.
In Britain's Iſle, for valour famed,
And martial ſpirit yet untamed,
A noble faſhionable Lord,
Two monkies kept at bed and board,
Which they repaid with antic wiles
That oft the monſter time beguiles.
For noble lords and ladies too
Scarce with their time know what do,
Then who ſo rude as to refuſe 'em
A trickey monkey to amuſe 'em.
The preſent Heroes of our tale,
One *Sachem* named, the other *Frail*,
One day at dinner chanced to fare
On pudding of materials rare.
Which on a plate, in China wrought,
Was by the footman Jacob brought,
But ere the friends began to eat,
A line was drawn acroſs the plate,
By juſtice loving Sachem's art,
That each might have an equal part,
And one might not encroach on t'other,
Or raiſe about their ſhare a pother.
But ſpite of all our cautious zeal,
Where there are thieves, theſe thieves will ſteal.
So Sachem found by Frail the ſinner;

Who

Who quickly finiſh'd half the dinner.
Then ſoftly to his neighbour's ſide,
His knife and fork did eager glide,
And ſnatch'd voracious with his paw,
A lump that fill'd his lanthorn maw.
But ere he this way long did act,
Sachem juſt caught him in the fact,
And by the muzzle ſeiz'd the thief,
" To anſwer for your crimes, be brief.
" This has a practice been of thine ;
" To take the food ſet by as mine,
" But this no longer I ſhall bear,
" So give me ſatisfaction here."
But Frail, a pert and cunning rogue,
To ape the cuſtom now in vogue,
" You'll have revenge, upon my word,
" With either piſtol, or the ſword,
" Name but the weapon, time and place,
" And I ſhall meet you face to face,"
Mild Sachem lov'd not blood to ſhed,
He'd rather die at home in bed ;
Thus ſaid to Frail, " Nay beg my pardon,
" And I'll forgive the things that are done."
But Frail replied, " I'd ſhoot my Donor,
" Did he but try to ſtain my *honour*,
" So meet me ſoon on Blow-brain common !
" I'll beg the pardon now of no man."
The day arrives, and they appear,
The Heroes trembling with their fear,
And with them as their ſeconds came
An aged cur and maſtiff lame.
The ground is mark'd, they take their ſtand
With each a piſtol in his hand,
And doubled was their blazing ire,
As they debated who ſhould fire.
It fell to Sachem, but he ſwore
The ground he would not ſtain with gore,
And that they might ſee all was fair,
He fired his piſtol in the air.
But Frail took aim at Sachem's head,
And in his peruke lodg'd the lead,
The mangled curls at diſtance fly,
And Mar'ſhall powder dims the ſky.
At this the ſeconds interpoſe,
And each to give his counſel choſe.
Loud ſnarl'd th Cur, a creature vain,
And ſaid, " They both ſhould fire again."
But growl'd the maſtiff, " better far,
You now be friends and end the war,
You both have ſhown your valour great ;
And may with honour both retreat."
They heed his counſel for the day,
So both ſhook paws and march'd away,
And 'tis but juſtice to their merit,
To ſay they fought with proper ſpirit.

Aberdeen, 19 Auguſt, 1789. J. I.

Sonnet on Mr. Hayley's excurſion to Italy ; written May 3, 1789.

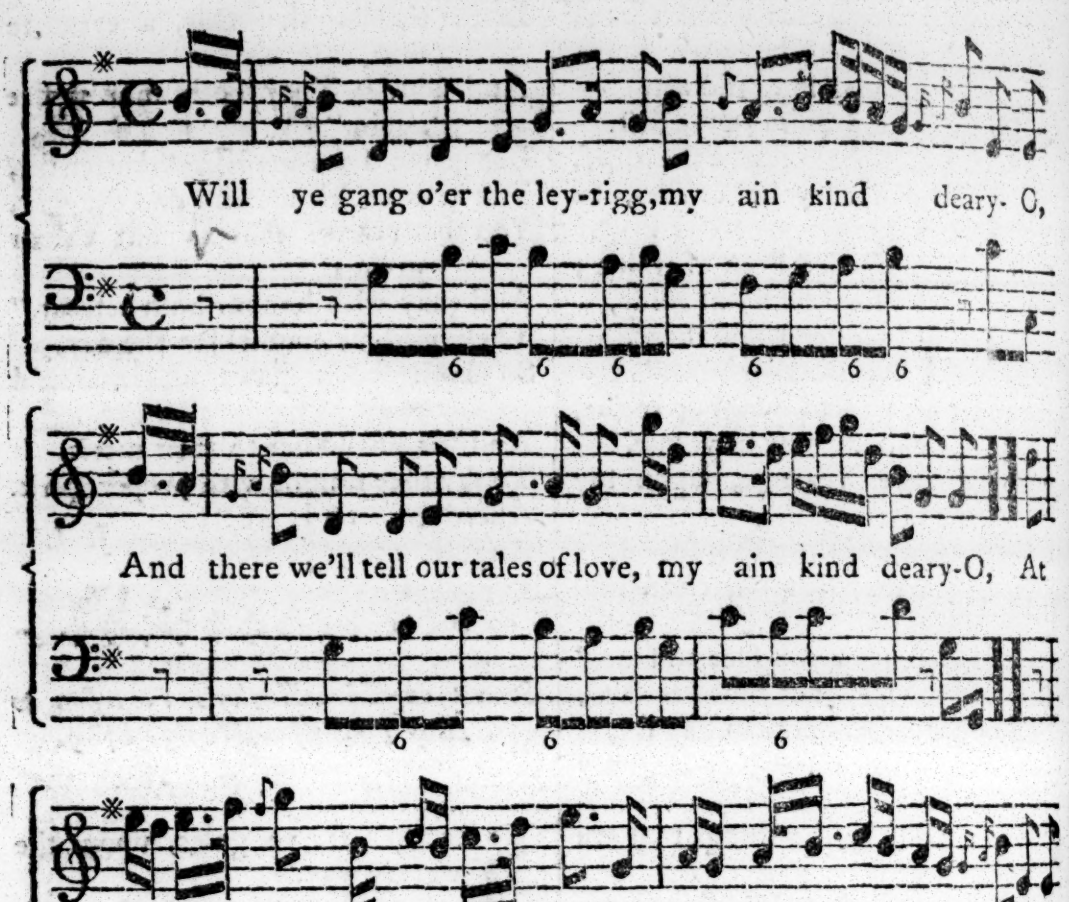
By H. F. Cary.

BReathe ſoft, ye gales, upon the watery way,
Since to your charge we truſt as rich a ſtore
As e'er to Gallia's happy climes ye bore;
Never, Eteſian breezes, may ye play
With gentler influence, ſave on that bleſt day,
When ye ſhall once again with joy reſtore
The precious freight to our exulting ſhore ;
Till then each pleaſure foreign climes diſplay
Await the footſteps of great Albion's Bard :
And while the mildneſs of a vernal ſky
Abſorbs the rage of Summer's ſultry fire,
Hygeia view him with benign regard,
Guilding his volant hand with rapture high,
O'er the rich frame of his enchanting lyre.

An

An improved Set of the favourite Scotch Song,

MY AIN KIND DEARY-O.



No herds wi' kent, or colly there,
Shall ever come to fear ye-o;
Bat lav'rocks, whiſtling in the air,
Shall woo, like me, their deary-o!

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
Upon the ley my pleaſure grows,
Wi' you, my kind deary-o.

The Favours of ſeveral poetical Correſpondents are deferred.

THE

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THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER XLIV.

Thurſday September 10, 1789.

SUBJECT OF THE LAST CONTINUED.

MY laſt paper on Travelling was ſo far from exhauſting the ſubject, that it could pretend only to contain a few detached remarks on it. What more, indeed, can be expected from works of this nature? And if in ſuch remarks my readers will acknowledge that they find nothing offenſive, and now and then a thought that is new or amuſing, I ſhall chearfully purſue my labours, and think myſelf amply rewarded.

In travelling the great road of life, and in travelling the high roads of Europe, there is a ſtriking ſimilarity in many reſpects, and particularly in this, that various travellers give directly oppoſite accounts of the ſame places; This may ſometimes proceed from a difference of taſte, but I believe much oftener from the mind being more or leſs prone to be pleaſed. If the great Henry Fielding, a name dear to men of genius, had not told us that when he ſailed to Liſbon, he was afflicted with an inveterate dropſy, the force of ſome violent diſorder would have appeared in the ſtile and manner in which he wrote an account of his voyage. Much the ſame may be ſaid of our countryman Smollett, in his travels in France, &c. In both you ſee the mind, the temper, the diſeaſe of Fielding and Smollett, but in neither are you to expect that fidelity of deſcription which only can render a book of Travels valuable. I believe it is unneceſſary to add another inſtance——Johnſon. Truth and Juſtice muſt compel every man who has travelled in the ſame tract of country, to confeſs that where in his book, we ſee SCOTLAND *once*, we ſee JOHNSON ten times. Nay I think the concluding lines of his work ſeem a tacit acknowledgement of what I ſay. I have not the book at hand, for I am now in the country, but my readers may refer to it.

And is not this the caſe with men who having travelled through the road of life, and coming near their journey's end, are giving an account of their ſucceſs? Do they not almoſt always view things as having a refe-

rence to themſelves only? A man of a large and liberal mind, who contemplates himſelf as a ſtroke in the great deſign of the univerſe will not think thus. But the generality of mankind do not poſſeſs ſuch minds. Each thinks himſelf a world—his proſperity, a ſunſhine, and his miſfortune, an earthquake.

"The road of life is broad," ſays the man who contemplates the millions who are travelling on it.

"The road of life is narrow," ſays he who is joſtled by the crowd, and pinched for a ſubſiſtence.

"It is all up-hill work," ſays the honeſt, humble man of merit, who has none to befriend him.

"It is pleaſant travelling"—ſays the wealthy miſer, who by what he calls lucky hits, and government jobs, has enriched himſelf.

"It is as bright as noon-day on this road," ſays he whoſe fortune has been chalked out to him, and who can hardly miſs his way.

"It is dark as Erebus," ſays another who with moderate talents and no invention ſtumbles on little things, but never arrives at great.

"It is all ups and downs," ſays he who depends on chance and what he calls fortune, in preference to induſtry and economy.

"It is a plain, ſmooth tract, you cannot go out of your way," adds the plodding tradeſman who is regular as a piece of clock-work, and his mind balanced like his gold weights.

"It is a long journey," ſays one of your inſtances of longevity.

"It is a ſhort journey," ſays he who is cut off in his prime—or he who is philoſopher enough to meaſure it by eternity.

We ſee in all theſe opinions, and they might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, rather the *traveller* than the *road*; and if thus various are the opinions of men concerning the journey of life, are we to wonder, if they ſo materially differ from each other in their deſcriptions of the detached parts of a country? The different motives, too, from which men travel will neceſſarily vary their ideas of the journey. He who travels through life for money cannot be expected to agree in his account with another, who has travelled for pleaſure. Nor will he who has travelled for improvement coincide with him who has travelled merely to kill time. We do not expect the ſame account from a London rider that we expect from a Pennant, or a Coxe, and I believe by this time ſome of my readers will think that Johnſon and Mr Gilpin travelled with very different views, as they have given very different accounts.

I was once much diverted with the account a ſober citizen gave of a three weeks tour to the Weſt of England. He was the more communicative, that I informed him of my having travelled ſome part of his tour, and had thoughts of performing the reſt of it, when it ſhould be convenient. "Then," ſays he, "Sir, you know the *Bear* at—"

"Yes—I ſlept there one night—

"One of the beſt Inns in England, Sir, they dreſs a cutlet there better than in *ere* a tavern in London—

"The proſpect from that Inn is beautiful—

"I don't know—but I would have you try the Bull when you come to—a *monſtrous* civil landlady—and the beſt punch on that road—

There is a very beautiful park near that belonging to—

May be ſo, Sir—but pray where did you put up at the next ſtage?

At the Roſe and Crown—

The Roſe and Crown! Never while I live will I go to that houſe—Faugh! would you believe it, Sir,—There was as fine a piece of mutton at the fire when I went in, as *ere* you ſaw on a ſummer's day—quite a picture, Sir, —Says I, let me have that for our party—

party—Yes, Sir, says the Landlord, and would you think, Sir, it was done to rags, Sir—done to rags—No, No—no more the Rose and Crown for me—besides they gave us a bottle of wine that tasted of the cask."

In this manner the traveller went on, and had he written a volume, could have gone no farther than a register of Inns. Of them he appeared to have a perfect knowledge, and might travel to some purpose as purveyor to a party—But as to the face of the country, its curiosities, seats, villas, manufactures, edifices, &c. &c. &c. of such objects he had no knowledge, for to such he had paid no attention. Had he published a book, it might have been properly bound up with some of those ingenious volumes on Cookery by Mr Farley, or Mrs Hannah Glasse, and like those have been decorated—not with views of gentlemen's seats, castles, &c. but with views of rich larders, and prospects of good dinners.

At this season of the year I am afraid there are many such travellers whose only object is to go over certain spaces of ground, and to please their *palates* by the variety which the country affords. From the verbal relations of such travellers, from their grievous complaints, nay their actual sufferings, if a dinner cannot be prepared to their mind, if a fowl be overboiled, or a bottle of wine be musty, we may draw one conclusion—rather a melancholy one—that those men who cannot bear such trifling unevenesses, are ill prepared to surmount the great adversities of life; for how can he bear misfortune as a man and a Christian, who resents with indignation matters so trifling that they can scarcely be mentioned with gravity?

One other remark I shall make before parting. As we find those travellers most pleased with their journey who have proposed to themselves a certain determinate object, so in the great road of life, if we place before us some useful attainment, some leading object of our serious attention, it will abstract us from vice which interrupts our career, and prevent us from idleness which is the source of our greatest calamities.

Further Extracts from

Travels through the Interior Parts of America, in a series of Letters. By an Officer.

THE curious fall of Montmorency, he describes in the following words.

I went yesterday to view the Fall of Montmorency, which is really beautiful. The breadth of it is not above ten or twelve yards, and its perpendicular height one hundred and twenty feet; by the violent fall of such an immense body of water, there is always a thick fog of vapors, which occasions a continual rain, for some distance round the bottom. Anxious to examine it as minutely as possible, I approached within twelve yards of the Fall, when a sudden gust of wind blew such a thick fog off the spray, that in less than a minute I was as wet as if I had walked half an hour in a heavy shower, which, however, did not prevent my endeavouring to satisfy my curiosity, for I persevered, in hopes of accomplishing my wish, which, like many of our ardent pursuits, did not bring me that recompence I had flattered myself it would; for having obtained the purport of my intention, instead of the beautiful appearance I had pictured to my imagination, to be discerned between the rock and the immense body of water that was falling from such a prodigious height, I found myself enveloped in a very thick fog of spray,

ſcarcely able to ſee my hand when extended, and where, in all probability, if I had continued five minutes and the wind changed, I was in danger of being drowned. The noiſe occaſioned by the fall was ſo great, that an officer who was with me was obliged to ſpeak as loud as he could to make me underſtand any thing he ſaid. It is ſometimes heard at Quebec, which is two leagues diſtant to the ſouthward, and when that is the caſe, it is the ſign of an approaching ſtrong north-eaſt wind.

One thing remarkable is, that this plentiful fall of water, which never dries up, one would imagine, muſt proceed from ſome fine river: but it is quite the reverſe, it being only a puny ſtream, which in ſome places is ſcarcely ſufficient to cover the ancle; it flows however, conſtantly, and derives its ſource from a pleaſant lake, twelve leagues diſtant from the falls.

The city of Montreal ſtands in an iſland, formed by the river St. Lawrence, which is about four leagues in length, and ten in breadth. In the centre of this iſland there are two large mountains, which by the firſt diſcoverers were called *Monts Royaux;* hence the iſland was called *Mont Royal*, and afterwards by corruption Montreal.

It is extremely difficult to gain the ſummit of theſe mountains, but when this is once accompliſhed, the beautiful proſpect that preſents itſelf amply compenſates for the fatigue and danger which one has encountered. The whole iſland and ſeveral leagues round it may be ſeen, and one can plainly diſcern the green mountains, which are ſixty miles diſtant.

This city forms an oblong ſquare, divided by regular, well formed ſtreets, and the houſes in general are well built; there are ſeveral churches, but thoſe, as well as many of the houſes, have felt the effects of this war.

This city is ſurrounded by a wall and dry ditch, and at one end there is a citadel. Theſe fortifications were raiſed many years ago, as a defence againſt the Indians, and ſince the war, great improvements have been made to them; but the city is ſo ſituated, that no works can be raiſed to enable it to ſtand a regular ſiege, having many riſing grounds, that command it in more places than one.

When we gained poſſeſſion of this province, Montreal was nearly as large as Quebec, but ſince that time it has ſuffered much by fire; it is greatly to be wondered at, that it has not, one time or other, been totally deſtroyed; for in the winter, when the inhabitants go to bed, they make great fires in their ſtoves, and leave them burning all night, by which means they are frequently red hot before morning. Imagine how very dangerous they muſt have been, when their houſes were conſtructed of wood; few of thoſe are now remaining except in the outſkirts of the city, the greateſt part of them being built of ſtone.

The inhabitants here, as well as thoſe of Quebec, having ſo many times ſuffered by fire, conſtruct their buildings in ſuch a manner, that they are not only perfectly ſecure againſt that element, but even againſt houſe-breakers, which being a little ſingular, you will have no objection to my deſcribing them.

The houſe conſiſts of one lofty floor, built with ſtone, and the apartments are divided by ſuch thick walls, that ſhould a fire happen in one of them, it cannot communicate to any other: the top of the houſe being covered with a ſtrong arch, if the roof which is over it ſhould catch fire, it cannot damage the interior part of the houſe. At Quebec, that city having been ſo often beſieged, the inhabitants who are now building at that place, make this arch bomb proof.

Each apartment has a double door, the

the inner one of wood, and the outer one of iron, which is only ſhut when the family retire to reſt; the windows have double ſhutters of the ſame materials, and they have not only taken this precaution with the doors that lead out of the houſe, but added an iron one, which is fixed in the inſide.

Theſe doors and ſhutters are made of plate iron, near half an inch thick, which, perhaps, you will imagine, muſt give the houſe a very diſagreeable appearance, but it is far otherwiſe, for being moſtly painted green, they afford a pleaſing contraſt to the whiteneſs of the houſe.

In the concluſion of this letter, Mr. Anbury gives ſome account of the fur trade, with a few hints concerning the diſcovery of a north weſt paſſage.

This, ſays he, is the buſy time of the merchants belonging to this place, who are now uſing all poſſible expedition in ſending home their furs, before the winter ſets in. The reaſon aſſigned for deferring it till ſo late in the ſeaſon, is on account of the traders, ſome of whom are but juſt arrived from the upper countries, the merchants generally waiting as long as there is a poſſibility of their return, and ſometimes ſo long in expectation of them, as to loſe their markets.

Theſe traders in the courſe of their voyages, are continually encountering hardſhips and difficulties, and their lives are frequently in imminent danger:—nothing can counterbalance the great perils that await them, but the certainty of acquiring an ample fortune in the courſe of three or four voyages.

They ſet out in the ſpring of the year, in parties of about twenty or thirty perſons, with perhaps eight or ten large birch canoes; they have no fixed courſe to take, but ſteer that where it is imagined they can meet with a tribe of Indians; keeping moſtly upon the upper lakes, ſometimes carrying their canoes acroſs rapids, which are parts of the river greatly quickened by the deſcents, and over land to a river, up which they will proceed many leagues. If they do not meet with any Indians, it obliges them to return again to the lake, and proceed weſtward.

The goods they take with them to barter for ſkins, conſiſt chiefly of brandy, tobacco, a ſort of duffil blanket, guns, powder and balls, kettles, hatchets, and tomahauks, as likewiſe looking-glaſſes, vermilion and various other paints; and according to any article that an Indian has a deſire or an uſe for, he will give ten times its value in ſkins. They are moſt eager after powder, ball, paint, brandy and tobacco.

Theſe traders traverſe vaſt lakes and rivers with incredible induſtry and patience, carrying their goods among nations in the remoteſt parts of America. They are generally abſent from their families about three years, before their departure make a will, and ſettle all their affairs, many of them, with their whole party, having been put to death by the Indians, either for the ſtores they carry with them, or to revenge the death of ſome of their nation, who has been killed by the burſting of a gun that has been ſold to them, which is frequently the caſe, they being by no means proof. The Indians do not wait for thoſe traders who ſold the gun, but take their revenge upon the firſt they meet with. Here I muſt obſerve to you, that the guns which are ſold to the Indians are fitted up in a very neat manner, to attract the notice of theſe poor creatures, and frequently, after having been fired five or ſix times, they burſt, and the unfortunate purchaſer is either killed, or loſes an hand or an arm. Theſe traders are certainly the beſt judges, but I cannot help thinking it both cruel and impolitic.

It

It having been hinted, that a reward would be given to thoſe who ſhould diſcover a north-weſt paſſage, or whether the Continent joins to India, two ſuppoſitions much credited by the Europeans in general; ſeveral of the traders have endeavoured to find which is the true one: as there is every year ſome freſh diſcovery made, there remains but little doubt that in ſome future time it will be effected. I believe, the fartheſt that any of them have yet reached was a Mr. Henry, who is reported to have travelled for ten days upon a large plain, on which grew only a rank graſs, nearly as high as a man's breaſt, and on this plain, he frequently met with immenſe droves of buffaloes, and obſerved the tracks of ſeveral others; that on the eleventh day he came to a vaſt river, which ſtopped his progreſs, as he did not chuſe to venture croſſing in a canoe; that the water was quite ſalt, and run extremely rapid, from which circumſtance he concluded there muſt be a north-weſt paſſage.

Whether it is ſo or not, it is to be hoped that when this unhappy conteſt is ended, government may think it a matter worthy their conſideration, and fit out an expedition for aſcertaining it, as the diſcovery would not only be of great importance to England, but to all the world. As we have already made ſuch great and wonderful diſcoveries in the South Seas, ſurely this will be deemed of ſufficient importance to juſtify the expence of fitting out proper perſons from England to inveſtigate the fact.

If after ſo many fruitleſs attempts ſome one ſhould appear, whoſe firm mind will riſe ſuperior to every ſenſe of danger, encountering variety of hardſhips, and whoſe patience is not exhauſted by their duration; if ſuch a one, animated with a hope of glory, which alone teaches men to diſregard life, rendering them equal to the greateſt undertakings; who, being well informed, ſo as to underſtand what he ſees, and of veracity enough to relate only what he has ſeen——if ſuch a man ſhould appear, and no doubt there are many who poſſeſs theſe excellent and extraordinary qualifications, his reſearches will perhaps be crowned with better ſucceſs. But, if after ſuch an undertaking, this celebrated paſſage ſhould ſtill remain concealed, it muſt be concluded, either that it doth not exiſt, or is not given to man to diſcover.

A Journey to the Court of Boſſa Ahadee, *at* Abomey, *the capital of* Dahomy, *an inland country of* Guinea. *By* R. Norris.

(Continued from page 562.)

Feb. 7th. EArly this morning I went to the gate of Dahomy houſe to ſee a proceſſion of the king's women, who came out, in number about ſeven hundred, neatly dreſſed, and danced in the parade before the guard-houſe; where a number of men under arms were drawn up at a diſtance, to prevent the populace from approaching them. Upon their retiring, Agaow advanced with about five thouſand men under arms, who went through the various evolutions of their exerciſe; and concluded with a general dance, and ſome war-ſongs. After which I went in to pay my reſpects to the king, and by his deſire played over the tunes on the chamber organ; it had three barrels, which made it rather too complicated a buſineſs for him. It played ſeveral agreeable tunes, and ſome ſelect marches, but he preferred the hundred and fourth pſalm; and I fixed the barrel, at his requeſt, to that, for his future amuſement.

February 8. On my arrival this morning at Gringomy houſe, I found a vaſt concourſe of people aſſembled,

I was received by Mayhou, who conducted me into a ſpacious parade; on each ſide of the entrance, were three human heads that had been cut off the night before; and in the centre was erected a lofty tent, ſhaped like a ſugar loaf, about fifty feet high and forty feet wide, it was open below, and reſted on a circular range of ſmall iron rails, through which the king could have a view of what paſſed in the parade. He ſoon made his appearance, and ſeated himſelf (amidſt the ſhouts and acclamations of the people) under his tent, on an elegant armed chair covered with crimſon velvet, and ornamented with carving and gilding. I was placed under the ſhade of a large umbrella, ſome Mallay traders on my right, and about thirty eunuchs, with each a bright iron rod in their hands, and dreſſed like women, on my left hand: after the muſic had played about half an hour, with the confuſed noiſe of which, and the ſhouts and ſongs of the multitude, I was almoſt ſtunned, a droll Harlequin entertained the king with an odd ſort of dance, and fired occaſionally a blunderbuſs with five barrels, which gave the king ſo much ſatisfaction that he ſent him five cabeſs of cowries.

The proceſſion then began with a guard of an hundred and twenty men, carrying blunderbuſſes, who marched out two a breaſt: next, fifteen of the king's daughters, fine comely women in the bloom of life, attended by fifty female ſlaves: after them marched in regular order, one by one, ſeven hundred and thirty of his wives, bearing proviſions and liquor for an entertainment in the market place; theſe were followed by a guard of ninety women under arms, with drums beating. A table was then laid, and I breakfaſted, whilſt the proceſſion continued; ſix troops advanced of ſeventy women each, a diſtinguiſhed favourite walked under an umbrella at the head of each. She who led the van was ſo univerſally reſpected, as to be too ſacred to be ſeen; in fact, they ſecured her effectually from my ſight with the umbrella, and certain long targets of leather covered with red and blue taffata, with which they encompaſſed her; in the laſt troop were two umbrellas, and four favourites, very fine women, who were ſaid to be in higher eſteem with the king than any, except the lady before-mentioned. All theſe entertained the king with their ſongs and dances as they paſſed, and the favourites went into the tent to pay their reſpects, and received conſiderable preſents of cowries from him. They were ſucceeded by ten bands of his younger children, fifteen in each, from about ſeven to fifteen years old, each band conſiſting of thoſe that were nearly of the ſame age and ſize. Seven troops of fifty women each followed next, each troop preceded by two Engliſh flags: theſe, like the former, amuſed his Majeſty with their ſongs and droll dances; four of them particularly engaged my attention, their dreſs was too extravagant to be deſcribed, and each had a long tail fixed to her rump, which ſeemed to be a ſlip of leopard's ſkin, ſewed up and ſtuffed; which, by a dexterous wriggle of their hips they whirled round with ſurpriſing velocity, like a ſling. Theſe likewiſe had a ſhare of their maſter's bounty, and marched off loaden with cowries. Beſides theſe, there were fifty or ſixty women employed about his perſon, going on meſſages, and diſtributing preſents, which he dealt about with a liberal hand.

When the women had marched out, the eunuchs began their ſongs in the king's praiſe, enumerating his titles, and proclaiming his grandeur and actions, in terms of the moſt ful-

fulſome adulation; which continued until the women had made the neceſſary preparations for him in the market place: then the king retired, and the proceſſion began in the following order. Firſt, two coaches drawn by twelve men each; next, the ſedan chair, and then three hammocs ſcreened from the ſun by large ſumptuous umbrellas of gold and ſilver tiſſue, and covered with canopies of the ſame. Each of theſe was ſurrounded by a very ſtrong guard, and the king was in one of them; but whether in coach, chair, or hammoc, would have been preſumptuous, even criminal, for any of the attendants to venture to gueſs. My hammoc followed, and then five other hammocs belonging to the great officers of the ſtate, accompanied by an immenſe crowd of attendants and ſpectators. We proceeded through Ajawhee market, directly under five gibbets, with a man hanging on each, as deſcribed before, who had been murdered in the preceding night for that purpoſe. We then entered a large parade, incloſed with different kinds of cloth, extended on rails to keep off the populace; adjoining one end of it was a higher incloſure of finer cloth for the king. None came into the large parade but Tamegah, Mayhou, Eubiagah, Agaow, and Jahou, and their attendants, except myſelf and ſervants; and here I ſat down to a dinner which would have ſerved a hundred more. After I had dined, Tamegah, &c. attacked the remainder; and the crowd without were ſo well ſupplied with victuals and brandy, that every one of them was fully ſatisfied: in the evening I had permiſſion to viſit the king, and having paſſed half an hour with him, returned to my quarters ſufficiently tired with the noiſe and fatigue of the day. On my way I paſſed by the place where I had ſeen the ſeven men and the like number of horſes tied two days before: they were now gone, and, I was told, were murdered on the preceeding night; but that thoſe upon the gibbets, and the heads in the king's houſe, were none of them.

Nothing material occurred on the three enſuing days, which I employed in purchaſing ſome ſlaves and ivory; but on the 12th I was ſummoned again to court to attend another feſtival: only four human heads were placed at the king's door upon this occaſion. The dances and the proceſſion were nearly the ſame as before, except that the dreſſes and ornaments of the women were much more ſhowy: the variety and abundance of rich ſilks, ſilver bracelets, and other ornaments, coral, and a profuſion of other valuable beads, exceeded my expectation; beſides, there was added another troop of forty women with ſilver helmets, and there was a diſplay of the king's furniture and trinkets, moſt of the women carrying ſomething or other of his, ſome of them fine ſwords, others ſilver-mounted guns; above a hundred of them held either gold or ſilver-headed canes in their hands; and that none might be unprovided, ſome carried a candleſtick, and others a lamp, perhaps fifty at leaſt of each, with many other articles, which were all held up for the gaping multitude to admire. We dined as before in the market place; and in the evening when I went to wait on the king, a female dwarf was introduced to dance before him, in which ſhe acquitted herſelf very well: ſhe ſeemed to be about thirty years old, and meaſured only two feet ſeven inches high, was without any deformity, and tolerably well ſhaped.

I ſhould have ſet off on my return to Whydah early in the morning of the 16th of February, which was the laſt day of the *Annual Cuſ-*

toms,

toms, on which the king distributes a profusion of presents among his people; but I was prevailed upon to remain till evening, at the request of my attendants, who hoped to pick up something in the scramble of the day. On this occasion a large stage is erected near one of the palace gates, adorned with flags and umbrellas, and surrounded with a fence of thorns, to keep off the rabble; on this are piled heaps of filesias, checks, callicoes, and a variety of other European and Indian goods; a great many fine cotton cloths that are manufactured in the Eyo country, and a prodigious quantity of cowries. When all is ready, the king comes upon the stage, accompanied by any of the governors or captains of ships that may be there, and attended by Tamegah Mayhou, and a few others of his head men; to each of these he gives, according to their rank, the choice of an Eyo cloth, and a string of coral beads; his subordinate officers are then called over from among the crowd below, and receive each a piece of cloth, and some cowries, as a mark of their master's approbation and regard. The king then throws a bunch of cowries with his own hands among the crowd, on which his women begin to fling the remainder of the goods indiscriminately among the multitude; in which the white men, if they please, and Tamegah and his companions assist; and finally, as some cruelty must accompany all their exhibitions, a man tied neck and heels, an alligator muzzled, and a couple of pigeons, with their wings clipped, are thrown off the stage among the crowd, where a confusion, greater if possible than what has preceded, ensues, in scrambling for the heads of each, to the great amusement of the king; and whoever are lucky enough to carry off the prizes, which consist of the heads of the victims, are each rewarded with a handsome present. This is the last human sacrifice at the *Customs*, and is part of the ceremony which the Whites never stay to see performed; but, if report may be credited, the carcase of the human victim is almost wholly devoured, as all the mob below will have a taste of it.

I reached Agrimee, on the borders of the wood, that night.

The next day, February 18, 1772, I returned safe to my factory; and here my narrative should conclude, but I am tempted to waste some additional lines, in relating a few circumstances that occurred in my subsequent journies to Dahomy. I had occasion to visit Abomey again in December 1773: the king was then infirm, and sinking under years, as well as disease: he was confined to his room, but would see me, which gave me an opportunity of inspecting his private apartment. He had a neat detached room for sleeping in, which was separated from the court in which it stood by a wall about breast high, the top of which was stuck full of human lower-jaw bones; and the little area within it was paved with skulls, which, I understood, were those of neighbouring kings, and other persons of eminence and distinction, whom he had taken prisoners in the course of his wars; and had been placed there, that he might enjoy the savage gratification of trampling on the heads of his enemies, when he pleased. He did not long survive this interview, but lingered on to the 17th of May 1774, when he died aged about seventy years, of which he had reigned about forty, and was succeeded by his son Adaunzou.

A horrid scene commences in the palace the moment the king expires, which continues until Tamegah and Mayhou have announced that event to his successor, and

till he takes poſſeſſion of it: this he loſes no time in doing, that he may put an end to the miſchief going on there. The wives of the deceaſed begin with breaking and deſtroying the furniture of the houſe, the gold and ſilver ornaments and utenſils, the coral, and in ſhort, every thing of value that belonged either to themſelves, or to the late king, and then murder one another.

Adaunzou, upon being nominated king, haſtened with his retinue to the palace gate, which he broke down, and taking poſſeſſion of it, put a ſtop to the carnage; but, before he could accompliſh this, a great part of the furniture, &c. was deſtroyed, and two hundred and eighty-five of the women had been murdered. The ſedan chair, however, remained entire, and Ahadee was interred in it, accompanied, it is ſaid, by ſix of his wives, who were buried alive with him, as were alſo all thoſe who had been killed in the affray.

REVOLUTION IN *FRANCE.*

(Continued from page 556.)

July 10. A Deputation from the States-General waited this evening on the King, with the following Addreſs on the ſubject of bringing the Troops to Paris, voted by the National Aſſembly on the preceding day, and written by M. le Comte de Mirabeau.

SIRE,

You have invited the National Aſſembly to teſtify its reliance in your Majeſty; this is anticipating the deareſt of our wiſhes. We now come to repoſe in your Majeſty's breaſt our moſt lively fears. If we ourſelves were the object, if we had the weakneſs to be alarmed for our own ſafety, your goodneſs would ſtill vouchſafe to re-aſſure us, and even while you would blame us for having entertained a doubt of your intentions, you would graciouſly hearken to our uneaſineſs, and diſſipate its cauſe; you would not ſuffer the ſituation of the National Aſſembly to remain in uncertainty. But, Sire, we implore not your protection; this would be an offence offered to your juſtice. We have conceived fears; and we will dare to ſay, they are ſuch as ariſe from the pureſt patriotiſm, the intereſt of our electors, the publick tranquility, and finally from our zeal for the happineſs of a beloved Monarch, who, in preparing for us the road to public felicity, well deſerves himſelf to proceed in it without obſtruction.

In the movements of your own heart, Sire, reſts the true happineſs of Frenchmen. But when troops are advancing from every quarter, when camps are forming around us, when the Capital is inveſted, we aſk ourſelves with aſtoniſhment, Why does the King diſtruſt the fealty of his people? and, if it were poſſible for him to entertain ſuch a doubt, would he not have poured into our hearts his paternal ſolicitudes? What means this menacing preparation? Where are the enemies of the State and of the King that are to be ſubdued?—Where exiſt the rebels, where the conſpirators that are to be reduced to obedience? One unanimous voice is re-echoed in the capital, and through the whole extent of the kingdom, "We cheriſh our King, we bleſs "heaven for the gift it has conferred "upon us in his love!"

Sire, the pure intentions of your Majeſty cannot be impoſed upon but under the pretext of public good. If thoſe perſons who have dared to adviſe our King to thoſe preſent meaſure, had ſufficient confidence in their principles to lay them before us, that moment would manifeſt the triumph of

of truth. The ſtate has nothing to fear but from evil Counſellors, who dare to beſiege the Throne itſelf, and who reſpect not the conſcience of the pureſt, the moſt virtuous of Princes: and how have they been able, Sire, to render you doubtful of the attachment, and of the love of your ſubjects? Have you been prodigal of their blood? Are you cruel, implacable? Have you been guilty of the abuſe of juſtice? Do the people impute to you their diſtreſſes? Do they in their calamities name you as their author? Have theſe evil Counſellors dared to inſinuate that the nation is impatient of your yoke; that it is weary of the reign of the *Bourbons?* No, no, they have not attempted this; calumny has not recourſe to abſurdities; it ſearches at leaſt for probabilities to give colour to its malicious aſperſions. Your Majeſty has ſeen a recent inſtance of your influence over your people; ſubordination is re-eſtabliſhed in the agitated Capital; the priſoners liberated by the multitude have voluntarily ſurrendered themſelves to their fetters; publick order, which might have coſt torrents of blood, had force been employed, is re-eſtabliſhed by one word from your royal mouth. But this word was a word of *Peace;* it was the expreſſion of your heart, and your ſubjects make it their glory never to reſiſt its revered dictates. How glorious is the exerciſe of ſuch an empire! It was that of Louis IX—Louis XII. It is the only one worthy of you.

We ſhould deceive you, Sire, if (forced as we are by the preſent circumſtances) we did not add, that this empire is the only one practicable in France at the preſent juncture. France will not endure the beſt of Kings to be abuſed, and to be drawn aſide, by ſiniſter views, from that noble plan which he himſelf had traced. You have called us together for the purpoſe of fixing the conſtitution, in concert with your Majeſty, and to effect the regeneration of the kingdom: the National Aſſembly now declare to you, in the moſt ſolemn manner, that your promiſes *ſhall* be fulfilled; that no difficulties, no ſnares, no terrors ſhall either retard their proceedings, or intimidate their courage. Where then, will our enemies affect to ſay, is the danger of the troops? What mean their complaints, ſince they are inacceſſible to fear?

The danger, Sire, is preſſing, is univerſal, it cannot be calculated by human prudence.

The danger reſpects the people of the Provinces. Once alarmed for our liberties, we ſhould no longer know by what curb they might be reſtrained. Diſtance alone magnifies every thing; it ſharpens, it envenoms, it doubles every inquietude.

The danger reſpects the Capital. With what eye will the people, in the gripe of indigence, and tormented with the moſt cruel anguiſh, how will they behold a croud of menacing ſoldiers diſpute with them the ſmall remains of their ſubſiſtence? The preſence of troops will heat, will agitate, will cauſe an univerſal fermentation; and the firſt act of violence exerciſed under the pretext of police, may be the commencement of a train of the moſt direful evils.

The danger reſpects the troops. The French ſoldiers, drawn near to the centre of the national diſcuſſions, participating with the people in their paſſions and their intereſts, may forget the engagement which made them *ſoldiers*, whilſt they remember that Nature has made them *men*.

The danger, Sire, menaces thoſe labours which are our firſt duty, and which would only have a full ſucceſs, a true permanency, whilſt the people felt themſelves entirely free. There is a contagion in impaſſioned emotions. We are but men: the diſtruſt of ourſelves, the fear of appearing weak, may carry us beyond our in-

tentions; we shall be besieged by rash and violent counsels; and the dictates of calm reason, and of tranquil wisdom, will not be heard in the midst of tumult, of disorder, and of faction.

The danger, Sire, is yet more dreadful. Judge of its extent by the alarms which now bring us before you. Great revolutions have been brought about from causes apparently less important; many an enterprize, fatal to nations, has been announced in a manner less sinister, and less formidable.

Believe not those who talk to you lightly of the nation, and who wish only to represent it agreeably to their own designs, now insolent, rebellious, and seditious; now submissive, patient of the yoke, and ready to bow down the head to receive it. Both these representations are equally untrue.

Always ready to obey you, Sire, because you command in the name of the laws, our fidelity is without bounds, as without blemish.

Ready to resist every arbitrary command of those who abuse your name, because they are enemies of the laws; our very fidelity commands this resistance, and we shall ever deem it an honour to have deserved the reproaches which our steadiness draws upon us.

Sire, we conjure you, in the name of our country, in the name of your happiness and of your glory, to send back your soldiers to the posts from whence your Counsellors have drawn them; send back that artillery, destined to cover your frontiers; above all, send back the foreign troops, those allies of the nation, which we pay to defend, and not to disturb our domestick peace: your Majesty has no need of them. And why should a king adored by twenty five millions of Frenchmen, assemble around his throne, at a great expence, some thousand strangers! Sire, surrounded by your children, let their love be your safeguard. The Deputies of the Nation are called together to consecrate, with you, the eminent rights of *Royalty* on the immoveable basis of the *Liberty* of the people. But, whilst they fulfil their duty, whilst they give way to their reason and their feelings, would you expose them to the suspicion of having ceded only to fear? Ah! the authority which all hearts yield to you, is the only pure, the only immutable authority; the just return for your goodness, and the immortal ornament of Princes, of whom you will be the model.

To this ADDRESS his MAJESTY returned the following answer:

"Nobody is ignorant of the disorders and shameful scenes which have passed, and been renewed at Paris and Versailles under my eyes, and under those of the States General. It is necessary for me to make use of the means which are in my power, to restore and maintain order in the capital and its environs; it is one of my principal duties to watch over the public safety. These are the motives which have induced me to collect a number of troops around Paris. You may assure the Assembly of the States-General, that they are destined only to repress, or to prevent fresh tumults; to secure, and even protect, that liberty which ought to reign in your deliberations; from which every species of constraint should be banished, as well as every apprehension of tumult and violence. None but evil-intentioned persons could ever mislead my people respecting the real motives of the precautionary measures I am taking. I have constantly endeavoured to do every thing which might tend to their happiness, and have at all times had reason to rely on their love and fidelity.

"If, however, the necessary presence

ſence of the troops in the vicinity of Paris ſhould ſtill continue to give umbrage to the Aſſembly, I am willing, on their requeſt, to transfer the States-General to Noyon or Soiſſons, in which caſe I ſhall repair to Compeigne, in order to preſerve the communication which ought to take place between the Aſſembly and myſelf."

On Saturday the 11th of JULY, at half paſt two, M. Necker received, through the medium of M. de la Luzerne, (brother to the French Ambaſſador at our Court) the King's mandate, to remove himſelf, inſtantly, from the Court of Verſailles and the kingdom, and to inform no one of his departure. The Miniſter of Finance had a party of friends to dine with him, and, after dinner, propoſed to his lady an excurſion to Val, on a viſit to the Prince de Beauveau. The horſes were put to; they ſtepped into the carriage, took their route towards Paris, and after paſſing the Pont de Seve, he ordered his coachman to turn thro' the Bois de Boulogne, and ſtop at St. Ouen, where he ſent for poſthorſes, and went on by the way of Picardy. It is now known that he arrived at Bruxelles.

Next day, JULY the 12th, His Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty appointed the Baron de Breteuil to be Preſident of the Council of Finances, in the room of M. Necker, the Duke de la Vauguyon, Secretary of State for the Department of foreign affairs, in the room of M. de Montmorin; and the Marſhal de Broglio to be Miniſter for the War Department.

The intelligence of M. Neckar's removal was ſcarcely promulgated at Verſailles and Paris, before the fermentation on all ſides was extremely violent.

Of the ſubſequent riots that followed, the following account was publiſhed in the *Lond. Gazette*.

"On Sunday, JULY 12, on receiving the news of the diſmiſſion of M. Necker, and a body of troops entering Paris, the populace began to arm themſelves, and were immediately joined by the French guards. In the evening a ſlight ſkirmiſh happened in the Place de Louis XV. in which two dragoons of the Duc de Choiſeul's regiment were killed, and two wounded. After which all the troops left the capital.

"Very early on Monday morning the populace forced the Convent of St. Lazare, in which, beſides a conſiderable quantity of corn, were found arms and ammunition, ſuppoſed to have been conveyed thither, as a place of ſecurity, at different times, from the Arſenal. The Bourgeoiſie came to the reſolution of raiſing a militia of forty-eight thouſand men. A general conſternation prevailed throughout the town. All the ſhops were ſhut, all public and private employments at a ſtand, and ſcarcely a perſon to be ſeen in the ſtreets, except the armed Burghers, who acted as a temporary police for the protection of private property, to replace the eſtabliſhed one, which had no longer any influence.

(To be continued.)

TALKATIVE LANDLADY.

In a Letter from a Gentleman on a tour thro' England.

THE firſt object that attracted our notice was a *ſelf-conſequential Sign poſt*, ſtretched acroſs the road, as if it were inclined to intercept the paſſengers, and *compel them to come in*. THE EXCISE AND POST OFFICE, written in large capitals of gold, ſwinging triumphant in the centre, publiſhed as plainly as *ſigns* can ſpeak, *This is the beſt Inn in Town*.

Now, ſuch being exactly the infor-

ma-

mation we wanted, like moſt people who argue from their *feelings*, we gave it full credit, and rode into the gateway without farther enquiry.

Hoſtler, thrice reſounded through the yard, without the moſt diſtant reverberation of *Coming, Sir.* At length a plump, north-country girl waddled towards us. She was without her gown, encaſed in a pair of thick leather ſtays, which was terminated by a quilted petticoat, 'patch-'ed until the original was loſt,' and exhibiting, in conſequence of theſe frequent emendations, as many colours as Joſeph's coat. The lappets of her cap were pinned over the crown of her head, diſplaying to fuller view, if not the *faireſt* at leaſt the *warmeſt* face the Sun ever ſhone upon. Decency forbids me to deſcribe to my dear Maria, the ſtate of her perſon from the tip of her chin to the upper edge of her ſtays :—I muſt therefore refer your imagination to a modern Lady, of the moſt rigid virtue, full dreſſed for an Aſſembly, whom, I do ſuppoſe without the knowledge of either party, ſhe cloſely reſembled.

Let me ſee your Tits, on you pleaz, I'll corry 'em to the ſteable.

But where's the Hoſtler?

Why, our John is gone to carry the hay-meakers their dinners. He's bin gone this two hours, and ayent come bock agen, an idle To-ad.

She conducted our Steeds to an old thatched building, of mud and plaiſter, with which both *Eurus* and *Boreas* ſeemed often to have amuſed themſelves on a holiday, or when they were not bent upon *greater miſchiefs*. We thought, that being a novice in her profeſſion, ſhe might have miſtaken the place; but looking about, we at length diſcovered a ſmall ſlip of a Manger in one of the corners; which operating like leaven, or by virtue of a certain figure in Rhetoric, called *Synecdoche*, ſubſtituting a part for the whole, gave to this large cob-web Barn a juſt right and title to the appellation and honours of a Stable.

We took the other parts of the office upon ourſelves; and ſent the girl in queſt of her miſtreſs.

The Landlady, who was a ſmart lively woman, immediately appeared before us, and endeavoured by the volubility of her tongue, and extreme courteſy of her behaviour, to atone for every ſin ſhe might ignorantly commit againſt grammar or common ſenſe. Upon enquiring what we could have for dinner, we were at firſt anſwered according to the large ſcale of a *pettifogging-ſhop*, where they generally boaſt of the greateſt plenty without doors, to hide their extreme poverty within.

"What you pleaſe, *Gemmen;* juſt what you pleaſe. There is not a houſe in all *Winſlow*, or the next town to it, that keeps a better *Lardiner* than I do, thof I ſays it that ſhould not ſay it, as folks ſay."

However, when we deſcended to particulars, ſhe apologized away with great dexterity the whole of this copious Larder.—The heat of the weather;—the ſmalineſs of the family at home;—its not being market-day;—ſome company unexpectedly coming in laſt night reduced her to confeſs, that the whole ſtock in trade conſiſted of a diſh of *Beans* and *Bacon*, which was ſaved out of the proviſion ſent to the Haymakers.

Excellent; nothing can be better; let us have it immediately.

"You ſhall, Sir, in a *minuit;* pleaſe to walk into this little palur, or up ſtairs into my large dining room, which will be much more cooler, and lightſommer, and pleaſanter for you, Gemmen. I'll ſhew you the way."

It was well ſhe was our guide; for the high road of the ſtair-caſe was divided and ſubdivided, at every five ſteps, into ſo many bye-ways, leading *this* into one room in a corner, *that* to

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another, that we had been infallibly loſt in a labyrinth without her.

At laſt we arrived at the *grand Sale:* which it is true was of a commodious ſize, being the whole length of the building, not to mention ſome few yards ſtolen from the ſtreet, by means of an *antique diamond-paned bow-window.* The floor was of *oak.* But Engliſh oak itſelf, though it reſiſts a *cannon ball,* and conquers nations, muſt ſtill ſubmit to the conquering length of *Time:* who indeed had made ſo heavy a meal of it, that the chinks, in divers parts, gaped wide and horrible. In the centre, from the chimney downwards, ſtood a long table, with benches on each ſide of it, always ready to receive the welcome gueſts of a market day;—who by the bye, not to loſe any time, ſeemed to be catching at immortality, while they were waiting for their dinners:—For they had covered the ſurfaces of the benches and table with the initials of their names and various dates, curiouſly etched with their knives and forks, and crooked nails.—In one corner of the room was an antiquated bedſtead; and in another, an ancient eſcrutoir was placed, which, in every future agreement between landlord and tenant, muſt doubtleſs be left as a *fixture;* for twenty men, in theſe degenerate days, would ſcarcely be able to ſtir it. A map of the world hung over the chimney. The life of *Hannah Snell,* and *Shinkin Shneny Morgan, ſhentleman of Wales,* together with the pictures of the different ages of men, and of *old women grinding young again,* adorned the walls. The naked ſpaces left room for the imagination to work at will; for Time had by various fantaſtic cracks, and divers colours, drawn the outlines of human figures, caſtles, and hobgoblins, and politely left the ſpectator to finiſh them in his own ſtile.

As I have before hinted, our landlady was bleſſed with a volubility of ſpeech, enough to make her the admiration and the envy of every orator, from a Robinhoodiſt up to a ſenator; who wiſhes to paſs for eloquent without troubling himſelf with ideas. At firſt we were ſurpriſed at her being able to ſupply ſuch a perpetual current. But by attentively liſtening to her for a minute or two, we were initiated into the ſecret. I will not ſay ſhe *thought* loud; that would be paying her too great a compliment: but every trifling idea that ſlightly touched upon the fibres of her ſenſorium, immediately ran, by ſomething of an electrical conductor, to her tongue, and ſet it in motion.

I will lay an even wager, ſays Charles, that we pump all the ſcandal of the neighbourhood out of this loquacious animal, while ſhe is laying the dinner cloth.

It is happy for the neighbourhood, ſaid I, that theſe tatlers are to be but little credited. For they who are ſo very eager to tell you news, are ſeldom in a diſpoſition to wait and collect the evidences of its truth.

—And here, Maria, before I proceed any farther, I muſt beg you to let a greater virtue for a moment take place of a leſs, and permit the fidelity of an hiſtorian to puſh delicacy a little on one ſide.—

'Well, landlady, (ſays my companion) have they found the young raſcal who ran away and left his maſter's daughter with child."

"What, *Tom Simkins*, Sir?"

'Yes, I think his name was *Simkins.* He lived with farmer—what's his name, yonder, higher up in the town?'

"Right hand, or left, Sir?"

'If I miſtake not, it is on the right hand; but I am not certain.'

"Oh, ho! I knows who your Worſhip means, *Nat Alliſtons,* farmer *Richardſon's* man. What, do you know they folks, Sir?"

'I

'I cannot say I am *much* acquainted with them.'

"Aye, well, I knows what I knows. The *last* pays all, says I. Why, Sir, it is no more *Nat*'s child, than it was *mine*; but *mum*'s the word; least said is soonest mended. A quiet tongue makes a wise head, says I."

'But I have never heard that the girl had a bad character before.'

"They must get up betimes, that has every body's good word. But I believes nobody is duberous whose child it is."

'What, do they suspect ****?' says Charles, supplying the want of a name with a significant wink, and placing his fore-finger along the side of his nose.

"Well, well, it's no bread and butter of mine, G—knows; but there are some people in the world are no better than they shud be. The Gemman you speak of, Sir, and she was catched together once and agen, behind some hayricks in farmer *Well*'s close; and e'ery body says the bairn is the very moral of his father. Well, I must say, when I first heard on't, I was in such a confutation, I did not know what in the world to do. Up I gets, and down I falls in a swound like;—I never was in such a quandary in all my life;—You might see my heart bursting through my bosom;—I've ne'er been my own woman since;—only see, Sir, I'm wasted to an otomy. But they says a creaking gate goes the longest upon its hinges; that's my comfort."

'But why was *you* so frightened at this news, Landlady?'

"Why, Sir? Why Mr. *Parsons* made love to me at the very said 'dentical time. And I had a sort of sneakin kindness for him too, I can't say but I had;—he did not use me well, I can't say he did;—but that does not argify—I bear no malice, not I. He was a fine a looking man as ever lay by the side of a woman—thof I say it that should not say it."

'Where is that gentleman now?'

"Where is he? Gone beyond sea. He may be hanged or drowned for what I care. I wish the Devil's Children Devil's luck, that's all."

'And what's become of *Patty*——?'

"What the *Miller*'s youngest daughter?"

'The same.'

"A little *Puss*. Her belly's up to her chin too. As for my part, I keeps myself to myself like. I stays at home and minds my own business, and never sociate with any of them, nor keeps any correspondence. But folks will talk."

'But what can they say more upon the subject?'

"Why, Sir, betwixt you and I, she has been taking *Daphne*'s *lexer*, and *Hickery pickery*, and *Tinkly mirth*, and a mort of Doctor's stuff for the *dropsy*.—Dropsy, quotha, the Midwife must tap her, that's all. Ha, ha, ha!"

'And how do you like your Curate now?'

"Oh, Sir, he is the finest man as ever trod shoe-leather; and he has such a laudable voice when he reads prayers; and he is so merry and comical withal. He and I are towns folks like, for he came from Northampton, and I but seven miles beyond it. He often comes here and smokes his pipe and his pot in the little parlour below, with *Dickason* the Exciseman. Folks says that *Dickason* is adopted to drinking; but I ne'er seed any harm of him, not I. Let e'ery one mend one, and the world will last the longer, as the saying is. Any man may be oe'rtaken in liquor sometimes; and if a Gemman is sober, and peaceable, and quiet in his cups, I sees no great harm in it, for the matter of that. But the world's as full of envy as a toad is of poison, as the man says."

This, my good friend, and much of the same kind, was the interesting conversation during our repast.

A

A Curious Hiſtory of the CUSTOMS *and* CEREMONIES *of various* NATIONS *relative to* BEARDS.

VARIOUS have been the ceremonies and cuſtoms of moſt nations with regard to the beard. The Tartars, out of a religious principle, waged a long and bloody war with the Perſians, declaring them infidels, merely becauſe they would not cut their whiſkers after the rite of Tartary: and we find, that a conſiderable branch of the religion of the ancients conſiſted in the management of their beard. The Greeks wore their beards till the time of Alexander the Great; that prince having ordered the Macedonians to be ſhaved, for fear it ſhould give a handle to their enemies. According to Pliny, the Romans did not begin to ſhave till the year of Rome 454, when P. Ticinius brought over a ſtock of barbers from Sicily.—Perſons of quality had their children ſhaved the firſt time by others of the ſame or greater quality, who, by this means, became god-father or adoptive father of the children. Anciently, indeed, a perſon became god-father of the child by barely touching his beard: thus hiſtorians relate, that one of the articles of the treaty between Alaric and Clovis was, that Alaric ſhould touch the beard of Clovis to become his god-father.

As to eccleſiaſtics, the diſcipline has been very different on the article of beards; ſometimes they have been enjoined to wear them, from a notion of too much effeminacy in ſhaving, and that a long beard was more ſuitable to the eccleſiaſtical gravity; and ſometimes again they were forbid it, as imagining pride to lurk beneath a venerable beard. The Greek and Roman churches have been long together by the ears about their beards: ſince the time of their ſeparation, the Romaniſts ſeem to have given more into the practice of ſhaving, by way of oppoſition to the Greeks; and have even made ſome expreſs conſtitutions *de radendis barbis*. The Greeks, on the contrary, eſpouſe very zealouſly the cauſe of long beards, and are extremely ſcandalized at the beardleſs images of ſaints in the Roman churches. By the ſtatutes of ſome monaſteries it appears, that the lay-monks were to let their beards grow, and the prieſts among them to ſhave; and that the beards of all that were received into the monaſteries, were bleſſed with a great deal of ceremony. There are ſtill extant the prayers uſed in the ſolemnity of conſecrating the beard to God, when an eccleſiaſtic was ſhaven.

Le Comte obſerves, that the Chineſe affect long beards extravagantly; but nature has balked them, and only given them very little ones, which, however, they cultivate with infinite care: the Europeans are ſtrangely envied by them on this account, and eſteemed the greateſt men in the world. Chryſoſtom obſerves, that the kings of Perſia had their beards wove or matted together with gold-thread; and ſome of the firſt kings of France had their beards knotted and buttoned with gold.

Among the Turks, it is more infamous for any one to have his beard cut off, than among us to be publicly whipt or branded with a hot iron. There are abundance in that country, who would prefer death to this kind of puniſhment. The Arabs make the preſervation of their beards a capital point of religion, becauſe Mahomet never cut his. Hence the razor is never drawn over the grand ſignior's face. The Perſians, who clip them, and ſhave above the jaw, are reputed heretics. It is likewiſe a mark of authority and liberty among them, as well as among the Turks. They who ſerve in the ſeraglio, have their beards ſhaven, as a ſign of their

ſervitude. They do not ſuffer it to grow till the ſultan has ſet them at liberty, which is beſtowed as a reward upon them, and is always accompanied with ſome employment.

The moſt celebrated ancient writers, and ſeveral modern ones, have ſpoken honourably of the fine beards of antiquity. Homer ſpeaks highly of the white beard of Neſtor and that of old king Priam. Virgil deſcribes Mezentius's to us, which was ſo thick and long as to cover all his breaſt; Chryſippus praiſes the noble beard of Timothy, a famous player on the flute. Pliny the younger tell us of the white beard of Euphrates, a Syrian philoſopher: and he takes pleaſure in relating the reſpect mixed with fear with which it inſpired the people. Plutarch ſpeaks of the long white beard of an old Laconian, who, being aſked why he let it grow ſo, replied, 'Tis that, ſeeing continually my white beard, I may do nothing unworthy of its whiteneſs.' Strabo relates, that the Indian philoſophers, the Gymnoſophiſts, were particularly attentive to make the length of their beards contribute to captivate the veneration of the people. Diodorus, after him, gives a very particular and circumſtantial hiſtory of the beards of the Indians. Juvenal does not forget that of Antilochus the ſon of Neſtor. Fenelon, in deſcribing a prieſt of Apollo in all his magnificence, tells us, that he had a white beard down to his girdle. Bnt Perſius ſeems to outdo all theſe authors: this poet was ſo convinced that a beard was the ſymbol of wiſdom, that he thought he could not beſtow a greater encomium on the divine Socrates, than by calling him the bearded maſter, *Magiſtrum barbatum.*

While the Gauls were under their ſovereignty, none but the nobles and Chriſtian prieſts were permitted to wear long beards. The Franks having made themſelves maſters of Gaul, aſſumed the ſame authority as the Romans; the bondſmen were expreſsly ordered to ſhave their chins; and this law continued in force until the entire aboliſhment of ſervitude in France. So likewiſe, in the time of the firſt race of kings, a long beard was a ſign of nobility and freedom. The kings, as being the higheſt nobles in their kingdom, were emulous likewiſe to have the largeſt beard: Eginhard, ſecretary to Charlemain, ſpeaking of the laſt kings of the firſt race, ſays, they came to the aſſemblies in the field of Mars in a carriage drawn by oxen, and ſat on the throne with their hair diſhevelled, and a very long beard, *crine profuſo, barba ſubmiſſa, ſolio reſiderent, et ſpeciem dominantis effingerent.*

To touch any one's beard, or cut off a bit of it, was, among the firſt French, the moſt ſacred pledge of protection and confidence. For a long time all letters that came from the ſovereign had, for greater ſanction, three hairs of his beard in the ſeal. There is ſtill in being a charter of 1121, which concludes with the following words: *Quodut ratum et ſtabile perſeveret in poſterum, præſentis ſcripto ſigilli mei robur appoſui cum tribus pilis barbæ meæ.*

Several great men have honoured themſelves with the ſurname of Bearded. The emperor Conſtantine is diſtinguiſhed by the epithet of Pogonate, which ſignifies the Bearded. In the time of the Cruſades, we find there was a Geffrey the Bearded: Baldwin IV. Earl of Flanders, was ſurnamed Handſome-beard; and, in the illuſtrious houſe of Montmorenci there was a famous Bouchard, who took a pride in the ſurname of Bearded: he was always the declared enemy of the monks, without doubt, becauſe of their being ſhaved.

In the tenth century, we find, that king Robert (of France) the rival of Charles

Charles the ſimple, was not more famous for his exploits than for his long white beard. In order that he might be more conſpicuous to the ſoldiers when he was in the field, he uſed to let it hang down outſide his cuiraſs: this venerable ſight encouraged the troops in battle, and ſerved to rally them when they were defeated.

A celebrated painter in Germany, called John Mayo, had ſuch a large beard, that he was nicknamed John the Bearded: it was ſo long that he wore it faſtened to his girdle; and though he was a very tall man, it would hang upon the ground when he ſtood upright. He took the greateſt care of this extraordinary beard; ſometimes he would untie it before the emperor Charles V. who took great pleaſure to ſee the wind make it fly againſt the faces of the lords of his court.

In England, the famous chancellor Thomas More, one of the greateſt men of his time, being on the point of falling a victim to court intrigues, was able, when on the fatal ſcaffold, to procure reſpect to his beard in preſence of all the people, and ſaved it, as one may ſay, from the fatal ſtroke which he could not eſcape himſelf. When he had laid his head on the block, he perceived that his beard was likely to be hurt by the axe of the executioner; on which he took it away, ſaying, 'My beard has not been guilty of treaſon; it would be an injuſtice to puniſh it.'

But let us turn our eyes to a more flattering object, and admire the beard of the beſt of kings, the ever precious beard of the great Henry IV. of France, which diffuſed over the countenance of that prince a majeſtic ſweetneſs and amiable openneſs, a beard ever dear to poſterity, and which ſhould ſerve as a model for that of every great king; as the beard of his illuſtrious miniſter ſhould for that of every miniſter. But what dependence is there to be put on the ſtability of the things of this world? By an event, as fatal as unforeſeen, the beard, which was arrived at its higheſt degree of glory, all of a ſudden loſt its favour, and was at length entirely proſcribed. The unexpected death of Henry the Great, and the youth of his ſucceſſor, were the ſole cauſes of it.

Louis XIII. mounted the throne of his glorious anceſtors without a beard. Every one concluded immediately, that the courtiers, ſeeing their young king with a ſmooth chin, would look upon their own as too rough. The conjecture proved right; for they preſently reduced their beards to whiſkers, and a ſmall tuft of hair under the nether lip.

The people at firſt would not follow this dangerous example. The duke of Sully never would adopt this effeminate cuſtom. This man, great both as a general and a miniſter, was likewiſe ſo in his retirement: he had the courage to keep his long beard, and to appear with it at the court of Louis XIII. where he was called to give his advice in an affair of importance. The young crop-bearded courtiers laughed at the ſight of his grave look and old faſhioned phiz. The duke, nettled at the affront put on his fine beard, ſaid to the king, 'Sir, when your father, of glorious memory, did me the honour to conſult me on his great and important affairs, the firſt thing he did was to ſend away all the buffoons and ſtage-dancers of his court.'

The czar Peter, who had ſo many claims to the ſurname of Great, ſeems to have been but little worthy of it on this occaſion. He had the boldneſs to lay a tax on the beards of his ſubjects. He ordered that the noblemen and gentlemen, tradeſmen and artiſans (the prieſts and peaſants excepted), ſhould pay 100 rubles to be able to retain their beards; that the lower

claſs of people ſhould pay a copeck for the ſame liberty: and he eſtabliſhed clerks at the gates of the different towns to collect theſe duties. Such a new and ſingular impoſt troubled the vaſt empire of Ruſſia. Both religion and manners were thought in danger. Complaints were heard from all parts; they even went ſo far as to write libels againſt the ſovereign; but he was inflexible, and at that time powerful. Even the fatal ſcenes of St. Bartholomew were renewed againſt the unfortunate beards, and the moſt unlawful violences were publicly exerciſed. The razor and ſciſſars were every where made uſe of. A great number, to avoid theſe cruel extremities, obeyed with reluctant ſighs. Some of them carefully preſerved the ſad trimmings of their chins: and, in order to be never ſeparated from theſe dear locks, ordered that they ſhould be placed with them in their coffins.

Example, more powerful than authority, produced in Spain what it had not been able to bring about in Ruſſia without great difficulty. Philip V. aſcended the throne with a ſhaved chin. The courtiers imitated the prince, and the people, in turn, the courtiers. However, though this revolution was brought about without violence and by degrees, it cauſed much lamentation and murmuring; the gravity of the Spaniards loſt by the change. The favourite cuſtom of a nation can never be altered without incurring diſpleaſure. They have this old ſaying in Spain: *Deſde que no hay barba, no hay mas alma.* 'Since we have loſt our beards, we have loſt our ſouls.'

Among the European nations that have been moſt curious in beards and whiſkers, we muſt diſtinguiſh Spain. This grave romantic nation has always regarded the beard as the ornament which ſhould be moſt prized; and the Spaniards have often made the loſs of honour conſiſt in that of their whiſkers. The Portugueſe, whoſe national character is much the ſame, are not the leaſt behind them in that reſpect. In the reign of Catherine queen of Portugal, the brave John de Caſtro had juſt taken in India the caſtle of Diu: victorious, but in want of every thing, he found himſelf obliged to aſk the inhabitants of Goa to lend him a thouſand piſtoles for the maintenance of his fleet; and, as a ſecurity for that ſum, he ſent them one of his whiſkers, telling them, 'All the gold in the world cannot equal the value of this natural ornament of valour; and I depoſit it in your hands as a ſecurity for the money.' The whole town was penetrated with this heroiſm, and every one intereſted himſelf about this invaluable whiſker: even the women were deſirous to give marks of their zeal for ſo brave a man: ſeveral ſold their bracelets to increaſe the ſum aſked for; and the inhabitants of Goa ſent him immediately both the money and his whiſker. A number of other examples might be produced, which do as much honour to whiſkers as to the good faith of thoſe days.

In Louis XIII.'s reign, whiſkers attained the higheſt degree of favour, at the expence of the expiring beards. In thoſe days of gallantry, not yet empoiſoned by wit, they became the favourite occupation of lovers. A fine black whiſker, elegantly turned up, was a very powerful mark of dignity with the fair ſex. Whiſkers were ſtill in faſhion in the beginning of Lewis's reign. This king, and all the great men of his reign, took a pride in wearing them. They were the ornament of Turenne, Conde, Colbert, Corneille, Moliere, &c. It was then no uncommon thing for a favourite lover to have his whiſker turned up, combed, and pomatumed, by his miſtreſs; and, for this purpoſe,

poſe, a man of faſhion took care to be always provided with every little neceſſary article, eſpecially whiſker-wax. It was highly flattering to a lady to have it in her power to praiſe the beauty of her lover's whiſkers; which, far from being diſguſting, gave his perſon an air of vivacity: ſeveral even thought them an incitement to love. It ſeems the levity of the French made them undergo ſeveral changes both in form and name; there were Spaniſh, Turkiſh, guard-dagger, &c. whiſkers; in ſhort, royal ones, which were the laſt worn: their ſmallneſs proclaimed their approaching fall.

The conſecration of the Beard was a ceremony among the Roman youth, who, when they were ſhaved the firſt time, kept a day of rejoicing, and were particularly careful to put the hair of their beard into a ſilver or gold box, and make an offering of it to ſome god, particularly to Jupiter Capitolinus, as was done by Nero, according to Suetonius.

Deſcription of the Laplanders. From Conſett's Travels.

THE Laplanders, in general, are below the middle ſtature, with flat faces, high cheek bones, long black hair, and their complexions of a mahogany hue. Their habitations are dirty to a great degree, but, on account of their unſettled life, are portable. They leave an aperture at the top, which ſerves both for window and chimney, and a ſmall hole on one ſide for an entrance. In ſhort, their dwellings are not unlike thoſe deſcribed in Cook's Voyage, of the inhabitants of Kamſchatka. The Laplanders are muſcular and active, though at the ſame time, which ſeems to imply a contradiction, they are naturally idle, but perfectly pacific in their temper. The women, likewiſe, are low, with large broad features, but have ſo gentle and compliant a manner, that their behaviour removes a prejudice which their firſt appearance does not fail to excite. As their manners are gentle, ſo their characters are chaſte.

The language of the Laplanders is a harſh and unintelligible jargon, derived from their neighbours, the ancient inhabitants of Finland. Their voices, however, are muſical, and they never require much entreaty to oblige. The few ſpecimens which we poſſeſs of Lapland poetry, give you a favourable impreſſion of their taſte, and moſt certainly it is uncorrupted by foreign ideas, and entirely the production of nature. In the Spectator you have two elegant odes tranſlated from the language of Lapland.

With reſpect to religion, I am afraid the Laplanders have yet much to learn: though, like every other quarter of the globe, knowledge is making gradual advances even here. The High-Laps, as they are called, that is thoſe who inhabit the mountains, have not yet quite forgot their original paganiſm, notwithſtanding the great pains which the Swedes have taken to introduce Chriſtianity amongſt them. Many ſuperſtitious cuſtoms ſtill remain, to proclaim the darkneſs of their minds. Augury and witchcraft make a part of their belief; they ſtill whiſper to their rein-deer when they undertake a journey; and addreſs their ancient idols for the increaſe and ſafety of their flocks. You have heard, no doubt, of their conjuring drums. I met with one in the poſſeſſion of a prieſt at Uma, who had attended a reformed pagan in his dying moments. His original opinions he had long ſince changed, but retained this piece of ancient ſuperſtition to delude the ignorant, and ſupply his own neceſſities.

This

This inſtrument is of an oval form, made of the bark of the fir, pine, or birch tree, one end of which is covered with a ſort of parchment dreſſed from the rein-deer ſkin. This is loaded with braſs rings, artfully faſtened to it. The conjuror then beats it upon his breaſt with a variety of frantic poſtures; after this he beſmears it with blood, and draws upon it rude figures of various kinds. When he has gone through all his manœuvres, he informs his credulous audience what they wiſh to know, which he ſays was communicated to him during the paroxyſm of his attitudes: like other fortune-tellers, his anſwers are generally of a favourable kind, for which he receives preſents of brandy, which adds fuel to his frenzy, and renders him mighty wiſe.

The wealth of the Laplanders conſiſts chiefly in the number of rein-deer: theſe draw their ſledges in winter; but in ſummer theſe animals loſe their vigour and ſwiftneſs, and are eaſily overcome by heat: I have ſeen them reclining in the woods, and apparently ſo enfeebled as ſcarcely to be able to get of your way; when thus oppreſſed they make a noiſe reſembling the grunting of an hog. Even then the Laplanders make uſe of them to tranſport their effects from one ſtation to another, which they have occaſion to do more frequently in ſummer than in winter, as they are then in queſt of fertile plains for the maintenance of their numerous flocks.

The rein-deer is of the ſhape of a ſtag, but rather ſtronger; the hair light, rather inclining to an aſh colour; his horns are very long and finely branched; the lower branches, which fall very near the forehead, are ſaid to be uſed by the animal in breaking the ice, when the waters are frozen over, that he may get drink: his food is ſhrubs and plants, or moſs, and the bark of trees; his legs are very hairy, and his hoofs moveable; for he expands and opens them in going: he is an extremely ſwift as well as an extremely ſtrong animal.

After this deſcription of the rein-deer, it is but proper that I ſhould mention the ſledge which renders them ſo uſeful. The ſledge is formed ſomething like a boat; its bottom is convex; of courſe, none but a perſon well practiſed in ſuch a mode of travelling could preſerve himſelf from overſetting every moment: it is ſquare behind, but projecting to a point before. The traveller is tied in this ſledge like a child in a cradle: he manages his carriage with great dexterity, by means of a ſtick with a flat end, to remove ſtones or any obſtructions which he might meet with. In this ſituation they travel with great rapidity.

The Laplander is very dexterous in making utenſils of wood: he is his own carpenter and boat-builder. I was not a little ſurpriſed, in a tent of wandering Laplanders, to find the cheeſe which they make of the rein-deer's milk curiouſly impreſſed with a wooden inſtrument, ſuch as is commonly uſed in the Engliſh dairies. They faſten their boards together, when they make their boats or other moveables, with twigs, or the nerves of the rein-deer. The women alſo make uſe of the latter as a ſubſtitute for thread in ſewing. The female Laplanders ſhew great ingenuity in embroidering their garments with braſs wire, tin, or any other gaudy ornament. They take much delight in adorning their heads, necks, and ſhoulders, with glaſs beads, &c. and are very fanciful in their girdles, which are embroidered and fringed with large tufts at the two extremes, and tied in large knots: this they look upon as the greateſt ornament of their dreſs.

The

The dreſs of Lapland ladies of ſuperior rank, ſuch as are reſident in towns, is equal to their fortunes; this is often very ſuperb and coſtly, whimſically loaded with ornaments, gold and ſilver rings, diamonds, and pearls, &c. The veſt of a lady of quality is of the richeſt brocade ſilk, trimmed with ribbons, which float round the neck and waiſt: the cap of blue or white ſatin, wrought with embroidery of various colours. The young women wear a gold ring on the middle finger of the right hand; when they mourn it is changed to the left.

There are but very few dogs in Lapland, and theſe of a breed peculiar to the country, ſmall ſized, with curled tails, and pointed ears, not unlike the wolf dog. They are very uſeful to hunters in the woods: they are generally well trained, and of wonderful ſagacity in finding game, particularly the birds called chader and ora: after the bird is ſprung, the dog purſues and watches its perch, which commonly is upon a high tree; the bird becomes unaccountably faſcinated by the ſteady poſture and barking of the dog, ſo that the maſter has no difficulty in diſcovering the object of his purſuit.

The fiſhing Laplanders chooſe their habitation upon the ſhore of one of their lakes. They are very dextrous in this art; and no wonder, as on this their whole ſubſiſtence depends. This, however, can only be a ſummer employment: when the lakes are frozen, they are obliged to betake themſelves to their foreſts, and ſubſiſt by hunting. The fiſh of the lakes are moſt excellent in quality and flavour; but they know not how to dreſs them. The following are the names by which the variety of them are known: the gadda abbarre, mort, loyan, gris, ruda or caraſſir, a ſpecies of the carp, but much larger; the ſtremling, and negeno-gon, of the herring kind, but inhabitants of freſh water; the lax (or ſalmon), ſkom-karen, rudor, ſimper, and lahe.

When the ſeaſon approaches for curing their fiſh for their winter proviſion, they are obliged to take a long and tedious journey over deſerts and mountains to procure ſalt at their ſea port towns. Theſe journeys are generally performed in large parties.

The SEARCH *after* TRUTH.

SEVERAL thouſand years ago, three beautiful damſels, named Reaſon, Opinion, and Curioſity, were wandering together in an extenſive foreſt, in ſearch of a flower called Truth, which had long been ſought for in vain. It was deemed ſweeter than the roſe, more delicate than the lily, and had the ſingular quality of retaining an eternal bloom. Repoſing themſelves by the ſide of a fountain, Opinion diſcovered a purple violet, and inſiſted that ſhe had found the prize. Reaſon contended that it could never be the flower called Truth, for wherever it grew, it was as white as the mountain ſnow, and even in the night, might be diſcovered like the glimmering of the evening ſtar in the blue expanſe of heaven. But Opinion perſiſted, and would not quit the conteſt, till ſhe could be aſſured of the fact, and requeſted it might be left to the deciſion of the next perſon they ſhould meet. Whilſt Curioſity was attentively examining it, a traveller, who delighted in nothing ſo much as rambling out of the common road, and had loſt his way, came up to the damſels, to inquire where he was, and to ſolicit their preſence at his dwelling, for he was ever pleaſed with the converſation of ſtrangers.

His

His name was Chance; and he no ſooner beheld Opinion, than he conceived a violent affection for her. Opinion, with a winning ſmile, artfully propoſed the queſtion reſpecting the flower, and he, deſirous of ingratiating himſelf with ſo fair a damſel, aſſured her it was the flower called Truth; on which Opinion ſaid ſhe would proceed no further in queſt of that which ſhe had already found. So that Reaſon and Curioſity, never tired of walking, purſued their journey; and Chance taking Opinion home with him, publickly eſpouſed her, and had a daughter named Prejudice; but her parents neglecting her education, ſhe was deflowered by a man called Cuſtom, with whom ſhe continued to live as his concubine, and by whom ſhe had a numerous progeny of male and female children.

What became of Reaſon, hiſtory does not inform us; but tradition ſays, ſhe at length found out Truth, and being thirſty with rambling in the woods, directed her courſe to a cottage, near which a young maiden, called Philoſophy, was drawing water out of a well. Curioſity prompted Reaſon to peep into the well, to ſee how deep it was, when ſhe accidentally let the flower Truth drop into it. Curioſity was not at all concerned at the event; for having examined and ſmelled at the leaves, ſhe was ſatisfied; but Reaſon made great lamentation; and it is ſaid, that ſhe and Philoſophy have at times, ever ſince, been vainly endeavouring to recover Truth out of the well!

HIPPONAX.

Sketch of the Hiſtory of the Samaritans, and their Religion.

Tranſlated from the Dutch.

SAMARIA was a name at firſt appropriated to a mountain, then to a city, and afterwards to all that extent of country which the ten tribes of the Iſraelites poſſeſſed after the diviſion of the kingdom under Rehoboam.

Jeroboam, who introduced the golden calf, cauſed his ſubjects to forget the purity of the religion of Moſes, and by degrees, they fell into the groſſeſt idolatry; ſo that under the reign of Hoſea, they adored the deities of Pagans, erected altars, and ſacrificed their children to them. They continued falling into greater depravity, and committed many tranſgreſſions, untill they experienced the fate which muſt ever attend a people deſtitute of virtue; they became a prey to every calamity, and their kingdom was deſtroyed by Salmanaſſar king of Aſſyria, who tranſſported the greateſt part of the inhabitants into a foreign country, and obliged the others to cultivate the land for the Aſſyrians. But as the Iſraelites were not ſufficiently numerous to cultivate a large extent of country, Salmanaſſar was obliged to ſend others thither, which he drew from Babel, from Cutha, from Ava, and from Sepharvaim. Moſt of theſe new ſettlers were Cutheans, a people who were ſubject to the Medes, who were themſelves ſubject to the king of Aſſyria. From hence theſe people, the new inhabitants of the country poſſeſſed by the ten tribes, are often called Cutheans, although they always called themſelves Samaritans, from their capital city.

Among the various people who were collected together in Samaria, the religious worſhip was very ſingular, ſince the tutelary divinities of every nation were publickly worſhipped. The Babylonians adored Succoth-Benoth; thoſe of Hamath, Aſima; the Avatians, Nibba and Tartac; and thoſe of Sepharvaim ſacrificed their children to Adramelech and Anamelech. The Iſraelites continued to wor-

worſhip Jehovah, but mixed much idolatry with their adoration.

In this ſituation of affairs, the country became a prey to new misfortunes; it was infeſted by lions, who deſtroyed many of the inhabitants. An opinion then prevailed among the heathens, that each country had its tutelary deity, which, if offended by thoſe who reſided there, never failed to puniſh them: inſpired by this dread, the conquerors frequently adopted the worſhip of the conquered; hoping by this means to poſſeſs the country in peace. Therefore from the ravages cauſed by the lions, the king of Aſſyria was induced to believe that it was a puniſhment inflicted by Jehovah, whom he looked on as the tutelary deity of the Iſraelites, for a neglect of his worſhip. In this opinion he determined to ſend back a part of the Iſraelite prieſts to Samaria, to reſtore the religion of the God of Iſrael. The form of public worſhip was then totally changed, and all the inhabitants of Samaria, as well foreigners as natives, were obliged to worſhip Jehovah. The manner in which this worſhip was performed, had by no means that purity which characterized it in the time of Moſes, ſince the prieſts who directed the exerciſes of religion, had been elevated in the ſect of Jeroboam, which differed eſſentially from the inſtitutions of Moſes.

Yet it was a great affliction to the new inhabitants of Samaria to be obliged to abandon their tutelary deities, which they had worſhipped from their youth. They therefore, by degrees, returned to their idols, and afterwards intermixed the two worſhips.

This impure worſhip remained for two ages, until the return of the Jews from the Babyloniſh captivity; when Eſdras and Nehemiah reſtored the Jewiſh republic, enacted new laws, and not only ordered that no one ſhould eſpouſe a foreign woman, but alſo that they ſhould repudiate all their foreign wives. Thoſe which refuſed the latter were exiled. Among them was the ſon of the high-prieſt Joſada, who had eſpouſed the daughter of Sanballat, intendant of Samaria. He repaired to his father-in-law, who obtained for him, from Alexander the Great (who was then at war with Darius), permiſſion to build a temple on mount Gerizim, in oppoſition to thoſe of Jeruſalem.

Manaſſeh, as this man was called, was named high-prieſt of the Samaritans, and directed the building of the temple. He reſtored the worſhip of the true God, according to the precepts of Moſes; and did all in his power to draw the people inſenſibly to that worſhip. He ſucceeded ſo well, that in a few years the Samaritans abandoned their idolatry and ſuperſtition. What contributed much to this, was the number of Jews, who refuſed to part with their wives, and repaired to Manaſſeh and Sanballat, who ſupplied them with money, lands, and houſes, to fix themſelves in Samaria.

From this event, we may eaſily account for the hatred the Jews bore the Samaritans: the greater part of the latter were the idolaters whom the king of Aſſyria had ſent to people the country, and the Jews could not behold their poſſeſſions and worſhip made a prey to ſtrangers. Even when the Samaritans embraced Judaiſm, they hated them; for there was ſtill a great difference between their worſhip. They did not retain any part of their idolatry, or deny the reſurrection of the dead: but they did not aſſent to the exiſtence of angels, and rejected all books as divine, but thoſe of Moſes. The place of worſhip was the principal ſubject of diſpute. The Jews aſſerted that the temple of Jeruſalem was the only

place where God ought to be worſhipped. The Samaritans aſſerted the ſame of Gerizim.

In all ages and nations, religious diſputes have been the cauſe of much bloodſhed. The Jews were a people, whoſe natural diſpoſitions led them to the greateſt extremities. They would hold no communication with the Samaritans, whom they regarded as impure; and even curſed them ſolemnly in their annual aſſemblies. And from hence aroſe great part of their antipathy to our Saviour; "Art not thou a Samaritan?" ſaid they.

This hatred of the Jews, did not, however, hinder the Samaritans from proſpering, and many Jews left their own country and joined them. In the time of Alexander, they ſent him 8000 auxiliaries. Yet they did not receive much favour from that prince; he denied them a remiſſion of the ſeventh year's tribute, although he had granted the ſame to the Jews. And on a revolt, in which they had the barbarity to burn Andromachus, the governor of Syria, alive, Alexander was ſo tranſported with rage, that he put to death thoſe principally concerned, drove out the Samaritans, and repeopled the country with Macedonians.

Many of theſe Samaritans repaired to Sichem, a city ſituated at the foot of mount Gerizim, which from that time became the principal ſeat of that ſect. They again proſpered; but 109 years before the birth of Chriſt, John Hircanus, the chief of the Maccabees, ravaged their country, took Samaria, which he totally deſtroyed, together with the temple on mount Gerizim. In the war of the Romans againſt the Jews, they experienced other misfortunes, 11,000 of them were put to the ſword.

Although overwhelmed with ſo many misfortunes, they were not, however, extirpated; ſome of them, even at this day, are to be found in Egypt, whither Ptolemy Lagos invited thoſe that eſcaped the ſlaughter: and Scaliger reports that in his time there was a ſynagogue of them at Cairo: their principal ſettlement is at Sichem, now called Naplus, or Napluſæ, whither thoſe fled who had the prudence not to expoſe themſelves in Samaria, when it was beſieged. Although their number is ſmall, they ſtill retain their hatred to the Jews, and remain invariably attached to their doctrines and their ceremonies. This appears clearly from an anſwer they returned, about two centuries ago, to the letters Scaliger had written to them, to learn ſomething of their dogmas, and particularly from a letter they wrote to Job Ludolph, in 1686. From this we ſhall give ſome extracts, to enable our readers to form a judgment of this very remarkable ſet of men.

"We read," ſay they, "no other books than thoſe of the law of Moſes. We have, however, a book of Joſhua's, but do not read any of the Jewiſh prophets.

"We are all of the race of Joſeph the Juſt. We purify ourſelves and circumciſe our children, according to the law of Moſes. We light no fire on the Saturday, or on feaſt days. We keep ſeven annual feaſts, Eaſter, Unleavened Bread, Pentecoſt, the Seventh Month, the Day of Reconciliation, &c. &c. When we pray, we turn towards Gerizim, and proſtrate ourſelves; none but our prieſts dare touch the law."

They conclude, by aſking for alms; but deſire they may not be ſent by a Jew, who, they ſay, have much evaded the precepts of the law.

Jacob Levi Tomeria, a Portugueze Jew who held a correſpondence with them ſays, that they write well, and that the Turkiſh Pachas generally have them for ſecretaries.

We

We shall conclude this essay in the words of Ludolph, "That we ought to regard the preservation of this handful of Samaritans as a singular instance of Providence. And that if any incredulous persons should alledge that the five books of Moses are are only the production of some modern Jew, we need only to refer them to the Samaritans, those great enemies to the Jews, as a proof to the contrary."

The Vindictive Portuguese; a Character.

THE ingenious author of Zeluco appears to be an utter enemy to that extreme of human folly, the belief that religion can exist without morality; and his portrait of a vindictive Portuguese is replete with the finest satire.—Zeluco had incurred the resentment of this Portuguese, by attempting to invade his domestic peace in the tenderest point. The Portuguese, in course, consistently with his national character, meditated nothing less than assassination; and his conduct roused the suspicion of his physician, who appeared as the amiable advocate of humanity. But we shall now proceed in the author's own words:

These suspicions were not entirely removed by the dissimulation of the Portuguese. Notwithstanding the latter's declining to seek legal or honourable redress from Zeluco, the doctor perceived something in his manner, which gave him the impression that the Portuguese meditated a less justifiable measure than either; his benevolence inclined him to prevent what his sagacity and knowledge of the man's character led him to suspect. His suspicion was confirmed a very short time after by the merchant's wife, who under pretence of being indisposed, sent him a very urgent message to come and see her.—With perturbation of mind she told him, that she had reason to dread that her husband had formed a very criminal project of being revenged on Zeluco, and watched an opportunity of putting it in execution. She was prompted to this step by no regard for Zeluco, but from a horror at the intended deed, and from anxiety for her husband;—adding, that she was afraid of displaying much concern, partly because she did not wish that he should know of her being suspicious of what he intended, and partly that she might not awaken the jealous disposition of her husband;—with tears in her eyes, therefore, she intreated the doctor to exert all his influence to turn her husband from such an unjustifiable design; or if he failed, to use such means as his own prudence could suggest to render it ineffectual.

The good doctor applauded her conduct, and seized the earliest proper opportunity of renewing the subject, which he had once before touched on to the Portuguese; adding, that he feared he still harboured vindictive intentions against Zeluco; representing the danger of such a scheme; that however cautiously it might be executed, he would infallibly be considered as the perpetrator. 'I know no other reason which you can have for suspecting that I harbour such intentions,' said the Portuguese, 'but your thinking it impossible, after what you know of this man's behaviour, that it should be otherwise.'

'You are mistaken,' replied the physician; 'I think it *ought* to be otherwise; and this is not my reason for harbouring suspicions.'

'I do not tell you,' said the Portuguese, 'that your suspicions are well or ill founded; but could you be surprised if it were as you suspect?'

'Neither shall I be surprised,' rejoined the doctor, 'if you are con-

victed and executed, for gratifying your revenge in ſuch an unjuſtifiable manner. 'Come, come, ſir,' added he, 'allow yourſelf to be guided by reaſon, and not impelled by paſſion in this matter: conſider what a dreadful ſituation your wife and child will be in, ſhould any misfortune befall you in conſequence of ſuch an attempt. The wiſeſt plan you can follow, ſince this man is on the point of leaving the iſland, is to let him go in ſafety, and it is probable you will never ſee him more.'—Here the Portugueſe ſhook his head.—'Then, ſir,' reſumed the doctor, 'your next beſt meaſure is to challenge him honourably.'—'What right has a man who has acted ſo perfidiouſly to expect that he is to be ſo dealt with?' ſaid the Portugueſe. 'None,' replied the doctor; 'but were I in your place, I ſhould be more ſolicitous about what was reputable for myſelf, than about what my enemy had a right to expect. I only hinted this as being of two evils the leaſt; and the beſt argument that can be made uſe of to one who deſpiſes the Chriſtian religion.'

'I do not underſtand you! what do you mean?' ſaid the Portugueſe. 'Why, that you are in that predicament,' anſwered the phyſician.

'Who! I deſpiſe the Chriſtian religion!' cried the Portugueſe, in terror and amazement.

'You ſeem at leaſt to deſpiſe one of its moſt important precepts,' ſaid the phyſician; 'from which it may naturally be concluded that you have no great reſpect for the reſt.'

'I have not the ſmalleſt comprehenſion of what you mean,' rejoined the Portugueſe.

'Yet I have expreſſed my meaning very plainly,' ſaid the phyſician; I really do not think you can with propriety be called a Chriſtian.'

'Jeſus Maria!' exclaimed the Portugueſe, 'you fill me with horror. Why, ſir, I take the Holy Trinity, the Bleſſed Virgin, with St. Joſeph her huſband, St. James, and all the hoſt of heaven to witneſs, that I attend maſs regularly, and have always from my infancy believed in every article of faith which our holy mother church requires; and I am ready to believe twice as much whenever ſhe is pleaſed to exact it; if this is not being a Chriſtian, I ſhould be glad to know what is.'

'Nay, my good friend,' reſumed the phyſician, 'it is a matter of indifference to me what you do or do not believe; I am not, I thank God, your or any man's father confeſſor: but if you underſtood the *ſpirit* of the Chriſtian religion half as well as you believe what the church exacts, you would find that your attending maſs and all your faith into the bargain, will not make you a Chriſtian, while you indulge ſuch a violent ſpirit of revenge.'

'As for that,' replied the Portugueſe, 'neither the church nor the Chriſtian religion have any thing to do with it; that is my affair, and depends on my private feelings; and it is impoſſible for me ever to forgive a villain who attempted to injure me.'

'It is becauſe he attempted to injure you, that it is in your power as a man, and your duty as a Chriſtian, to forgive him. Had he never injured you, nor even attempted it,' continued the doctor, 'it would indeed be impoſſible for you to have the merit of forgiving him.'

It will naturally be imagined, from the vindictive character of this Portugueſe, that he was a hypocrite, and pretended to more faith than he really had; but this was not the caſe. It never had occurred to his mind that there could be any doubt of the truth of thoſe tenets in which his father and mother had inſtructed him, and which he heard venerable-looking men in ſacred habits proclaim from all the pulpits of Liſbon. He was decidedly of

of opinion, that none but monſters of wickedneſs, who ought to be burnt in this world by way of preparing them for the next, could harbour any doubt on ſuch important points; he had indeed occaſionally heard it hinted, that ſome of thoſe doctrines were incomprehenſible, and others contradictory; but this did not convey to his judgment any reaſon for doubting of their truth. He never omitted, therefore, any of the ceremonies preſcribed by the church; he confeſſed his ſins regularly, performed penance faithfully, would not eat a morſel of meat on a Friday on any conſideration; and with the moſt punctual perſeverance repeated daily his Pater Noſter, Ave Maria, and Credo, to the laſt bead of his roſary. A perſon who thought that the whole of Chriſtianity conſiſted in theſe and other ceremonies, could not but be ſurpriſed and ſhocked to hear his claim to the name of a Chriſtian diſputed. As to that thirſt for revenge on every real or imaginary injury, which he had indulged from his childhood, and ſome other culpable propenſities to which he was addicted, he conſidered all of theſe as venial foibles, which were more than expiated by his obedience to mother church in more eſſential points; and when his indulging in thoſe culpable practices to which he was by temper or conſtitution prone came in queſtion, he ſhrugged his ſhoulders, and ſaid, 'Well, I thank God, they are neither hereſy nor ſchiſm.'

The phyſician, however, endeavoured to give him a different notion of theſe matters, founding moſt of his arguments on paſſages of a ſermon to be found in the goſpel of St. Matthew; for this happened to be a phyſician who ſometimes read the bible: there are, it would appear, ſome of that kind in America. The Portugueſe, at firſt, thought the paſſages in queſtion of a very ſingular nature; and as they were plain and intelligible, and nothing myſterious in them, he could hardly believe that they were quite orthodox: beſides, he was a good deal ſurpriſed that certain articles, which he thought of great importance, were not touched upon; yet on being informed who the perſon was who had preached this ſermon, he could not deny that it had a fair chance of being found Chriſtianity. The phyſician having brought him ſo far, found little difficulty in perſuading him that it was his duty as well as intereſt to leave Zeluco to his own wicked heart, which carried its puniſhment within itſelf; hinting alſo the probability of his falling ſooner or later within the graſp of the laws of ſociety, which his paſſions continually tempted him to violate.

It was probably owing to the remonſtrances of this extraordinary phyſician that Zeluco left the iſland in ſafety; and the Portugueſe merchant was indebted to him for being freed from the two moſt tormenting dæmons that can poſſeſs the human breaſt, jealouſy and the ſpirit of revenge.

Poetry.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

Lines to a young Lady with a Linnet.

GO happy bird, tho' doom'd to be a ſlave;
And, on fair *Anna's* charms delight your eyes,
Sure liberty again you need not crave,
Her preſence will for liberty ſuffice.

But, if at fortune you ſhould ere repine,
And ſlight the fair, whoſe bounty you maintains:
Think that your lot is better far than mine;

As

As fate decrees, I languiſh in her chains.

Yet tho' ſhe frowns, my flame I can't ſubdue,
Her beauties ſo my raptur'd ſoul entice,
That I'm reſolv'd ſuch merit to purſue;
And hope, I yet ſhall gain the *Heavenly prize.*

Go, plead my cauſe in ſoft melodious notes;
To add unto her pleaſure ſpare no toil;
Tell her how much your brother captive dotes,
How he'll be bleſt if ſhe but deigns to ſmile.

Aberdeen 5th *Auguſt* 1789. DAMON.

On Captain GROSE'*s preſent Peregrinations through Scotland, collecting the Antiquities of that kingdom.*

HEAR, Land o'Cakes, an brither Scots,
Frae Maiden kirk to Johnie Groat's,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, ſodgel wight,
O' ſtature ſhort, but genius bright,
That's he—mark weel!
And wow! he has an unco ſlight
O' cawk and keel.

At ſome auld houlet haunted biggin,
Or kirk deſerted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him ſnug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they ſay, Lord ſafe's, colleaguin
At ſome black art.

Ilk ghaiſt that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
Ye gipſey-gang that deal in glamor,
And you deep-read in Hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches,
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight bitches.

It's tauld he was a ſodger bred,
And ane would rather ſa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the ſpurtle blade,
And dog-ſkin wallet,
And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He hath a ſouth o' auld nick nackets;
Rouſty iron-caps and gingling jackets,
Would haud the Lothians three in tackets
A towmont gude;
And parritch-pots and auld ſaut-backets,
Afore the flood.

Of Eve's firſt fire he has a cinder;
And Tubalcain's fire-ſhool and fender;
That which diſtinguiſhed the gender
O' Balaam's aſs;
A broomſtick o' the Witch of Endor,
Weel ſhod wi' braſs.

Beſides, he'll cut you off fu' gleg
The ſhape of Adam's philibeg:
The knife that cuttet Abel's craig,
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jockteleg,
Or lang kail gully.

But would you ſee him in his glee,
(For mikle glee and fun has he),
Then ſet him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him!
And port, O port! ſhine thou a wee,
And then ye'll ſee him!

Now, by the powers o' verſe and proſe,
Thou art a dainty chiel, O G——:
Whae'er o' thee ſhall ill ſuppoſe,
They ſair miſca' thee:
I'd take the raſcal by the noſe,
Would ſay, ſhame ſa' thee.

Auguſt 11. THOMAS A LINN.

BRI-

BRITISH LOYALTY:
OR,
A SQUEEZE for St. PAUL's.

Written by GEORGE COLMAN, *Eſq. jun.*

And firſt delivered by YOUNG BANISTER, *at his* BENEFIT.

CAN any tell—(ſince Adam's time I mean)
How many different *Squeezes* there have been?
Faith, no ſmall number!—Nay, *this very night*,
Thanks to my friends, I've ſqueez'd you *pretty tight;*
Above, below, in front, and round the border,
All cloſe—all quiet too—and yet *no order*.

Time was, our ſickly taſte too far refining,
Old Engliſh crowds and ſqueezes were declining,
" Curſe mobs!" exclaims my Lord, " no prithee no,
" Don't go to vulgar ſights—Cries " Madam, Go!
" I would as ſoon be ſeen at Lord Mayor's ſhow."

But now, thank Heav'n! one glorious great occaſion,
One happy cauſe of *loyal emulation*,
Has levell'd taſtes, and crowded all the nation.
'Twas Nature drew the ſcene, chaſte, ſtrong and *glowing*,
London, her Theatre, was overflowing;
The ſtreets one pit of joyous ſhining faces,
The Belle and Beau took low front window places;
The fair in diſhabille, and booted 'Squire,
Grinn'd, as you ſee'em now, a ſtory higher, [*2d Gal.*]
While the hoarſe deep-mouth'd cannon thund'ring loud,
Juſt like my honeſt friends there, ſtunn'd the crowd.
[*Upper Gal.*]
Such ſqueezing, joſtling—here ſome ſtand—ſome fit—
All anxious—for 'twas ENGLAND'S BENEFIT.

O may that day on record ſtand, and age
In future times, delighted, turn the page:
The April morn, chaſing the dreary hours
Of gloomy winter ſmil'd, yet ſmil'd in ſhow'rs.

Thus did the heart in every eye appear,
While rapture beam'd, affection dropt a tear;
Yet ſome whoſe manners no leſs love confeſs'd,
In rough unpoliſh'd tones their joy expreſs'd.

" Och Blood an Ones," cries Pat, and ſcratch'd his head,
" My heart's as light as any feather " bed;
" This day that rains as hard as it " can pour,
" Isn't an exceeding fine, one, to be " ſure—
" Long life—O botheration Joy— " Huzza!
" Don't you be after ſtopping up the " way:
" I'll ſhut your day lights up, if " you're ſo nimble,
" And then, my Jewel, you'll look " at this and trimble.
[*his fiſt.*]
" Good luck to him!—there he goes! " —by my ſalvation
" I love him—mind my toes—and " ſo does all the nation.
" The Iriſhman that don't—get on " the bench, man—
" His father, ſait, and mother was a " Frenchman."

" Got

" Got pleſs the Royal Family.—
" Oh ſplutter
" Hur will ſee noble ſights here from
" the gutter:
" But look you now, ſuch mops and
" crouts as theſe,
" Will toaſt her poty like a *piece of*
" *ſheeze*,
" Hur's travell'd here upon purpoſe
" from Lantelly—
" Gots ſplutter and nails, your el-
" pow's in my pelly.—
" Hur's heard of Harry Monmouth;
" never ſince
" Hur country knew ſo creat a King
" and Prince."

" Who iſh't has got his knockles in
" my throat?
" Let go my collar! Peoplſh, pray
" take note,
" I'll proſecute—the villanſh tore
" my coat:
" I'm a loyal Iſraelite—to ſee
" This ſight, I riſks my life, *but not*
" *my property.*"

" Hoot! hoot, man, dinna mak a
" din and riot,
" Tack your auld cloak aboot ye, and
" ſtand quiet;
" Deel damn your louſy plaid, friend,
" learn fra me,
" A Scotſman, what is Ge-ne-ro-ſi-ty.
" For ſince ſae happy tidings ha
" gone forth,
" Guide faith 't has warm'd aw bo-
" ſoms thro' the North."

" Warm'd *you!* (exclaims a fine old
" ſoul) warm'd *you!*
" Why it has warm'd *me*, friend—
" I'm ninety-two.
" Pray now make room—I'm old
" and weak—but I
" Would needs crawl out, to ſee
" my King come by,
" And then—I'll totter home con-
" tent, and die."

" Clearly old boy," cries Heart of
" Oak, that's right,
" Keep it up, merry heart!—we'll
" all drink, fight,
" Puſh, juſtle, ſqueeze our ſouls out—
" any thing—
" In honour of our *good and gracious*
" *King;*
" Roar away, meſſmates, ſtrike up
" now or never,
" Long live the King, may the King
" live for ever."

SONNET.

To EDLYNE, on his BIRTH-DAY,
By his SISTER.

HOW ſhall the Muſe, the Muſe of late ſo gay,
Now form a ſportive wreath to grace this hour?
O! not more ſwift can Sorrow's worm decay
Young Beauty's bloſſom than the Poet's flower.
Each droop alike beneath her venom'd pow'r.
And what avails the uſeleſs ſong of Love,
When ſocial days and tender joys are o'er?
Deep in the heart the canker Grief we prove,
And Doubt and anguiſh bid us ſmile no more!
Yet, yet, let Hope, fair viſion, lead our way;
She lures us ſmiling to ſome happier hour,
When grim Uncertainty ſhall quit her prey;
Then, freed from Sorrow's graſp, from Terror's pow'r,
Thy hand, belov'd of many hearts, ſhall claim
The roſe *Content*, if not the diamond *Fame*.

SOPHIA.

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. XLV.] Thurſday September 24, 1789. [Price 3d.

Authentic Narrative of the Revolutions at Delhi, in the Months of September, October, November, and December 1788.

INCLUDING AN

Account of the Joinaghur Rajapoots, and the barbarous Cruelty of the Rohilla Monſter Goolam Kadir Khaun towards the King Shaw Allum and his Family.

[*Extracted from Papers written by an Engliſh General Officer who was an Eye-witneſs of the Tranſactions.*]

(Concluded from page 566.)

SELIM Ghur is a quarter of great extent, ſurrounded by high walls, ſituated near the Royal palace at Delhi, with which it communicates by a bridge, but excluded on every other ſide from any communication whatever with the city or country. Here, from the firſt eſtabliſhment of the Muſſulman government at Delhi, it has been uſual to confine the ſurviving offſpring, Princes and Princeſſes, of the deceaſed monarchs, and who at this time were very numerous. Amongſt them were ſome of the Begums of the two laſt Kings, who were in poſſeſſions of large ſums of the public and private treaſures their huſbands had left at the time of their death. Some of theſe hoards were of long ſtanding, and had even eſcaped the rapacious vigilance of the famous invader Thamas Kouli Khan, who principally confined his depredations to the public wealth in the palace, and that of people in office.

Goolam Kadir having previouſly ſtationed emiſſaries in this place, proceeded to lay hands on every thing he could find, and committed the moſt horrid acts of cruelty to diſcover where the treaſures lay. This inhuman and ſavage Rohilla, not content with plundering the old King and his family, had the cruelty to order him to be beat in his preſence, nay, in the midſt of his rage did it himſelf; and afterwards (I ſhudder at the relation) this barbarous enemy of the human race, preſenting his own dagger to one of his infernal inſtruments, ordered him to tear out in his preſence the old King's eyes; which order was obeyed without the leaſt deviation from ſo horrid and unparelled a com-

command. The ſufferings of this poor unfortunate Prince, who deſerved a much better fate, can be better conceived than deſcribed. His life was for ſome time in danger. Some of his ſons died in confinement of hunger and thirſt, they having been refuſed both food and water.

Theſe barbarities were extended to the Princes and Princeſſes in Selim Ghur, to diſcover their treaſures, where Goolam Kadir found large ſums of money and jewels. For this purpoſe he had them all ſtripped in his preſence, and left no means untried, however barbarous, ſhameful, and before unheard-of, to diſcover where jewels might be concealed; by which means having diſcovered ſome very extraordinary large pearls, he next proceeded to have them confined in a cloſe priſon, for the purpoſe of a ſpecies of ſearch too ſhocking to relate. Not ſatisfied with the plunder acquired from theſe unhappy people, ſaid to amount to two crores of rupees, or two millions, but which it is generally ſuppoſed amounted at leaſt to one, he next proceeded to abandon himſelf to every ſpecies of exceſs imaginable, particularly drunkenneſs; and in one of theſe fits he ordered the Princes to be brought before him to dance in his preſence; where when they appeared, he upbraided them for their puſilanimity, and calling them women, told them he would treat them as ſuch; and that they muſt dance or be flogged. Some obeyed; ſome preferred and underwent the puniſhment held out in caſe of non-compliance; and this and other indignant cruel treatment he repeated for ſeveral days.

By this time the Mahrattas had obliged Iſmael Beg to raiſe the ſiege of Agra, who, on abandoning that enterprize, marched to Delhi to join Goolam Kadir Kaun. On his arrival at that place, the latter refuſed him admittance into the fort, but promiſed him money to pay his troops, and advanced him a trifle. His ſuſpicions of Iſmael Beg were founded on the latter's diſapproving of the enormities committed at Delhi, and accordingly a rupture between them was the conſequence. The Mahrattas informed of this, found no difficulty in gaining over Iſmael Beg with his troops to their ſide, and Madajee Sindiah ſent the former to act in concert with him (Iſmael Beg) at Delhi. They immediately laid ſiege to the fort, where the ſavage Rohilla Goolam Kadir yet remained; who finding that he could not hold out long, renewed many of his horrid cruelties, and began to deſtroy what he could not carry away.

He next evacuated the place, and took away with him all the ſons and daughters of the old King, in number fourteen Princes and eight Princeſſes, accompanied by the new made King Biddor Shaw, the old Begum Mulkſumanee (who had been ſo inſtrumental in bringing all this torture and diſgrace on the Royal Family), and the treacherous Nazir. With theſe he marched off. The Mahrattas followed him, but did not dare to attack him. They however conſtantly kept harraſſing him for ſome months, in the hopes of being ſupported by the Britiſh government in India, whoſe public approbation, at leaſt in this inſtance, they looked for, in endeavouring to bring to puniſhment ſuch an enemy to the human race.

Goolam Kadir now finding that he could get no more money from the old Begum, at whoſe inſtigation he had raiſed Biddor Shaw to the throne, depoſed the latter, and had Akbor Shaw, the ſecond ſon of the blind King, crowned in his ſtead; whom, tho' a favourite of his father, and next heir to the throne on the ſpot, the country refuſed to acknowledge, from the circumſtance of this nomi-

nation

nation proceeding from Goolam Kadir, and alſo of the blind King being yet alive.

Goolam Kadir thus purſued by the Mahrattas, and execrated by the country people, took ſhelter with his Rohillas in Morat, a ſmall fort ſituated near his capital of Guſhghur, where he had depoſited the produce of his ſavage depredations. While he remained in this ſituation, a reinforcement of 15,000 horſe from Poonah (the capital of the Mahrattas), under the command of Ally Bahader, joined the army under Madajee Sindiah. This Chief, during the latter part of the above tranſactions, had remained in perſon quite inactive at Matra, a city between Agra and Delhi, ſituated ſixty miles from the latter.

Ally Bahader immediately marched with his troops againſt Goolam Kadir, whom he cloſely inveſted in the fort of Morat. The latter held out till reduced to ſuch ſtraits for want of proviſions, as induced him to undertake a moſt daring enterprize, as the only chance he had of ſhifting his quarters. He accordingly iſſued out with 300 of ſuch of his half ſtarved horſes as could carry their riders, and ſword in hand puſhed his way thro' the Mahrattas; but was followed by 3000 of the latter, who cut 200 of his followers in pieces. Goolam Kadir, with the remaining hundred, principally conſiſting of his chiefs, took ſhelter amongſt ſome of the Zemindars; who giving intelligence of it to the Mahratta commander Ally Bahader, Goolam Kadir and his followers were ſeized and carried to him, loaded with chains; in which ſituation he expoſed them in his march through the country. Moſt of this Rohilla monſter's wealth, as well as what he had plundered at Delhi, with his mother and family, were in Morat, and fell into Ally Bahader's hands, as alſo 120 pieces of cannon, 60 elephants, and horſes in proportion.

It is to be feared that the unfortunate Shaw Allum's family would not be benefited by any reſtitution of their plundered wealth and effects; for the Mahrattas, though certainly not a bloody race, however famous for their depredations, never fail ſetting up, wherever they are employed, ſuch pecuniary claims as in all probability, in the preſent inſtance, would leave the former little to expect, even under ſuch accumulated diſtreſs.

In the above ſtate did the affairs of Delhi remain in the Month of December 1788.

However inactive our preſent ſyſtem of *rigid* neutrality may have induced us to remain on the above occaſion, it is more than probable that we ſhall find its conſequences hereafter materially affecting our political intereſts.

Theſe, let it be ſaid to the credit of Mr. Haſtings (the only Engliſhman who ever poſſeſſed a political character among the Powers of India), he foreſaw, and propoſed to remedy in a manner not only highly honourable, but advantageous to the nation, as well as the ſecurity, though not aggrandizement, of the above unfortunate family. Juſt before he left India, he was however oppoſed by thoſe whoſe want of local knowledge was little calculated to form a judgment on the real merit of his propoſitions. No man was ever more attached to peace than Mr Haſtings; but he certainly did not follow it ſo implicitly as to make great and important ſacrifices to it. Whatever he undertook was always with a moral aſſurance of ſucceſs; and in the long courſe of his adminiſtration never did he plan or authorize any military operation but what was attended with complete ſucceſs; nor did he ever engage in any negociation but

what he acquired the object propoſed by it; ſo fixed was the general opinion of his character, at a period when our exiſtence in India was hanging by a thread; and his preſervation of it in ſo critical a ſituation was, I may ſay, effected in ſpite of the ſhackles with which was he conſtantly fettered by thoſe whoſe co-operation would have rendered his ſucceſſes ſtill more brilliant and advantagous.

Sketch of Zimmerman's *Geographical Hiſtory of Man.*

AS *man* is allowed to be the lord of this lower world, in regard to the nobler faculties of his mind, ſo with reſpect to corporeal advantages, he enjoys a decided pre-eminence.

'His frame is better able to reſiſt every extreme than that of any other animal. He walks over the ſurface of the earth without being checked or limited; and takes up his abode where he pleaſes, without ſuffering any ſenſible diminution of his native ſtrength. The pole, the equator, the higheſt mountains, and the deepeſt mines, find him an inhabitant. He viſits every place, and degenerates in a much leſs degree, in conſequence of local ſituation, than any other of thoſe animals that can ſubſiſt in a great diverſity of climate.'

The author therefore begins his geographical hiſtory with *man*, and enquires,

'What degrees of heat or cold is man capable of ſuſtaining? How and wherefore does he inhabit ſuch a diverſity of climates? Does this capacity proceed from the toughneſs and pliability of his corporeal ſyſtem, or is he, as *M. de Buffon* maintains, indebted to his mental powers alone for the advantage? Again, what influence have climate, nutrition, and various incidental circumſtances on him? Are they ſufficient to effect the differences obſervable in human beings; or has nature formed, from the beginning, a diverſity of individuals, each adapted to his own climate? Which is the proper land of his nativity, and the ſpot from which he migrated? Is he naturally biped, or quadruped; in ſize, a Patagonian or an Equimaux; in complexion, a Negroe or a Circaſſian?'

Theſe are the queſtions which *M. Zimmerman* examines, at large, in the firſt chapter of this intereſting work; and which he anſwers to our ſatisfaction, and, we hope, to the ſatisfaction of all whom they may concern; as he ſupports the ſimplicity of creation, and the dignity of human nature, in oppoſition to all philoſophic levelling. He begins with animadverting on the degrees of cold which the human frame is able to ſuſtain with impunity.

'The greateſt degree of natural cold that has hitherto been aſcertained by the thermometer, is that mentioned by the elder Gmelin, at Jeneſeiſk, 58 deg N. lat. in the year 1735. It commenced in January, and was ſo ſtrong, that the mercury of Fahrenheit's thermomenter ſunk two degrees below the freezing point. Birds fell dead on the ground, and every thing capable of freezing became ice. This fact, which has been called in queſtion by ſome, is rendered credible by the narrative given by M. Pallas, in his travels through Siberia, in the year 1772. He tells us that, at Kraſſnoyjarſk, the cold was ſo extreme, on the 7th of December, that the mercury ſunk to 80 degrees below (0), and ſome days afterward, it froze in the ball. Unfortunately, this gentleman's thermometer was not graduated ſufficiently low to enable him to make more accurate obſervations; but accord-

cording to *Brown*'s experiments, not leſs than 370 degrees below (0) are requiſite completely to congeal the quickſilver*. Not leſs extraordinary muſt that degree of cold have been which the Engliſh ſuſtained at Churchill's River, in Hudſon's Bay, according to the narrative given by Middleton. The Lanoſeen was frozen twelve feet, and brandy could not be prevented from freezing in the warmeſt rooms. Whoever expoſed himſelf to the open air was in danger of loſing the epidermis of his face and hands. Yet this degree of cold did not prove fatal to thoſe born in a warmer climate; and it is ſupported by the inhabitants with the utmoſt ſafety. The Canadian ſavages, who live very near to Hudſon's Bay, and the Eſquimaux Indians, hunt, almoſt naked, the whole winter through, notwithſtanding the ſeverity of their ſeaſons. The Dutch under Hemſkirk, in the year 1597, who were obliged to paſs a winter in Nova Zembla, reſiſted the ſeverity of the cold, though the white bear, native of theſe regions, ſought a warmer atmoſphere; and the white fox *(canis lagopus)* was the only animal that remained. Crantz, in his account of Greenland, aſſerts that the inhabitants are very ſlightly clothed, and that they go with their heads, necks, and legs, naked; that the Norwegian peaſants work with their boſoms expoſed to the cold, till the hair is frozen together, and when in a perſpiration by labour, cool themſelves by rolling in the ſnow, without receiving any injury.'

After having produced ſeveral other inſtances of a ſimilar nature, our philoſopher proceeds to enquire what degree of heat the human frame is able to ſuſtain without apparent detriment. Adanſon obſerved, that in Senegal, 17 degrees N. lat. Farenheit's thermometer was riſen in the ſhade to 108½ degrees; and that near the coaſt it ſtood at 117⅓. The Sicilians, during the Sirok winds, reſiſt a heat of 112 degrees; and the negroes frequently to the 120 deg. and ſometimes far above it.

But the artificial heat which has been ſuſtained, is much more aſtoniſhing. *M. Zimmerman* has collected various inſtances of this; and quotes, among others, the experiments made by Lord Mulgrave, Dr Solander, Sir J. Banks, and Dr Blagden, from which it appears that they could reſiſt 211, 224, 260 degrees of heat without being roaſted alive. But the reſiſting powers of Dr Blagden himſelf, who ſupported, for eight minutes, a heat exceeding that of boiling water by 48 degrees, muſt yield to thoſe of the French girls mentioned by Meſſrs Du Hamel and Tillet; who inform us, as they were making enquiries concerning a diſeaſe which had infected the grain, that they found at Rochefoucault in Angoumois, ſome female ſervants who bore the heat of their ovens, in which fruits and meats were baked, more than ten minutes, with the utmoſt compoſure. Theſe academicians, on accurate examination, found the heat of an oven to be exactly 275$\frac{1}{17}$ of Fahr. therm. exceeding that of Dr Blagden no leſs than 15 degrees. The girls were frequently obliged to expoſe themſelves to this heat; and, through the power of cuſtom, bore it without any pernicious effects*.

* Many of our readers will recollect a more ample narrative of the above facts given in Biſhop Watſon's elegant Eſſays, vol. i. Eſſay 7th.

* It is neceſſary to inform the Engliſh reader, that, in many parts of France and Switzerland, their domeſtic ovens are very large, and it is cuſtomary for the ſervant maids, inſtead of uſing an inſtrument, to go

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It has been ſhewn that no animal can withſtand the extreme cold of the northern climates, equal to man, excepting the *canis lagopus*; and experiments further prove that he is ſupreme in the oppoſite quality. According to Dr Blagden, a bitch reſiſted the 220th degree of heat. Tillet's bird, the Loxia, died in the heat of 169$\frac{1}{2}$. A rabbet bore tolerably well 164, but a cock could not endure a heat of 169 deg. without danger. Thus it appear that man, and man alone, is formed to reſiſt the two extremes: that he lives, and continues healthy under all the variations of temperature from the 232d of natural cold, to the 130th degree of natural heat.

No leſs wonderful is the difference of *preſſure* which the human body is capable of ſuſtaining without detriment, which amounts, according to an accurate eſtimate made by our author, to no leſs than a diverſity of 153,000 pounds: that is, the preſſure of the atmoſphere on the bodies of thoſe who inhabit countries level with the ſea is greater by the above weight, than the inhabitants of the Cordilliers experience. And it is well known that Divers can occaſionally ſuſtain upward of 300,000 pounds more than the weight ſupported by the inhabitant of a ſtrand, without any material detriment.

This univerſality of his frame expoſes man to a great diverſity of atmoſpheres. He breathes, and often continues healthy, in airs ſurcharged with watery particles, and laden with noxious vapours. Many thouſands paſs their days in the mines of Potoſi; and Condamine informs us, that he found healthful inhabitants in a country between Loxa and Juen, where they were free from rains only during two months in the year. Man is no leſs qualified by nature to derive wholſome nouriſhment from whatever ſpecies of food he may find in each climate. Both his appetite and his make prove him to be carnivorous, granivorous, frugivorous, and ichthyoſagous. The Greenlander ſatiates his appetite with the raw fleſh of a whale, and waſhes it down with the blood of the ſeal. The inhabitants of Jakuti feed luxurioufly on mice, wolves, foxes, horſes, &c. while the poor Lybian is contented with dried graſshoppers. Numberleſs ſects of India feed on rice, while an European ſtomach can bear at one meal, a farrago of milk, ſoups, mineral waters, oil, vinegar, muſtard, beer, various ſorts of wines, butchers meat, poultry, fiſh, vegetables, and fruits; and afterward, to aſſiſt digeſtion, will take a ſmall mouthful of brandy.

Profeſſor *Zimmerman* now demands, in oppoſition to the Count de Buffon,

'Is it to talents and ingenuity, that the Greenlander, the Eſquimaux, the Canadian, are beholden for their power to reſiſt the cold? Do theſe enable the peaſant to expoſe his open breaſt and naked limbs to the ſeverity of a Northern winter? or the Negroe to ſuſtain a vertical ſun healthy and ſtrong, though the burning ſands ſcorch the ſoles of his feet? The mind, it is true, can procure many accommodations for the body; can ſupply it with warm clothing, ſhelter it from the ſun's rays, teach to man the various uſes of iron, and inſtruct him to form weapons, &c.; but it cannot, with all its influence, render him the inhabitant of every region, were not his body ſo adapted, by the toughneſs and pliability of its frame.'

(To concluded in our next.)

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into theſe glowing ovens, and fetch out the different articles of grain, fruit, &c. after they have been dried or baked ſufficiently.

ON OLD AGE.

OF every period of life, that of old age is the moſt ſubject to pain and anxiety. The powers of the body and mind become weak and languid, and a ſuperior degree of reſignation is required to prevent the mind, at an advanced ſeaſon of life, from acquiring that peeviſhneſs and moroſeneſs occaſioned by a diſpoſition to view things on their dark ſide. Others indeed give into a contrary extreme, and from a miſtaken notion of the unlovelineſs of age affect the levity of youth. But were age as much honoured and revered in England as it is in Egypt, I flatter myſelf ſo many would not ſacrifice to the ſhrine of folly, and at the age of fifty affect as much youthfulneſs in their dreſs, undrſtanding and behaviour, as at fifteen. They who are early accuſtomed to reading, reflection, and rational amuſements, will find themſelves enabled to render the winter of their days calm and pleaſant. Muſic, drawing, and dancing, form a pleaſing part of a lady's education. Perhaps nothing has more power to quell tumultuous paſſions, to relieve the mind, and harmonize the ſoul, than muſic.

" Muſic has charms to ſoothe a ſavage breaſt,
" To ſoften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."

And, as the inimitable Shakeſpeare beautifully ſays,

" The man that hath no muſic in himſelf,
" Nor is not mov'd with concord of " ſweet ſounds,
" Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems and " ſpoils."

They who poſſeſs the beautiful art of drawing from nature, cannot well experience that dull vacuity too often attendant on minds uninformed. To them the ſhades of autumn, the mellow tints which nature at that ſeaſon throws over her declining charms, have equal power to pleaſe with the blooming verdure of chearful Spring. The ruins over which ſhe has caſt her darkeſt gloom, the craggy rock or the diſtant blue hills, the humble cottage or the ruſtic ſpire that peeps above the grove, theſe fill the mind with agreeable ſenſations. The heart that can be thus amuſed, cannot, I think, be either vicious or ill employed. But the firſt great pleaſure of human life, which improves while it delights, is that of reading: to that every other amuſement muſt yield; it is that which expands the ſoul, enlarges the ideas, and teaches us to ſee men and manners in the moſt pleaſing point of view. Does the pious and afflicted mind require comfort and conſolation? Let it peruſe the writings of our moſt eminent Divines, and it muſt feel ſoothed and relieved. By hiſtory we learn the manners of other nations; and while we give to the ſons of Rome their due applauſe, pay the tribute of a tear to Africa's dark race; and while we contemplate the magnificence of an Aſiatic monarch, pity the needy wretch who treads the burning ſands of Arabia. Does the mind ſeek amuſement by lighter ſtudies? Poetry muſt charm and delight. Had every one in their youth been taught to look upon reading as their greateſt ſource of pleaſure, there would not be ſo many contemptible beings, who in their grand climacteric expoſe themſelves to the pity of the thinking, and the ridicule of the inconſiderate.

In ſupport of my arguments, I will introduce the characters of EVELINA and AMELIA.

The youth of EVELINA paſſed with improvement in a circle of ſelect friends, with a ſufficient intercourſe with the world to give that eaſe and poliſh to the manners, which is not to be acquired in perpetual re-

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tirement. Her ſituation obliged her to move in the gayer ſcenes of life. There, if beauty did not gain her univerſal admiration, her elegant deportment, her amiable diſpoſition warmed every virtuous heart in her favour, and ſtruck the malevolent tongue of Envy dumb.

Far different were the purſuits of AMELIA. Accuſtomed from her earlieſt days to the flattery of ſervants and fawning dependents, ſhe fancied herſelf a ſecond Helen. Her reigning paſſion entered in dreſs, ſhow, and admiration. In the daughters of Folly her ſplendid appearance might excite envy: but in the breaſt of Virtue it could raiſe no other ſenſation but that of pity or contempt.

EVELINA had ſacrificed her youth and happineſs to a brutal huſband, whom ſhe married to oblige her parents. The only conſolation left her was that of having done her duty: by her conduct ſhe ſo ſoftened the heart of cruelty as to gain the bleſſings of a dying huſband. Once more left at liberty, ſhe retired from the great world, to form the minds of her children.

Time and diſſipation deſtroyed the beauty of AMELIA, yet ſtill ſhe went on in the ſame gay career; but no longer is ſhe an object of admiration to the beaux, or of envy to the fair; no longer does ſhe hear the ſoothing voice of Flattery. The young ridicule her, the old deſpiſe her. She cannot look forward with pleaſure, becauſe ſhe cannot reflect on the paſt with comfort. Devoured with ſpleen, envy, and ill nature, all avoid her, and leave her to drag out her days with the reflection, that ſhe leaves not one heart that will lament her fate.

The happy, the pious EVELINA enjoys every comfort ariſing from a virtuous heart and a well-ſpent life. By people of all ranks and ages her company is ſolicited, for her converſation is at once pleaſing, chearful, and inſtructive. Her religion is not of that auſtere kind, which by throwing a gloom over ſociety drives from its terrific preſence the young and gay; hers is the dear companion of her private hours: it enables her to inſtruct the unimproved, and chear the heart borne down by affliction. Her charity is not diſplayed with oſtentation; hers is genuine philanthropy: it is exerciſed on its objects in a manner as private as juſt; and thouſands feel her beneficence without being permitted to declare her worth. Thus ſhe cannot appear without exciting the moſt pleaſing ſenſations in every breaſt where virtue has taken up its abode.

Let the young and gay reflect, that a youth ſpent in folly, idleneſs, and diſſipation, cannot fail of making an old age of pain, anguiſh, and deſpair. Let them remember the fate of AMELIA, and by the exertion of every virtue be as equally happy, pious, and deſerving, as the truly amiable EVELINA. SENEX.

Account of two Lapland Girls, brought to England by Sir H. G. Liddel.

I MADE you a promiſe, that before I concluded my correſpondence, I would ſend you ſome account of the two female adventurers that accompanied us from Lapland. It is now my intention to give you that intelligence. The motives which induced Sir H. G. L. to bring them ſo very far from their native home are ſufficiently known*. His humanity and particular attention to them

* We have been informed that the journey was undertaken, and the girls brought to England, in conſequence of a wager.

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when in England, his great care that they ſhould meet with no accident in their return, and the comparative opulence with which he ſent them back to their native mountains, do credit to that heart which planned the whole journey. Many unfair and uncharitable cenſures, I know, have been thrown upon theſe innocent Laplanders. The voice of buſy rumour is not often ſilent upon ſuch ſubjects. An eaſy conſtitutional temper, joined to good health and good ſpirits, is very apt to be miſinterpreted by the moroſe and cenſorious. That this was the only foundation for any reflections upon the Lapland girls, I dare venture to affirm. It is therefore cruel malevolence to attempt to depreciate innocence from mere ſuſpicion.

We firſt met with our two female travellers at Igſund, a ſmall town, the property of Clas Grill, knight of the order of Vaſa, and chief director of the Swediſh E. India company. Their names are Sigree and Anea, and they are natives of Jockmo Lapmatk. With reſpect to their perſons, they are low in ſtature, with broad features like the reſt of their country-women. We muſt not, however, meaſure the beauty of a Laplander by the ſtandard of other countries. Cuſtom, in many reſpects, anſwers the purpoſe of a more perfect model. And there is no doubt but a Laplander or a Negro would prefer the ſubſtantial beauties of the one, or the ſable charms of the other, to the alabaſter ſkin or glowing tints of the moſt celebrated Engliſh Belle.

We had no great difficulty in perſuading them to take this journey. They ſeemed ſo ſatisfied that our intentions were good, and relied ſo entirely upon the promiſe of Sir H. G. L. that he would ſend them ſafely back again to their friends and country, that they made very little oppoſition to his propoſals. In all probability the poverty of theſe females, joined to an enterprizing ſpirit, occaſioned their eaſy acquieſcence. They thought that if they returned at all, a circumſtance they ſaw no room to doubt, they would not return in the ſame ſtate of indigence in which they then were.

It is more ſurprizing that their parents ſhould conſent to their undertaking this arduous journey. They did ſo, without any bribe or any other conſideration than the faithful promiſe of our baronet. *They dropt*, indeed, *ſome natural tears, but wip'd them ſoon.* From Igſund, they accompanied their children a part of their journey, then took an affectionate leave and returned home. How extraordinary was the confidence of theſe old people! Nothing but the idea that their daughters would return loaden with opulence, probably could have tempted them to have parted from them. Though even this is not apparent, as they were not ſo mercenary as to expect to be bribed into their conſent. Will it be allowed me to reaſon from hence, that the nearer we approach to a ſtate of nature, the leſs the human mind is ſubject to ſuſpicions? There are philoſophers that would purſue this idea through all its windings: but as I pretend not to ſo exalted a character, I ſhall, after having ſtarted the game, ſuffer you to purſue it, according to your own pleaſure.

When our Lapland female friends had determined to undertake the journey, among other queſtions, they deſired to know whether there were any churches in England. I know not what idea they could have formed of this country. Probably they imagined that it was ſomething like their own, and that the inhabitants conſiſted partly of profeſſors of the reformed religion, and partly of pagans, or of thoſe who profeſs no re-

ligion at all. How far ſuch an idea would have been conſiſtent with truth, I ſhall not take upon me to determine. The Lapland girls, however, were not without their ſentiments of religion. And before they left their own country applied to their miniſter for a certificate of their fidelity to their own church.

The female Laplanders, with three more as companions, walked on foot with the five rein deer near ſix hundred miles by land, before they reached Gottenburg, where we met them, and embarked altogether for England.

You will excuſe me if I digreſs for one moment on the ſubject of theſe rein-deer. Theſe animals ſince their arrival in England have bred, and are likely to become very prolific. Monſieur Buffon and other naturaliſts have affirmed that they will never thrive or breed in any country but Lapland. The experiment which has been made upon this occaſion will effectually confute this idea. Few indeed have had the ſame advantages in making it as Sir Henry George Liddel, as few can have that convenience, and ground for them to walk on that he has at Eſlington-caſtle, one of his country-ſeats, ſituated in the northern part of the county of Northumberland. Upon the eſtate there are ſeveral large fir plantations, beſides very extenſive moors abounding in white moſs, a ſort of food they are particularly fond of: notwithſtanding, they will eat good graſs or fog. From their preſent appearance there ſeems no doubt but they will become very numerous, and amply repay Sir H. G. L. for his great expence in bringing them to England.

The female Laplanders were received in this country as great curioſities, and viſited by all ranks of people. And probably they were as curious to ſee others, as others were to ſee them. I have before told you that they were lively and chearful; I may add alſo that they were graceful and unaffected. The natural habits and conſtitutions of theſe two females were truly amiable, their tempers ſteady and unvariable, their happy diſpoſitions pictured in their faces. Beſides, they were particularly eaſy in their addreſs, eſpecially Sigree, ſo much ſo, that inſtead of their Lapland mountains you would have imagined their education had been in the drawing room. This obſervation has been frequently made by Lady L. whoſe natural eaſe and politeneſs give the greateſt weight to her opinion.

It is ſome ſatisfaction, too, to reflect that during their ſtay in England they loſt none of thoſe natural accompliſhments which they brought along with them. Though introduced to people of diſtinction, they loſt none of their modeſty and humility; though diſtant from their native country, and poſſibly uncertain of their return, they loſt none of their livelineſs.

The time came when they were to return; and the ſame friend who brought them into this country was particularly anxious that they ſhould meet with no accidents in returning. They re-embarked in the ſame ſhip that brought them, and we know for certain that they ſafely reached their native land after an abſence of ſeveral months. When our Lapland female adventurers returned to their native country, we were informed by a correſpondent from Sweden, that their appearance in that kingdom, and in the city of Stockholm, was not leſs attended to as a novelty, than when they firſt arrived in England. The curioſity of the Swedes was great, and their interrogatories many, concerning the reception they met with in England.

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To all these questions they were able to give the most satisfactory answers. Their apparel, and their little stock of riches, testified the manner in which they had been treated: and they themselves expressed the most grateful regard to the hospitality of Ravensworth-castle, and the liberal favours they had received from its worthy owners.

When the King of Sweden's brother heard of their arrival at Stockholm, he expressed a desire to see them. They were accordingly ushered into his presence. The royal Swede was very particular in enquiring into all the circumstances of their journey. Their replies, all tended to the honour of the English nation, and they did not scruple to inform him of their reluctance to leave that land of hospitality.

Though the untutored minds of these girls could never have been taught any of the sublimer virtues, or impressed with a proper sense of gratitude, yet from all these circumstances it is evident that they possessed it in all its purity. They lost no opportunity in England, or in Sweden, and, I doubt not, afterwards in Lapland, of gratefully acknowledging the favours of their munificent Benefactor. Whey they returned to their native huts, they found themselves possessed of wealth, much superior to their neighbours: for opulence entirely depends upon comparison. They possessed in English coin *fifty pounds*, which, in the currency of Sweden, is equal to one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, silver mint, or three thousand seven hundred and fifty, copper mint. Nor was this all their riches; they had, besides, many beautiful presents of trinkets, both valuable and numerous.—It is one part of the ceremony at a Lapland wedding, to adorn the bride with a crown ornamented with a variety of gaudy trinkets, and on these occasions the most splendid baubles are generally borrowed of their more opulent neighbours. In this kind of gaiety and splendour, our travellers excel their whole country; and their English trinkets are obtained at a great price to deck out and ornament their marriage solemnities.

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IT was the wish of an ingenious periodical writer about forty years since, that the ancient doctrine of the *Metempsychosis*, or *Transmigration of Souls* had been true, or could be proved to be well-founded; and I must honestly confess that the same has very often been my wish. Nay I see so much justice, propriety, and good sense in this doctrine, that it is with difficulty I can persuade myself that it is not true, that is to say, that we have no proofs of its being true. Be it, however, true or false, I have selected it as the subject of this day's paper, and by way of introduction to my own remarks, it appears necessary to give some account of this doctrine itself, as held by the ancients.

Pythagoras, of whom all my readers must have heard or read, had a notion that the souls of men (after their death) passed into other bodies, of a good or bad, a happy or unhappy kind, according to the lives they had led. If they had been very wicked (as some men perchance are) they were transmigrated, that is, their souls were, by some sort of process that we are unacquainted with, put into the bodies of certain beasts, where after they had expiated their

former crimes, they paſſed again into the bodies of men; but if *then* they miſbehaved, they were again conſigned to the forms and natures of brutes. If they had lived virtuous lives, they were tranſmigrated into the bodies of other human creatures, or ſome very happy beaſt, for Pythagoras had a notion that ſome of the brute creation merited to be called happy in a ſuperior degree.

This doctrine, although exploded in our ſyſtems of religion and happineſs, is ſtill retained among certain idolaters of India and China; and makes the principal foundation of their religion. It has met with its opponents among writers of former ages, and would perhaps be ſtill combated by the polemic divines of our days, but for one good reaſon, namely, that it has now no ſupporters.

This doctrine, however, is eminently calculated for the purpoſes of JUSTICE. We all know that in this world "the race is not always to the ſwift, nor the battle to the ſtrong, neither riches to men of underſtanding:" but as ſoon as we believe in and embrace the doctrine of the tranſmigration of ſouls, we ſee that ample juſtice is done to the meritorious, and juſt puniſhment inflicted on the unworthy. Who would envy a rich man glorying in his wealth, pinching his tenants and deſpiſing his poor relations, if he was convinced that in a few years he would ſee that ſame Dives in the character of a *coal-horſe?* who would envy the unfeeling and intereſted man who wallowed in wealth procured at the expence of the blood and lives of poor negro ſlaves, if he foreſaw that very ſoon the tyrant would be drawing a hackney coach, and every hour of his life cut by the whip? So fully perſuaded am I, at certain times, of this doctrine, that I think I could bring examples of it in plenty. I queſtion very much whether the keeper of the Baſtile was not a jailor in Queen Mary's days, and I have ſome notion that an eminent contractor lately dead is now doing penance in a cart, and tottering under the load of thoſe proviſions which he adulterated to the brave ſoldiers and ſailors.

Nor is this doctrine better calculated to promote the ends of JUSTICE than of CONSOLATION. The complaints of modeſt merit, humble poverty, meek diſtreſs, &c are heard in every corner of our ſtreets, and although the ſufferers may place their hopes on rewards ſomewhat ſuperior to thoſe Pythagoras has propoſed, yet it would be ſome comfort to be aſſured that after expiring on a flock bed, they ſhould ſoon repoſe in ſtate on velvet down. This, too, would admirably ſuit thoſe perſons who, impatient of their own ſituations, are covetous of their neighbours'—and on this account I am ſurpriſed that the Doctrine has not been revived, eſpecially in an age when it is ſo much the faſhion with "our *liberal* divines" to revive the muſty hereſies of the 14th and 15th centuries, and prefer them to the doctrines that have been eſtabliſhed ſince Chriſtianity was founded.——I ſay, that merely to gratify the deſires of a *wiſhing* people, the eſtabliſhment of the METEMPSYCHOSIS would bid fair to be very popular.

With regard to CONSOLATION, however, I do not place ſo much ſtreſs on the utility of the doctrine as I do on its being calculated for JUSTICE. If we conſider it only as affording CONSOLATION, our own notions on that ſubject muſt ſurely have the preference to Pythagoras's ſyſtem. I conceive that no man after long-ſuffering in this life, would exchange his hopes of a happy eternity for the chance of again animating the happieſt of men, or beaſts either, in this world. It is preſumed, therefore, that JUSTICE is the chief foundation

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and end of the metempſychoſis, and for the ſake of that it is not very abſurd to wiſh it to be true. That *ſportſmen* ſhould one day or other be *deer*, that gentleman of the *Turf* ſhould be *horſes*, that *philoſophers* ſhould be *cats* killed in air pumps, that the *ſecretaries* and flatterers of great men ſhould be ſtarved *ſpaniels*, that *debauchees* ſhould be *goats*, and *boxers*, *game-cocks*, is all conſiſtent with ſtrict juſtice, and what moſt people would wiſh to ſee.

Indeed, we ſometimes behold a ſort of tranſmigration even in this life, ſufficient at leaſt to humble the pride of the great, and moderate the deſires of the poor. We have ſeen one who formerly enjoyed the ſmiles of fortune, begging his bread from thoſe he uſed to deſpiſe; and it is no uncommon occurrence for a faſhionable demirep, who has laid princes and lords at her feet, who has aſtoniſhed the gay, and confounded the decent, by a diſplay of her liveries and equipage, I ſay it is no uncommon thing to ſee ſuch a woman dying in miſery in a poor houſe, or ſupplicating the aſſiſtance of the meaneſt of the vulgar to preſerve the remains of a miſerable life. Such tranſmigrations are not very uncommon, and ſerve to ſhow that vice often performs all that the Pythagoreans imagined to be brought about in conſequence of a ſyſtem of Nature.

The following letter is juſt come to hand.

To the Author of the TRIFLER.

SIR,

I Have read your papers on *Travelling* with great attention, particularly where you compare the journey *thro' life*, and common journeys from place to place. But, Sir, as I am not ſufficiently learned in metaphors and alluſions, I beg you will conſider my caſe, and give me your opinion on it—

I was born juſt twenty years ago—When five years old I was ſent to ſchool, at ten years old I was taken home to my father and mother's, where I have been ever ſince—I have learned all things common for young ladies to learn, ſuch as reading, writing, French, a little millenary, and a great deal of houſe-keeping—I am kept very cloſely at home, becauſe my father ſays, the young fellows now-a-days are wicked rakes—We ſee little or no company at home, and Sunday is the only day that I am allowed to walk out, and then, no farther than church, and home again—Now, MR TRIFLER, as this is my courſe of exiſtence, I am quite at a loſs to find any reſemblance betwixt my life and a Journey—I rather ſeem twenty years ago to have arrived at an Inn, where bad weather and croſs accidents have detained me ever ſince; But if, Sir, you will ſtill have it that I am on a *journey*, be ſo good as tell me *How far I am got?* and oblige,

Yours,

SARAH MOVEABLE.

From our *Inn*, *Broad-gate*, *Auguſt* 31, 1789.

The TRIFLER preſents compliments to his Correſpondent—but is at a loſs to determine how *far ſhe has got*—before he knows *where ſhe is going?* and recommends her in the mean time to conſider the ſaid difficulty.

Anecdotes of Joſeph Baretti.

(Concluded from page 433).

TO Mr. Baretti's Defence of his Country Mr. Sharp publiſhed a reply, and from the writings of his opponent endeavoured to juſtify the fidelity of his repreſentation. This

This produced a rejoinder from Mr. Baretti, which concluded the controverſy. If the picture drawn by Mr. Sharp was extravagant in ſome particulars, it certainly did not ariſe from a deſign to miſrepreſent. Ill health, which prevented him from viewing the ſcenes he deſcribed, and ſome miſrepreſentations from intereſted people, ſeem to have contributed to the miſtakes into which he was led in his account of Italy. The diſpute was productive of this conſequence; it deſtroyed the reputation of Mr. Sharp's work, which ſince that time has been totally neglected.

After Mr. Baretti's return to England he made ſeveral excurſions abroad. He particularly attended Dr. Johnſon and the Thrale family to Paris; and in February 1769 he made a ſecond tour thro' part of Spain, from whence he had but juſt returned, when an event took place which hazarded his life at the time, and probably diminiſhed, in future, ſome of the eſtimation in which, until then, he had been held amongſt his friends. On the 6th of October, returning from the Orange Coffee-houſe between ſix and ſeven o'clock, and going haſtily up the Haymarket, he was accoſted by a woman, who behaving with great indecency, he was provoked to give her a blow on the hand (as he declared) accompanied with ſome angry words. This occaſioned a retort from her, in which ſeveral opprobrious terms were uſed towards him; and three men, who appeared to be connected with the woman, immediately interfering, and endeavouring to puſh him from the pavement, with a view to throw him into a puddle, in order to trample on him, he was alarmed for his ſafety, and raſhly ſtruck one of them with a knife. He was then purſued by them all, and another of them collaring him, he again ſtruck the aſſailant, Evan Morgan, with his knife ſeveral times, and gave him ſome wounds, of which he died in the Middleſex Hoſpital the next day. Mr. Baretti was immediately taken into cuſtody, and at the enſuing ſeſſions tried at the Old Bailey. He refuſed to accept the privilege of having a jury of half foreigners. The evidence againſt him were the woman, the two men, the conſtable, a patient in Middleſex Hoſpital, and the ſurgeon. When called upon for his defence, he read a paper which contained a narrative of the unfortunate tranſaction, with the reaſons which obliged him to act with ſo much violence.—"This, my Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury, he concluded, is the beſt account I can give of my unfortunate accident; for what is done in two or three minutes, in fear and terror, is not to be minutely deſcribed, and the court and jury are to judge. I hope your Lordſhip, and every perſon preſent, will think that a man of my age, character, and way of life, would not ſpontaneouſly quit my pen to engage in an outrageous tumult. I hope it will eaſily be conceived, that a man almoſt blind could not but be ſeized with terror on ſuch a ſudden attack as this. I hope it will be ſeen, that my knife was neither a weapon of offence or defence: I wear it to carve fruit and ſweet-meats, and not to kill my fellow-creatures. It is a general cuſtom in France not to put knives upon the table, ſo that even ladies wear them in their pockets for general uſe. I have continued to wear it after my return, becauſe I have found it occaſionally convenient. Little did I think ſuch an event would ever have happened: let this trial turn out as favourable as my innocence may deſerve, ſtill my regret will endure as long as life ſhall laſt. A man who has lived full fifty years, and ſpent moſt of that time in a ſtudious manner, I hope, will not be ſuppoſed to have voluntarily engaged in ſo deſperate an affair.

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I beg leave, my Lord and Gentlemen, to add one thing more. Equally confident of my own innocence, and Engliſh diſcernment to trace out truth, I did reſolve to wave the privilege granted to foreigners by the laws of this kingdom: nor was my motive a compliment to this nation; my motive was my life and honour; that it ſhould not be thought I received undeſerved favour from a jury, part my own country. I choſe to be tried by a jury of this country; for if my honour is not ſaved, I cannot much wiſh for the preſervation of my life. I will wait for the determination of this awful Court with that confidence, I hope, which innocence has a right to obtain. So God bleſs you all*."

In his defence he had the teſtimony of ſeveral perſons; of two of his friends to the effects of the attack on him; of an accidental paſſenger to the aſſault; of Juſtice Kelynge and Major Alderton to the frequency of ſuch kind of practices on the ſpot where he was attacked; of Mr. Beauclerk, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Dr. Johnſon, Mr. Fitzherbert, Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, Dr Goldſmith, and Dr. Halliſax, to the quietneſs of his general character. Theſe, added to the bad reputation of his proſecutors, impreſſed the court much in his favour. He was acquitted of the murder, and of the manſlaughter; the verdict was ſelf-defence.

* It is ſuppoſed Mr. Baretti was aſſiſted in drawing up his defence by Dr. Johnſon and Mr. Murphy. We have heard it ſaid, that a ſhort time after the trial he claimed it however as his own, at Mr. Thrale's table, in the hearing of both theſe gentlemen. "The public, ſaid Baretti vauntingly, knew I had a *mind;* it became neceſſary I ſhould exert myſelf for my reputation, and therefore I drew up my defence late the night preceding my trial."

After this unfortunate tranſaction he again ſat down to his ſtudies, and in 1770 publiſhed his Travels, for which, it is ſaid, he received 500l. He procured the MSS. of the Hiſtory of Friar Gerund, which he cauſed to be tranſlated; and he ſuperintended a magnificent edition of Machiavel's works. For ſome years he was domeſticated at Mr Thrale's houſe, and lived on terms of friendſhip with that family.

In 1779 he made an effort to improve his fortune, by uniting with Philidor in producing to the public the Carmen Seculare of Horace, ſet to muſic. This plan was patronized by Dr. Johnſon, but met with no ſucceſs. On the eſtabliſhment of the Royal Academy he was appointed Foreign Secretary, a poſt of more honour than profit. He was, however, more ſucceſsful in the application of one of his friends for a penſion, during Lord North's adminiſtration. He obtained the ſum of fourſcore pounds a-year from government, which, though inſufficient for independence, relieved him from the apprehenſions of want. It ought to be mentioned to the honour of one of his pupils, Mrs. Middleton, that he received from her a preſent which opportunely relieved him from ſome difficulties.

With the indolence which ſometimes accompanies old age he became negligent, inattentive to the ſtate of his finances, ſpent the principal of his 500l. and, at the concluſion of his life, felt himſelf ſcarce out of the gripe of poverty. His penſion, from circumſtances of public embaraſſment well known, was in arrear, and he had received from the bookſellers, by whom he was employed to reviſe his Dictionary, as much money as they conceived he was entitled to expect, conſidering the ſtate the work was then in. An application to them for an immediate ſupply had not met with a ready acquieſcence, and

and the vexation occaſioned by his diſappointment is ſuppoſed to have had an ill effect on his health. A fit of the gout enſued, which he at firſt neglected, and apprehended himſelf to be in no danger until the middle of the day preceeding his death, when he conſented that the vultures, as he called the medical people, might be called in. He acknowledged his obligations to Dr. Blane who attended him, and by whoſe means he would probably have been reſtored to health, if he had continued to follow his preſcriptions, as he had before much recovered under his management until he relapſed, in conſequence of drinking cold water. Ice and cold water had alone been uſed by him as medicine for a giddineſs in his head.

He expreſſed his concern at the contempt with which he had been accuſtomed to ſpeak of the faculty, as it might be prejudicial, he feared, to many young perſons who had heard his opinions, and who perhaps might be induced by them to neglect medical aſſiſtance. On the morning of his death he ſaid, that he had often dreaded that day, and expected it would be a very melancholy one. On his barber's calling to ſhave him, he deſired he would come the next day, when he ſhould be better able to undergo the operation. He took leave about four o'clock, with the greateſt chearfulneſs, calmneſs and compoſure, of Dr. Vincent, Mr Milbanke, Mr. Turner, and Mrs. Collins, and expreſſed an earneſt wiſh to ſee Mr. Cator. On their leaving the room he deſired the door to be ſhut, that he might not be diſturbed by the women, who would perhaps be frightened to ſee him die. He expired about a quarter before eight, on May 5, 1789, without a ſtruggle or ſigh, the moment after taking a glaſs of wine. He preſerved his faculties to the laſt moments.

Ceremonies obſerved at an Audience of the Grand Signior. *From the* Abbe Seſtini's *Letters.*

ALMOST all the powers of Europe ſend a miniſter to the Ottoman Porte, either under the denomination of Ambaſſador, Envoy, Internuncio, Reſident, or ſimple *Charge d' Affaires*. France, England, and Holland, have miniſters at Conſtantinople, under the title of Ambaſſadors. The Venetians have alſo one, but he is commonly ſtyled *Bayle*. The miniſter of the court of Vienna is called Internuncio: he takes charge at the ſame time of the affairs of Tuſcany. Sweden, the king of the Two Sicilies, and the Empreſs of Ruſſia, have each one, under the title of Envoy Extraordinary. Pruſſia keeps at the Porte only a *Charge d' Affaires*, Denmark an agent, and Raguſa a conſul. Poland has no miniſter at the Porte, but it has deputed for the preſent an Envoy Extraordinary.

When any miniſter, of whatever nation, arrives at the Ottoman Porte, the ſecretary to the embaſſy waits upon the *Reis Effendi*, in order to pay a viſit afterwards to the Grand Vizir, to inform him of the arrival of his maſter. Three days after, the Vizir ſends the Dragoman, or interpreter of the Porte, to congratulate the new miniſter, and at the ſame time brings him a preſent, which conſiſts of flowers put into ſmall phials, placed in a kind of jar, and fruits according to the ſeaſon. The Porte afterwards gives audience, like all the other powers of Europe, to the different miniſters who arrive, but they muſt firſt have an audience of the Grand Vizir before they are admitted to that of the Grand Signior. With regard to the *Charges d' Affaires*, they

they obtain only an audience of the Grand Vizir*.

Some weeks after the arrival of a new miniſter, the Porte himſelf fixes the day of audience, which is always Tueſday, the day of the *Divan*, or council, and when this day is once ſettled, it is impoſſible to change it. Though it ſnow or rain, in a word though it blow in the moſt furious and tempeſtuous manner, the miniſter muſt keep his appointment, unleſs he ſhould happen to be ſick. This is the only caſe in which an audience can be put off.

In the month of February, 1778, I had an opportunity of being preſent at an audience given by the Grand Signior to Mr Boſcamp, the Poliſh Envoy, the ceremonial of which I ſhall deſcribe. Having been obliged to get up at four in the morning, I repaired to Mr Boſcamp's palace, where I found him ready dreſſed, together with his two ſons, the ſecretary to the embaſſy, and ſeveral other gentlemen. The miniſter then ſet out, accompanied by his domeſtics, who were preceded by an *Orta*, or company of Janiſſaries, in dreſſes of ceremony, walking two and two. When we arrived at the ſtair of *Med Skeleſſi*, that is to ſay, the ſtair of the dead, we found a bark or boat of the *Ciauſci-Baſci*, or commandant of the meſſengers, who attended, into which the Envoy entered with his dragoman only. The Janiſſaries, and all the reſt who accompanied the miniſter embarked in other boats which were there prepared ready for the ceremony. It might be about five in the morning when we landed at the port of Conſtantinople, that is to ſay, at the ſtair of *Bakce Capuſſi*; for it is always neceſſary to be at the ſeraglio before ſunriſe.

When we had diſembarked, we proceeded all on foot, in the ſame order in which we had come, to a houſe where the *Ciauſci-Baſci* was to receive the miniſter. This officer of the Porte was at a ſmall diſtance, in the houſe of ſome friend, and when the miniſter arrived at his firſt place of deſtination, he ſent to inform him of it; but the *Ciauſci-Baſci*, in order to diſpenſe with the trouble of riſing up when he ſaw him, ſent back word that he was repeating his *Namaz*, that is to ſay, the prayer which the Turks are accuſtomed to ſay five times a-day, and in which they cannot be interrupted. For this reaſon, Mr Boſcamp was ſhewn into a hall where there was a ſopha, in order that he might ſit down. As for us, who formed the firſt part of his ſuite, we were introduced into the ſame apartment, but we remained ſtanding.

Some moments after the *Ciauſci Baſci* made his appearance, and having congratulated the miniſter, bade him ſit down on his left hand, which among the Orientals is the moſt honourable place. A pipe was then immediately brought for the *Ciauſci Baſci*, and another for the miniſter*.

As for us, who were ſcattered here and there, they brought us nothing. A few minutes after, we ſaw a ſervant enter with two handkerchiefs, one of which he put upon the knees of his maſter, and the other upon thoſe of the miniſter. A ſmall plate of preſerves was then brought, a

* When a miniſter departs, he takes leave firſt of the Grand Signior, and afterwards of the Grand-Vizir, who gives him letters to his ſovereign.

* This is a piece of Turkiſh etiquette. The maſter is firſt ſerved, and then the ſtranger. It often happens, that two domeſtics bring two pipes at the ſame time, that the one may not have it in his power to ſay that he was ſerved before the other.

ſpoonful of which was preſented to the miniſter, another to the *Ciauſci Baſci*, and afterwards one to each of thoſe who were preſent. Another domeſtic entered with ſherbet or lemonade, made according to the Turkiſh cuſtom, which was preſented in the like manner to all the aſſiſtants.

Coffee was next ſerved up in ſmall cups, and without ſugar, for this is the manner in which it is drank by the Turks. Laſtly, came another domeſtic, holding in his hand a ſilver inſtrument called *Ghul-Ebdam*, containing roſe water, ſome of which he poured on the handkerchief of the miniſter, and then upon that of the *Ciauſci-Baſci*, who moiſtened his venerable beard with it. As for us, we were all bleſſed like hard eggs on Eaſter Sunday morning, the domeſtic beſprinkling our faces with the ſame roſe water, and afterwards other parts of our bodies, as he thought proper. After this ceremony, another entered with a veſſel for perfumes, called *Burhurdam*, in which was burning ſome aloes wood, named in the Turkiſh language *Udaghagi*. He firſt held this kind of cenſer under the noſe of the miniſter, to perfume him, and having ſhaken it three or four times, held it under that of his maſter, who perfumed his beard, by keeping it over the veſſel. We alſo in our turn were perfumed, which was done by paſſing the veſſel very quickly under our chins. It is thus, that thoſe honours terminate, which the Turkiſh lords are accuſtomed to pay in the like circumſtances. They, however, do not forget to ſerve themſelves firſt, inſtead of ſhewing that attention to ſtrangers.

Having employed about half an hour in this ceremony, we went out to the ſtreet, where we found ſeveral horſes ready ſaddled, and the miniſter having mounted, the *Ciauſci Baſci* did the ſame, and all his attendants. The Janiſſaries preceded us on foot as before, and walked in very good order. After this militia, came the miniſter's domeſtics, in number ſixteen, all cloathed in their richeſt liveries. Theſe were followed by ſeveral *Ciauſcis*, on horſeback, and the miniſter with all his ſuite, part of whom were on foot, and the reſt on horſeback. We directed our courſe towards the Seraglio; but before we arrived there we were obliged to ſtop in a ſtreet called *Divan Yoli*, before the palace of the Grand Vizir, which conducts directly to the Seraglio. The reaſon of this ſtopping was, becauſe it was neceſſary to wait until the Grand Vizir, the Captain Pacha, and all the other chiefs or *Capi* of the court, who were all to be preſent in their habits of ceremony, had paſſed before us.

Having waited more than half an hour, until all theſe lords were paſſed, we ſaw a Turk on horſeback, that is to ſay, a *Ciauſci*, who was galloping full ſpeed, and who ordered us to continue our march, which we did. Upon our arrival at the gate of the Seraglio, we entered into a large beautiful court, and when we reached the gate of a ſecond court, we all diſmounted. We then entered this ſecond court, which was of much greater extent than the firſt, where we ſaw ſeveral large plane trees, which gave it a moſt beautiful and delightful appearance.

Scarcely had we all entered on foot, as I have already ſaid, for no one but the Grand Signior is permitted to enter this place on horſeback, when we ſaw on the left hand, a great number of Janiſſaries, in dreſſes of ceremony, and drawn up in two ranks. Before theſe, at a little diſtance, ſtood ſeveral earthen plates, containing pillaw or baked rice, upon the top of which was a ſmall

ſmall cake, called *pide;* but, to tell you the truth, what gave us the greateſt pleaſure, was to ſee this troop, that is to ſay, all the Janiſſaries, fall upon theſe diſhes, like ſo many hungry wolves, as ſoon as we got before them. Theſe diſhes were their daily allowance as ſoldiers; but this public diſtribution never takes place, except on days of great ſolemnity, or when an audience is granted to ſome miniſter. The Janiſſaries ſeized theſe diſhes with the greateſt dexterity, each laying hold of his own. Not one was left, and this manœuvre was performed with an ardor which can hardly be expreſſed.

When this diſtribution was finiſhed, and when we had arrived at the bottom of the court, we entered a little door on the right hand of the council hall, which is named the *Divan*, and which is on a level with the court. This hall is in the form of a quadrangle, and pretty large; a wall ſix feet in height, runs through it, which divides it into two. When we had entered, I obſerved before me a large long bench, upon which there was no cuſhion, or any kind of covering. This long bench occupied three ſides of the hall; but there was nothing on the fourth ſide, which contained the door that opened into the court.

In the middle of this bench, oppoſite the door, and on a place raiſed a little higher, the Grand Vizir was ſeated after the European manner, that is to ſay, with his legs hanging down. He wore a dreſs of ceremony, which conſiſted in a triangular ſhaped turban, named *kalevi*, ſurrounded with a gold band, placed tranſverſely, and a ſattin robe, over which was another of the ſame ſtaff, lined with ſable, having very long ſleeves, that hung down behind; his legs were covered with half boots of yellow leather.

On the right, was the Captain Pacha, whoſe dreſs of ceremony reſembled that of the Grand Vizir. His turban, which was ornamented in the like manner, with a gold band, had the ſame ſhape; the only difference in his dreſs, was the colour, which was green. On the left of the Vizir were the two *Cadiles-Kier*, or collateral judges, that of Romalia, and the *Cadiles-Kier* of Natolia. On the ſide of the hall, which was on the left, was the *Niſciangi*, or miniſter who puts the Sultan's name to all diſpatches. The dreſs of this great officer was the ſame as that of the Vizir with reſpect to the ſhape; but the ſtuff of which it was made was a reddiſh coloured ſilk, ornamented with ſilver flowers. His turban, which was of that kind named *Mugeveſi*, was round, very high, and of a white colour. All the *Ciauſcis Coppigis*, and pages of the Seraglio wore the ſame.

In the neareſt corner of the hall, near the *Niſciangi*, and on his right, the miniſter was invited to ſit down, on a ſquare ſeat without any back; as for us attendants, we remained ſtanding near him. We afterwards remarked above the Vizir's head a ſmall ſquare window ſhut with gilt lattices, called *Koſaz*, behind which the Sultan places himſelf, when he thinks proper to hear the deciſion of different proceſſes, and to ſee that his miniſters and judges adminiſter ſtrict juſtice. The other chiefs or officers of the court, that is to ſay, the *Reis Effendi*, the *Ciauſci Baſci*, and thoſe who do not dine in the Divan, remained in the other hall.

We were then all collected around the miniſter, at whoſe ſide ſtood the ſecretary of the embaſſy, holding his credentials in his hand, in order to preſent them to the Sultan. Theſe credentials were incloſed in a box, or ſmall coffer, covered with a piece of ſtuff richly embroidered. While

we were in this poſition, we ſaw three or four ill-dreſſed Turks enter, one after another, by the door of the Divan, preceded by the *Ciauſcis*, who are officers deſtined to diſcharge the different functions of the Divan, and whoſe title anſwers to that of ſerjeant. Theſe Turks held in their hands papers folded up in a ſquare form, which made us imagine that they had petitions to preſent, and that they were come to demand juſtice, or to ſolicit juſtice in ſome trial. They ſtood all in the ſame place, and very near us. In the mean time, the *Teſkieregi*, that is to ſay, the perſon whoſe buſineſs is to read memorials, in the Divan, and who is named *Arzuhal*, took the petitions of theſe Turks, and laid them near the Vizir, but on his left. The Vizir having read them, one after another, and having examined them according to the beſt of his judgment, made his determination be written at the bottom, by his ſecretary, after which they were returned to the petitioners, who departed without ſaying a ſingle word.

(To concluded in our next.)

Deſcription of a Nun's taking the White and Black Veil.

Aire en Artois, Aug. 22, 1789.

IT would be needleſs for me to enter into a diſſertation concerning Convents; ſuffice it to ſay there are two ſorts in France, viz. *Couvents Ouverts*, i. e. *Open Convents*, and *Les Couvents Grilles*, i. e. *Barred Convents:* in the former, they are permitted to go out in company of a ſiſter Nun, with the permiſſion of the Lady Abbeſs, even after taking the black veil; and in the latter, after that ceremony, they are ſhut up for ever, and are only admired to converſe with their friends and neareſt relations through a grate, attended by a ſiſter nun.

The CEREMONY of taking the WHITE VEIL.

Begins by a nun carrying a large wooden croſs, followed by ſix children ſtrewing flowers, after which the intended nun, ſuperbly dreſſed, attended by two of the order, and followed by all her relations, cloſes the proceſſion. The prieſt queſtions her concerning the ſtate in which ſhe is going to enter, if it is her own free will, or if any force is uſed to make her accept of it; when ſhe anſwers, *C'eſt ma volonte*, it is my will. The prieſt then makes an oration to this purpoſe, in which he gives praiſe to Heaven for having turned her heart from worldly vanity to angelic bliſs; he deſires her to go and diveſt herſelf of her worldly and gaudy apparel; when ſhe retires, attended by the Lady Abbeſs, &c. She returns habited like a nun, having her head ſhaved. She then proſtrates herſelf on the ground with her face to the earth, whilſt the choir ſings hymns, and the children ſtrew flowers over her. When ſhe riſes, the prieſt again expreſſes his happineſs at her having eſpouſed Jeſus Chriſt, inſtead of a worldly huſband; but at the ſame time exhorts her to conſider well the ſtep ſhe is going to take. He tells her ſhe has twelve months given for reflection; at the end of which ſhe muſt either confirm or renounce her vow. The attendant nuns then put on a white veil. She retires, after a maſs is ſaid; when an elegant dinner is provided in the convent.

The CEREMONY of a NUN'S taking the BLACK VEIL.

After a maſs is ſaid, the proceſſion begins by a nun carrying a large wooden croſs, ſix children ſtrewing flowers, three more follow with ſilver plates: in the one there is a crown of flowers; in the other, a gold ring; and

and in a third, a silver crucifix. These children are followed by the noviciate, or White Nun, attended by two sisters of the same order, and followed by all the family and friends of the noviciate, which closes the procession. The priest addressing himself to the noviciate, questions her in the following manner: "My dear and well beloved sister, after a year's reflection, have you well meditated of the happiness and tranquillity of a monastic life, and the instability of a transient worldly one? It is not, I hope, by the instigation of relations, the infidelity of a lover, the loss of fortune, or any other disappointment in life, that makes you quit the world, but solely for religion's sake." She answers Yes; and approaches the altar and kneels. After a short prayer the priest puts on the ring, and says, "by this you take *La Sainte Eglise*, i. e. *The Holy Church*, to be your helpmate, instead of a worldly husband." The nuns her attendants then put on her a black veil, and gird her with a white cord, and crown her with flowers. The priest, nuns, and relations all embrace her. They go out with the same order they came in, only singing hymns; when an elegant entertainment is provided in the convent at her relations expence. I cannot conclude this account without begging leave to observe, that the father or nearest relation of the nun gives, at her taking the black veil, a certain *dot* or portion to the convent, according to their situation in life; the same as they would, were they to portion out their daughter in marriage. This is never less than 1200 livres, equal to 50l. sterling, but much oftener 2000 or 3000 livres.

The ceremony of receiving the veil is the same in the *Couvents Ouverts* and *Les Couvents Grilles*, only the former makes her procession in the church, the latter in the choir within an iron grate, which even the priest does not enter, but expostulates with her through it: nevertheless the relations of the nun are admitted in the choir, both at her receiving the white and black veil.

Memoirs of JOHN WESLEY, *M.A.*

INCLUDING AN

History of, and Observations on Methodism.

(Concluded from page 549.)

DURING Mr. Wesley's absence in America, his friend the celebrated Mr. George Whitefield had begun the great work of reformation in England, by commencing field-preacher, and drawing thousands after him on Kennington Common and elsewhere. He therefore may properly be called the Father of Methodism; though there are some who contest this honour with him in favour of Mr. John Wesley, who was certainly preceded by Mr. Whitefield in the itinerant apostleship, although he was his precursor in the work of private reformation at Oxford.

As Mr. Wesley was entering the Channel from, Mr. Whitefield was proceeding out of it to, America, that land of Canaan, to which these spiritual knights-errant thought themselves called to pull down the strong fortresses which Satan held among the Indians, as also to have their own souls refreshed among the sanctified descendants of those old saints who retired thither, from episcopal persecution, in the last century.

Soon after his arrival in England, Mr. Wesley had several communications with some of the Moravian brethren; which had such an effect upon

upon him, that he determined upon viſiting their ſettlement at Hernhuth, in Germany, where they lived under their chief, the celebrated Count Zinzendorf, in all the ſimplicity of the primitive ages. This he did in June 1738, and remained in Germany more than three months, having his ſpirit of myſticiſm amply gratified by the elevating diſcourſes not only of the Count, but alſo of Chriſtian David, a Moravian teacher, but originally a carpenter; Auguſtine Neuſſer, a ſmith, who had alſo exchanged his profeſſion for the more eaſy one of preaching; and of other honeſt enthuſiaſts.

This ſpiritual tour produced in Mr. Weſley ſuch a warm love for the perſons, doctrine, and diſcipline of the *Unitas Fratrum*, that when he came home he would ſcarce allow any to be chriſtians but thoſe of their communion. His brethren of the Eſtabliſhment, however, did not much approve of his eccentricity; and in a very little time moſt of the churches in the metropolis and other places were ſhut againſt him.

In his Third Journal he ſays, "March 31, 1739. In the evening I reached Briſtol, and met with Mr. Whitefield there. I could ſcarce reconcile myſelf at firſt to this *ſtrange way* of preaching in the fields, of of which *he* ſet me an example on Sunday."——Mr. Weſley's ſcruples, however, againſt this *ſtrange way* were ſoon overcome, and the practice became familiar; or rather he was emulous of the ſame glory which his brother George had attained by this *ſtrange courſe*, and therefore determined not to be behind him. From this time he went on flamingly through the kingdom, gathering his thouſands and ten thouſands in the highways and fields, where he alternately thundered down vengeance and poured refreſhing promiſes upon their heads; and his Journals record many curious and entertaining, and ſometimes very marvellous and terrible effects of his public miniſtrations.

Mr. Weſley's firſt attempt at field-preaching was ſomewhere in the neighbourhood of Briſtol, April 2, 1739; an epoch, perhaps, of ſome conſequence in the eccleſiaſtical hiſtory of the eighteenth century. As the city of Briſtol was one of the firſt, ſo it has remained ever ſince one of the moſt eminent theatres of Mr Weſley's ſpiritual exertions; his followers there, at this time, being many thouſands.

His diſciples increaſing rapidly, our apoſtle began to form them into ſeveral diſtinct ſocieties, according to their growth in grace, or attainments in enthuſiaſtic knowledge; he alſo drew up rules for their direction, which were much more conſonant in ſome things to the ſuperſtitious ſeverity of the Romiſh diſcipline, than to any known practices of the proteſtant churches.

Mr. Weſley having thus eſtabliſhed himſelf at the head of a conſiderable ſect, began, like all the old ſectarians, to look upon the other enthuſiaſtic bodies, who ranged under different leaders, with jealouſy or envy. The Moravians, with whom he before ſo cordially united, and whom he had publicly declared to be, if not the only, yet the chief of Chriſtians, were now (viz. in 1740) in his eſtimation dangerous heretics and corrupt ſeducers, even Count Zinzendorf, that ſecond Moſes, that champion of the Lord of Hoſts, was, according to Mr. Weſley's ſounder judgment, a blind leader of the blind. All this proceeded probably from no other cauſe than the ſpread which Moravianiſm began to make in England, and the pompous manner in which the Count and his followers ſpoke of their miſſion, which ſeemed to claſh too much with the other ſects

to be much reliſhed by them.—Enthuſiaſm diſlikes rivalſhip as much as any other ſpecies of human pride; our ſpiritual hero, therefore, determined to fight the Lord's battles on his own ground, and not to admit any other to a participation of his laurels. He firſt began with attempting to beat up the quarters of the once-beloved Germans, and many hard words and heavy charges did he lay againſt them for that purpoſe; but the Count's followers were ſturdy veterans, and bore his attacks with that patient contempt, which is the only proper way to baffle an hot-headed controverſialiſt.

Mr. Charles Weſley, in a poetical addreſs to his brother John, politely calls the Count "The German Boar;" a name perhaps not ill applied, conſidering the ill ſucceſs with which they hunted him.

As our religioniſt had thus begun the work of contention, he found it too pleaſing to retreat; and in the next place broke away from the great General of Methodiſm, Mr. George Whitefield himſelf—That gentleman was fitted by nature for a popular preacher, and in all the arts of preaching had a vaſt ſuperiority over Mr. John Weſley, or any of thoſe who have officiated in the methodiſtic field.—Mr John was, therefore, reſolved to get ſome glory to himſelf, unconnected with his brother George; he would be in this grand cauſe *aut Cæſar aut nullus;* and at once proclaimed himſelf an opponent againſt Mr. Whitefield's doctrines of election and juſtification.—The alarm was quickly ſpread, and dreadful indeed were the heats which it occaſioned in the tents of methodiſm; and many and bitter were the ſermons and pamphlets which the pulpits and preſſes ſent forth on each ſide. The Calviniſts, or Whitefieldians, groaned deeply for the defection of one whom they had conſidered as a main pillar of the truth; and they trembled greatly for thoſe points which they held as the very foundations of the Chriſtian ſyſtem.

The Arminians, or Weſleyan Methodiſts, on the other hand, were not ſparing in ſcattering ſpiritual dirt and ſtink-pots upon their *quondam* brethren, by repreſenting the Calviniſtic doctrines as the inventions of Satan, and productive of mental diſtraction and of practical licentiouſneſs; while the rational chriſtians pitied the extravagancies of each, and profane infideis enjoyed the ſport, crying, *Tantæne animis cæleſtibus iræ?*

But though Mr. Weſley affected great horror at the dreadful doctrines of Whitefield and Zinzendorf, yet he had not prudence enough to keep himſelf from broaching ſome equally erroneous. That of *ſinleſs perfection*, which he taught as poſſible to be attained in this life, was conſidered by the Moravians and Calviniſts as a ſhocking hereſy. They thought, and perhaps with juſtice, that it had a more direct tendency to bigotry, pride, and iniquity, than any other ſpeculative error whatever.

Mr. Weſley imagined, however, that he could gravel his opponents by his ſkill in logic; and gravel them he did with a vengeance, when he put them the following queſtions: "Was there *inward corruption* in our Lord? or, Cannot the ſervant be as his maſter?"—Fourth Journal, page 81.—It is a pity but Dr. Prieſtley had read this; Socinianiſm could wiſh for no more.

One Peter Böhler, a Moravian miſſionary, ſaid enough to Mr Weſley upon this ſubject to nonplus him, though not to bring him over to reaſon. As what he ſaid is curious, we ſhall give it as it ſtands in Mr. Weſley's Fourth Journal, page 84. "There is no ſuch ſtate," ſaid honeſt Peter,

Peter, " as *ſinleſs perfection;* ſin will and always muſt remain in the ſoul. The *old man* will remain till death. The *old nature* is like an old tooth; you may break off one bit, and another, and another, but you can never get it all away; the ſtump of it will ſtay as long as you live, and ſometimes will ache too."

(To be continued.)

Obſervation on the Origin of Gothic *Architecture, and on the Corporation of* Free Maſons, *ſuppoſed to be the Eſtabliſhers of it as a regular Order. In a Letter from Gov.* Pownall *to the Rev. Dr. Lort.*

SIR,

Bath, *Jan.* 9. 1788.

WHEN the Romans conquered, and held poſſeſſion of our iſle, they erected every ſort of building and edifice of ſtone, or of a mixture of ſtone and brick; and univerſally built with the circular arch. The Britiſh learnt their art from theſe maſters. This art continued to be practiſed in Britain after it had been loſt in France, by the ravages and deſolation which the continent experienced. For when the cities of the empire in Gaul, and the fortreſſes on the Rhine were deſtroyed, Conſtantius Chlorus, A. D. 298. ſent to Britain for, and employed, Britiſh architects in repairing and re edifying them. By thus drawing off the Britiſh artiſts and mechanics, and by the ſubſequent devaſtation of the iſland, all uſe, practice, and knowledge of the Roman art were loſt. The buildings erected then were either of whole logs or of timber uprights wattled, ſuch as at this very day in the North is called *ſtud and mud.* The Scots appear to come forth amongſt the firſt native architects of our iſle, who invented the method of ſquaring the timber, and framing the fabrick; ſo as to apply it to large and public edifices. This invention is expreſly called *the Scottiſh Order.* Bede, in his Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, lib. iii. cap. 25, ſays: 'Finan Epiſcopus, 'natione Scotus, in inſula Landisfarnenſi fecit eccleſiam epiſcopali ſede 'congruam, quam tamen *more Scotorum,* non de lapide, ſed *de robore 'ſecto* totam *compoſuit,* atque arundine 'texit.'

Although ſuch was the ſtate of the art of building amongſt the native artiſts in England; and altho' it was no further advanced for many ages afterwards in Saxony and Germany: yet wherever the Chriſtian Miſſionaries ſent from Rome came, they brought with them not only Religion, but the mechanick arts, and many ſciences, architecture, muſick, painting, engraving in ſilver and copper, and working glaſs. Many amongſt them had great merit, which had been but little known, being loſt in the demerit of the body. Theſe were the reſtorers of the Roman order of architecture in ſtone.

All the ancient ſtone churches built in conſequence of the converſions made by the Roman miſſionaries were built with ſimple circular arches *more & opere Romano.* This ſpecies of building, the ſame in Gothland as in England, practiſed down to the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, has been generally referred to as *Saxon,* and commonly ſo called.

During theſe periods the architecture executed in timber frame work, was in the North in general, uſed in the publick, civil, as well as private and domeſtic edifices. It was advanced to great perfection, and became capable of being highly ornamented in its way; and this ſpecies of architecture was ſaid to be *more Teutonico.*

This

This model of building in frame work with high pointed arches, formed by the interſections of the timbers, and eſpecially of an high arch between two leſſer ones, is ſpecifically deſcribed by Stubs, in his Actus Pontificum Eboracenſium, art. *Alured.* 'Supra oſtium chori, ære & auro opereque incomparabili pulpitum *fabricari* fecit: & ex utraque parte pulpiti arcus: & in medio ſupra pulpitum, arcum eminentiorem, crucem in ſummitate geſtantem, ſimiliter ex ære, auro, & argento *opere Teutonico fabricatum* erexit.' Here is the firſt, and, as far as I can find, the only mention made of the *Teutonic order* expreſsly deſcribed as a fabrication of frame work.

A fact, which coincides with this period, offers itſelf to me, that, the churches throughout all the Northern parts of Europe being in a ruinous ſtate, the Pope created ſeveral corporations of Roman or Italian architects and artiſts, with corporate powers and excluſive privileges; particularly with a power of ſetting by themſelves the prices of their own work and labour, independent of the municipal laws of the country wherein they worked, according as Hiram had done by the corporations of architects and mechanicks which he ſent to Solomon. 'The Pope not only thus formed them into ſuch a corporation, but is ſaid to have ſent them (as excluſively appropriated) to repair and rebuild theſe churches and other religious edifices.' This body had a power of taking apprentices, and of admitting *or accepting* into their corporation approved maſons. The common and uſual appellation of this corporation in England was that of *the free and accepted maſons.* It will be found that claiming to hold primarily and excluſively under the Pope, they aſſumed a right, as *Free*-maſons, of being exempt from the regulations of the ſtatutes of labourers, laws in England which made regulations for the price of labour: 2dly, In order to regulate theſe matters amongſt themſelves, as well as all matters reſpecting their corporation, they held general chapters and other congregations. Doing this they conſtantly refuſed obedience, and to conform themſelves to theſe ſtatutes, which regulated the price of the labour of all other labourers and mechanics, although they were ſpecifically mentioned therein. One might collect hiſtorical proofs of this, but as the fact ſtands upon record in our ſtatute laws, I ſhall reſt on that. Theſe ſtatutes of labourers were repeatedly renewed through ſeveral reigns down to Henry VI. and as repeatedly diſobeyed by the Free-maſons, until in the 3d of Henry VI. an ordinance was by advice of the Lords, on the petition of the Commons, made, reciting the fact of the contumacious diſobedience of theſe Free-maſons, to the ſubverſion of all law, and the great detriment of the community, and ſtating the neceſſity of applying a remedy, which remedy was the declaring this corporation illegal, and enacting that perſons calling and holding theſe chapters or other congregations ſhould be deemed felons: and all other maſons aſſembling as ſuch ſhould be impriſoned, and pay fine and ranſom at the will of the King.

This ſtatute aſcertains theſe facts; firſt, that this corporation held chapters and congregations, aſſuming, as to the regulating of their work and wages, to have a right to ſettle theſe matters by their own bye-laws. The ſtatute declares this to be a ſubverſion of the law of the land, and grievous damage to the community; ſecondly, it aſcertains that this body of maſons were a ſet of artiſts and mechanicks, the price of whoſe labour

bour and work ought to be regulated by thoſe ſtatutes of labourers; thirdly, inſtead of diſſolving this corporation, which would in effect have acknowledged it as legal prior to ſuch diſſolution, it forbids all their chapters and other congregations to be held, and declares all perſons aſſembled or holding ſuch to be felons: and that all other maſons who attended ſuch ſhould be impriſoned, and pay fine and ranſom at the will of the King.

This ſtatute put an end to this body, and all its illegal chapters and pretences. It ſhould ſeem, however, that ſocieties of theſe maſons met in mere clubs. Wherein continuing to obſerve and practice ſome of their ceremonies which once had a reference to their inſtitutions, and to the foundation of powers which no longer exiſted, and were ſcarcely underſtood, they only made ſport to mock themſelves, and by degrees their clubs or lodges ſunk into mere innocent, harmleſs ceremonies. In theſe very ceremonies, however, we may trace the tenor of the preamble of their charters, reciting the precedent of Hiram's forming a body of Architects and Artiſts, with corporate and excluſive powers, eſpecially with that of regulating, within their own body, the prices of their labour; which Solomon agreed to abide by, when they were ſent to aſſiſt him in building the Houſe of the Lord. On this *Scripture precedent* ſo recited, the Pope by his charter, diploma, or bull, formed the *Free*-maſons (whom he ſends into the Northern parts to aſſiſt in repairing and building the Churches there) into a corporation holding of his Holineſs, with corporate powers to regulate their own body, and as to the ſetting and regulating their own prices, with powers excluſive of the municipal laws of the countries into which they were ſent. I can eaſily ſuppoſe that they, by a natural and flattering error, miſtook the recital of this precedent, for the record of a fact in the hiſtory of their Society, as exiſting in the time of Solomon, and being *the Builders of the Temple*: which ſuppoſed and aſſumed fact is now interwoven with, and makes part of the preſent free-maſonry. It ought, however, to be mentioned to their honour, that when theſe clubs were inſtituted in lieu of their chapters, &c. they formed a laudable Brotherhood of charity, which hath continued to this day with great exertions of benevolence to the Brotherhood on many occaſions, in different countries, even towards priſoners of war, without diſtinction of nation or any other circumſtance but that of their being brother Maſons: and in our country we find the ſame ſpirit exerting itſelf in a very benevolent inſtitution.

As I write at this place from ſome notes and mere memorandums, I cannot, as I ſhould wiſh, quote my authorities; but my notes, and memorandums inform me that this corporation was eſtabliſhed about the time of the early parts of the reign of Henry III. of England. The *Gothic* architecture, or *Teutonic* executing in ſtone, this particular mode of architecture uſed *citra Alpes montes*, came forward into practice as a regular eſtabliſhed order about the ſame time. Does not your mind here almoſt irreſiſtibly refer the invention and introduction of this bold and very highly ſcientifick order of architecture to theſe choſen and ſelected artiſts who have ſhewn themſelves, in repeated inſtances, great mathematicians and perfectly experienced mechanics; and who on aſſured principles of ſcience executed ſome of the boldeſt and moſt aſtoniſhing works which were ever erected by man?

The more cloſely, and ſtep by ſtep,

ſtep, you trace the timbers of old frame-work fabricks, eſpecially ſome of the moſt curious in Germany; the more you ſtudy their models and proportions, and then with a like ſpirit of inveſtigation in the direct line of ſcience examine the models and proportions of the *Gothic* architecture, the more decidedly you will form an opinion, even to conviction, that this Gothic order is formed preciſely by the adopting the models and the proportions of frame-work timber fabricks erected *more Teutonico*, and by transferring them to the working in ſtone; and if you purſue this in the ornaments, it will ſtrike you ſtill more forcibly.

As ſome people have, without the leaſt foundation, and directly contrary to all the exemplars in fact, ſuppoſed that the Gothick ſtyle and order of architecture was brought from Paleſtine and Turkey by perſons who ſerved in the Cruſades: it may be proper, and I am ſure will be ſufficient, to refer ſuch to the Temple Churches, and to the Saracen or Moreſco buildings in Venice, Spain, and even in many parts of England, all which are conſtructed with the circular arch. But the architecture of the buildings in Aſia, Turkey, and Paleſtine, are of themſelves a proof to the contrary.

REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

(Concluded from page 585).

ON Tueſday morning the Hoſpital of Invalids was ſummoned to ſurrender, and was taken poſſeſſion of, after a ſlight reſiſtance. All the cannon, ſmall arms, and ammunition, were immediately ſeized upon, and every one who choſe to arm himſelf was ſupplied with proper arms. The cannon was diſtributed in different quarters of the town. In the evening a detachment with two pieces of cannon went to the Baſtile, to demand the ammunition depoſited there. A flag of truce had been ſent before them, which was anſwered from within; but nevertheleſs, the Governor (the Marquis de Launay) ordered the guard to fire, and ſome were killed. The populace, enraged at this proceeding, ruſhed forward to the aſſault, when the Governor agreed to admit a certain number, on condition that they ſhould not do any violence. A detachment of about forty accordingly paſſed the draw-bridge, which was inſtantly drawn up, and the whole party maſſacred. This breach of faith, aggravated by ſo glaring an inſtance of inhumanity, naturally excited a ſpirit of revenge and tumult not to be appeaſed. A breach was ſoon made in the gate, and the fortreſs ſurrendered. The Governor, the principal Gunner, the Gaoler, and two old Invalids who had been noticed as being more active than the reſt, were ſeized, and carried before the Council aſſembled at the Hotel de Ville, by whom the Marquis de Launay was ſentenced to be beheaded; which was accordingly put in execution at the Place de Grêve, and the other priſoners were alſo put to death. The Prevôt des Marchands met with a ſimilar fate, being ſuſpected of betraying the Citizens; and the heads of theſe perſons were fixed on pikes, and carried through the City*.

" In the courſe of the ſame evening, the whole of the *Garde Fran-*

* Among the priſoners releaſed from the public priſons and the Baſtile was Lord Maſſarene, and a Scotchman, a Major White; the latter of whom had been more than thirty years confined in the Baſtile, during which time he never was heard of by his friends, nor in the leaſt

coiſes joined the Bourgeoiſie, with all their cannon, arms, and ammunition.

"Not more than four or five priſoners were found in the Baſtile."

It is now time to ſpeak of what was doing at Verſailles.

The National Aſſembly was opened on Monday the 13th of JULY, by M. Mounier, in an elegant ſpeech, in which he painted the misfortune that France had ſuſtained by the removal of the Miniſter in whom they found ſo much of their hope. He acknowledged the principle, that the King had the ſole right of nominat tion his Miniſters and of diſmiſſing them; but he added, that the nation alone could inform his Majeſty what Miniſter ſerved him well, and what Miniſter ſerved him ill. M. Target, M. de Lally Tollendal, M. de Vireu, M. de Clermont Tonnerre, &c. ſpoke ſucceſſively; the converſation was highly animated. To warm and arouſe the Aſſembly thoroughly, one of the deputies of Paris read an account of what was then tranſacting at Paris, and of the critical ſituation of that city. At length they agreed on two deputations; the firſt to the King, "to paint to him the horrible ſituation of the city of Paris, and to ſupplicate him to withdraw his troops;" the ſecond, to the People of Paris, "to place themſelves between them and the ſoldiers, and to conjure them to pay reſpect to public peace." The firſt deputation was filled by the ſame names as had before waited on his Majeſty. When the ſecond deputation came to be named, almoſt all the Deputies propoſed themſelves, and much confuſion enſued. It was agreed, however, to wait for the King's Anſwer. It at length arrived, and was as follows:

KING'S ANSWER TO THE ADDRESS.

"I have already made known to you my intentions on the meaſures which the diſorders of Paris have obliged me to take. It belongs to me alone to judge of their neceſſity, and I cannot agree to any change. Some cities protect themſelves; but the extent of my Capital does not permit me to depend on a force of that kind. I do not doubt of the purity of the motives that induce you to offer me your aid in theſe afflicting circumſtances; but your preſence at Paris cannot do any good; it is alſo neceſſary here to expedite the important labours that I muſt ſtill recommend to your ſpeedy attention."

The reading of this anſwer produced general indignation. The Aſſembly was thrown into a flame. They inſtantly determined on a ſolemn declaration ſuited to the exigency, and a Committee was appointed to draw up the ſame. They withdrew, and having made their report, it was unanimouſly adopted, and was as follows:

DECLARATION *of the* NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

The Aſſembly, ſpeaking the ſentiments of the nation,

Declare, That M. Necker, and other Miniſters, who have been diſmiſſed from office, carry with them their

---

leaſt ſuſpected to be thus enthralled.

Lord Maſſareene, with other ſtate priſoners, had nearly been ſtopped at Calais on his way to Dover. He was with two other gentlemen, his companions in misfortune, and being all extremely mean and ſhabbily dreſſed, were ſuſpected for bad perſons, and no one ſeemed deſirous to embark in the Packet with them. He was at length obliged to declare himſelf. On landing at Dover, his Lordſhip was the firſt to jump out of the boat, and in the fulneſs of his joy, and in gratitude to Heaven for his deliverance, immediately fell on his knees, and kiſſing the ground thrice, exclaimed, "God bleſs the land of Liberty."

their esteem and their regret.

Declare, That dreading the unhappy consequences likely to flow from his Majesty's answer, they will not cease to *insist* on the removal of the extraordinary troops assembled near Paris and Versailles, and on the establishment of a guard of Burgesses.

Declare anew, That there cannot exist any intermediate (vehicle) in their communications with the King.

Declare, That the civil and military agents of Authority are responsible for every enterprize contrary to the rights of the nation, and to the decrees of the National Assembly.

Declare, That the actual Ministers, and such advisers of his Majesty, of whatever rank, state or authority they may be, are personally responsible for the present evils, and for all those that may ensue.

Declare, That the public debt having been established under the security of honour and loyalty, and the nation not refusing to pay the interest, no person has the right to pronounce the infamous name of *Bankrupt;* no power has the right to violate the public faith under any form or denomination in which it may be attempted.

In fine, the *National Assembly*

Declare, That they persist in all their preceding Resolutions, particularly in those of the 17th, 20th, and 23d of June last; and that the present Declaration shall be transmitted to the King by their President, and shall be printed for the information of the public.

After these resolutions were passed, it was further resolved, that the Assembly should still continue sitting, though it was then *eleven o'clock at night.*

JULY 14. Upwards of 100 members staid in the Hall all night, presided by the Marquis de la Fayette, whom they chose Vice President of the National Assembly. The business this morning begun by a question to know, if a declaration of the rights of men should be placed at the head of their new Constitution, which after some debate was agreed to; after which the other points recommended by the *Central* Committee were examined. It was then agreed, "That a Committee of eight members should be elected proportionally from the three Orders, to form a plan of the Constitution."

All accounts received by the Assembly this morning gave hopes that peace was established at Paris, until the Vicomte de Noailles entered, having arrived full speed from thence. He declared "that all the Burgesses of Paris were in arms, and directed in their discipline by the French and Swiss Guards; that the cannon and musquets of the Invalids had been taken from them, and that all the Nobles families were obliged to shut themselves up in their houses; that the Bastile had been forced, and Mr. Launay the Governor having having fired on the Citizens had been killed." On this news they agreed to send another deputation to the King, and that the Marquis de Noailles should be one, in order to witness the fatal truths.

Whilst these Deputies were gone, others came from the Electors of Paris with similar accounts; and that the people had intercepted orders to the Governor of the Bastile, to fire on them whenever he thought proper. Some of the Assembly then asked who had signed such orders, that their heads might pay for it; but it was remarked by Mr. Clement de Tonnerre, that it was not the moment for revenge, and that justice, in the present case, should be cautious and slow.

The King's answer arriving, was read in public, to the following purport:

"That

"That he was grieved at the evils and troubles which desolated Paris; that he had been in a continual state of uneasiness; that the troops were already removed from Paris; and that he had given orders to his General Officers to put themselves at the head of the militia of Paris."

This answer caused a long and pensive silence.

The Archbishop of Paris presently brought a second answer from the King, in the following terms:

"You afflict my heart repeatedly, by reciting the misfortunes of the town of Paris; it is impossible that the troops which I have made approach, are the cause: I cannot make you any other answer than that which you have heard this evening."

The National Assembly did not think these answers proper for establishing peace in Paris, and they therefore decided to wait till next day, in hopes of one more favourable.

The royal answer—the resolves of the National Assembly—the movements of the troops, induced the people to believe, that an extreme change had taken place in the system of government. They convened in crowds, and every individual fled to arms. A patrole of citizens distributed themselves about the town, searching for arms in every probable situation. One party proceeded to seize upon the Garde Meuble; another body betook themselves to St. Lazare, sacked the place and discovered a magazine of corn, which they carried to La Halle: others destroyed all the barriers of the Capital; and notwithstanding this accumulated violence, the city was divested of those horrors which menaced it, by the establishment of a species of *internal police*. To accomplish this purpose, a general association was formed at the Hotel de Ville, (or Mansion-house) who sent a deputation to Versailles to insist on the necessity of embodying a City Militia without the least delay. On the Monday 13th the general association had established this Parisian guard, which was fixed to 48000 citizens. The sixty election districts assented to form sixty battalions, each of which was to consist of four companies, of 200 each, making in the whole 48000 MEN. The instant this resolution was made known, every citizen repaired to inscribe his name in his district, and by Wednesday morning the number of subscribers for this municipal body amounted to more than 270,000 persons. The association also appointed an Etat Major, or Commander in Chief, and a Permanent Committee to correspond with the different districts.

The spirited proceedings of the National Assembly, and of the General Assembly of Paris, had their effect. The Ministers and Advisers of the King trembled in the Palace; and the King, hearing of the riots that had happened in Paris on the Monday and Tuesday, and the massacre of those friends most devoted to his interest, became extremely fearful and unhappy of what might probably follow, unless some effectual means were taken to stop the progress of the rebellion. His majesty accordingly resolved to step forward himself, and, like a tender and anxious father of his people, to risque even his own safety in the public cause. Reports had been invidiously spread abroad, that he had entrenched himself behind the battery of Marshal de Broglie's army, and was determined to try his strength, and risque the consequences of an open rupture. This report gained considerable force by the measures which the Marshal had thought it prudent to take for the benefit of the Royal Family, by uniting his whole force at Versailles near the Palace, where the National Assembly were sitting.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

THE CONTRAST.

A Precept learn from Men and Books,
" Ne'er take a ſtranger by his looks."
The looks do not, as ſome would ſay,
Always the perſon's mind betray.
Elſe would we think by *Furo's* eyes,
He'd brave the thunder of the ſkies;
But ah! his mighty courage mark,
He trembles at a Buſh when dark.
To view the tulip's ſplendid plume,
How eaſily might we preſume,
That it contained the ſweeteſt ore,
Which added to its beauty more.
View the Thyme, you'll ſure ſuppoſe,
It is the meaneſt plant that grows,
Indignant then you pluck it all,
And throw it careleſs o'er the wall,
As you would weeds in gardens found,
That ſpoil the beauty of the ground;
But e'er you thus its fate decide,
And its plain, ſimple looks deride,
The fragrant ſcent it breathes compare
With the Tulip's noxious air.
You'll ſoon prefer the one, tho' plain,
To all the other's gaudy train.
Thus ſpite of all *Lavater's* rules,
Some who look wiſe are only fools,
While we find that dunce-like faces
Sometimes hide internal graces.
But one example teaches more,
Than muſty precepts half a ſcore;
At leaſt ſo do the learned ſay;
Whoſe words as law we muſt obey.
Kickſhaw, a man of great renown,
Shines foremoſt of the beaux in town,
If gaudy dreſs contain'd but worth,
No wiſer man dwells in the North.
But ah ſad chance! it ne'er befel,
That wit in ruffles yet did dwell.
So he by this unlucky hit,
Muſt wear the dreſs without the wit.
Yet take him by his modiſh air,
You'll think him to ſome Lord an Heir,
He common terms diſdains to uſe;
Which doubtleſs his great learning ſhews.
For with learn'd men a cuſtom's grown,
T'expreſs their thoughts by words unknown.
No Captain of the city train,
E'er look'd ſo big or half ſo vain.
He'll toſs his head, look wond'rous ſmart,
To captivate the female heart!
Salute them with a rev'rend bow,
And with a " Lord ma'am how d'ye do?"
" Tis very warm" or " very cold"
Or ſome ſuch mighty thing is told,
He grins Adieu, hopes ſoon to meet her,
And with " Good morrow" hopes to greet her.
But ſhould he meet a poor relation,
Who doubtleſs is below his ſtation,
He does not uſe ſuch complaiſance,
But paſſes by on tip-toe prance,
Half ſhuts his eyes, feigns not to ſee,
And takes a poor man for a tree,
Thinks none are ever worth his while
But thoſe on whom dame fortune ſmile,
For what is merit, what is worth,
If ſhe has frown'd upon their birth?
In contraſt to this man of dreſs,
Let's view what *Ruſtic* does poſſeſs.
He never does exulting ſhew
The powder'd head which marks the Beau.
No ſprightly look or feature ſmart
Does *Ruſtic* ſhew to gain the heart,
No foppiſh marks on him you'll find,
But inward dreſs, dreſs of the mind.
He never will with hat in hand,
Speak what he does not underſtand,
But weighs the ſenſe of all his words,
E'er he tells what his theme affords,
And they who were to laugh inclin'd
Admire the beauties of his mind,
And wonder how a man ſo plain,
Has ſo much knowledge in his brain.
Unlike great *Kickſhaw's* fawning art,
He utters what he feels at heart,
And never for a ſelfiſh end,

Will

Will flatter thoſe he can't commend.
Nor will he, with a half ſhut eye,
Unheeding paſs inferiors by,
But viſits friends, tho' ne'er ſo poor,
And oft invites them to his door.
Ye candid folks, decide the cauſe,
Which of the two deſerves applauſe.

Aberdeen.
Sept. 1789. } J. I.

ODE ON CAPRICE.

By the Rev. Mr. Graves, of Claverton.

OFFSPRING of Pride and lawleſs Pow'r,
Whom folly, in an evil hour,
The gifts of Fortune to defeat,
Brought forth, the torment of the great!
CAPRICE! go vent thy little rage
On Vice, Deformity, or Age!
There tyrannize with boundleſs ſway,
Nor Youth and Beauty make thy prey.
With thoſe bright eyes, that blooming face,
That ſhape, and air, and winning grace,
With all that Wit and Taſte impart,
To hold in captive chains the heart;
Yet, LAURA, with what fatal haſte
Your fleeting moments run to waſte!
Your ſpring of life, alas! is o'er,
That joyous age that comes no more!
You captives make—yet not a ſwain
But ſoon, diſguſted, breaks his chain.
Caprice thoſe brilliant eyes diſarms,
An antidote to all your charms;
Fraught with the pow'rs to ſave or kill,
You Lovers gain, to treat them ill:
To day you ſmile, to-morrow frown;
You raiſe our hopes, then ſpurn them down;
Now ſpread, and now contract your ſail,
As Fancy and Caprice prevail.
Would any wretch embark for life
With ſuch a fair fantaſtic wife?
No—rather let me ſtem the tide,
Without a helm my bark to guide,
The ſport of waves, and varying winds,
Than truſt to ſuch capricious minds,
Where Whim and Paſſion hold the rein,
And ſlighted Reaſon pleads in vain.
Though Fortune on our proſpects ſmiles,
Caprice our faireſt hopes beguiles;
Though bleſt with friends, with youth and health,
And all the gay parade of wealth—
With equipage, a manſion fair,
With turrets glitt'ring high in air;
Our lawns extend, our waving woods
Inverted nod from ſilver floods;
With ev'ry earthly means of bliſs,
Our road to happineſs we miſs.
Capricious Fancy's dazzling light
Miſleads us like a dancing ſprite;
Thro' woods and wilds we vagrant roam,
And never reach our deſtin'd home.
Nature decks out a various feaſt,
To humour each faſtidious gueſt:
But Fancy, like a wayward child,
By too indulgent parents ſpoil'd,
Indignant kens the offer'd treat,
Tho' urg'd by hunger, ſcorns to eat;
Turns from Mamma with angry eye,
And frets and pouts, it knows not why.

To a Lady with Lilies of the Valley.

OF every flow'r that ſublunary grows,
What ſweeter and more elegantly blows
Than theſe ſweet lilies, which like thee are fair;
Who witty art, good, wiſe, and debonnair?
O! may thy beauties never fade like lilies of the vale!
But happy live, ſweet lovely maid, bleſt with each genial gale.

Mr Rannie's beautiful Song in our next.

THE

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THE TRIFLER,

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Thurſday October 8, 1789.

ON HEALTH—ON AXIOMS—MEANS TO DESTROY HEALTH—ANXIETY TO PRESERVE IT—ON QUACKERY—A QUOTATION FROM FOOTE——TWO REFLECTIONS ON PRODIGALITY AND AVARICE OF HEALTH.

THAT "health is the greateſt bleſſing given to mankind," is a poſition ſo often repeated by all deſcriptions of people, and ſo generally aſſented to, that we may rank it among the proverbial *axioms* which paſs univerſally current from a conviction of its truth. As an *axiom*, therefore, or a ſelf-evident propoſition, there is no denying it. But it unfortunately happens that the fate of *moral* axioms, and of *mathematical*, *algebraical*, or *arithmetical* axioms is widely different. A man may aſſent to the truth of a moral axiom, and yet proceed directly contrary to the principle it contains, which cannot be the caſe with other axioms. For inſtance he may (if queſtioned) agree that health is the greateſt of human bleſſings, and yet without any ſeeming obſtruction may go on in ſuch a courſe of life as may deſtroy that which he conſents to be the greateſt bleſſing; whereas, while a man agrees in the ſelf-evident propoſition that two and two make four, he cannot ſtir one ſtep in his farther calculations without continually carrying this principle along with him; two and two always have, and always will make juſt four and no more or leſs; this he is convinced of, and knows that he cannot only not deny it, but muſt always act as if he believed it.

It is not ſo, however, with the axiom or propoſition of univerſal experience with which we ſet out. For thouſands and tens of thouſands do cordially agree that health is the greateſt of all bleſſings, and do nevertheleſs ſo act in their general conduct, as if health was the greateſt of incumbrances, and that which every man was obliged in duty to get rid of, as ſoon as poſſible. Various means have, therefore, been deviſed to expel this troubleſome gueſt from our houſes.

In conſidering the ſeveral contrivances that have been fallen upon for this purpoſe, I am ſorry to ſay that there appears very little of that original invention, that talent for diſcovery, which ſpeaks the genius of the age in other matters. Inſtead of contriving ſome new thing, ſome unheard of materials for this purpoſe, men in general have borrowed half the deſign from nature herſelf, and ſeeing that ſhe intended that a certain portion of meats and drinks ſhould nouriſh and ſtrengthen the body, they have merely made the experiment, whether a double or a triple portion of the ſaid meats and drinks could not be ſubſervient to deſtroy health and ſtrength. The experiment has been tried with ſucceſs. Men need no longer (if ever they did) ſearch abroad for means to get rid of health; there they are on their tables; the meat that might nouriſh, may ſurfeit; the wine that might ſtrengthen, may ſtupify and enervate. The doſe, as in the caſe of other medicines, is to be increaſed at pleaſure, and in a few years, that very troubleſome "greateſt bleſſing," health, is exchanged for the artificial conſtitution of the valetudinarian, with fifty complaints to amuſe him, and an hundred uſeleſs remedies to ſwell his apothecary's bill.

But if there are ſome men thus eagerly deſirous to get rid of health, there are others on the contrary equally anxious to preſerve it; The laſt, to his friends and companions, is a much more inſufferable ſpectacle than the firſt. An over-anxiety about health generally produces what is called "quacking ones ſelf," a cuſtom which many give way to from good intentions, and perhaps really to be free from ſome complaint, but which, aſſiſted by the force of imagination, produces a train of complaints that are incurable. We have all heard of certain perſons who, when ſomething has troubled their minds, have had recourſe to the bottle, and never been able to leave off drinking. Your "quacking people" are much in the ſame ſituation. Some complaint has been removed by medicines, and they have taken ſuch a violent liking to drugs as never to be able to leave them off in one ſhape or other. Such perſons, with the utmoſt efforts at health, are never well, nor ever without complaining. They procure popular books on medicine, and as Don Quixote from reading books of Chivalry fancied himſelf doomed to be a Knight Errant, ſo they, from reading the *Domeſtic Medicine* and other books of the kind, fancy they are born to be afflicted with every diſtemper they read of, and prepare their cures accordingly.—In the morning they correct the wind; at noon they promote digeſtion; in the afternoon they remove foulneſs from the ſtomach; in the evening they guard againſt the ague, and at night they procure ſleep. The phyſician, if ſent for, is anticipated in all his receipts, and to preſcribe ſuch gentle remedies as are uſual in incipient diſorders would be as abſurd as to recommend weak negus to warm the ſtomach of a brandy-drinker.

An apothecary of my acquaintance has aſſured me that he would deſire no better practice than a dozen ladies of quality of the diſpoſition above deſcribed; he adds that he has no doubt he would ſoon make his fortune. As *Doctor Julep* ſays, "The doctor that doſes beſt is the beſt doctor for us"—Julep and Apozem in Foote's celebrated Comedy, had a proper notion of whimſical patients;

Julep. "Why, there's Dr Diet, that makes ſuch a duſt! He had a perſon of faſhion, a patient of mine, under his care t'other day; as fine a ſlow fever! I was in hopes of half making my fortune—

Apozem.

Apozem. Yes; I love a ſlow fever; Was it nervous?—

Julep.—Ay; with a lovely dejection of ſpirits.

Apozem. That was delightful indeed! I look upon the nerves and the bile to be the two beſt friends we have to our back."———

Prodigality of health and avarice of eaſe arethe two extremes one would wiſh to avoid. They are not, indeed, equally culpable. For the man who, endued by nature with a ſtrong conſtitution, wantonly exhauſts it in luxury and lawleſs pleaſures, I know of no excuſe that can be formed; for what language will excuſe the impious ingratitude to heaven which ſuch conduct implies; and what temptation of company or ſituation in life, however it may *account*, can apologize for this ſpecies of ſlow ſuicide? This much may indeed be ſaid, that where we ſee a man, worthy in other reſpects, ſo habituated to drinking as not to be able to leave it off, even while ſenſible that it is pulling him to his grave, we ſee an object that has claims on our pity, more ſtrong than any wretchedneſs I know.

On the other hand, an uncommon anxiety about health, which directs the patient not to air, exerciſe, and proper regimen, but to a promiſcuous uſe of drugs, and violent remedies, argues a diffidence in Providence, and a mean hankering after life which is inconſiſtent with Chriſtian faith, and Chriſtian fortitude. I never knew a mind thus wedded to life that did not unite a great degree of weakneſs of underſtanding to a very moderate ſhare of confidence in heaven.

With regard to health in general, it is to be remembered that it is not difficult to *preſerve* it, but almoſt impoſſible to recover it when loſt by a courſe of luxury and gluttony. The changes which nature makes by means of diſeaſe are generally for the better; and phyſicians have remarked how quickly health is regained after the moſt dangerous fevers brought on in the proceſs of nature's operations—whereas the chronical diſtempers brought on by a courſe of high living, as it is called, induce a degree of weakneſs which is rarely abated, and takes from a man that firmneſs, vigour, and repelling powers, which he rarely recovers.

Sketch of Zimmerman's *Geographical Hiſtory of Man.*

(Concluded from page 610).

AN enquiry here preſents itſelf of no ſmall moment: are the human beings which poſſeſs theſe various and oppoſite powers, derived from one common origin; or were different races of men formed and adapted by their original make to their ſpecific climates? *M. Zimmerman* enters fully into this queſtion, which has been ſo frequnetly agitated. Like a true ſon of Adam, he contends earneſtly for the old conſtitution, in oppoſition to the bold attacks of a Voltaire and a Hume. He plainly ſhews, that the diſtinct, and almoſt innumerable, exertions of creative power in the formation of different races of men, is a ſuppoſition, as unneceſſary as it is extravagant; the influence of natural cauſes being equal to all the differences obſervable in the human ſpecies. He walks with a firm foot and ſteady pace, through every region of the habitable globe, examines the ſtature, form, and complexion of its inhabitants, compares theſe with the peculiarities of their climate and ſituation, and ſatisfactorily proves, that the difference of ſtature between the Laplander and the Patagonian, or of colour between the Circaſſian

and the Negroe, are not ſo great as to require various exertions of omnipotence to create them; nor are they ſo great as the changes produced on the brute creation, confeſſedly by the influence of climate. The extreme of cold, he maintains, is an impediment to growth, not only in the human ſpecies, but alſo in the whole animal and vegetable creation: whereas a more moderate degree of cold, connected with a vagrant life, and perpetual exertions of corporeal ſtrength, are favourable to the gigantic ſtature; of which he produces the ancient Germans, and modern Patagonians, as examples and proofs. He aſſerts alſo, and we think he has made his aſſertion good, that the complexion of the human ſpecies is uniformly correſpondent to the degree of heat or cold to which they are habitually expoſed. In this part of the argument, our philoſopher makes a proper uſe of his diſtinction between the phyſical and geographical climate; and he aſcribes the erroneous reaſoning of Lord Kaims in particular, to his inattention to this difference. At Senegal, and in the adjacent lands, the thermometer is often at 112 or 117 degrees in a ſhade, and here we find the inhabitants jet black, with woolly hair. The heat is equally great in Congo and Loango: and theſe countries are inhabited by Negroes only; whereas in Morocco, to the North of theſe regions, and at the Cape of Good Hope, to the South, the heat is not ſo intenſe; nor are the inhabitants of ſo deep a hue.—Lord K aſks, wherefore are not the Abyſſinians and the inhabitants of Zara of as dark a complexion as the Moors on the coaſt of Guinea? M. *Zimmerman* anſwers that 'theſe countries are much cooler. The deſert is not only farther from the equator, but the winds, blowing over the Atlas mountains, which, like the Alps, are covered with ſnow, and the weſterly wind coming from the ſea, muſt conſiderably mitigate the heat. Nor is Abyſſinia ſo warm as either Monomotopa, or Guinea. The North Eaſt winds from the ſide of Perſia and Arabia, are cooled by their paſſage over the Red ſea: the Northern winds from Egypt loſe much of their heat on the chain of mountains that is extended between the countries; the winds from the South and the Weſt, are ſea winds. Thus, the only quarter from which they can derive exceſſive heat, is from the Weſt; as the air on this ſide muſt paſs over tracts of heated lands.' For a ſimilar reaſon it is that Negroes are not found either in Aſia or South America, under the Equator. The ſituations of theſe countries, which he minutely inveſtigates, expoſe them to ſea breezes and cooling winds from the continent. He confirms his hypotheſis by obſerving, that the mountaineers of warm climates, as in Barbary and Ceylon, are much fairer than the inhabitants of the vallies; that the Saracens and Moors, who conquered the north-eaſt part of Africa in 700, from being brown, are become like the negroes near the Equator; that the Portugueſe, who ſettled at Senegal in 1400, became blacks: and Tudela, the Jew, aſſerts, that his countrymen in Abyſſinia acquired the dark complexion of the original natives. Lord Kaimes enquires, why negroes retain their colour when in more temperate climates? The Profeſſor partly denies the fact; and affirms, on the authority of Demanet, that the negroes educated in America and in Europe, are not of ſo deep a jet as the natives of Senegal or Guinea. He further remarks, 'that more time is requiſite to change the complexion from jet to fair, than the reverſe: marks which are accidentally made

on

on the skin, continue for years.' Nor is the difference of climate so great as to effectuate a speedy change. To do justice to the experiment, the negroes should be conveyed to the regions of the north, be kept from intermarrying with the natives, but be continually, like them, exposed to the influence of the cold; and should subsist on the same diet, &c. But our limits will not permit us to do justice to this part of his subject, and we must hasten to another question of no less moment.

It being proved, that verily we are brethren, and that the human race, however we may differ in size or complexion, are all of one family; it is natural to enquire, Who was our progenitor? Adam, according to the ancient creed? or the *orang outang*, according to the new system? The pretensions of the *orang outang*, or rather of his partizans, for the old gentleman himself either cannot, or will not utter a word on the subject, are, that he has been the man of the woods for many ages before gardens were ever thought of. His claims to humanity are founded on his being able to walk upright occasionally, being furnished with a competent share of muscles requisite for the purpose. The form of his heart, lungs, breast, brains, intestines, are similar with those of men; the *cæcum* has also its *appendix vermiformis:* he can sit upright with great ease; shews more design in his plans, than his associates in the forests; and can handle a stick on occasion with tolerable dexterity. His disqualifications are the following: The position of the *foramen magnum occipitis*, which is farther backward than in the human species, and the sockets of his lower jaw, made to receive the *dentes incisores* of the upper, indicate his relationship to the monkey breed. He has also thirteen ribs on each side; his arms, feet, and toes, are much longer than those of the human species, &c. and although his foot does not so closely resemble a hand, as that of the ape, yet the *pollex pedis*, or the great toe, is placed at a greater distance from the other toes, which gives it the appearance and uses of a thumb. These differences indicate, that although the *orang outang* can occasionally act the biped, yet he is much better qualified to walk on his fore-feet, and to climb trees than the generality of the modern race of men. But his being destitute of speech is a subject of much greater triumph to his adversaries, than any of the differences stated above. For there is no nation of men, however savage, that is destitute of speech; though individuals, secluded from society, may in time lose the faculty. No instances are known in which a company of ten or twelve men have been without a language; but upwards of thirty of the ourang species have been found in a herd, without shewing the smallest traces of this faculty. It has been suggested by Rousseau, that they may have lost the power from their neglect of using it; but it is very singular that they alone should lose this power, and not that race of men to whom they are supposed to be so nearly related. To these arguments, which have been frequently repeated, it is true, but not more so than the whimsical hypothesis which they oppose has been started, Professor Z. adds a satisfactory one, taken from the *orang outang*'s being destitute of that universality which man so eminently possesses. The *ourang* is confined to the torrid zone of the old world. But since he possesses strength and agility in his native residence, and is formed for running and climbing, wherefore does he not emigrate to other countries which abound equally with proper nourishment, did he

he not feel the incapacity of subsisting in other climates* ?

The above question is closely connected with another which has greatly distressed some philosophic minds, and not without reason, as it hath an immediate reference to a right deportment: Is man naturally a biped or a quadruped? Until this point can be decided, he that walketh uprightly does not walk surely, for he may transgress the fundamental law of nature by every step which he takes. While Rousseau, Lord Monboddo, Moscati, and others, have done their utmost to bend the stubborn neck of man down to earth, our philosopher unites his efforts with those of Messrs. de Buffon, de Pauw, and Blumenbach, to set him up again; and whether it be from the force of nature, or from habit, the majority of our readers, we presume, will entertain but few scruples about their right to walk erect if they chuse it; and therefore it will be needless to enlarge much on this argument. If any one should have doubts, let him be comforted by the thoughts that this erect position is best adapted to the conformation of the human head, and the ponderous quantity of human brains:—that the articulation of the *os occipitis* with the first vertebræ of the neck is differently constructed from that of quadrupeds, with the obvious design that man should be able to move his head in every direction with the greatest facility:—that the human species (and also monkies) are destitute of that strong ligament or tendinous aponeurosis, vulgarly called *pax-wax*, which quadrupeds possess (as a kind of stay-tape), to prevent the head from sinking to the earth; to which, from its natural position, it must be very prone:—and that our eyes and ears are, fortunately, not placed as those of the quadrupeds. The axis of the human eye is nearly perpendicular with a vertical section of the head: whereas, in the brute creation (the larger ape excepted), the position of the eye forms an acute angle:—nature has also furnished other animals with a *suspensorium oculi*, a muscle, which the erect attitude renders needless, tho' highly necessary in the *prone;* consequently, whoever tries the experiment will find, that in the inclined direction, both his eyes and his ears are in the most unfavourable situation possible for quick hearing or extensive vision:—the shape, breadth, strength of the vertebræ of the back and loins, are so coincident with the erect attitude of the trunk, that the most conscientious mortal must surely think this attitude innocent and harmless. From the above considerations, and many others which might be adduced, it appears that Ovid is no less a philosopher than a poet, when he sings,

Pronaque cum spectent animalia cetera terram,
Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

* When this first volume was written, Professor Zimmerman was ignorant of the anatomical discoveries of the late Prof. Camper: he mentions them in the second vol. as decisive.

REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

(Continued from page 634.)

ON Wednesday noon, (JULY 15) therefore, the King SURRENDERED HIMSELF to the Assembly while they were sitting. On his entrance, an universal applause succeeded, and shortly after he read the following speech:

"I have assembled you together, in

in order to conſult on the moſt important affairs of the State; it is a matter that affects me more ſenſibly than the tumult which afflicts the capital. The Chief of the Nation comes with confidence among its Repreſentatives to teſtify his diſtreſs, and invite them to aſſiſt in finding the means of reſtoring public order and tranquility. I am not ignorant that there are men who have excited the moſt unjuſt prejudices, and who have dared to aſſert that even you had reaſon to be apprehenſive for your own perſonal ſafety. Will it, therefore, be neceſſary to re-aſſure you on the ſubject of reports ſo reprehenſible, that they are totally unfounded, and falſify their known character? Indeed, I feel my intereſt to be the intereſt of of the nation; I call upon you to aid me at this criſis, for the purpoſe of preſerving the ſafety of the State. I depend on the National Aſſembly; and the zeal of the Repreſentatives of my people, here convened for the common ſafety, will be my ſure pledge that I truſt not in vain. Relying on the affection and fidelity of my ſubjects, I have ordered the troops to be removed from Paris and Verſailles; and I authorize and even requeſt you to make known this my diſpoſition to the Capital."

It is impoſſible to paint the univerſal and touching effect which this ſpeech made on the National Aſſembly, and all thoſe who were preſent. The King and the Princes his brothers returned on foot, accompanied by all the Deputies of the nation, amidſt the acclamations of an aſtoniſhing multitude of ſpectators, which cauſed his Majeſty to be an hour in the walk.

When the King entered the Palace, he appeared ſoon after in the Balcony, with the Queen, the Dauphin, and Princeſſes of his houſe; and ſentiments of love and acknowledgements were then re-expreſſed with uncommon animation on all ſides.

The National Aſſembly immediately agreed to ſend a Deputation of 80 Members, who got to the Thuilleries at a quarter paſt four o'clock, from whence they traverſed the town on foot between two ranks of ſoldiers and burgeſs guards, and with the continued acclamation of *Vive la Nation, Vive le Roi!*—On arriving and entering the Town Hall, the Marquis de la Fayette, who was Preſident of the Deputation, read the King's ſpeech; and added, "The King has been deceived, but is no longer ſo; he knows our WRONGS, gentlemen, and he will know how to prevent them from ever occurring again. While I ſpeak to his people the words of peace, I hope, gentlemen, to carry him alſo an account of that peace which his heart ſo much pants after."

The Archbiſhop of Paris roſe next, and terminated his ſpeech by inviting the Aſſembly to have *Te Deum* ſung as a thankſgiving on the occaſion.

M. de Lally Tollendal ſpoke with much warmth and eloquence; he ſaid among other things, "Your RECLAMATIONS were juſt, and your Monarch had only miſtaken for a moment the ſentiments of the Nation which he has the honour and the fortune to command." He then finiſhed by theſe words, *Vive la Nation! Vive le Roy! Vive la Liberte!*

The Duke de Liancourt ſpoke ſomething about the conduct of the French guards, but was not diſtinctly heard.

The Compte de Clermont Tonnerre ſpoke on the ſubject nearly as follows:—"Perhaps for a moment ſoldiers may have ſtrayed from the colours of Patriotiſm. All ſhould be forgot, there were none to pardon, nor were there any to blame.—The ſoldiers of liberty could not be deſerters." He painted the fidelity of the French Nation, and declaimed againſt the agents of deſpotiſm, but adored his King—and he finiſhed his diſ-

diſcourſe with an account of the ſcene at Verſailles in the morning.

" We have," ſaid he (ſpeaking of the King), carried him in our arms from our Hall to his Palace, which two edifices, tho' ſeparated at a great diſtance, were on the occaſion united by an immenſe multitude, filling the air with their cries of joy and gratitude."

In the morning of JULY 16th, the whole body of the militia were under arms, and lined the ſtreets to receive the King and the National Aſſembly. His Majeſty, overcome by fatigue, was too much indiſpoſed to go to Paris; but the National Aſſembly went, and were received by the citizens under arms; and the *Te Deum* was performed to the moſt crowded auditory that Paris in its moſt religious days ever witneſſed.

JULY 17. The army, in purſuance of the King's orders, retired to Sêve early on Wedneſday morning, leaving their camp equipage behind them.

The Marquis de la Fayette has been appointed Commander in Chief of the Paris Militia, and M. Bailley Prevôt des Marchands.

This afternoon, about half an hour after two o'clock, his Majeſty entered Paris in a coach drawn by eight horſes, attended by the Duc de Villeroy, Captain of the Life Guards, the Duc de Villequier, Firſt Gentleman of the Bedchamber, the Marſhal de Beauveau, the Count D'Eſtaing, and two Equerries, followed by another coach, in which were four other attendants, and eſcorted only by the City Militia, the Commandant of which rode a little before the King's coach, accompanied by ſeveral of the principal tradeſmen of Paris. The whole way from the entrance at the Barrier of Paſſy to the Hotel de Ville was lined on each ſide with armed Citizens, and the moſt perfect tranquility was obſerved. After his Majeſty had entered the Hotel de Ville, he declared that he appeared there to gratify the wiſhes of the Citizens of Paris, and to aſſure to aſſure them of his readineſs to do every thing in his power to quiet their minds, and reſtore tranquility to the City. On his Majeſty's return, he received every teſtimony of loyalty and affection from a moſt numerous and orderly populace; and it is computed that this day there were not leſs than 150,000 men bearing arms in Paris.

Immediately after his entrance, M. Bailly, the new patriotic Mayor of Paris, addreſſed his Majeſty in the following terms:

" I bring your Majeſty the keys of the good city of Paris; they are the ſame that were preſented to Henry IV. He had regained his people; here the people have regained their King.

" Your Majeſty comes to rejoice in the peace that you have re-eſtabliſhed in your Capital; to rejoice in the love of your faithful ſubjects. It is for their happineſs that your Majeſty has re-aſſembled the repreſentatives of the nation, and that you are engaged with them in laying the foundations of Liberty and public proſperity.—What a memorable day is this, in which your Majeſty has come to ſit as a father in the midſt of this reunited family;——in which you have been conducted back to your palace by the whole National Aſſembly, guarded by the repreſentatives of the kingdom, ſurrounded by an immenſe concourſe of people. You carried in your auguſt countenance the expreſſions of ſenſibility and happineſs, while around you, you heard nothing but exclamations of joy, ſaw nothing but tears of tenderneſs and love. Sir! neither your people nor your Majeſty will ever forget this great day: It is the happieſt of the monarchy, it is the epoch of an

auguſt and eternal alliance between the monarch and the people. This circumſtance, peculiar to your reign, immortalizes your Majeſty. I have ſeen this happy day; and, as if all good fortune was reſerved for me, the firſt function of the office to which the ſuffrages of my fellow-citizens have raiſed me, is to communicate to your Majeſty the expreſſions of their reſpect and their love."

His Majeſty being ſeated on the throne, M. Bailly preſented him a blue and red cockade, the cockade of the militia, which his Majeſty graciouſly received, and placed in his hat.

When calm was re-eſtabliſhed, after the joy occaſioned by the King's appearance, Mr. Moreau de St. Merry, Preſident of the Electors of Paris, addreſſed his Majeſty; and after obſerving how little the people merited the calumnies raiſed againſt them, ſaid, "Sire, you have nothing more to do than to remember this great and powerful truth, that the Thrones of Kings *are never more firmly fixed, than when they have for a baſis the love and fidelity of the* People: —with theſe titles, they are impregnable."

M. Ethis de Corny, as Attorney General of the King for the City, then roſe, and propoſed, in order to conſecrate the epoch of this grand day, that a Monument ſhould be raiſed *a Louis XVI. Regenerateur de la Liberte publique, Reſtaurateur de la Proſperite Nationale, le Pere du Peuple Francois.*

The King attempted to ſpeak, but was too much agitated.

Mr. Bailly approached his Majeſty; and after having received his orders, ſaid—"That the King was come to calm the inquietudes which might ſtill exiſt concerning what he had made known to the Nation, and to enjoy the pleaſure of the preſence and love of his people; that his Majeſty deſired peace and calmneſs might be re-eſtabliſhed in the Capital, and every thing to reſume its ordinary courſe; and that, if there aroſe any infractions on the laws, the offenders might be delivered up to juſtice."

Mr. Bailly then announced, that his Majeſty gave leave to any Member to ſpeak.

The Count de Lally aroſe, and made a very eloquent ſpeech, but which it was impoſſible to collect in a correct manner, owing to the joyous tumult. He ſaid, "Well, Citizens, are you ſatisfied? Here is the King, who calls upon your hearts, who deſires to be in the midſt of you; here is the King, who will give you National Aſſemblies, and who has fixed your Liberties on a ſolid baſis!—What ſignifies this memorable ſcene, the peace of his heart being troubled, and which ought never to be forgotten, whilſt he only wiſhes to be guarded by the love of his people, and which will prove to him, that he gains a thouſand times more by its power than he ſacrifices.—Sire, added he, You ſee theſe generous and ſenſible ſubjects, who idolize you; hear their applauſe, read their countenances, penetrate their hearts, you will only ſee the impreſſion of love and fidelity; there is not one amongſt them, but who is ready to ſpill the laſt drop of his blood for you. Periſh thoſe men who by artful inſinuations again ſeek to calumniate the ſentiments of a generous and faithful Nation for a juſt and good King, who, not willing to make force a duty, owes all to his virtues."

The whole aſſembly clapped ſo often, it was impoſſible to hear the whole of the ſpeech.

The King himſelf was ſo affected, that it was with great difficulty he uttered theſe words, "*Mon peuple peut toujours compter ſur mon amour.*"

The Aſſembly then broke up, and the King ſhewed himſelf at a win-

dow to an innumerable body of people aſſembled in the Place de Greve, who immediately ſhouted, "Vivele Roy!" which was re echoed from all quarters.

As his Majeſty returned from the Hotel de Ville through La Rue St. Honore, he received a loyal Addreſs from the Citizens of that diſtrict, which was read to him by M. Trudon, the Preſident, before l'Egliſe de l'Oratoire.

At ten in the morning, previous to his Majeſty's arrival, les Religieux des Feuillans propoſed to the Members of the diſtrict aſſembled in their church, to bleſs or conſecrate their colours. This was accepted, and it was named the STANDARD OF CIVIL LIBERTY.—It was agreed that it ſhould remain in the church as a monument of the memorable epocha.

His Majeſty has diſmiſſed all his new confidential ſervants, excepting M. de la Galiſſiere, and has ſent to recall M. Necker, who is expected to arrive to-morrow, if he is not already at Verſailles.

Paris, July 20. Every thing is now quiet in this capital. The militia perform the duty of the police ſo effectually as to prevent every ſpecies of robbery and pillage. The troops are moving away as faſt as poſſible, and there are no ſoldiers in the neighbourhood of Paris, except the French and Swiſs regiments. The Duc de Chatelet has reſigned the command of the French Guards. The King has reſtored M. de. Montmorin to the department of foreign affairs, from which he had been removed, and has appointed M. de St. Prieſt Secretary of State for the Home department, in the room of M. de Villedeuil. The Duc de Liancourt is choſen Preſident of the National Aſſembly, in the room of the Archbiſhop of Vienne, whoſe time was expired. M. Necker is not yet arrived. *L. Gazette.*

Paris, July 23. On Tueſday laſt the King received the foreign Miniſters as uſual at Verſailles, when M. de Montmorin attended, and every thing was quiet in that quarter. M. de la Luzerne has reſumed the employment from which he had been removed; but M. Necker is not yet arrived.

This city has continued under the protection of the militia, perfectly free from all kind of tumult till yeſterday evening, when two executions took place in the Place de Greve. One of the unfortunate perſons who ſuffered, was M. de Foulon, who had ſpread the report of his death, and retired to his houſe in the country; but being diſcovered, he was forcibly brought to Paris. He was firſt hanged, his head was then cut off, and carried upon a pole to meet his ſon-in law, M. Berthier, Intendant of Paris, whoſe death was alſo decided upon, and who had been ſeized at Compeigne. This victim arrived at the Hotel de Ville late yeſterday evening, eſcorted by ſix hundred perſons, and after a ſhort examination, which was interrupted by the clamours of the populace, ſuffered a ſimilar fate, notwithſtanding the Marquis de la Fayette endeavoured to perſuade the people to ſave his life.*

The accounts from Britanny mention, that ſeveral regiments in different parts of that province laid down their arms, upon being ordered out

* M. Foulon, one of the new Miniſters of Finance, was charged with having adviſed a national bankruptcy. Mr. Bertier, intendant of Paris, was charged with having depoſited and concealed a quantity of flour for the uſe of the military, and withholding it from the citizens, to whom he was charged with having ſaid, in anſwer to their clamours for corn, that *they might eat graſs.*

to

to quell diſturbances; and that at Havre-de-Grace the whole garriſon, upon receiving the news of what had happened at Paris, marched out, and left the fort and its appendages to the Bourgeoiſie, who immediately took poſſeſſion of it.

The appearance of the crops every where promiſes a plentiful harveſt, and removes the apprehenſions that had become ſo alarming on account of the ſcarcity of grain. *Ibid.*

Paris, July 30. M. Necker arrived on Verſailles Tueſday evening laſt, and this morning he came to the Hotel de Ville, where he was received with every mark of joy and ſatisfaction. He was eſcorted from the bridge at Sêve by a large party of horſe of the Paris militia, who alſo returned with him to the ſame place.

On Tueſday laſt the Marquis de la Fayette performed the ceremony of incorporating the French guards, under the appellation of *Gardes de la Nation*, by which they are henceforward to be diſtinguiſhed.

Paris, Aug. 6. On Tueſday laſt the King notified to the National Aſſembly the following appointments, viz. the Archbiſhop of Vienne, Secretary of State for Eccleſiaſtical Benefices; the Archbiſhop of Bourdeaux, Garde des Sceaux; M. de la Tour du Pin, Miniſter for the War Department, and the Prince de Beauveau, a Member of the Council.

Paris, Aug. 13. The unexampled violences every where committed in this country, though the capital at preſent enjoys a ſtate of tranquility, have induced the neceſſity of putting the Provoſt Law into immediate and full force, for the ſpeedy execution of juſtice; and his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty's Edict to that effect was yeſterday regiſtered in Parliament. The new Code of municipal Laws, comprehending the general police of this city, is compleated, and its operations are directed at the Hotel de Ville to begin from this day.

Ceremonies obſerved at an Audience of the Grand Signior. *From the* Abbe Seſtini's *Letters.*

(Concluded from page 624).

AFTER having paſſed ſentence, the Vizir took from his boſom the ſeal called *Muhur*, upon which is engraved the Grand Signior's cypher named *Tura*, and ſealed a letter folded up in a ſquare form, which his ſecretary preſented to him. This letter was to inform the Sultan of the arrival of the miniſter, and to aſk if he would permit him to appear in his preſence. When the letter was ſealed, the Vizir kiſſed it, put it upon his head, and afterwards delivered it with much reſpect to the *Capigilar-Kiaſſi*, who was already dreſſed in a habit of ceremony, almoſt like that of the *Niſciangi*. In his right hand he held a ſilver baton, having a large knob upon it, with which he kept beating the floor, and in his left the letter, which he preſſed towards his head, walking up and down at the ſame time ſlowly and with much gravity. He then ſent the letter to the Grand Signior's palace, in order to be preſented to him.

When the *Capigilar-Kiaſſi* had quitted the apartment, we ſaw ſeveral ſcullions and kitchen-boys, all dirty, greaſy, and ill dreſſed, ſome of whom carried ſmall ſquare tables, very low, and others large round diſhes of tinned copper, called *ſinni*, which they placed upon certain ſmall ſtools or benches, whilſt others brought ſpoons of ivory, wood, and horn, and ſome muſlin cloths. They then ſpread a table in an inſtant before the Vizir, with whom the miniſter ate, and another before the Captain Pacha, to which the ſecretary of the embaſſy and the miniſter's two ſons were admitted. A third was prepared, alſo, before the *Niſciangi Effendi*, to which I ſat down, with

ſeveral other officers in the miniſter's ſuite, and laſtly, a fourth before the two *Cadiles-Kiers*, who ate together.

When the ſcullions had prepared theſe tables, we all ſat down in an inſtant, upon ſmall ſtools exceedingly low. On the table was placed a kind of very white bread, much reſembling cakes, for ſuch is the form of that uſed in the Seraglio. To each was given a ſpoon, with a muſlin cloth neatly embroidered, but not very clean; whilſt other ſervants belonging to the kitchen, brought in towels, various kinds of proviſions, covered with a red ſkin, exceedingly ſalt, and of a pyramidical figure. The dinner began with ſoup made of herbs, which I could not taſte, becauſe it was carried away almoſt the moment it was put upon the table. It was in an inſtant carried round to all the other tables, and this was the caſe with the reſt of the diſhes, which paſſed ſucceſſively from the Grand Vizir's table, at which the miniſter ſat, but he was always ſerved after the Vizir.

After this ſoup, which is named *Tciorba*, we were ſerved with more than fifty diſhes, which were preſented to us in ſucceſſion, but with the greateſt diſpatch. It was curious to ſee one enter holding in his hand a piece of roaſt meat, another with a leg of a fowl, ſome with the head or tail of a fiſh, and others with the wing of a turkey, for knives, forks, and plates were baniſhed from theſe tables, and we were obliged to eat after the Turkiſh manner, that is to ſay, with our fingers. Scarcely had we put a morſel to our mouths, when ſomething elſe was brought us, which we were under the neceſſity of taſting alſo. For this reaſon, each of us was obliged to put before him what he held in his hand. After having ſerved us with ſo many diſhes, ſome hard, ſome ſour, and ſome ſweet, but in part bad, and ill-dreſſed, with different kinds of ſauce, and of various colours, they brought us a large plate of pillaw, which was the laſt of all, and intended for the deſſert. It was ſeaſoned with the ſeeds of the pine apple, Corinthian raiſins, and cinnamon, which gave it an excellent taſte. Thus terminated this grand dinner, or rather breakfaſt, for we ought readily to give it this name, according to the Turkiſh manner, as it was ſcarcely eight o'clock in the morning when we partook of it.

You will perhaps be curious to know what drink was ſerved us, in the midſt of all theſe diſhes; but as you are acquainted with the cuſtoms of the Mahometans, you may eaſily conjecture that it was water. Of this even not a drop was brought till the repaſt was finiſhed, becauſe it is not uſual here to drink until one has done eating. After the pillaw, they brought us three or four large porcelain veſſels very deep, and gave each of us a ſpoon of a particular ſhape made of black horn, gilt, deep, and of a round form. The liquor with which theſe veſſels were filled had been prepared according to the Turkiſh cuſtom, that is to ſay, it was extremely ſweet, and compoſed of the juice of different fruits, mixed with ſugar, muſk, and various aromatic ingredients. Each veſſel contained a liquor different both in taſte and colour. They gave them the name of ſherbet. I taſted of each, and found them not diſagreeable.

After we had quenched our thirſt, we immediately roſe up, and water was brought us to waſh our hands. During this interval, the tables were cleared with the uſual diſpatch, and each of us remained in his former place, waiting for the hour of going to the Sultan's audience. By this time the *Capigilar Kiaſſi*, who had before quitted the Divan, to ſend the Vizir's

Vizir's letter to the Grand Signior, returned with the anſwer, which he held in his left hand, reſting it againſt his head, with the ſame gravity as before. When he entered the Divan, he preſented the letter to the Vizir, who immediately roſe up, took it and kiſſed it, and having put it to his head, with much veneration, afterwards read it. He then departed, together with the Captain Pacha, and walked ſlowly towards the Grand Signior's hall of audience.

A little time after the miniſter followed him, with all his attendants, and we were obliged to wait before the door of the hall of audience, which is at a little diſtance from the Divan. We remained here about an hour, under a kind of portico called a *kioſk*, and during that interval the *Caſtangi-Buſci* arrived. This officer, who dreſſes thoſe who are admitted to an audience, put firſt upon the miniſter a robe made of ſable's ſkin, and upon each of his ſons one of ermine. To the ſecretary, was given a veſt of reddiſh coloured camblet with large ſleeves, and a few ſmall gold buttons. This veſt is called *kereke*. With regard to us, we received each a *caſtan*, which is a veſt of white ſilk, interſperſed with yellow flowers, and having very wide and long ſleeves. The Dragoman of the Porte, who was near the miniſter, and all the *cappigis* who were preſent, were clothed in the ſame, becauſe no one is permitted to enter the hall of audience but in this dreſs, which becomes the property of the perſon who wears it.

When we were all dreſſed, there came a number of *cappigis*, two of whom laid hold of each of us ſtrongly by the arms, and dragged us, as one may ſay, into the hall of audience. Before we entered it, we were obliged to croſs another hall, which ſerves as a kind of veſtible to it, where we found ſeveral pages, or *Peik*, who are white eunuchs, and who were drawn up in two ranks. We afterwards obſerved ſome preſents, ſent to the Porte by the Republic of Poland, the principal of which was a large mirror.

From this apartment we paſſed into the hall of audience, which is a ſquare chamber rather dark, becauſe it is lighted only by two windows. The walls were hung with old tapeſtry of a red colour, and the floor was covered with a Turkiſh carpet. The throne which ſtands oppoſite to the door has the appearance of a baldachin *. It is ſupported by four golden pillars, ornamented with ſeveral kinds of precious ſtones; but not in ſo good a taſte as one might imagine. It is raiſed only two ſteps from the floor, and behind it is a kind of cuſhion, againſt which the Grand Signior reſted. This prince was ſeated after the European manner, with his hands ſupported by his knees; he kept his fingers open, and I could obſerve, that he wore ſeveral valuable rings which ſparkled with great luſtre. His dreſs was green, his robe was lined with the fur of the black fox†, and had on it four large diamond buttons, with the ſame number of ſilver loops. The fore part of his turban was ornamented with a large black and white plume of herons feathers, faſt-

* Baldachin is a building in form of a canopy, ſupported by pillars, and frequently uſed as a covering to an altar.

† This animal in the Turkiſh language is named *Kara-Tilki*. It is extremely rare, and theſe robes which are lined with its fur are highly eſteemed, and are exceedingly dear. The Poles and the Ruſſians alſo ſet a great value on the ſkin of the black fox.

ened

ened together by a broad band covered with diamonds in a round form. On his right was a ſmall chimney, conſtructed after the Turkiſh manner, in the ſhape of a pyramid, and detached a little from the wall. It was decorated with different ornaments, made with plates of gold, and enriched with precious ſtones. Near this chimney, ſtood the Grand Vizir and the Captain Pacha, having their hands joined, and affecting the moſt profound reſpect and veneration. When we had all entered, in number ten, which is the number allowed, the miniſter began by making a ſhort ſpeech in Latin, reſpecting the favour conferred upon him by his ſovereign, in permitting him to be his ambaſſador extraordinary at the Sublime Porte, and the high honour which he had, of being preſented to the Sovereign of the Ottoman empire, &c. This ſpeech being finiſhed, the dragoman, or interpreter of the Porte, who ſtood on the miniſter's right, having kiſſed the floor, began with a voice rather more tremulous than uſual, which is a piece of common affectation, to tranſlate what had been ſaid. The Grand Signior heard him without making the leaſt motion, remaining as one may ſay, like a ſtatue, after which the Vizir began, and in a few words made a reply, according to cuſtom.

After this ceremony the two *Cappigis*, who held me by the lower parts of my arms, gave me a ſlap on the ſhoulders, as a ſignal, to inform me, that I muſt make a profound reverence to the Sultan, and without any farther formalities, we turned our backs upon this great monarch *Padiſciachi alem Penah*, as the Ottomans ſay, which ſignifies the *Refuge of the World*. We were then driven out, like ſo many dogs, all the *Cappigis* crying out, *xi, xi, xi*, which ſignifies *go, go along, get you gone.*

When the audience was finiſhed, we returned in the ſame order as before, to mount our horſes which we had left in the firſt court. We had ſtill our *caſtans* upon our ſhoulders, and we did not take them off until we were about to enter our bark, in order to return to Pera. Having then remounted, we were ſtill obliged to wait an hour, until the Grand Vizir, the Captain Pacha, and all the other great officers of the Porte, who had been at the Divan, and with the Grand Signior, had paſſed one after another. They were all mounted on beautiful horſes, richly capariſoned. They were accompanied by a great number of domeſtics, called *ciokadars*, who marched in two lines, the one on the right and the other on the left of their maſters, which had a very grand effect, and diſplayed to our eyes all the pomp and pride of Ottoman magnificence. Theſe Turkiſh lords having all filed off, we departed alſo, and returned to the ſame ſtairs from which we had ſet out. Having re-embarked, we went down to *Med-Skeleſſi*, and returned to Pera at noon. We then accompanied the miniſter to his palace, where we remained to dine, in order to terminate the ceremony.

Phyſiognomical Anecdotes.

[From Lavater's Eſſays on Phyſiognomy.]

I Require nothing of thee, ſaid a father to his innocent ſon, when bidding him farewell, but that thou ſhouldeſt bring me back this thy countenance.

A noble, amiable, and innocent young lady, who had been chiefly educated in the country, ſaw her face in the glaſs, as ſhe paſſed it with a candle in her hand, retiring from evening prayer, and having juſt laid down

down her bible. Her eyes were caſt to the ground, with inexpreſſible modeſty, at the ſight of her own image. She paſſed the winter in town, ſurrounded by adorers, hurried away by diſſipation, and plunged in trifling amuſement; ſhe forgot her bible, and her devotion. In the beginning of ſpring ſhe returned again to her country ſeat, her chamber, and the table on which her bible lay. Again ſhe had the candle in her hand, and again ſaw herſelf in the glaſs. She turned pale, put down the candle, retreated to a ſofa, and fell on her knees.—'Oh God! I no longer know my own face. How am I degraded! My follies and vanities are all written in my countenance. Wherefore have they been neglected, illegible, till this inſtant? Oh come and expel, come and utterly efface them, mild tranquillity, ſweet devotion, and ye gentle cares of benevolent love!'

'I will forfeit my life,' ſaid Titus of the prieſt Tacitus, 'if this man be not an arch knave. I have three times obſerved him ſigh and weep, without cauſe; and ten times turn aſide, to conceal a laugh he could not reſtrain, when vice or misfortune were mentioned.'

A ſtranger ſaid to a phyſiognomiſt, 'How many dollars is my face worth?'—'It is hard to determine,' replied the latter: 'It is worth fifteen hundred,' continued the queſtioner, 'for ſo many has a perſon lent me upon it to whom I was a total ſtranger.'

A poor man aſked alms. 'How much do you want?' ſaid the perſon of whom he aſked, aſtoniſhed at the peculiar honeſty of his countenance. 'How ſhall I dare to fix the ſum?' anſwered the needy perſon: 'give me what you pleaſe, ſir, I ſhall be contented and thankful.—'Not ſo,' replied the phyſiognomiſt, 'as God lives I will give you what you want, be it little or much.'—'Then, ſir, be pleaſed to give me eight ſhillings."—'Here they are; had you aſked a hundred guineas you ſhould have had them.'

NATIONAL CHARACTERS.

[From the SAME.]

The ENGLISHMAN.

THE Engliſhman is erect in his gait, and generally ſtands as if a ſtake were driven through his body. His nerves are ſtrong, and he is the beſt runner. He is diſtinguiſhed from all other men by the roundneſs and ſmoothneſs of the muſcles of his face. If he neither ſpeak nor move, he ſeldom declares the capability and mind he poſſeſſes in ſo ſuperior a degree. His ſilent eye ſeeks not to pleaſe. His hair, coat, and character alike, are ſmooth. Not cunning, but on his guard, and perhaps but little colouring is neceſſary to deceive him, on any occaſion. Like the bull dog, he does not bark; but if irritated rages. As he wiſhes not for more eſteem than he merits, ſo he deteſts the falſe pretenſions of his neighbours, who would arrogate excellence they do not poſſeſs. Deſirous of private happineſs, he diſregards public opinion, and obtains a character of ſingularity. His imagination, like a ſea coal fire, is not the ſplendour that enlightens a region, but expands genial warmth. Perſeverance in ſtudy, and pertinacity, for centuries, in fixed principles, have raiſed and maintained the Britiſh ſpirit, as well as the Britiſh government, trade, manufactures, and marine. He has punctuality and probity, not trifling away his time to eſtabliſh falſe principles, or making a parade with a vicious hypotheſis.

The FRENCHMAN.

In the temperament of nations, the French claſs is that of the ſanguine,

guine. Frivolous, benevolent, and oſtentatious, the Frenchman forgets not his inoffenſive parade till old age has made him wiſe. At all times diſpoſed to enjoy life, he is the beſt of companions. He pardons himſelf much, and therefore pardons others if they will but grant that they are foreigners, and he is a Frenchman. His gait is dancing, his ſpeech without accent, and his ear incurable. His imagination purſues the conſequences of ſmall things with the rapidity of the ſecond-hand of a ſtop watch, but ſeldom gives thoſe loud, ſtrong, reverberating ſtrokes which proclaim new diſcoveries to the world. Wit is his inheritance. His countenance is open, and, at firſt ſight, ſpeaks a thouſand pleaſant, amiable things. Silent he cannot be, either with eye, tongue, or feature. His eloquence is often deafening, but his good-humour caſts a veil over all his failings. His form is equally diſtinct from that of other nations, and difficult to deſcribe in words. No other man has ſo little of the firm, or deep traits, or ſo much motion. He is all appearance, all geſture; therefore, the firſt impreſſion ſeldom deceives, but declares who and what he is. His imagination is incapable of high flights, and the ſublime in all arts is to him offence. Hence his diſlike of whatever is antique, in art, or literature; his deafneſs to true muſic; his blindneſs to the higher beauties of painting. His laſt, moſt marking trait is, that he is aſtoniſhed at every thing, and cannot comprehend how it is poſſible men ſhould be other than they are at Paris.

The Italian.

The countenance of the Italian is foul, his ſpeech exclamation, his motion geſticulation. His form is the nobleſt, and his country the true ſeat of beauty. His ſhort forehead, his ſtrong marked eye-bones, the fine contour of his mouth give a kindred claim to the antiques of Greece. The ardour of his eyes denotes that the beneficent ſun brings forth fruit more perfectly in Italy than beyond the Alps. His imagination is ever in motion, ever ſympathizing with ſurrounding objects, and, as in the poem of Arioſto the whole works of creation are reflected, for are they, generally, in the national ſpirit. That power which could bring forth ſuch a work appears to me the general repreſentative of genius. It ſings all, and from it moſt things are ſung. The ſublime is in arts the birth-right of the Italian. Modern religion and politics may have degraded and falſified his character, may have rendered the vulgar faithleſs and crafty, but the ſuperior part of the nation abounds in the nobleſt and beſt of men.

The Dutchman.

The Dutchman is tranquil, patient, confined, and appears to will nothing. His walk and eye are long ſilent, and an hour of his company will ſcarcely produce a thought. He is little troubled by the tide of paſſions, and he will contemplate, unmoved, the parading ſtreamers of all nations, ſailing before his eyes. Quiet and competence are his gods, therefore, thoſe arts alone which can procure theſe bleſſings employ his faculties. His laws, political and commercial, have originated in that ſpirit of ſecurity which maintains him in the poſſeſſion of what he has gained. He is tolerant in all that relates to opinion, if he be but left peaceably to enjoy his property, and to aſſemble at the meeting houſe of his ſect. The character of the ant is ſo applicable to the Dutch, that to this literature itſelf conforms, in Holland. All poetical powers exerted either in great works or ſmall, are foreign to this nation. They endure pleaſure from the peruſal of, but produce no, poetry.

try. I ſpeak of the United Provinces, and not of the Flemings, whoſe jovial character is in the midway between the Italian and French. This may afford data for the hiſtory of their arts.

A high forehead, half open eyes, full noſe, hanging cheeks, wide open mouth, fleſhy lips, broad chin, and large ears, I believe to be characteriſtic of the Dutchman.

The GERMAN.

A German thinks it diſgraceful not to know every thing, and dreads nothing ſo much as to be thought a fool. Probity often makes him appear a blockhead. Of nothing is he ſo proud as of honeſt, moral underſtanding. According to modern tactics he is certainly the beſt ſoldier, and the teacher of all Europe. He is allowed to be the greateſt inventor, and, often, with ſo little oſtentation, that foreigners have, for centuries, unknown to him, robbed him of his glory. From the age of Tacitus, a willing dependent, he has exerted faculties for the ſervice of his maſter, which others only exert for freedom and property. His countenance does not, like a painting in freſco, ſpeak at a diſtance, but he muſt be ſought and ſtudied. His good nature and benevolence are often concealed under apparent moroſeneſs, and a third perſon is always neceſſary to draw off the veil and ſhow him as he is. He is difficult to move, and without the aid of old wine, is ſilent. He does not ſuſpect his own worth, and wonders when it is diſcovered by others. Fidelity, induſtry, and ſecreſy, are his three principal characteriſtics. Not having wit, he indulges his ſenſibility. Moral good is the colouring which he requires in all arts. Hence his great indulgence toward abortions which wear this maſk. His epic and lyric ſpirit walks in unfrequented paths. Hence again his great, and frequently gigantic ſenſe, which ſeldom permits him the clear aſpect of enthuſiaſm, or the glow of ſplendor. Moderate in the uſe of this world's delights, he has little propenſity to ſenſuality and extravagance, but he is, therefore, formal, and leſs ſocial than his neighbour.



Remarkable Effects of Lightning.

To the EDITOR *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE inundation which happened on the Hill Mormond July 18th, and which was mentioned in the Journal that month, was ſo extraordinary, that I doubt not but you will be of opinion, that the following more particular account of it, may not be unacceptable to ſome curious readers of the Magazine.

On the top of the hill Mormond, which ſtands near Strichen, is a conſiderable moſs, in which it appears the lightning had ſtruck on the morning of the 18th of July, when the moſt extraordinary quantity of rain fell on the hill and places adjacent, that ever perhaps fell ſo inſtantaneouſly in this country. Upwards of three acres of the moſs is razed from the very bottom, and about one acre is entirely bared to the ſand, and all its contents driven into an enormous heap about forty or fifty yards from their place. The magnitude of ſome of the fragments of moſs which compoſe this vaſt heap, is incredible, and it is evident that nothing but the irreſiſtible force of lightening could have removed ſuch a prodigious quantity of moſs, and thrown it to ſuch a diſtance. All around this great excavation, the moſs is torn and rent in a moſt ſurpriſing manner, maſſes from twelve to ſixteen feet

long, and ſix or eight broad, are raiſed from the bottom and toſſed many yards from their places, driven up ſteep banks, and ſcattered all around. I perceived by conſidering ſome of the larger fragments in the above mentioned heap, and their connection with others near them, that they have been much larger when they were removed by the ſhock, and have evidently been daſhed to pieces and ſhattered as they now appear, by their falling in the place where they remain at preſent. The moſs thus damaged is about eight feet deep at a medium, and all the fragments are entirely removed from the bottom, and what makes it certain that lightning has been the cauſe, pieces of enormous magnitude are raiſed up banks and ſteep places, where it is obvious the water could not have been ſo deep as to have carried or forced them. Moreover the groſſer maſſes which are ſo ſhattered, are not all drenched or waſhed by the water, but ly wholly in the ſame ſhape and form they have had when torn from their original places. In ſhort, it admits of no doubt but the whole has been effected by lightening; and, as there were ſeveral thunderſtorms along the coaſt for ſome days before, and on the morning this inundation happened, it is highly probable, that an immenſe thunder-cloud from the ſea, (from whence the wind blew when this happened;) had been attracted by the hill and diſcharged itſelf on it, in a manner ſomething ſimilar to the water-ſpout at ſea; this would very readily be the eaſe, if the cloud was very ſtrongly poſitively electrified and the hill negative, as bodies poſſeſſed of different ſorts of electricity attract each other; and on the ſudden diſcharge of its electrity, the cloud had condenſed abundantly by the cold on the hill-top, and deſcended in a torrent. In all thunder-ſtorms great quantities of rain fall upon the diſcharging of the cloud; for the drops, which when ſtrongly electrified the ſame way, repel each other, coaleſce when they diſcharge their quantity, and therefore becoming heavier fall copiouſly. So that in this caſe, the greater quantity of vapour a cloud contains, the more ſtrongly it is electrified, and the more ſuddenly and perfectly it diſcharges itſelf, the more abundant and ſudden will be the fall of rain. All theſe circumſtances had been united with regard to the fall of rain on Mormond, together with the cold of the hill, and indeed the quantity of rain which had fallen had been very great; for from the end of the moſs near the place damaged, to the foot of the hill, reaches a conſiderable den, narrow, but in ſome places pretty deep: In ſome places of this den the torrent devolving from the hill had been about 28 or 30 feet deep and 40 feet broad, and by its impetuoſity it has ſcooped channels in the rocky ground 6 or 7 feet deep: I alſo took notice of a large ſtone containing about 45 cubic feet or upwards, which the water has rolled down this den many yards to the level ground at the foot of the hill. Moſt ſurpriſing quantities of moſs have alſo been ſwept down from the place ſtruck by the lightning, which together with heaps of ſtones, rubbiſh, &c. have entirely marred ſome pieces of land in the adjacent fields. On the weſt end and north ſide of the hill prodigious channels are dug in the ſtony ground, and amazing quantities of turf, moſs and rubbiſh are waſhed down by the rapidity of the ſtream.

But what is very ſingular, the quantity of rain that has fallen on different parts of the hill, nay on the ſmall ſpace of 4 or 5 acres of the damaged moſs, has been very different; for there are ſmall heaps of light turf and dry peats lying even upon ſome of the diſlodged maſſes about the

the upper end of the damaged ſpace, which have not been waſhed away, which muſt have been the caſe, had the deſcent of the rain been as heavy there, as at the other end of the ſame ſpace, where the water has removed and waſhed away ſuch quantities of wet moſs, ſtones, turf, &c. And I believe the impetuoſity of the rain had been even greater ſtill, on a ſmall ſpot on the weſt end of the hill where there are channels dug on the declivity in the rocky ground, 40 or 50 feet broad, and of great depth. In ſhort; the effects of the rain and lightning are ſo extraordinary over the whole hill, as to ſurpaſs all deſcription, and afford matter of much ſpeculation for the Philoſopher and the curious.

PHILOSOPHUS.

An Account of the COUNTRY, *and* CUSTOMS *of the* CAFFRES, *a Savage People of* Africa.

The following Account is extracted from 'A Narrative of four Journies into the Countries of the Hottentots, and Caffraria, in the Year 1777, 1778, and 1779, by Lieutenant William Paterſon.' *Theſe had been hitherto conſidered by Geographers as one Country; whereas* Caffraria *is a diſtinct Region from that of the* Hottentots, *and is ſituated upward of one thouſand Miles, Eaſt North-eaſt, beyond the* Cape of Good Hope. *Mr.* Paterſon *is the firſt* European *that ever viſited this Country; and his Account of the Natives, and particularly, of the Hoſpitality and Generoſity of the King, muſt afford Pleaſure to thoſe Readers, who are fond to diſcover a bright Side even in ſavage and uncultivated Life.*

MR. Paterſon, after giving an account of his journey from the Cape Town, to his arrival at the Fiſh River, near the country of the Caffres, thus proceeds:

'Seeing no poſſibility of going farther with our waggon through the impenetrable woods, we agreed that Mr. Van Renan ſhould continue with it, while Mr Kock and I proceeded eaſterly toward the Caffres, being informed that we could reach their country in two or three days. Moſt of the arboreous plants in theſe parts were unknown to me, except the Euphorbia Antiquorum, Erythrina Corallodendron, and the Gardenia Stellata. We took with us a Hottentot who was perfectly acquainted with the language of the Caffres. In paſſing through the thickets, on the banks of the Fiſh River, we encountered conſiderable difficulties, till we fortunately got into an elephant's path, in which we continued till noon. We then croſſed the river and entered a ſpacious plain, which afforded us great variety of the moſt beautiful evergreens I had ever ſeen; and ſeveral bulbous plants, ſuch as Iriſes and Crinums, many of which I found in flower. I particularly noticed one ſpecies of this plant, the flowers of which were crimſon, and in beauty and elegance far exceeded any I had ever met with. In the evening we encamped under a large Mimoſa, and made fires during the night.

After paſſing this extenſive plain, we entered a wood about eight miles broad. In many places the trees were thinly ſcattered; in theſe openings we diſcovered numerous herds of buffaloes, which had not the leaſt appearance of ſhyneſs; one of them we wounded. Soon after this we ſaw a herd of elephants, about eighty in number, which approached ſo near to us, that we could obſerve the length and thickneſs of their teeth. After leaving the wood, we aſcended a ſteep mountain, where we had a view of the Indian Ocean to the ſouth-

ward; and to the northward, a hilly country covered with trees and evergreen ſhrubs, which extended about thirty miles. The proſpect was bounded by a range of mountains, called the Bamboo Berg, on which grows a ſpecies of bamboo. To the eaſt we had a view of a pleaſant country decorated with great variety of plants. The country is here well watered, and produces excellent paſture for cattle. Toward the evening of the ſeventh, we obſerved a fire about ten miles to the eaſtward of us, upon the ſlope of a green hill. Our interpreter told us this was at a Caffre village. At ſunſet we diſcovered another much nearer, and ſaw ſeveral herds of cattle. About eight in the evening we met three of the Caffres, who were much ſurpriſed at our appearance, as we were certainly the firſt Europeans they had ever ſeen. They ſpeedily returned and alarmed the whole village before we arrived; but on our arrival, they received us kindly, brought us milk, and offered us a fat bullock agreeably to their uſual hoſpitable cuſtom. This village conſiſted of about fifty houſes, ſituated on the banks of a pleaſant river, called in the Caffre language, Mugu Ranni; and it belongs to their chief. It contained about three hundred inhabitants, all of whom were ſervants or ſoldiers to their chief, who was likewiſe the proprietor of the numerous herds of cattle. Theſe people ſubſiſt on the milk of their cows, and on game, not being allowed to kill any of their cattle. The men milk the cows, and the women take care of the gardens and corn.

We were accompanied by all theſe people from one village to another, till we arrived at the place belonging to the perſon whom they denominate their chief or king. His habitation was ſituate on a pleaſant river, called Becha Cum, or Milk River. Indeed all their houſes are built on the banks of rivers or ſtreams; here there was no corn or garden near it. The chief had about an hundred cows, which ſupplied him and his houſhold with milk. His family conſiſted of about twenty two ſervants, who attended him wherever he went. On our arrival he ſeemed very ſhy, and kept at a great diſtance for about an hour, when a number of Caffres met and accompanied him to his houſe. He ſoon afterward ſent one of his ſervants to invite us thither. The firſt thing I preſented him with was ſome beads, of which he freely accepted. I alſo offered him ſome of our tobacco; but he ſeemed to prefer his own, which was much lighter. He ſoon offered me a herd of fat bullocks in return; but I refuſed to take them, which ſeemed to affront him greatly, and he often repeated, 'What do you think of our country?' After a few words between us, I accepted of one, which we immediately ſhot; this ſurpriſed all the ſpectators, who were about ſix hundred perſons, few of them having ever ſeen a gun, or heard the report of one. We had a part of the bullock dreſſed, which I thought much ſuperior to the beef near the Cape. The reſt of the animal I diſtributed to the king and his ſervants. He ſtill ſeemed diſpleaſed that I would accept of nothing more in return. I then aſked him for ſome of their baſkets, which he gave me, and alſo two of their lances or haſſagais, which they make with great ingenuity: but the conſtruction of the baſkets, which are made by their women, is much more ſurpriſing; they are compoſed of graſs, and woven ſo cloſely that they are capable of holding any fluid. Khouta, the chief, intreated me to remain with him a few days; this, however, we did not conſent to; but after much perſuaſion, agreed to ſtay all night. In the afternoon I ranged the neighbouring woods in ſearch of plants,

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and at night returned to my companion, who ſtayed at the Becha Cum. As the weather was hot, we choſe to ſleep in the woods rather than in any of the huts. During the night I obſerved that there were two guards placed on each ſide the door of the chief's houſe, who were relieved about every two hours.

On the ninth, I propoſed to proceed farther to the eaſt, allured by the pleaſantneſs of the country, and its affording variety of unknown plants, but found there was a river a little to the eaſtward of us, called by the natives, the Kys Comma. We then determined to return the ſame way we came. A large ſpecies of palm, upwards of twenty feet high, grows here in abundance, and is uſed for bread by the Caffres, as well as the Hottentots. They take the pith of this plant, and after collecting a ſufficient quantity, let it lie for ſeveral days till it becomes a little ſour; after this they bake it in an oven which is erected for the purpoſe. They alſo bake bread of their own corn, which is the ſame as the Guinea corn. But this grain is moſtly uſed for making punch, called by ſome of them Pombie, which is ſtrong and intoxicating. They make conſiderable uſe of a plant, called by the natives plantains, which grows ſpontaneouſly on the banks of the rivers, and in the woods. The pods of this plant are triangular, and about the ſize of a prickly cucumber. I found none of them in flower, but ſeveral in fruit; the ſeed is about as large as a pea; and I believe it to be what Dr. Tunberg calls the Helaconia Caffraria.

The men among the Caffres are from five feet ten inches to ſix feet high, and well proportioned, and in general evince great courage in attacking lions, or any beaſts of prey. This nation is now divided into two parties; to the northward are a number of them commanded by one Chatha Bea, or Tambuſhie, who has obtained the latter denomination from his mother, a woman of the tribe of Hottentots, called Tambukies. This man was the ſon of a chief, called Pharoa, who died about three years before, and left two ſons, Cha Cha Bea, and another named Dſirika, who claimed the ſupreme authority on account of his mother being of the Caffre nation. This occaſioned a conteſt between the two brothers, in the courſe of which Cha Cha Bea was driven out of his territories, with a nnmber of his adherents. The unfortunate chief travelled about an hundred miles to the northward of Khoura, where he now reſides, and has entered into an allience with the Boſhman Hottentots.

The colour of the Caffres is a jet black, their teeth white as ivory, and their eyes large. The cloathing of both ſexes is nearly the ſame, conſiſting entirely of the hides of oxen, which are as pliant as cloth. The men wear tails of different animals tied round their thighs, pieces of braſs in their hair, and large ivory rings on their arms; they are alſo adorned with the hair of lions, and feathers faſtened on their heads, with many other fantaſtical ornaments. When they are about nine years of age they undergo the operation of being circumciſed, and afterward wear a muzzle of leather which is ſuſpended by a leathern thong from their middle. This covering is in general ornamented with beads and braſs rings, which they purchaſe from the Hottentots for tobacco and Dacka. They are extremely fond of dogs, which they exchange for cattle, and to ſuch a height do they carry this paſſion, that if one particularly pleaſes them, they will give two bullocks in exchange for it. Their whole exerciſe through the day is hunting, fight-

fighting, or dancing. They are expert in throwing their lances, and in time of war uſe ſhields made of the hides of oxen. The women are employed in the cultivation of their gardens and corn. They cultivate ſeveral vegetables, which are not indigenous to their country, ſuch as tobacco, water-melons, a ſmall ſort of kidney-beans, and hemp, none of which I found growing ſpontaneouſly. The women make their baſkets, and the mats which they ſleep on. The men have great pride in their cattle; they cut their horns in ſuch a way as to be able to turn them into any ſhape they pleaſe, and teach them to anſwer a whiſtle. Some of them uſe an inſtrument for this purpoſe, ſimilar to a boatſwain's pipe. When they wiſh their cattle to return home, they go a little way from the houſe and blow this ſmall inſtrument, which is made of ivory or bone, and ſo conſtructed as to be heard at a great diſtance, and in this manner bring all their cattle home without any difficulty. The ſoil of this country is a blackiſh loamy ground, and ſo extremely fertile, that every vegetable ſubſtance, whither ſown or planted, grows here with great luxuriance.

There are great variations in the climate; but I had no thermometer to obſerve the degrees of heat. It ſeldom rains except in the ſummer ſeaſon, when it is accompanied with thunder and lightning. The country is, however, extremely well ſupplied with water, not only from the high land to the north, which furniſhes abundance throughout the year, but from many fountains of excellent water, which are found in the woods. From what I obſerved of this country, I am induced to believe that it is greatly ſuperior to any other known part of Africa.

The woods produce variety of arboreous plants, and ſome of a great ſize: they are inhabited by elephants, buffaloes, &c. There were alſo variety of beautiful birds and butterflies; but they were ſo ſhy, that I was able only to preſerve two birds of that country.

When we returned to our waggon, on the ninth of February, we were accompanied by the chief and about ſix hundred of his ſervants or ſoldiers, who followed us till noon, when we took leave of them.

Anecdote of Dr. WOODWARD.

THERE is a ſpecies of grateful remorſe, which ſometimes has been known to operate forcibly on the minds of the moſt hardened in impudence. Towards the beginning of this century, an actor celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author to take off the perſon, the manner, and the ſingularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the ſtage in a laughable character. The mimic dreſſed himſelf as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments, which he ſaid attended on his wife. The phyſician heard with amazement, diſeaſes and pains of the moſt oppoſite nature repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. For, as the actor's greateſt wiſh was to keep Dr. Woodward in his company as long as poſſible, that he might make the more obſervations on his geſtures, he loaded his poor imaginary ſpouſe with every infirmity, which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, being become complete maſter of his errand, he drew from his purſe a guinea, and with a ſcrape, made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," ſaid the doctor, "put up thy

money

" money.—Thou haſt need of all thy
" caſh, and all thy patience too,
" with ſuch a bundle of diſeaſes tied
" to thy back!"

The actor returned to his employer, and recounted the whole converſation, with ſuch true feeling of the phyſician's character, that the author ſcreamed with approbation. His raptures were ſoon checked, for the mimic told him, with the emphaſis of ſenſibility, that he would ſooner die, than proſtitute his talents to the rendering ſuch genuine humanity a public laughing ſtock.

Antiquity of the RING.

THE firſt among whom we find the ring in uſe, are the Hebrews, Gen. xxxviii. where Judah, Jacob's ſon, gives Tamar his ring or ſignet, as a pledge of his promiſe. but rings appear to have been uſed at the ſame time among the Egyptians, from Geneſis xli. where Pharaoh put his ring on Joſeph's hand as a mark of the power he gave him. And in the firſt book of Kings, chap. xxi. Jezebel ſeals the warrant ſhe ſent for the killing of Naboth with the king's ring. Pliny obſerves that we are in the dark as to the perſon who firſt invented, or wore the ring. The Greeks, he thinks, knew nothing of the ring in the time of the Trojan war: the reaſon he gives is, that we find no mention thereof in Homer; but that when letters were to be ſent away, they were tied up, and the ſtrings knotted. Rings were frequently made of one ſingle metal, ſometimes of a mixture of metals, and likewiſe of ſtones. Sometimes the ring was iron, and the ſeal gold; or ſome particular ſtone engraved, ſometimes plain in relievo, and others in creux or hollow. Now in reſpect to the iron rings, they were worn by the ſlaves in Rome until their manumiſſion or preferment to ſome dignity; and the Lacedemonians continued theirs until the days of Pliny. The Hebrews wore rings on their right hand, from Jerem. chap. xxii. v. 24. It is obſerved by Pliny, that in the portraits of their gods, theſe rings were worn on the finger next the thumb. They were at firſt wore on the fourth finger, then on the ſecond, and then on the little finger; at laſt on all the fingers, excepting the middle one. The Greeks wore them altogether on the fourth finger of the left hand; from the little nerve, or artery that proceeds from the heart, they eſteemed it the moſt honourable. The Romans wore them commonly upon their little finger. Some nations wore them on the middle, as the ancient Gauls and Britons; and ſome on the fore finger, as deducible from Julius Pollox, who names that ring corionos. When precious gems and rich enſculptures were added, the cuſtom of wearing them on the right hand was tranſlated unto the left; for that hand being leſs employed, thereby they were beſt preſerved.

It was uſual at firſt to wear only a ſingle ring; then one on each finger; at laſt ſeveral on each finger. They had their weekly rings. Juvenal, Sat. vii. ſpeaks of annuli ſemeſtres; alſo of winter and ſummer rings. It is ſaid of Heliogabalus, that he never wore the ſame ring, or the ſame ſhoe twice. Rings have alſo been worn in the noſe, in the ears, lips, &c. by the Moors, and modern orientals. One of the kings of Pegu wore rings ſet with precious ſtones on every toe. The annuli ſponſalitii, or wedding rings, were in uſe among the Greeks, Romans, and Chriſtians, very early, as appears from Tertullian, where we find the form of bleſſing the nuptial ring.

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It was likewiſe the cuſtom in old times to wear their own images on their rings, which we endeavour to prove by Spartian, where taking notice, in the life of the emperor, Hadrian, of the tokens of his approaching death, he ſays, "The ring with "his own image on it, fell of itſelf "from his finger." Thoſe with deities on them, are generally amulets, &c. and they likewiſe uſed to have their neareſt friends on their rings, either for memory, or when abſent, as the ladies adorn their bracelets, and the gentlemen their breaſts in our days with miniatures. De Brevil, in his Antiquities of Paris, ſays it was an ancient cuſtom to uſe a ruſh-ring in the marriage of ſuch as had been too intimate before marriage. But Richard biſhop of Saliſbury, in his Conſtitutions, anno 1217, forbids the putting of ruſh-rings, or any like matter, on women's fingers; his reaſon was, that there were ſome people weak enough to believe, what was thus done in jeſt was a real marriage.

It is ſaid, in old times, when they were married, the young couple uſed to preſent one another with a ring-key, as an emblem of ſecrecy; from whence ſome will derive the word *wedlock*.

Life of ALI BEY,

A Man who has acted a moſt diſtinguiſhed part againſt the Ottoman empire in this century. He was born in Natolia in 1728, and received at his birth the name of Joſeph. His father was a Greek prieſt, of a diſtinguiſhed family, who educated him with great care, deſigning him to ſucceed him: but, at thirteen years of age, Joſeph being hunting in a neighbouring foreſt, robbers fell on his company, and carried him off to Grand Cairo: here he was ſold to Ibrahim, a lieutenant of the janiſaries, who had him circumciſed, clothed him in the dreſs of the Mamalukes, and called him Ali: he gave him maſters in the Turkiſh and Arabic languages, and in horſemanſhip; and, by kind treatment, made him by degrees ſatisfied with his new ſtation. In a courſe of years, he ſucceeded in theſe languages, ſhewed wonderful dexterity in the uſe of his arms, and became ſo dear to his maſter, that he raiſed him rapidly in his houſehold, and created him a *cachef* or governor, at the age of twenty-two.

In this ſtation, he manifeſted his equity and good adminiſtration of juſtice, improved the diſcipline of the Mamalukes, and laid the foundation of his future greatneſs. Here he gained the favour of the pacha Rahiph, who, diſcovering his merit, became his protector. He remained ſeveral years in this ſtation, until his patron Ibrahim was elected emir al hagi, or prince of the caravan, who took him with him to eſcort the pilgrims; in their march they were attacked by the Arabs; Ali fell upon them at the head of the Mamalukes, repulſed the enemy, and killed a great number on the ſpot. On his return, ſeveral tribes being collected, were determined to avenge their defeat: the young cachef gave them battle, and obtained a ſignal victory. Ibrahim did juſtice to the ſervices of his lieutenant in full council, and propoſed to create him a ſangiak. Ibrahim the Circaſſian oppoſed it with all his might; but the emir al hagi prevailed; Ali was nominated by the divan: the pacha confirmed this choice, clothed him with a caftan, and gave him the firmaun of bey.

Become now one of the members of the republic, he never forgot his obligations to his patron. In 1758, the

the emir al hagi was murdered by the party of Ibrahim the Circaſſian. From this moment, Ali meditated vengeance: he concealed his reſentment, and employed all the reſources of his mind to arrive at the poſt of ſcheik elbalad, the firſt dignity of the republic. In 1763, he attained that poſt; and ſoon after revenged the blood of his patron, by ſacrificing Ibrahim the Circaſſian with his own hand. This action raiſed him up numerous enemies: the ſangiaks, attached to the party of the Circaſſian, conſpired againſt him; he was on the point of being murdered, but ſaved himſelf by flight, and repaired to Jeruſalem. Having gained the eſteem of the governor of that city, he thought himſelf in ſafety; but his enemies fearing him even in exile, wrote to the Porte to demand his death; and orders were immediately ſent to the governor to ſtrike off his head. Fortunately, Rahiph, his old friend, was one of the divan, and gave him notice to fly from Jeruſalem: Ali therefore anticipated the arrival of the capigi bachi, and took refuge with ſcheik Daker, prince of St. John of Acre.

This reſpectable old man received him with open arms: he was not long in diſcovering the merit of his new gueſt, and from that moment loaded him with careſſes; he exhorted him to bear adverſity with courage, flattered his hopes, ſoothed his ſorrows, and made him taſte of pleaſures even in his diſgrace. Ali Bey might have paſſed his days happily with ſcheik Daker; but ambition would not permit him to remain inactive; he carried on a ſecret correſpondence with ſome of the ſangiaks attached to his intereſt. The prince of Acre, on his part, wrote to his friends at Grand Cairo, and urged them to haſten the recal of the ſcheik elbalad. While this was going on, Rahiph, now grand vizier, procured him to be invited to return to Grand Cairo, and reſume his dignity: he ſet off immediately, and was received with the acclamations of the people. On all ſides the ſtorm was gathering around him: all thoſe who were offended at the murder of Ibrahim the Circaſſian were conſtantly laying ſnares for him; they only waited a favourable opportunity: the death of Rahiph, which happened in 1763, furniſhed them with it; they threw off the maſk, and declared openly againſt him. He eſcaped into Arabia Felix, viſited the coaſts of the Red Sea, and once more took refuge with the ſcheik of Acre, who received him with the ſame tenderneſs. Whilſt he was there, the ſangiaks of the party of the Circaſſian perſecuted thoſe who were devoted to the intereſts of Ali. This imprudence opened the eyes of the majority; they perceived that they were the dupes of a few ambitious men; and, to ſtrengthen their party, recalled the ſcheik elbalad, and promiſed to ſupport him with all their power: he ſet off immediately. On his return to Grand Cairo, in 1766, Ali held a council: he repreſented to them that moderation had only excited the friends of Ibrahim to revenge: that nothing but flight would have ſaved him from plots; and that, to ſecure the common ſafety, theſe turbulent ſpirits muſt be ſacrificed. The whole aſſembly applauded this reſolution; and, the next day, they took off the heads of four of them. This execution inſured the tranquillity of Ali: he ſaw himſelf at the head of the government; and, in the ſpace of ſix years, raiſed ſixteen of his Mamalukes to the dignity of beys, and one of them to that of aga of the janiſaries.

(To be continued.)

Chronicle of Home Occurrences.

April 21. DR. Thomas Pym Weekes, phyſician in the iſland of Nevis, was married to Miſs Iſabella Livingſton, youngeſt daughter of the late Dr Livingſton of Aberdeen.

June 27. The foundation ſtone of the bridge to be built over the river Don, at Inverury, was laid.

July 13th, died in the 75th year of his age, Mr Daniel Cargill, merchant, and late one of the Baillies of this city.

July 16. The waters of Cowie and Bervie were ſo ſwelled, that they overflowed their banks, and did much damage to the adjacent fields, carrying off hay, trees, &c and ſpoiling the growing corn. A boy herding cattle near the water of Bervie was unfortunately drowned. The ſame day, at Pady fair, there was a whirlwind which frightened the people much, tho' it was but of ſhort duration; it unroofed the tents, overturned ſome ſtalls, and aſcended, carrying with it an amazing quantity of ſtraw and other light ſubſtances, which remained ſtationary at a conſiderable height in the air ſome minutes.

July 20. Died after a ſhort illneſs, to the inexpreſſible regret of a numerous acquaintance, Mr Alexander Milne, many years manager for the Gilcomſton Brewery Company.

Extract of a Letter from Banff, July 20th.

During the courſe of laſt week, almoſt every day we had thunder and lightning, attended with heavy ſhowers, but yeſterday (Sunday) about noon it was awfully tremenduous. The flaſhes were very bright, and the thunder louder than the oldeſt inhabitant ever remembers to have heard. A young woman at the waſhing green belonging to the town was, during the time ſhe was filling a tea kettle, ſtruck to the ground by the lightning, which made a hole in the ſide of it ſufficient to admit the ball of a piſtol; the run metal was within the kettle.——The lightning, after removing from its place a very large ſtone, took a crooked direction for about ten yards, from the place where the woman was ſtanding, leaving two furrows on the graſs, withered as if two red hot bullets had been rolling on it; the woman was a little bruiſed by the fall, but it is thought will recover. About ſame time, the lightning ſtruck againſt a houſe at Boyndie, threw down the chimney, pierced the ceiling, and wounded a young girl in the houſe. On the Saturday the rain was ſo great, that it entirely carried away a new bridge lately built on the burn of Melroſs near this place, and we hear that ſeveral houſes in Gardenſton have ſuffered greatly.

It has been very much of late the ſubject of converſation to raiſe pillars by ſubſcription in commemoration of the revolution. A private citizen has lately erected a neat ſmall column of granite in a very ſweet ſituation on the banks of the Dee. In an indented tablet of marble is the following inſcription;

Sacred to LIBERTY,
And
The REVOLUTION 1688.
Reader!
Cheriſh, with Gratitude to Heaven,
The Recollection of AN EVENT,
Which reſcued theſe Kingdoms
From a Tyranny
That had nearly extinguiſhed
Every Portion of
Civil and Religious Liberty,
And
Under the Influence of Providence,
Led to the Eſtabliſhment
Of a Government
By Equal Laws,
Founded in the Conſent of the People,
The beſt Security for
Freedom and Happineſs.

Andrew Hay Eſq; of Rannes died at Rannes the 29th of Auguſt.

Aug.

Aug. 29th, the Right Hon. Lady Saltoun was ſafely delivered of a daughter, at Philorth.

Auguſt 27th died in the 82d year of her age, Mrs Elizabeth Wilſon, widow of Mr Alexander Strachan, late miniſter of Keig.

Sept. 2. died at Cultur, Alexander Udny Eſq; of Udny.

September 9. Was married at Gordon-Caſtle, the right honourable Lady Charlotte Gordon, eldeſt daughter of his Grace The Duke of Gordon, to the honourable Colonel Lenox, eldeſt ſon to Lord George Lenox, and nephew to the Duke of Richmond.

September 12th died here in an advanced age, Mr John Abercrombie ſenr. Merchant, and late Baillie in this City.

Sept. 19. The Circuit Court of Juſticiary was opened here by the right honourable Lord Hailes.—Anne Napier and Anne Nicol, ſeparately charged with child murder, petitioned for baniſhment, to which the Advocate gave his conſent.

Peter Moir and others were accuſed of deforcing exciſe-Officers and a ſheriff-Officer. Peter Moir and Eliſabeth Moir were found guilty of the firſt offence charged, aggravated by circumſtances of extraordinary violence. The ſentence againſt them is, That Peter Moir be whipt through the ſtreets of this city, and thereafter baniſhed from Scotland for five years; and Eliſabeth Moir to be baniſhed for the ſame ſpace.

James Inverarity was accuſed, at the inſtance of his Majeſty's Advocate, of committing a rape. The Jury returned a verdict, finding, in one voice, the libel not proven. Whereupon Mr Inverarity was aſſolzied and diſmiſſed.

Andrew Murray was accuſed of forgery; but the advocate-depute moved to deſert the diet againſt him ſimpliciter, which was done, and he diſmiſſed.—Which concludes the proceedings of the Court here.

Tueſday September 22. The head court of the Community was extremely full. All the benches were occupied, before the Magiſtrates and Council, with their attendants, came in. As ſoon as they appeared, and had taken their ſeats, and the uſual formality of fencing the Court had taken place, the Provoſt made the cuſtomary inquiry at the Town Drum, if he had regularly called the Court; to which an anſwer being returned in the affirmative, the buſineſs began, by the Town Clerk reading, from a large ſheet of paper, the general ſtate of the town's accounts, and the balances ariſing from each. In the different departments, the Office Bearers were ſeverally thanked by the Provoſt, on their accounts being read, for the attention they had given in the diſcharge of their duty. When the accounts were all read over, the Conveener of the Trades thanked the Magiſtrates and Council for their attention, and hoped they would be directed to the choice of ſuch ſucceſſors as would be agreeable to the citizens. He ſpoke in a low tone of voice, and was, therefore, not diſtinctly heard, but by thoſe who were near him.

The Gentlemen of the Committee of the Burgeſſes were in their uſual ſituation. Mr Barron, the Preſident, addreſſing himſelf to the Bench, informed the Magiſtrates, that he was directed to ſerve the orders of the Houſe of Commons, for the production of ſeveral Accounts of the Community from the Union, and the Accounts of the Land Tax, or Ceſs, for the laſt ten years, upon the Lord Provoſt, the Town Clerk, the Treaſurer, and the Collector of Ceſs, and this he was ready to do, by the Agent of the Committee delivering notorial copies of the orders of the Commons, with printed copies of the votes of the Houſe. This part of the buſineſs being finiſhed, Mr Barron ſaid, he did intend briefly to ſtate the ſenti-

ments of a reſpectable part of the citizens on the buſineſs of the day, from a paper which he held in his hand, but as a gentleman near him could extend his voice ſo as to be better heard by the audience, he would requeſt him to read the paper to the Court. Mr Barron then called upon Mr Ewen, as Secretary of the Committee, to read their ſentiments, and the Magiſtrates ſignifying their approbation, he read, as follows:

'*My* LORD PROVOST, *and* GENTLEMEN *of the* COUNCIL,

'FOR ſome years paſt, it has been the practice of the Burgeſſes of this city to attend this Meeting, and in it they have repeatedly had reaſon to complain, that the public accounts have, upon no occaſion, been produced in ſuch time as to afford any reaſonable opportunity of examining them, and remarking upon them, with that accuracy which became men of buſineſs. It has never been our intention to cavil or perplex. Our uniform practice, it is well known, has been to ſuggeſt, conſiſtent with our duty as good citizens, what we conceived to be improvements both in the receipt and expenditure of the Public Funds. Both the public law relative to that matter, and even the circular letter of your own Convention, point out a ſpecific time for the Burgeſſes looking into, and particularly inveſtigating, the accounts of the community of which they are members. Yet neither the one portion of time, nor the other, has been allowed us on the preſent occaſion. The drum, it ſeems, was ſent round on Thurſday evening, but we had no opportunity of acceſs to the ſeveral Books of the Community till Friday. We could only then have an opportunity of haſtily glancing them over; for, if we had even been prepared, with the aſſiſtance of ſeveral clerks, it would have been impoſſible, in the courſe of two days and a half, to have accompliſhed the buſineſs to any good purpoſe. We, therefore, have very much reaſon to complain of this abridgement of time, which is, in its conſequences, the very ſame as if no time were allowed us at all. We wiſh only for a reaſonable portion of time, and that the law has pointed out; but in no inſtance has hitherto been complied with.

'Our preſent requiſition is, that we be allowed, after the election, acceſs to the Books, for that period appointed by public ſtatute; and that we be furniſhed with a copy of the ſchedule of accounts, as it has been now read in Court. In the haſty glance we have taken of the Books, we can diſcover no ſigns of that economy which we really hoped to meet with. Very large allowances, excluſive of public ſalaries and emoluments, to people in office, appear in every department. Theſe may, for aught we know, be well earned, but we confeſs they ſurpriſe us, and we, therefore wiſh to examine them more particularly. There are, however, ſeveral premiums, to conſiderable amount, for *extraordinary* trouble, to one Public Officer, who, in the opinion of every citizen, is far from meriting thoſe marks of diſtinction. His ſervices, extraordinary indeed! ought, in our opinion, to be noticed by the Magiſtrates and Council in a different manner;—and we only ſpeak the ſentiments of the Community at large, when we ſay, that, by his temerity in the department in which he has acted for ſome time, he has, in general, done little credit to the Magiſtrates, the office he fills, or to the town in general.'

The Procurator-fiſcal, (Mr Forbes), conceiving himſelf to be alluded to in the above ſpeech, has commenced a criminal proſecution before the Magiſtrates, againſt the Preſident and

and Secretary of the Committee of Reform, alledging that it is a defamatory and injurious libel.

On Wedneſday Sept. 23d came on the election of the Magiſtrates and Town-council of this city for the enſuing year, when the following gentlemen were choſen, viz.

WILLIAM CRUDEN, Eſq; unanimouſly elected PROVOST.

JAMES PAULL,
JOHN COPLAND,
WILLIAM RITCHIE,
JAMES ALLARDYCE, } Eſqrs. BAILLIES.

WILLIAM SHEPHERD, DEAN OF GUILD.
PETER DUGUID, TREASURER.
Alexander More, Shoremaſter.
Chas. Farquharſon, Maſter of Kirk and Bridge-works.
Alexander Robertſon, Maſter of Mortifications.
Robert Garden, Maſter of Guild Brethrens Hoſpital.

Provoſt John Abercrombie,
Baillie Alexander Hadden,
William Black,
James Young junr.
James Hadden,
Alexander Dingwall, } Merchant Counſellors.

Deacon John Imray, Baker,
Deacon Robert Leiſk, Taylor, } Trades Counſellors

Sept. 24, was married, Mr Thomas Black, Druggiſt, to Miſs Peggy Innes, daughter to Mr Innes, Commiſſary Clerk of Aberdeen.

Poetry.

HOME *is* HOME, *however* HOMELY.

'IN cot of mud, inſtead of brick,
'Liv'd an old couple, *Nell* and
'*Dick:*
'Hard they labour'd while they
'could,
'To reſt in age, when reſt all ſhould.
'Their honeſt handy work was ſped,
'And *Dick* their only child was
'dead.
'So, frugally, and not the beſt,
'They eat and drank, and took their
'reſt,
'Not doubting but their ſtock would
'hold
'Till the laſt ſheet around them
'roll'd.
'No chimney ſide but learnt to tell
'Strange tales of happy *Dick* and
'*Nell.*
'To know the truth, one day the
'ſquire
'Call'd in and warm'd him at their
'fire;
'Ate toaſted cheeſe, and drank ſome
'ale,
'Not like his own, 'twas ſmall and
'ſtale.
'But how it touch'd his ſoul to find,
'In ſuch a pair ſuch peace of mind!
'Not touch'd him, as it ought, to
'raiſe,
'At once, his wonder, and his
'praiſe;
'Wonder, that bliſs ſhould dwell ſo
'low,
'And praiſe, that Heav'n ordain'd
'it ſo.
'The marrow piercing thought was
'this,
'Wealth pines! and poverty has
bliſs!"
'My friends, quoth he, with artful
" guile,
" Thus age and honeſty ſhould
" ſmile.
" You lead your lives as ſweetly
" here,
" As I, with all I boaſt a-year.
" Yet, if you'll come, and with me
" ſpend
" A month or ſo, my chaiſe I'll
ſend;
" You ſhall be welcome, I proteſt,
" I would not wiſh a worthier gueſt."
'They knew not what to think or
'ſay,
" But thank'd him, in their home-
'bred way.
" May hap, ſaid *Nell*, the *Squire*'s
in joke."
'He vow'd he moſt ſincerely ſpoke;
'And they ſhould find it. Home
'he went;
'And chaiſe, indeed, next morning
'ſent.
'Said *Nell*, " The favour's vaſt and
'high!

'Said

" We dare no other than comply."
' *Dick* ſaid, " We'll riſque it, *Nell*,
' d'ye ſee,
" Nay, what's the *Squire* to you, and
" me?"
' A ſecond thought the firſt confutes,
' So quick they don'd their *Sunday*
' ſuits,
' And bowl'd away; dreſt at his
' door,
' The *Squire* receiv'd them. When
' before,
' To gueſts like theſe, was manſion
' wide?
' The rooms had don'd their utmoſt
' pride;
' The ſervants waited gay and thick,
' To *Nell* ſaid, Madam, Sir, to *Dick*.
' They din'd and ſupp'd on twenty
' diſhes,
' And lay—O far beyond their
' wiſhes!
' Thus wore a week, the *Squire* ſo
kind!
' Alas! they knew not half his mind!
' *Dick* was fatigu'd, and ſo was *Nell*.
' Quoth *Dick*, " I'll feign myſelf
' not well;
" Nor will the thing be feigning
" quite,
" I'm ſick at heart, and you're not
" right."
' Here, wiſely, *Dick* forbore to name
' What *Nell* advis'd the day they
' came.
' Mark this, upbraiding huſbands all;
' A wife's paſt failings ne'er recal.
' Their ſickneſs to the *Squire* they
' told,
' Said, " They might die, for they
" were old,
" And 'twas their wiſh, an't pleas'd
" the ſky,
" Where they had liv'd, in peace to
" die."
' The *Squire* agreed, but with a ſneer,
' Cry'd, " O, you're diſcontented
" here!"
' He ſped them going, but how
' pain'd,
' That his vile end was ſtill ungain'd!
' End ne'er was viler, for 'twas this,
' To change his anguiſh for their
' bliſs.
' This end he fancy'd muſt enſue,
' If inſtant open'd on their view,
' Scenes of gay affluence quite un-
' known,
' Which pride would prompt to wiſh
' their own.
' But pride was far from them; their
' end
' Was juſt to live, and not depend.
' That night, ſaid *Dick*, as round
the fire
' They ſat, " Heaven's bleſſing crown
" the ſquire!
" But not his greatneſs to partake
" Would I this little cot forſake.
" Our ale beats all his ſparkling wine,
" For that's the ſquire's, and this is
" mine.
" There, when behind their maſter's
" back,
" Could I command or *Tom*, or *Jack*?
" No; this would laugh, and that
" would ſnigger,
" And cry, Good lack! that auk-
" ward figure!
" Here, when I pleaſe, to *Nell* I ſay,
" Do this, or that, and ſhe'll obey,
" Obey with ſuch concern to pleaſe,
" As eaſy, but when I'm at eaſe.
" And what I value more than life,
" *Nell*'s all mine own! my all! my
" wife!"
' Quoth *Nell*, and round his neck
ſhe flung
' Her arms, " I lov'd thee leſs when
" young!
" You're all to me, no more we'll
" roam!
" However homely, home is home."

' In this let men of fortune reſt,
' That Heav'n impow'rs them to be
' bleſt;
' For cots of mud, wiſh'd well or ill,
' Whene'er they can be happy, will.
' Still, ſtill may vice, to heaven's
high praiſe,
' But cruſh herſelf, and virtue raiſe!"

VER.

VERSES,

Inſcribed to the Rev. J. PICKBOURN, of Hackney, by one of his Pupils.

TO you, the friend and guardian of my youth,
Who taught my feet the glorious path of truth;
Nor taught alone, but nobly led the way;
The tribute of a grateful heart I pay.
What ſhall excuſe the debt ſo long unpaid?
A debt ſo juſtly due, ſo long delay'd?
Oft has my heart the pleaſing taſk deſign'd,
Nor would my willing hands have lagg'd behind,
But Commerce rules this buſy, buſtling ſcene,
And cares and croſſes ever intervene;
From day to day I ſought a happier hour,
A minute plac'd by Fortune in my power;
I vain I waited till the minute came,
For as the laſt, the next was ſtill the ſame.
Thus on the river's brink the peaſant ſtood,
And as he view'd the ſwiftly-rolling flood,
'So ſwift a ſtream,' he cried, 'muſt ſoon be paſt;'
Yet the next wave ran rapid as the laſt.
And, O forgive, if now, with flagging wings,
Droops the dull Muſe, and trembles as ſhe ſings;
For in the town where Induſtry maintains
Her buſy ſons, and golden Commerce reigns;
Where wheels in endleſs revolutions play,
And rattling looms awake returning day,
What hand to ſounds like theſe can tune the lyre,
Or catch the genius of poetic fire?
Chang'd is the ſcene ſince late in Hackney's ſhade,
With Peace and Pleaſure hand in hand I ſtray'd.
O flatt'ring dawn of life! deligthful dream!
My mem'ry dwells with pleaſure on the theme:
'Twas there my mind the dawn of reaſon grac'd,
And exerciſe my limbs with vigour brac'd:
Calm were my happy days, and calm my reſt,
Fair Innocence the inmate of my breaſt,
The cares of life to me were all unknown,
I wiſh'd not Fortune's ſmile, nor fear'd her frown.
Launch'd in the ſea of life, I now muſt brave
The boiſt'rous ſhock of ev'ry adverſe wave:
But bold Integrity the helm ſhall ſeize,
While ſweet Contentment calms the ruffl'd ſeas.
Far from Ambition's craggy rocks I ſail,
Nor truſt to Pleaſure's more alluring gale;
Till Faith and Patience ſhall attain that ſhore,
Where Death aſſumes the friendly pilot's pow'r,
And guides to realms where ſtorms ſhall be no more.
So pleaſing to the mind are fancy's dreams,
And like reality th' illuſion ſeems.
The phantom makes futurity her own,
While ev'n to-morrow's acts are yet unknown.
Swift turns the wheel of changeful Fortune round;
And he that ſoar'd, now flutters on the ground.
Ev'n I, who now, in Britain's favour'd iſle,
Baſk in the genial ſunſhine of her ſmile,

Swift

An outcaſt in ſome foreign clime may roam,
Loſt to my parents love, my friends, my home.
Should poverty and pain my ſoul oppreſs,
And ev'ry minute make my little leſs,
This comfort ſtill, ſhall eaſe my load of woe,
'Virtue alone is happineſs below.'
O may I ſtill untouch'd that jewel guard,
And truſt to Heaven to meet a juſt reward.
Theſe momentary ills no more moleſt;
Theſe cares no more diſturb my tranquil breaſt;
In trembling hope I reach the bright abode,
To dwell with ſaints, with angels, and with God:
To join the tuneful choir who hymn His praiſe,
And view the mild effulgence of His rays.
To hear His voice—but whither roves my ſong?
For themes like theſe to abler bards belong.
Some gentler verſe, ſome milder ſtrain I chooſe,
That ſuits an humble, yet an honeſt muſe:
No homage at the ſhrine of pride ſhe pays,
But the ſweet call of Gratitude obeys;
To Friendſhip's voice attempts to tune the ſtrings;
And Child of Nature, as ſhe feels, ſhe ſings.

Stockport, June 21, 1789. W. FREEMAN.

SONNET TO FANCY.

THOU, nymph of many-colour'd veſt,
Who ſplendid by imagination dreſt,
Joyouſly ſportive ſkim'ſt along:
Whoſe revellings luxuriant nature charms,
As ſpring reanimated vegetation warms,
To ope her various giſts, yon ſpangled meads among,
Who in the flow'ret's early bloom
To every tint of Iris giv'ſt freſh birth,
Which like yon orb's celeſtial rays illume
The ſombrous viſage of the earth;
Oh, from a boſom anguiſh torn remove
All that robs life of animating zeſt!
Oh, calm the terrors of a troubled breaſt,
With ev'n th' illuſion that Miranda loves. T. T. S.

SONNET *on the Recovery of a beautiful* YOUNG LADY *from a Fit of Illneſs.*

AGAIN with health's enchanting roſeate hue
Thy cheek, Louiſa, glows; thy ſoften'd form
Again, ſweet maid, bids love and rapture warm
Each youthful breaſt; again to nature true
That ſweet, ſeraphic tenderneſs of ſoul, [love,
That ſpeaks thee feelingly alive to
Abſtract from ſenſe, and warms with pure controul
Thy breaſt. So have I ſeen, as through the grove
Wherenature frolicks in her richeſt vein,
A lovely lily, cruſh'd by the rude gale
Intenſe, uprear its beauteous head again, [ſpring,
Blown into life by the mild breath of
And on the ambient air its perfume ſling. G. P. W.

On account of the indiſpoſition of the gentleman who ſuperintends the muſical department, we are obliged ſtill to poſtpone Mr R's Song.

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THE TRIFLER,

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ON SELF-DECEIT—INFALLIBILITY—INDEPENDENCE——WHAT CONSTITUTES AN INDEPENDENT CHARACTER—CONTENTMENT, &c.

IN a certain very old book, with which I preſume many of my readers are *acquainted*, and ſome perhaps *intimate*, it is ſaid that "God hath made man upright, but they have found out many inventions." Of thoſe many inventions I know of none which men apply ſo frequently to buſineſs, as the very remarkable invention of "deceiving themſelves," an invention ſo very extraordinary, and ſo contrary to the original "uprightneſs" above mentioned, that it would be a curious reſearch to trace it to the ſource, and diſcover who was the original inventor; an inquiry, indeed, which would perhaps be more curious than uſeful; in that reſpect, however, I think it might rank with ſome of the profoundeſt reſearches of modern times.

I remember to have ſeen a book entitled "Every man his own Phyſician," and with ſome propriety might a work on SELF DECEIT be compoſed, and called "Every man his own Deceiver." So common is ſelf-deceit, that we know infinitely more, and diſcover infinitely more of our neighbours' hearts than of our own; not that our diſcoveries are always perfect and true, for they frequently fall very ſhort of truth and juſtice, from the very cauſe which prompts to attempt them, a conceit of our own infallibility. This doctrine of infallibility, now univerſally denied to the Pope, for he poor man has very little left, and as Lord George would ſay, "the whore of Babylon has ſcarcely a rag to cover her — nakedneſs," I ſay this doctrine, denied to the Pope, has ſomehow or other become dear to individuals, and operates in producing that Self-Deluſion or Deceit which perverts the mind in ſome of the moſt important actions of life. It betrays us likewiſe into falſe notions of certain virtues, which we think we poſſeſs, when

when in reality we are totally deſtitute of them.

For the ſubject of this day's paper, I ſhall ſelect only one *word*, ſo common and hacknied in our language, that it is a thouſand times pronounced where it is once underſtood, and which, ſhould a diſſolution of parliament take place ſoon, will be as uſual on ſuch occaſions, ſtrongly perverted, I mean the word INDEPENDENCE.

With the political meaning given to this word, I have no buſineſs at preſent, and ſhall therefore confine myſelf to a few remarks, in which will be found ſuch characteriſtics as I ſuppoſe in the true, literal and moral ſenſe, conſtitute an *independent* man.

In the firſt place, the ſource of all independence is VIRTUE, and that effect of virtue, (for it can be the effect of nothing elſe) CONTENTMENT. If we allow ourſelves to ſuppoſe that a man is independent becauſe he is rich, we ſhall be betrayed by that opinion into many errors and abſurdities; for nothing is ſo difficult as to determine the exact point on the ſcale of fortune, arriving at which a man may be ſaid to be rich. If riches conſtituted *independence*, we ſhould expect that virtue, where ſurely none but a fool would ſeek it, among men of immenſe wealth, rank and title. But as I cannot conceive that any perſon has deliberately adopted this idea, I proceed with remarking, that contentment with our lot, whatever it may be, is the only ſource, and the only preſerver of independence; and where that contentment is to be found, unleſs in religion and virtue, I am yet to learn.

The *Independent Man*, taking him upon this principle, will always refuſe the offer of the Courtier, and will with equal contempt reject the apparently leſs criminal perſuaſions of him who would extort from him his ſupport, as the reward due to patriotiſm ſtruggling againſt power. Upon all ſubjects, the *Independent Man* will think for himſelf; and thinking for himſelf will of courſe take that ſide, eſpouſe that intereſt, without ſolicitation, which he conceives to be the true intereſt of his country, and will reject even the thanks he may receive for doing what he could not conſiſtently with his conſcience have avoided—I know that the word *conſcience* comes in a little awkwardly on this ſubject, but let it be remembered that the ſentiments of this paper are intended to be a little old faſhioned, and calculated for old faſhioned kind of people.

Agreeable to the principles laid down, an *Independent Man* can be of no party; he muſt ſcorn to be called a Pittite, or a Foxite, or any *ite* that marks the partial attachments of men to their favourite ſtateſmen. If he hears of a meaſure propoſed, which appears to him good and proper, he will ſupport it, without conſidering whence it comes, or from what motive it is propoſed. I have often ſmiled to think what confuſion would be occaſioned among violent party-men, were the authors of public meaſures, and of public ſpeeches, carefully concealed from the public. A truly independent man, however, conſiders them exactly in this light, and being under no private and perſonal obligations (the exiſtence of which deſtroy every idea of independence) his mind is open to the perſuaſion of truth and argument. Hence he will one day be found applauding the conduct of a miniſter, and the next day condemning him; one day acceding with Oppoſition, and next day differing from them. Such men, were a parliament to be compoſed of ſuch—but the idea is ſo abſurd, that my readers will forgive me if I deſiſt to dwell upon it. Here and there, however, once in an age, a ſuperior mind may appear anſwering the deſcription I have given, but muſt not be expected

ted oftener. I once thought the late Sir George Saville one of thoſe, at leaſt I was told he approached very near to the character.

So many are the charms of independence, that as mankind are given to promote their own eaſe and welfare, it has often aſtoniſhed me that it is not more cultivated. When vice and vicious courſes, however, have reduced the wealthy to debt and diſtreſs, *there* is a mind open to that corruption which deſtroys independence. The age too boaſts ſo much of "liberal and free inquiry," that our wonder increaſes, when we conſider that the chains of party prejudice are binding faſter, while in all matters that concern religion and morality, our minds are allowed to rove "free and unconfined." I am ſometimes tempted to infer from this—but the inference is not a very pleaſant one—that much of our boaſted free enquiry and independence of thinking, is mere affectation, and ſelf-deceit. This at leaſt is certain, that he who boaſts of being emancipated from the trammels of religion, is often a ſlave to abſurd prejudices, and a martyr to unconquerable paſſions, and that many who call themſelves *independent* are ſwayed by partial affection, and purchaſeable by the means of corruption.

To conclude; however prevalent that ſyſtem of ſelf-deceit may be, which is created by a relaxation of morals and a neglect of religion; and however contemptible in ſome eyes, the words morality and religion may be, where coupled with independence as their *effect*; without the *power of thinking for himſelf*, which no man can enjoy who is aſſailable by prejudice, and vincible by corruption, there can exiſt no real *independence* in any man; and that which commonly paſſes for ſuch, is only one of theſe "many inventions" which took place when "Man ceaſed to be upright."

Life of ALI BEY.

(Concluded from page 661).

SUpreme chief of the republic, he adopted every meaſure to render his powers durable: not content with increaſing his Mamalukes to ſix thouſand, he took into pay ten thouſand Mograbi: he cauſed his troops to obſerve the moſt rigid diſcipline, and, by continual exerciſe, made them good ſoldiers. He attached the young men of his houſehold to him, by the paternal attention he paid to their education, and above all by beſtowing favours and rewards on thoſe who were the moſt worthy. His party became ſo powerful, that ſuch of his colleagues as were not his friends dreaded his power, nor dared to thwart his projects. Believing his authority eſtabliſhed on a ſolid baſis, he turned his attention to the welfare of his people: the Arabs, diſperſed over the deſarts, and on the frontiers of Egypt, committed ravages not to be ſuppreſſed by a fluctuating government: he declared war, and ſent againſt them bodies of cavalry, which beat them every where, and drove them back into the depth of their ſolitudes. Egypt began to reſpire, and agriculture, encouraged, flouriſhed once more in that rich country. Having rendered the chief of each village reſponſible for the crimes of the inhabitants, he puniſhed them until the authors of the offence were delivered into the hands of juſtice. In this manner, the principal citizens looked after the public ſafety; and, for the firſt time ſince the commencement of the Turkiſh empire, the traveller and merchant could paſs through the whole extent of the king-

dom without the apprehenſion of an inſult.

The ſcheik elbalad unfortunately accumulated favours on Mahomed Abou Dahab, a traitor, who ſecretly aſpired to the ſovereign power. The ſangiaks bribed him to put the ſcheik out of the way; but fearing for his own life, he deferred it, and kept the gold: to increaſe the confidence of his friend, he diſcovered the conſpiracy.

In 1768, the Ruſſians declared war againſt the Porte: the ſcheik ſent twelve thouſand men to ſerve in the Turkiſh army. Even this circumſtance of duty was made uſe of to his diſadvantage: and it was repreſented at Conſtantinople, that theſe troops were deſigned to ſerve in the Ruſſian army: the calumny was credited, and a capigi, with four attendants, ſent to take off his head. Ali had intelligence by his friends, and diſpatched a confidant, with twelve Mamalukes, who ſeized the capigi and his attendants, took from them their order, and put them to death. The whole will ſhew us by how precarious a tenure life is held in the Ottoman empire. The ſcheik, poſſeſſed of this order, aſſembled the chiefs, and laid before them the deſpotiſm of the Ottoman court. This had the deſired effect; ſixteen of the beys exclaimed, that war ought to be declared againſt the Grand Signior. The Turkiſh pacha was ordered to quit Egypt: and the ſcheik ſecured the aſſiſtance of the prince of Acre.

Ali levied two armies; of one he gave the command to his friend Abou Dahab, to attack Arabia Felix, and the interior provinces; the other, to Iſmael, to attack the maritime towns: he alſo equipped a good fleet for the Red Sea. Mean time, he remained at home, attentive to the internal police of the kingdom. He reformed the cuſtom-houſe, granted immunities to the European merchants, encouraged commerce, protected the caravans, and the inland merchants. He was not long before he reaped the fruits of his wiſe adminiſtration; Egypt was relieved, the public ſafety eſtabliſhed, and agriculture encouraged.

Mean time, Abou Dahab conquered Yemen, depoſed the ſcheriff of Mecca, and ſubſtituted in his place emir Abdalla, who, to pay his court to Ali, gratified him with the title of Sultan of Egypt. Iſmael made himſelf maſter of all the towns on the eaſtern ſhore of the Arabian gulf.

In 1771, Ali ſent Abou Dahab with forty thouſand men to attempt the conqueſt of Syria, and wrote to Count Orlow, the Ruſſian admiral, then at Leghorn, making him large offers to form an alliance with him. The Count in return thanked him, wiſhed him ſucceſs, and made him great promiſes, which were never realized. He alſo negociated with Venice, promiſing to aſſiſt her to retake her poſſeſſions from the Turks, but the Republic declined this bold enterprize.

Abou Dahab took ſome towns of Syria, and drove the Ottomans before him. This wretch had long meditated the ruin of Ali, his patron and his friend. He had accepted the command of the army, in order to gain it to his intereſt. Having ſecured them, he erected the ſtandard of rebellion, withdrew the garriſons from the conquered places, and re-entered Egypt. Not daring to attack the capital, he kept along the Red Sea, croſſed the Deſerts, and entered Upper Egypt. His revolt was now manifeſt, he gained the beys who commanded there, and marched towards Cairo.

Ali repented his placing the command in the hands of a traitor. He collected an army, which he entruſted to Iſmael Bey, who likewiſe betrayed him and joined Abou Dahab.

Ali,

Ali, by the advice of his friends, determined to retire to St. John of Acre. He wrote to Count Orlow for aſſiſtance; and in the middle of the night, accompanied by the beys his friends, and 7000 troops, he left Cairo, and fled acroſs the Deſerts. He reached Gaza, but from agitation of mind, was taken very ill: in this ſituation the venerable ſcheik Daher came to viſit him, conſoled him that his ſituation was not deſperate, and that the Ruſſian ſquadron was at hand. With this conſolation, and the aſſiſtance of a Ruſſian phyſician, in a few weeks he recovered.

A Ruſſian ſquadron appearing before Acre, he wrote again to Count Orlow for aſſiſtance; and ſent alſo an ambaſſador to the Empreſs. In Auguſt, 1772, Ali took Jaffa and Rama. Theſe ſucceſſes inſpired him with the hope of returning to Cairo. The chiefs of the Janiſaries in that capital alſo invited him to do ſo. Therefore collecting the garriſons of the conquered towns, he began his march with 2250 Mamalukes, 3400 Mograbi, and 650 horſe.

Abou Dahab met him with 12,000 men, and was defeated. Abou, by inſtilling into the minds of the Mahomedans, that Ali deſigned to aboliſh their religion, and introduce Chriſtianity, procured an army of 20,000 men. The Janiſaries, however, refuſed to join him.

Ali was unprepared for this event, he abandoned himſelf to deſpair, and fell dangerouſly ill. His friends adviſed him to retire to St. John of Acre, but he declared he would ſooner periſh than retreat an inch.

On the 13th of April, 1773, the armies met. Both parties charged with fury, and notwithſtanding the inferiority of Ali's troops, they had at firſt the advantage; but the Mograbi, corrupted by the promiſes of Abou Dahab, deſerted, and the fortune of the day was changed. Moſt of Ali's friends fell round him; the ſurvivors preſſed him to retire, but he replied, that his hour was come. The Mamalukes bravely periſhed with their arms in their hands. Ali ſlew two ſoldiers who attempted to ſeize him; and the lieutenant of Abou Dahab advancing, Ali, though wounded with two balls, ſhot him with a piſtol. He fought like a lion; but being beat down by the back ſtroke of a ſabre, was ſeized and carried to the tent of the conqueror, where he died of his wounds eight days after.

Ali was of the middle ſize, his carriage noble, and his character open and generous: he poſſeſſed an inſurmountable courage, and a lofty genius. He died the victim of an ill-placed friendſhip. Had Ruſſia availed herſelf of his offers, ſhe might have ſecured to herſelf the commerce of Arabia. He was only 45 years of age when he died. The Egyptians long mourned his loſs; and ſaw themſelves again plunged into all the miſeries from which he had delivered them.

A wonderful and tragical Relation of a Voyage from the Indies. *In a Letter to Mr* D. B. *of* London, *Merchant. Quarto, containing eight pages; printed at* London *for* J. Conyers, *at the* Black Raven *in* Duck-Lane, 1684.

SIR,

ACCORDING to promiſe in my laſt, I have enquired into the particulars of that ſo tragical a relation therein mentioned, the which, without any prologue, I ſhall lay down in its naked truth, as I had the ſame from the mouth of the ſurvivors who are now at my houſe, which, if you pleaſe, take as follow: —A gentleman called the *Heer van Eſſell*,

Eſſell, native of the Low Countries, having had the education of a merchant at home, was reſolved to improve his patrimony in ſome foreign parts. To which end, being thereunto the more encouraged by the promiſe of a ſtrict correſpondence with ſeveral of his countrymen, he undertook a voyage to the Indies, whither he arrived about the year 1670; and, by the induſtrious management of his affairs, increaſed his eſtate ſo conſiderably, that few men in thoſe parts lived in greater ſplendour; being thus ſettled about ſeven years, afterwards he came acquainted with the daughter of a Dutch merchant of great fortune, a gentlewoman of many worthy accompliſhments, and exceeding beautiful. Our merchant, being much taken with her port and beauty, made his addreſſes to her, and reſolving to change his condition, found her not altogether averſe to his happineſs; which, by degrees, he raiſed to conſent, and obtained her for his wife, with whom he lived very happily for ſeveral years, till he had increaſed his eſtate to ſuch a portion, as made him think to return to his own country, where he firſt drew breath, and had left his relations; communicating which deſign to his lady, ſhe readily aſſented to the voyage, and accordingly he made preparation to gather his eſtate into a bottom, and take leave of the Indies, which in a ſhort time he effected; and being ſupplied with a veſſel that had diſcharged herſelf at the ſaid port, he hired the ſame for Rotterdam, and therein imbarked himſelf, his wife, two children, and one ſervant, with all his eſtate, which amounted to a very conſiderable cargo, and, in Auguſt laſt, took ſhipping. The flattering ſea, which too often beguiles us to our undoing, promiſed him for the firſt two months a very happy voyage, and filled his heart with hopes of touching the ſhore, the long abſence of his friends rendered very deſireable to him, and buoyed up with the expectation of a happineſs cruel fate had deſigned to deprive him of, was on a ſudden becalmed; in which time, of the ſixteen ſeamen and maſter that was on board, by a diſeaſe that increaſed amongſt them, ſeveral died, and, by degrees their proviſion growing ſhort, they were forced to deal the ſame more ſparingly about, hoping, by their care, they might have enough to ſerve them through their voyage, and made the beſt way they could to their deſired port; yet, ſuch was their misfortune, that they failed of their expectation, and came to ſee the laſt of what they had ſpent, and for four days lived without any ſuſtenance; and, the wind being croſs, they could not make land, where they might revictual, but were forced to keep on their voyage. Their extremity was ſuch, that the two children, not ſo well able to bear the hardſhips as others, both died, on whoſe bodies, notwithſtanding the tears and intreaties of the merchant and his wife, they were forced to feed; which being in a ſhort time conſumed, it came to be conſidered, having no ſight nor hope of any ſhore, that they muſt either all of them ſubmit to the fate that threatened them, or contrive ſome other method to ſave themſelves, which at preſent they had not the leaſt proſpect of, unleſs, in the common calamity, they conſented by lot, or otherwiſe, to deſtroy ſome one of the number to ſave the reſt; which unwillingly they were at length inforced to, and jointly agreed, that, according to the number then on board, they ſhould number ſo many lots, and on whom number One fell, he ſhould be ſlain, and number Two ſhould be his executioner. But here a diſpute aroſe, whether the merchant's wife, whoſe two children had

to

to her great grief been already eaten, in favour to her ſex, ſhould not be exempted from the fatal lot; ſome were of opinion ſhe ought, and particularly one George Carpinger, a ſtout Engliſh ſeaman, uſed his endeavours to work the company to aſſent thereunto; but as nothing is ſo voracious or cruel as the jaws of hunger, on the one hand, or ſo eſtimable as life on the other, he could not effect his deſign; ſo that, the majority having over-ruled his arguments, they drew in common, and ſuch was their misfortune, that the lot fell on the woman for death, and on her huſband for executioner. Miſerable was the lamentation of the huſband and wife, that ſo fatal a miſchance ſhould for ever part them; yet tears and intreaties were ineffectual, ſo that nothing but ſubmiſſion was left, though the merchant's ſervant and Carpinger ſtood reſolutely againſt the reſt, and reſolved to ſpare them; which the merchant perceiving, and knowing their force was too little to accompliſh their wiſhes, with a ſettled countenance, ſpoke to them to the following purport: 'Honeſt friends, for ſuch you 'have approved yourſelves to me, 'you have ſeen the hardſhip of my 'fate; and, ſince it is drove to this 'point, I am reſolved never to be 'her executioner, who has been ſo 'loving and juſt a wife to me; but 'in her ſtead am reſolved myſelf to 'be the ſacrifice; and therefore 'what I have to ſay to you is, that 'you ſtand her friends when I am 'dead; what is in this veſſel does, 'as you know, belong to me; ſpare 'nothing of it to ſerve her, and with 'theſe notes, if ever that you arrive 'at Rotterdam, tho' all in this cargo be loſt, you ſhall be plentifully 'rewarded.' Which after he had ſaid, and they with tears had heard, being about to anſwer him, he drew a piſtol from his pocket, which he ſo unexpectedly diſcharged, that they had no time to prevent it, and ſhot himſelf in the head, of which wound he immediately died.

The cry they made at his fall, and the noiſe of the piſtol, were quickly heard by the reſt of the ſhip's crew, which ſoon called them thither; nor was his wife long abſent, who, poor lady, had been preparing herſelf for her end, which, by this leſs pleaſing diſaſter ſhe ſaw prevented. The tears ſhe ſhed, and extravagancies ſhe acted at ſo diſmal a tragedy, were but needleſs to recount, ſince none are ſo hard-hearted but may in ſome meaſure judge; ſhe ſwooned and almoſt died with grief, and begged to be her own executioner, but ſhe was too narrowly watched by her ſervant and Carpinger, to effect ſo cruel a purpoſe; their eyes never left her, and their cares were more for her preſervation than their own; but in vain was all their watchfulneſs againſt the enemy from without, when ſhe harboured in her own breaſt a foe ſufficient to deſtroy a greater ſtrength than grief had left her; for no intreaties could perſuade her to feed on that dear corpſe ſhe had ſo often cheriſhed, but what ſhare thereof the hardſhip of her fate allowed her for her food, ſhe embalmed with her tears, and by renewed vows promiſed to ſhare fortunes with it, and be buried in the ſame unwonted grave in which that Fleſh was diſtributed, ſhe once ſo much admired; which ſhe had never accompliſhed, having had no food in that time but two rats, which were fortunately taken, and preſented to her by Carpinger, at ſuch time as the fatal lot was to take its ſecond round, in which ſhe was reſolved to ſhare, notwithſtanding all the intreaties of Carpinger and her ſervant; and, in ſhort, ſhe had her wiſh, and drew again a ſecond time her own ſentence, which ſhe welcomed more than a bridal day;

and

and being juſt ready to yield her throat to the executioner's knife, ſhe had certainly fell, had not Carpinger, with two more, whom he hired, ſtepped in, and reſolutely withſtood the execution; upon which quarrel they drew their faulchions, and four perſons were ſlain, amongſt whom the faithful ſervant was one. This was a ſufficient morſel for the preſent, and ſtaid the bloody hunger of the ſurvivors, who were now reduced to five or ſix perſons beſides the lady; with the bodies of the ſlain they were then fed more plenteouſly than for ſome months preceding, but ſuch was the rigour of their fate, that by the unuſual diet, moſt of their men were dead, juſt as they got ſight of the Land's end of England; and having but very few hands to work their veſſel, they found that, from the dangers they had been ſo long in, a ſecond threatned them from the ſeverity of the late ſeaſon, for the ice being there in very great flakes, they found themſelves drove amidſt the ſame towards the ſhore, from whence they could not diſengage the ſhip; in which time, Carpinger, being a perſon of a voluble tongue, and formerly well bred at Stepney near London, where his father, Captain Carpinger, had long lived, uſed all the conſolation he could by words or device, to comfort the deſpairing lady, till at length ſhe was prevailed to hearken to him, and give her promiſe to ſpare all violence on herſelf, and wait her better fortune; in this caſe they lay for ſix days, till all but two perſons beſides themſelves were dead, and theſe ſo miſerably weak they could not leave their cabbins, ſo that being froze in they could not ſtir. Carpinger with the lady reſolved to venture on the ice, and ſet forward towards the ſhore; which ſhe the rather undertook, for that ſhe hoped thereby to find a grave in thoſe waves on which ſhe had loſt what ſhe loved above her own preſervation; with this reſolution Carpinger, taking charge of the lady, got a plank and a long pole in his hand, and with theſe left the ſhip, and with great danger and difficulty in ſix hours got ſafe to ſhore, having opportunity only of ſaving a caſket of jewels which he brought off with him, where at my own houſe the ſaid parties now remain in reaſonable health; and conſidering the care and kindneſs of Carpinger, the lady ſeems much to favour him, and when the time of mourning is over, will undoubtedly make him happy in her embraces.

This relation is juſtified for truth, by us,

John Croſs,
William Atkins, } Seamen.

Reflections on the Cuſtom of Burying the Dead, and the Danger of precipitate Interment.—By Mr* Durande.

ARISTOTLE pretended that it was more juſt to aſſiſt the dead than the living. Plato, in his Republic, does not forget, amongſt other parts of juſtice, that which concerns the dead. Cicero eſtabliſhes three kinds of juſtice; the firſt reſpects the gods, the ſecond the *manes*, or the dead, and the third men. Theſe principles ſeem to be drawn from nature, and they appear, at leaſt, to be neceſſary for the ſupport of ſociety, ſince at all times civilized nations have taken care to bury their dead, and to pay their laſt reſpects to them.

We find in hiſtory ſeveral traces of the reſpect which the Indians, the Egyptians, and the Syrians enter-

* Extracted from the Memoirs of the Academy of Dijon.

tained

tained for the dead. The Syrians embalmed their bodies with myrrh, aloes, honey, ſalt, wax, bitumen, and reſinous gums; they dried them alſo with the ſmoke of the fir and the pine tree. The Egyptians preſerved theirs with the reſin of the cedar, with aromatic ſpices, and with ſalt. Theſe people often keep ſuch mummies, or at leaſt their effigies in their houſes, and at grand entertainments they were introduced, that by reciting the great actions of their anceſtors, they might be better excited to virtue. How different is this reſpect for the dead from that practiſed at preſent?

The Greeks, at firſt, had probably not the ſame veneration for the dead as the Egyptians. Empedocles, therefore, in the eighty-fourth Olympiad, reſtored to life Ponthia, a woman of Agrigentum, who was about to be interred *. But this people, in proportion as they grew civilized, becoming more enlightened, perceived the neceſſity of eſtabliſhing laws for the protection of the dead.

At Athens the law required that no perſon ſhould be interred before the third day; and in the greater part of the cities of Greece a funeral did not take place till the ſixth or ſeventh. When a man appeared to have breathed his laſt, his body was generally waſhed by his neareſt relations, with warm water mixed with wine. They afterwards anointed it with oil, and covered it with a dreſs, commonly made of fine linen, according to the cuſtom of the Egyptians. This dreſs was white at Meſſina, Athens, and in the greater part of the cities of Greece, where the dead body was crowned with flowers. At Sparta it was of a purple colour, and the body was ſurrounded with olive leaves. The body was afterwards laid upon a couch in the entry of the houſe, where it remained till the time of the funeral. At the magnificent obſequies with which Alexander honoured Epheſtion, the body was not burned until the tenth day.

The Romans, in the infancy of their empire, paid as little attention to their dead as the Greeks. Acilius Aviola having fallen into a lethargic fit, was ſuppoſed to be dead; he was therefore carried to the funeral pile; the fire was lighted up, and though he cried out that he was ſtill alive, he periſhed for want of ſpeedy aſſiſtance. The Prætor Lamia met with the ſame fate. Tubero, who had been Prætor, was alſo ſaved from the funeral pile. Aſclepiades a phyſician, who lived in the time of Pompey the Great, about one hundred and twenty years before the Chriſtian æra, returning from his country-houſe, obſerved near the walls of Rome a grand convoy and a crowd of people, who were in mourning, aſſiſting at a funeral, and ſhewing every exterior ſign of the deepeſt grief. Having aſked what was the occaſion of this concourſe, no one made any reply. He therefore approached the pretended dead body, and imagining that he perceived ſigns of life in it, he ordered the byſtanders to take away the flambeaux, to extinguiſh the fire, and to pull down the funeral pile. A kind of murmur on this aroſe throughout the whole company. Some ſaid that they ought to believe the phyſician, while others turned both him and his profeſſion into ridicule. The relations, however, yielded at length to the remonſtrances of Aſclepiades; they conſented to defer the obſequies for a little, and the conſequence was the reſtoration of the pretended dead perſon to life. It appears that theſe examples, and ſeveral others of the like nature, induced the Romans to delay funerals

* Diogenes Laertius, de Vita et Moribus Philoſophorum, lib. 8.

rals longer, and to enact laws to prevent precipitate interments.

At Rome, after allowing a ſufficient time for mourning, the neareſt relation generally cloſed the eyes of the deceaſed; and the body was bathed with warm water, either to render it fitter for being anointed with oyl, or to reanimate the principle of life, which might remain ſuſpended, without manifeſting itſelf. Proofs were afterwards made, to diſcover whether the perſon was really dead, which were often repeated during the time that the body remained expoſed; for there were perſons appointed to viſit the dead, and to prove their ſituation. This cuſtom is preſerved only for the Popes. On the ſecond day, after the body had been waſhed a ſecond time, it was anointed with oyl and balm. Luxury increaſed to ſuch a pitch in the choice of foreign perfumes for this purpoſe, that under the conſulſhip of Licinius Craſſus and Julius Cæſar, the ſenate forbade any perfumes to be uſed, except ſuch as were the production of Italy. On the third day the body was clothed according to its dignity and condition. The robe called the prætexta was put upon magiſtrates, and a purple robe upon conſuls; for conquerors, who had merited triumphal honours, this robe was of gold tiſſue. For other Romans it was white, and black for the lower claſſes of the people. Theſe dreſſes were often prepared at a diſtance, by the mothers and wives of perſons ſtill in life*. On the fourth day the body was placed on a couch, and expoſed in the veſtibule of the houſe, with the viſage turned towards the entrance, and the feet near the door; in this ſituation it remained till the end of the week. Near the couch were lighted wax tapers, a ſmall box in which perfumes were burnt, and a veſſel full of water, for purification, with which thoſe who approached the body beſprinkled themſelves. An old man belonging to thoſe who furniſhed every thing neceſſary for funerals, ſat near the deceaſed, with ſome domeſtics clothed in black. On the eighth day the funeral rites were performed; but to prevent the body from corrupting before that time, ſalt, wax, the reſinous gum of the cedar, myrrh, honey, balm, gypſum, lime, aſphaltes, or bitumen of Judea, and ſeveral other ſubſtances, were employed. The body was carried to the pile with the face uncovered,

* We read in Homer, that Andromache cauſed a dreſs to be made for the obſequies of Hector, who was then alive. The mother of Euryalus complains in the ninth book of the Æneid, that ſhe was not able to attend the body of her ſon to the grave; that ſhe had not cloſed his eyes or waſhed his wounds, and that ſhe had not dreſſed him for his funeral with thoſe dreſſes, at which ſhe had been labouring day and night, a work which ſerved to comfort her in her old age.

——————*Nec te tua funera mater*
Produxi, preſſive oculos, aut vulnera lavi
Veſte tegens, tibi quem noctes feſtina dieſque
Urgebam, et tela curas ſolabar aniles.

In comparing theſe cuſtoms with ours, we are tempted to conſider them as barbarous, but when, at the ſame time, we reflect upon the inſtances of humanity which the Greeks and Romans exhibited, and upon the frequent ſacrifice which they made of their own lives, to preſerve thoſe of their parents or friends, we may believe that theſe people conſidered death only as the boundary of life, and that they had learned both how to live and to die.

vered, unleſs wounds, or the nature of the diſeaſe had rendered it loathſome and diſguſting. In ſuch a caſe a maſk was uſed, made of a kind of plaiſter, which has given riſe to the expreſſion of *funera larvata*, uſed in ſome of the ancient authors. This was the laſt method of concealment which Nero made uſe of, after having cauſed Germanicus to be poiſoned; for the effect of the poiſon had become very ſenſible by livid ſpots and the blackneſs of the body; but a ſhower of rain happening to fall, it waſhed the plaiſter entirely away, and thus the horrid crime of fratricide was diſcovered.

The Turks have, at all times, been accuſtomed to waſh the bodies of their dead before interment; and as their ablutions are complete, and as no part of the body eſcapes the attention of thoſe who aſſiſt at ſuch melancholy ceremonies, they can eaſily perceive whether one be really dead or alive, by examining, among other methods of proof, whether the ſphincter has loſt its power of contraction. If this muſcle remains ſtill contracted, they warm the body, and endeavour to recal it to life; otherwiſe, after having waſhed it with water and ſoap, they wipe it with linen cloths, waſh it again with roſe-water and aromatic ſubſtances, cover it with a rich dreſs, put upon its head a cap ornamented with flowers, and extend it upon a carpet, placed in the veſtibule, or hall, at the entrance of the houſe.

The Jews, after having waſhed the body, and anointed it with aromatic ſubſtances of a more or leſs agreeable odour, according to the rank and riches of the deceaſed, bind it round afterwards with bandages of linen, and cover the head with a handkerchief.

In the primitive church the dead were waſhed, and then anointed; the body was wrapped up in linen, or clothed in a dreſs of more or leſs value, according to circumſtances, and it was not interred until after being expoſed, and kept two or three days in the houſe. The cuſtom of clothing the dead is preſerved in France only for princes and eccleſiaſtics.

In other countries, more or leſs care is taken to prevent ſudden interments. At Geneva, there are people appointed to inſpect all dead bodies. Their duty conſiſts in examining whether the perſon be really dead, and whether one died naturally, or by violence. In the north, as well as Genoa, it is uſual not to bury the dead till three days have expired. In Holland people carry their precautions much farther, and delay the funerals longer. In Spain, the dead are generally clothed in the dreſſes of the religious. In Germany, they are dreſſed in clothes more or leſs ſplendid, with their faces uncovered, and are generally laid in that apartment which is neareſt the door. I have ſeen them expoſed ſeveral times in this manner.

In England the pooreſt people keep their dead four, five, and ſometimes ſix days, and the neareſt relations are invited to ſee them expoſed. If they happen to be buried ſooner, this precipitation excites ſuſpicions among the neighbours, who never fail to addreſs themſelves to the magiſtrates, and to take the body from the grave, that they may examine whether it bears any traces of violence*.

It is not only in Europe that precautions are taken againſt precipitate burials. In Aſia, when an inhabitant

* We have taken the liberty to omit ſome of the author's obſervations reſpecting the manner of treating the dead in England, as he ſeems not to have been exactly informed upon the ſubject.

of the kingdom of Boutan dies, the body is kept in the houſe three days, all of which are ſpent in ſinging and prayers.

If we, inſtead of following the example of thoſe people, have forgotten that reſpect which the ancients entertained for the dead, it is owing to the prejudices of our education imbibed in infancy. In that early age nurſes and ignorant ſervants inſtil into children, thoſe abſurdities which they themſelves have adopted, and ſuch prejudices are the moſt difficult to be overcome. Scarcely has one ceaſed to live, when he becomes an object of horror. The body is abandoned to a ſet of mercenary people, who begin by dragging it from a warm bed to place it on ſome cold ſtraw. Soon after, devotion, or the deſire of gain, draws together the undertakers, who firſt cover the head and face with a kind of cap, in ſhape of a bag. Sometimes they put cotton into the mouth, the ears, and even into the fundament, if the laſt precaution has not been taken before their arrival. This cotton is placed there to prevent the body from ſtaining the linen in which it is wrapped up. They then bind the breaſt and arms round with a bandage, and make another paſs round the lower part of the belly; the latter comprehends the arms from the elbows, and ſerves alſo to incloſe the feet: after this, the undertakers wrap up the whole body in a ſheet, which they fix at both the extremities, and either ſew or faſten it with pins, obſerving always to confine the body as cloſely as they can. It is thus that a man is prepared for his coffin; but it would be difficult to purſue a more pernicious method, even if one had an intention of accelerating death, or of rendering it impoſſible for a perſon to return to life.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Account of a remarkable Sleep-walker. *From a Report made to the Phyſical Society of* Lauſaune, *by a Committee of Gentlemen appointed to examine him.*

THE diſpoſition to ſleep walking ſeems, in the opinion of this committee, to depend on a particular affection of the nerves, which both ſeizes and quits the patient during ſleep. Under the influence of this affection, the imagination repreſents to him the objects that ſtruck him while awake, with as much force as if they really affected his ſenſes; but does not make him perceive any of thoſe that are actually preſented to his ſenſes, except in ſo far as they are connected with the dreams which engroſs him at the time. If, during this ſtate, the imagination has no determined purpoſe, he receives the impreſſion of objects as if he were awake; only, however, when the imagination is excited to bend its attention towards them. The perceptions obtained in this ſtate are very accurate, and, when once received, the imagination renews them occaſionally with as much force as if they were again acquired by means of the ſenſes. Laſtly, theſe academicians ſuppoſe, that the impreſſions received during this ſtate of the ſenſes, diſappear entirely when the perſon awakes, and do not return till the return of the ſame diſpoſition in the nervous ſyſtem.

Their remarks were made on the Sieur *Devaud*, a lad thirteen years and a half old, who lives in the town of *Vevey*, and who is ſubject to that ſingular affection or diſeaſe, called *Somnambuliſm*, or Sleep-walking. This lad poſſeſſes a ſtrong and robuſt conſtitution, but his nervous ſyſtem appears to be organized with peculiar delicacy, and to diſcover marks of the greateſt ſenſibility and irritability: His ſenſes of ſmell, taſte,

taſte, and touch, are exquiſite; he is ſubject to fits of immoderate and involuntary laughter, and he ſometimes likewiſe weeps without any apparent cauſe.

This young man does not walk in his ſleep every night; ſeveral weeks ſometimes paſs without any appearance of a fit. He is ſubject to the diſeaſe generally two nights ſucceſſively, one fit laſting for ſeveral hours. The longeſt are from three to four hours, and they commonly begin about three or four o'clock in the morning.

The fit may be prolonged, by gently paſſing the finger or a feather over his upper lip, and this ſlight irritation likewiſe accelerates is. Having once fallen aſleep upon a ſtaircaſe, his upper lip was thus irritated with a feather, when he immediately ran down the ſteps with great precipitation, and reſumed all his accuſtomed activity. This experiment was repeated ſeveral times.

The young Devaud thinks he has obſerved, that, on the evenings previous to a fit, he is ſenſible of a certain heavineſs in his head, but eſpecially of a great weight in his eyelids.

His ſleep is at all times unquiet, but particularly when the fits are about to ſeize him. During his ſleep motions are obſervable in every part of his body, with ſtarting and palpitations; he utters broken words, ſometimes ſits up in his bed, and afterwards lies down again. He then begins to pronounce words more diſtinctly, he riſes abruptly, and acts as he is inſtigated by the dream that then poſſeſſes him. He is ſometimes, in ſleep, ſubject to continued and involuntary motions.

The departure of the fit is always preceded by two or three minutes of calm ſleep, during which he ſnores. He then awakes rubbing his eyes like a perſon who has ſlept quietly.

It is dangerous to awaken him during the fit, eſpecially if it is done ſuddenly; for then he ſometimes falls into convulſions. Having riſen one night with the intention of going to eat grapes, he left the houſe, paſſed through the town, and went to a vineyard where he expected good cheer. He was followed by ſeveral perſons, who kept at ſome diſtance from him, one of whom fired a piſtol, the noiſe of which inſtantly awakened him, and he fell down without ſenſe. He was carried home and brought to himſelf, when he recollected very well the having been awakened in the vineyard; but nothing more, except the fright at being found there alone, which had made him ſwoon.

After the fits, he generally feels a degree of laſſitude; ſometimes, tho' rarely, of indiſpoſition. At the end of one of thoſe fits of which the gentlemen of the committe were witneſſes, he was affected with vomitings; but he is always ſoon reſtored.

When he is awaked, he never for the moſt part recollects any of the actions he has been doing during the fit.

The ſubject of his dreams is circumſcribed in a ſmall circle of objects, that relate to the few ideas, with which, at his age, his mind is furniſhed; ſuch as his leſſons, the church, the bells, and eſpecially tales of ghoſts. It is ſufficient to ſtrike his imagination the evening before a fit, with ſome tale, to direct his ſomnambuliſm towards the object of it. There was read to him, while in this ſituation, the ſtory of a robber; he imagined the very next moment that he ſaw robbers in the room. However, as he is much diſpoſed to dream that he is ſurrounded with them, it cannot be affirmed that this was an effect of the reading. It is obſerved, that when his

his ſupper has been more plentiful than uſual, his dreams are more diſmal.

In their report, the gentlemen of the committee dwell much on the ſtate of this young man's ſenſes, on the impreſſion made upon them by ſtrange objects, and on the uſe they are of to him.

A bit of ſtrong ſmelling wood produced in him a degree of reſtleſſneſs; the fingers had the ſame effect, whether from their ſmell or their tranſpiration. He knew wine in which there was wormwood by the ſmell, and ſaid, that it was not wine for his table. Metals make no impreſſion on him.

Having been preſented with a little common wine while he was in a ſtate of apathy, and all his motions were performed with languor, he drunk of it willingly; but the irritation which it occaſioned produced a deal of vivacity in all his words, motions, and actions, and cauſed him to make involuntary grimaces.

Once he was obſerved dreſſing himſelf in perfect darkneſs. His clothes were on a large table, mixed with thoſe of ſome other perſons; he immediately perceived this, and complained of it much; at laſt a ſmall light was brought, and then he dreſſed himſelf with ſufficient preciſion. If he is teaſed or gently pinched, he is always ſenſible of it, except he is at the time ſtrongly engroſſed with ſome other thing, and wiſhes to ſtrike the offender; however, he never attacks the perſon who has done the ill, but an ideal being whom his imagination preſents to him, and whom he purſues through the chamber without running againſt the furniture, nor can the perſons whom he meets in his way divert him from his purſuit.

While his imagination was employed on various ſubjects, he heard a clock ſtrike, which repeated at every ſtroke the note of the cuckoo. —There are cuckoos here, ſaid he; and, upon being deſired, he imitated the ſong of that bird immediately.

When he wiſhes to ſee an object, he makes an effort to lift his eyelids; but they are ſo little under his command, that he can hardly raiſe them a line or two, while he draws up his eye-brows; the iris at that time appears fixed, and his eye dim. When any thing is preſented to him and he is told of it, he always half-opens his eyes with a degree of difficulty, and then ſhuts them after he has taken what was offered to him.

The report infers from theſe facts, and from many others relative to the different ſenſes, that their functions are not ſuſpended as to what the Sleep walker wiſhes to ſee, that is, as to all thoſe perceptions which accord with the objects about which his imagination is occupied; that he may alſo be diſpoſed to receive thoſe impreſſions, when his imagination has no other object at the time; that in order to ſee, he is obliged to open his eyes as much as he can, but when the impreſſion is once made it remains; that objects may ſtrike his ſight without ſtriking his imagination, if it is not intereſted in them; and that he is ſometimes informed of the preſence of objects without either ſeeing or touching them.

Having engaged him to write a theme, ſay the committee, we ſaw him light a candle, take pen, ink, and paper from the drawer of his table and begin to write, while his maſter dictated. As he was writing, we put a thick paper before his eyes, notwithſtanding which, he continued to write and to form his letters very diſtinctly; ſhewing ſigns, however, that ſomething was incommoding him, which apparently proceeded from the obſtruction which the paper, being held too near his noſe, gave to his reſpiration.

Upon

Upon another occaſion, the young ſomnambuliſt aroſe at five o'clock in the morning, and took the neceſſary materials for writing, with his copy-book. He meant to have begun at the top of a page; but, finding it already written on, he came to the blank part of the leaf, and wrote ſome time from the following words, *Fiunt ignari pigritia; ils deviennent ignorans par la pareſſe;* and, what is remarkable, after ſeveral lines he perceived he had forgot the *s* in the word *ignorans*, and had put erroneouſly a double *r* in *pareſſe;* he then gave over writing, to add the *s* he had forgot, and to eraſe the ſuperfluous *r*.

Another time he had made, of his own accord, a piece of writing, in order as he ſaid, to pleaſe his maſter. It conſiſted of three kinds of writing, text, half text, and ſmall writ; each of them performed with the proper pen. He drew, in the corner of the ſame paper, the figure of a hat; he then aſked for a pen-knife to take out a blot of ink, which he had made between two letters, and he eraſed it without injuring them. Laſtly, he made ſome arithmetical calculations with great accuracy.

In order to explain ſome of the facts obſerved by the academicians which we have here mentioned, they eſtabliſh two general obſervations, which reſult from what they have ſaid with reſpect to the ſenſes and the dreams of this ſleep-walker.

1. That he is obliged to open his eyes in order to recognize objects which he wiſhes to ſee; but the impreſſion once made, although rapidly, is vivid enough to ſuperſede the neceſſity of his opening them again, to view the ſame objects a-new; that is, the ſame objects are afterwards preſented to his imagination with as much force and preciſion as if he actually ſaw them.

2. That his imagination, thus warmed, repreſents to him objects, and ſuch as he figures to himſelf, with as much vivacity as if he really ſaw them; and, laſtly, that all his ſenſes, being ſubordinate to his imagination, ſeem concentrated in the object with which it is occupied, and have, at that time, no perception of any thing but what relates to that object.

Theſe two cauſes united ſeem to them ſufficient for explaining one of the moſt ſingular facts that occurred to their obſervation, to wit, how the young Devaud can write, although he has his eyes ſhut, and an obſtacle before them. His paper is imprinted on his imagination, and every letter which he means to write is alſo painted there at the place in which it ought to ſtand on the paper, and without being confounded with the other letters; now it is clear that his hand, which is obedient to the will of his imagination, will trace them on the real paper, in the ſame order in which they are repreſented on that which is pictured in his head. It is thus that he is able to write ſeveral letters, ſeveral ſentences, and entire pieces of writing; and what ſeems to confirm the idea, that the young Devaud writes according to the paper painted on his imagination, is, that a certain ſleep-walker, who is deſcribed in the Encyclopædia, (article *Somnambuliſm*) having written ſomething on a paper, another piece of paper of the ſame ſize was ſubſtituted in its ſtead, which he took for his own, and made upon this blank paper the corrections he meant to have made on the other which had been taken away, preciſely in the places where they would have been.

It appears from the recital of another fact, that Devaud, intending to write at the top of the firſt leaf of a white paper book, *Vevey*, le—ſtopt a moment as if to recollect the day

of

of the month, left a blank ſpace, and then proceeded to *December* 1787; after which he aſked for an Almanack: a little book, ſuch as is given to children for a new year's gift, was offered to him; he took it, opened it, brought it near his eyes, then threw it down on the table. An Almanack which he knew was then preſented to him; this was in German, and of a form ſimilar to the Almanack of Vevey: he took it, and then ſaid, 'What is this they have given me; here, there is your German Almanack.' At laſt they gave him the Almanack of Berne: he took this likewiſe, and went to examine it at the bottom of an alcove that was perfectly dark. He was heard turning over the leaves, and ſaying 24, then a moment afterwards 34. Returning to his place, with the Almanack open at the month of December, he laid it on the table and wrote in the ſpace which had left blank, the 24th. This ſcene happened on the 23d; but as he imagined it to be the 24th, he did not miſtake. The following is the explication given of this fact by the authors of the report.

The dates 23d, 24th, and 25th of the month of December had long occupied the mind of the young Devaud. The 23d and 25th were holidays which he expected with the impatience natural to perſons of his age, for the arrival of thoſe moments when their little daily labours are to be ſuſpended. The 25th, eſpecially, was the object of his hopes; there was to be an illumination in the church, which had been deſcribed to him in a manner that quite tranſported him. The 24th was a day of labour, which came very diſagreeably between the two happy days. It may eaſily be conceived, how an imagination ſo irritable as that of the young Devaud, would be ſtruck with thoſe pleaſing epochs. Accordingly, from the beginning of the month, he had been perpetually turning over the Almanack of Vevey. He calculated the days and the hours that were to elapſe before the arrival of his wiſhed-for holidays; he ſhewed to his friends and acquaintance the dates of thoſe days which he expected with ſo much impatience; every time he took up the Almanack, it was only to conſult the month of December. We now ſee why that date preſented itſelf to his mind. He was performing a taſk, becauſe he imagined the day to be the Monday which had ſo long engroſſed him. It is not ſurpriſing, that it ſhould have occurred to his imagination, and that on opening the Almanack in the dark, he might have thought he ſaw this date which he was ſeeking, and that his imagination might have repreſented it to him, in as lively a manner as if he had actually ſeen it. Neither is it ſurpriſing, that he ſhould have opened the Almanack at the month of December; the cuſtom of peruſing this month muſt have made him find it in the dark by a mere mechanical operation. Man never ſeems to be a machine ſo much as in the ſtate of ſomnambuliſm; it is then that habit comes to ſupply thoſe of the ſenſes that cannot be ſerviceable, and that it makes the perſon act with as much preciſion as if all his ſenſes were in the utmoſt activity. Theſe circumſtances deſtroy the idea of there being any thing miraculous in the behaviour of young Devaud, with reſpect to the date and the month that he was in queſt of; and the reader, who has entered into our explanations, will not be ſurprized at his knowing the German Almanack; the touch alone was ſufficient to point it out to him; and the proof of this is the ſhortneſs of the time that it remained in his hands.

An experiment was made by chang-

changing the place of the ink-ſtandiſh during the time that Devaud was writing. He had a light beſide him, and had certified himſelf of the place where his ink-holder was ſtanding, by means of ſight. From that time he continued to take ink with preciſion, without being obliged to open his eyes again: but the ink-ſtandiſh being removed, he returned as uſual to the place where he thought it was. It muſt be obſerved, that the motion of his hand was rapid till it reached the height of the ſtandiſh, and then he moved it ſlowly, till the pen gently touched the table as he was ſeeking for the ink: he then perceived that a trick had been put on him, and complained of it; he went in ſearch of his ink-ſtandiſh, and put it in its place. This experiment was ſeveral times repeated, and always attended with the ſame circumſtances. Does not what we have here ſtated prove, that the ſtandiſh, the paper, the table, &c. are painted on his imagination in as lively a manner as if he really ſaw them, as he ſought the real ſtandiſh in the place where his imagination told him it ought to have been? Does it not prove, that the ſame lively imagination is the cauſe of the moſt ſingular actions of this ſleep walker? And laſtly, Does it not prove, that a mere glance of his eye is ſufficient to make his impreſſions as lively as durable?

The committee, upon the whole, recommend to ſuch as wiſh to repeat the ſame experiments, 1. To make their obſervations on different ſleep-walkers. 2. To examine often whether they can read books that are unknown to them, in perfect darkneſs. 3. To obſerve whether they can tell the hours on a watch in the dark. 4. To remove when they write, the ink-ſtandiſh from its place, to ſee whether they will return to the ſame place in order to take ink. 5. And, laſtly, to take notice whether they walk with the ſame confidence in a dark and unknown place, as in one with which they are acquainted.

They likewiſe recommend to ſuch as would confirm or invalidate the above obſervations, to make all their experiments in the dark; becauſe it has been hitherto ſuppoſed, that the eyes of ſleep-walkers are of no uſe to them.

Some particulars reſpecting the dreadful Storm, which ravaged certain Parts of France on July the 13th, 1788. (Extracted from two memoirs, written by Mr. Buiſſart, member of the academy of Arras.)

THE ſtorm of July 13th, 1788, has become a memorable event, on account of the diſaſters which it occaſioned, and the immenſe extent of country which it traverſed. Father Cotte, in an article inſerted in the *Journal de France*, informs us, that the extraordinary hail which fell, during this ſtorm, began in England on the 12th, and extended in the afternoon to Normandy; that the next day, the 13th, being driven back by the ſea, it ſpread from eight in the morning, till nine, in Poitou, la Tourrain, la Beauce, le Pays Chartrain, and the iſle of France; that it paſſed afterwards into Picardy about ten, and into Artois and Flanders about half after eleven, and from thence carried its devaſtation into Holland about two in the afternoon.

This ſtorm, in croſſing the river Somme, before it arrived at the province of Artois, divided itſelf into two parts, above a wood belonging to the abbey of Saint-Vaaſt. This wood, ſituated upon an eminence, is three leagues diſtant from the city of Perſonne. One part proceeded towards Cambray, and fell in hail upon

Bouchaveſne, le Maiſnil, Bus, Bertincourt, le Cateau-Cambreſis, &c. The other part ravaged in Artois, Caucourt, Mori, Saint-Leger, Croiſille, Boiri-Notre-Dame, Etain, Vitry and Brebières. Theſe were the places which ſuffered moſt by the hail. At Boileux, Boury-Becquerelle, Wancourt, Monchi-le-Preux, and ſome other villages, the devaſtation was much leſs. All theſe villages are ſituated either along the banks of the Cojeuil and the Scarpe, or nearly ſo. The damage ſuſtained in them has been valued at 1,835,000 livres; (about 70,000l ſterling) and the ſtates of Artois granted them, by way of indemnification, the ſum of 400,000 livres, (about 17,000l. ſterling.) which will be diſtributed in each village, according to the ravage occaſioned by the hail.

On the morning of the 13th, when this ſtorm happened, the ſky was pretty free from clouds, but the heat was much greater than it had been for ſome days preceding. At five in the morning Reaumur's thermometer ſtood at ſixteen degrees; the barometer at twenty-ſeven inches nine lines eight-tenths, and the hygrometer at thirteen degrees ſeven-tenths.

The clouds came from the ſouth, and went againſt the wind, which was from the North. About nine the number of the clouds increaſed, ſo that at eleven there was ſeen between the ſouth and eaſt, and particularly towards the ſouth, a very thick and almoſt black zone of clouds, below which there appeared ſeveral of a whitiſh colour. All theſe clouds, inſtead of going as before, from the ſouth towards the north, changed their direction, and proceeded from weſt to eaſt. At half after eleven they were above the city of Arras, where they produced, at firſt, a few large drops of rain, and afterwards an abundant ſhower, mixed with hail diſſolved. During this time a very great obſcurity prevailed, and two or three whirlwinds were felt, but not very impetuous. To ſeveral flaſhes of lightning ſucceeded ſome claps of thunder, more violent than thoſe the diſtant rumbling noiſe of which had been diſtinctly heard from eight in the morning, notwithſtanding there were few clouds then above the horizon.

On the ſame day the ſky appeared at Douay and the Abbey de Fline, near that city, under a more dreadful aſpect, according to the teſtimony of many people at thoſe places, and of ſeveral clergymen who reſide between Douay and Arras. About half an hour after eleven the heavens were entirely covered, and their colour reſembled the greeniſh black at the bottom of a bottle. There appeared afterwards four bands of different colours, one black, another green, a third white, and the fourth yellow, or almoſt ſo. Theſe four colours ſoon diſappeared, and the clouds became red, and as it were of the colour of flame. The hail then began, and the abundance of rain which fell encreaſed the obſcurity. The darkneſs was exceedingly great in moſt of the places over which the ſtorm paſſed, and even to ſuch a degree, that the inhabitants were obliged to make uſe of candles. The clouds at the abbey de Fline appeared to ſweep the ground, and objects at the diſtance of ten paces were ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable. Some nuns, who were on their knees at prayers, in the nave of the church, appeared to be motionleſs, and in a kind of ſtupor; they paid no attention to the water which was ruſhing in upon them from all quarters.

The ſize of the hail which fell during this ſtorm, was not every where the ſame. Its form alſo was very different, ſince ſome of the balls were angular, and others round, or elliptical; the laſt, however, were more common than the firſt.

The

The angular balls were of more or leſs ſize in different territories. I have been told that ſome were obſerved falling, which approached nearly to the ſize of one's fiſt. The inhabitants of the village of Brebieres, near the city of Douay, maintain that the hailſtones which fell in their territories were in part flat, and as large as the bottom of a common bottle*.

The round or elliptical balls, were alſo various in their ſize. In ſome places they were like nuts, or pigeon's eggs, and in others like thoſe of domeſtic fowls. Beſides this difference in their ſize, they were remarkable for a number of points, which made their whole circumference appear as if covered with briſtles.

The fall of theſe different kinds of hail happened at intervals, but they were generally preceded or announced by ſudden whirlwinds. There were ſome places where theſe whirlwinds occaſioned more deſtruction than the hail. The latter cut the corn, and broke windows, ſlates and tiles, while the former deſtroyed roofs, carried them entirely away, and broke large trees, or tore them up by the roots.

A field near Sailly, a village not far from the abbey of Arrouaiſe, was found covered with a layer of hail two or three feet deep. This extraordinary phenomenon excited the curioſity of a great number of the neighbouring farmers, many of whom went thither to examine it.

This unequal diſtribution of the hail was obſerved alſo in ſeveral other places, over which the ſtorm paſſed, and for this reaſon, thoſe which felt its effects have been more or leſs ravaged. Sallad and other kinds of garden ſtuff were entirely deſtroyed. A great number of birds, pigeons, partridges, and even hares, were found dead in the fields, and this hail might nave been deſtructive to man, had the ſtorm of the 13th happened upon any other day than a Sunday. Several villages, however, ſituated upon the line which it deſcribed did not ſuffer from the hail.

Whirlwinds were felt in the above province, during the ſtorm, at a great diſtance from the places where it paſſed. For example, at St. Pol, Heſdin, Lens, Bethune, &c. and intermediate villages.

At Campoux, a village two leagues from Arras towards Douay, very little hail fell, and the wind only tore up two or three trees. At St. Nazare, as well as in the neighbourhood of Lens, between eleven and twelve in the

* Mr. Buiſſart, in a note to a former memoir upon the ſame ſubject, where he tells us, that he was aſſured by ſome of the inhabitants of the village of Fontaine, that they found hail-ſtones which weighed four or five pounds, and that they were ſo claſtic (a circumſtance which he does not believe) that they rebounded four or five times after their fall, ſays, "I can "hardly give faith to what was told "me by a very reſpectable eccleſi-"aſtic, who reſides at Artois, and "was in the neighbourhood of Paris "during the ſtorm of July 13th, "1788. He declared, that among "the hail-ſtones, he ſaw fall around "him, ſeveral blocks of ice two or "three inches in thickneſs, and "eighteen or twenty ſquare. If "this phenomenon be real, how can "we explain it from the received "principles of natural philoſophy? "To me it appears difficult, unleſs "we have recourſe to different whirl-"winds which prevailed then in the "atmoſphere. Theſe winds, by "their aſcenſional force, might have "raiſed up ſeveral of thoſe blocks of "ice into the upper regions of the "air before their gravity could act. "This conjecture is well founded; "the wonderful effects produced by "currents of air, which are only "whirlwinds, leave us no room to "doubt of it."

the forenoon of the 13th, there was an abundant rain, and ſeveral claps of thunder were heard. The ſtorm here was accompanied with ſeveral violent whirlwinds.

Theſe whirlwinds overturned and tore up by the roots ſeveral large trees in the neighbourhood of the village of Croiſille, and in other places. They alſo carried away ſeveral ſtraw roofs, and deſtroyed houſes, mills, &c. The damage done to the Abbey de Fline, both with regard to tearing up trees and deſtroying roofs, was very conſiderable. Plates of lead were torn from the church of that abbey, and the ſame effects were obſerved in the city of Douay, on ſeveral large buildings.

Theſe whirlwinds perpendicular to the ſtorm, were, as I have already remarked, generally preceded by a deluge of hail, and had a great reſemblance to hurricanes. At the abbey de Fline they carried away or overturned five large walnut trees, planted at a ſmall diſtance one from the other, without touching a large elm which ſtood, as one may ſay, in the middle, and of which the roots had been cut the evening before, in order that it might be pulled down. This reſpect paid to an old elm, which adhered to the earth only by a few feeble roots, appeared to ſeveral people very ſingular, and eſpecially to thoſe who were little verſed in the phenomena of electricity.

After ſome remarks upon the ſituation of the corn and other fruits of the earth, which had been affected by this dreadful ſtorm, Mr. Buiſſart tells us, that he cannot conclude his memoir without relating the adventure of a lady of his acquaintance, who was travelling with her two daughters, one aged ſix, and the other nine years. She was accompanied by a gentleman, who was Comptroller General of the Poſts, a young lady, and a ſervant maid. In a letter, which ſhe wrote to her niece, ſhe gave the following account of her diſaſter.

" On the 13th we ſet out from " Arras, in a carriage drawn by three " horſes. As the weather was then " fine, we were far from ſuſpecting " what misfortunes were about to " overtake us. When we arrived at " Bapaume it threatened a ſtorm: " we had even heard the noiſe of the " thunder, but at a great diſtance. " Continuing our route, we had " ſcarcely advanced a quarter of " a mile when one of the ſprings of " our coach gave way, which obliged " us to alight in order to mend it, " having every thing with us neceſ- " ſary for that purpoſe. Whilſt we " were employed in this buſineſs, the " ſtorm gathered over our heads, " and a deluge of hail fell around " us, the ſmalleſt balls of which " were as large as a walnut: we " even obſerved ſome which were " half as large as one's fiſt, and " which were covered with ſharp " points. The horſes being dread- " fully pelted by it, took fright; ſo " that it was not in our power to " ſecure ourſelves in the carriage: " we therefore threw ourſelves on " the ground, near the high road; " where, for near half an hour, we " were expoſed to that dreadful hail " without the leaſt ſhelter, as there " were neither trees nor ſhrubs " growing near us.

" Your little couſins ſent forth " cries ſufficient to have pierced a " heart of ſtone. I ſpread myſelf " over the body of Aline, to pre- " vent the enormous hail-ſtones " from wounding her head; and " my female companion and Feli- " cité did the ſame to Fanny, who " nevertheleſs received a blow upon " her lip, which made it ſwell pro- " digiouſly. The gentleman who " was with us ſupported me as much " as the ſtorm would permit him; " for the fury of the wind was ſo

" great

" great that it almoſt ſtifled us. I " had pulled up my peticoats to " ſave Aline from the hail, and on " this account I received it upon my " reins, which were ſcarcely co- " vered with any thing but my ſhift: " I was therefore dreadfully mauled. " Beſides all this, the cruel water " poured in upon us from all quar- " ters; but, at length, after half an " hour, the hail ceaſed.

" We then endeavoured to get " upon our legs; but our clothes " and bodies were as wet as if we " had been dragged thro' a river; " and the cold wind, which blew " with great violence, had almoſt " froze us to death. The dreadful ter- " ror under which we were, brought " upon us all a general fit of trem- " bling. I was dragged to the car- " riage, the horſes of which had " been ſtopped by a peaſant who " had ſhared our misfortune, and I " got up, with my two children, " more dead than alive, none of us " having expected any thing elſe " than deſtruction. Fear, and ap- " parently the large quantity of wind " which had entered my lungs, de- " prived me almoſt of the power of " breathing; but I luckily ſwallowed " a little *eau de Cologne*, which aſ- " ſuredly ſaved my life.

" My two companions, as being " ſtronger, had the courage to go to " the poſt-houſe, which was at the " diſtance of a quarter of a league, to " procure aſſiſtance to enable us to " mend our carriage, and to ſend us " another. This took up an hour " and a half, which appeared to me " an age, being wet, and dreadfully " cold; while the thunder, which " ſtill continued to be heard every " now and then, added conſiderably " to my uneaſineſs. We, however, " arrived at length at the poſt, hav- " ing ſcarcely the appearance of hu- " man beings. The miſtreſs of the " houſe lent me a dry ſhift and pet- " ticoats, and made us a large fire: " ſhe procured clothes alſo for my " two children, and gave them ſome " excellent ſoup; but we were oblig- " ed to remain with the ſame ſhoes " and ſtockings until we arrived at " Courcillette, a circumſtance which " was very diſagreeable and incon- " venient.

" I greatly apprehended that both " I and my children ſhould have felt " ſome very bad effects from our be- " ing expoſed to this cruel ſtorm; " but no ill conſequences enſued " from it except a pain in my reins, " which abates every day. Your " little couſins appear to be in good " health, but they have ſcabs on their " noſe and lips, which have appeared " ſince their adventure. Theſe poor " children had a near view of death.

" I am told that the hail has deſtroy- " ed glaſs at Bapaume to the amount " of a thouſand crowns. The " villages where this ſcourge has fal- " len will reap little or nothing from " their harveſt. More than twenty " are ſaid to be laid waſte, &c."

Comparative View of the Government and Character of the French *and* Spaniards, *from* ' *Letters from* Barbary, France, Portugal,' *&c. By an* Engliſh *officer.*

THE inhabitants of France and thoſe of Spain, ſo oppoſite in diſpoſition, probably require different kinds of government; but they are now nearly of the ſame kind; and hence we may conclude one of them to be wrong, which is probably that of Spain. The French inconſtancy, heat, impetuoſity, and the Spaniſh ſteady patience, natural pride and indolence, muſt require different treatment. Different ſoils and ſituations muſt have different culture to make them productive. Theſe

Theſe two nations can never find much to borrow from, or to like in each other. They ſeem originally intended to be enemies; and, if left to themſelves, the leading principles of their governments would probably be as oppoſite as their taſte and character.

'The character of the French, their peculiar humours, fire, and caprice, perhaps render them unfit to be truſted with that degree of liberty which, to other nations, ſeems neceſſary. Unable to judge of oppreſſion or injuſtice but from fancy or faſhion, they muſt, perhaps, be guided and reſtrained by a deſpotic hand. And ſo long as that can be conſidered as the hand of a father, and deſpotiſm can conceal its character under the cloak of amiable and liberal manners and ſentiments: while an open and amicable intercourſe is kept up between ſovereign and people by proper *media*; it may long go on ſmoothly, and even ſometimes with a degree of proſperity far beyond what could have been expected; but we have now probably ſeen its limits, or *maximum* of ſucceſs, and may propheſy that it cannot go much farther. Though the prince acknowledged himſelf tied by no conſtitutional bonds, theſe are partly, though precariouſly, ſupplied by his attention to the national prejudices and public opinion, to the advices and remonſtrances of his own tribunals, which though originally inſtituted to enlarge his authority, have gradually aſſumed a kind of right to control his edicts, and almoſt to repreſent the nation, or at leaſt to deceive it.

'But the Spaniſh character ſeems to require and deſerve a government of freedom and ſecurity, as a neceſſary incitement to the good, and a proper remedy for its bad qualities. It would be requiſite for the exerciſe of their natural good ſenſe, of their rational and meditative turn of mind, and their other powerful and diſtinguiſhing qualities, as pride, honour, firmneſs, magnanimity, which we know they poſſeſs, when excited by ſufficient motives. It would likewiſe ſerve as a cure to their indolence, to their falſe notions of honour and religion. But all the modern changes in their government have had a contrary courſe and tendency.

'By purſuing their hiſtory you will trace ſome of the cauſes, and the progreſs of their grandeur and of their decline. The union of ſeveral kingdoms under one wiſe head (Ferdinand) ſuddenly formed a great power, invigorated by the ferment of liberty, and the natural operations of their then free, though complicated and imperfect ſyſtems of government. Their internal and Mooriſh wars; their diſcovery of the new world; their acceſſion to Auſtria; produced great objects of national exertion. Diſtant wars, conqueſt, defence, diſcovery, commerce, all conſpired to call forth the moſt powerful, public, and individual efforts, and to make them really great. But national greatneſs knows no bounds. It generally at laſt overſhoots them all, and exhauſts itſelf. Then the invaſion of their rights by Charles the Fifth, and the final deſtruction of their conſtitution by his ſucceſſors, became more than ſufficient to overbalance and bear down all the advantages of their acquiſitions; and the baneful effects of over-ſtrained efforts, of miſtaken policy, and of deſpotiſm, ſoon began to appear. The nation, as it became, by the loſs of its liberties, leſs able to bear additional weights, was, as uſually happens, more heavily loaded, and ſoon exhauſted, by the ambitious, and then uncontrolable, purſuits of its princes. Its operations abroad became more languid, while at home the national character degenerated; till by the help of other unfavourable incidents, it ſunk at laſt into a dependence

nce on that very power with whom it ormerly contended with ſucceſs.

'As the nation had neither ſpirit, force, nor wiſdom enough left to hooſe a king and goveinment of its own on the death of Charles the Second, the Spaniards are obliged to ſubmit to be governed by the arbitrary ſyſtems of Bourbon politics, in which the intereſt of the country does not form even a part. They have already paid ſeverely for that connexion, were it only by the wars into which it has led them, in which they had no real intereſt, and for which they were totally unfit and unequal, after being ſo irrecoverably debilitated. How different their ſituation from that of former periods, when they could make all their foreign connections act ſubſervient to their own views; and when the council of Vienna was well known to be only the miniſter of that of Madrid!

'Whatever apparent or pretended improvements have been introduced by the Bourbon government, have certainly not been in favour of freedom, nor of the ancient conſtitution; nor has the increaſe of forms, councils, or ſubdiviſions, tended to facilitate, but rather to embarraſs and retard the public buſineſs, and to compoſe a complex ſyſtem of tyranny, which removes almoſt every object that could excite great talents or induſtry, or that could raiſe ſuch minds to great or noble actions.

'From theſe facts, and their numerous conſequences—the negligence and corruption of people in public office; the impoſſibility of redreſs for any perſon they may chooſe to oppreſs; and the want of legal or conſtitutional intercourſe between the ſovereign and the people; we cannot expect to find in this nation any great or continued efforts of public ſpirit to ſtem the torrent of national corruption. Their government naturally produces a deſpondency in all, and more eſpecially in the lower and moſt important claſſes of people. In ſhort, their new government ſeems only intent on converting them entirely into Frenchmen, which they never will be, and on ſubduing the remaining magnanimity, and other virtues left in their character; in which it may ſucceed by time, inſidious policy, and artificial ſyſtems of oppreſſion. Seeing them now become ſlaves to ſuperſtition and arbitrary power; their former character and ſpirit enervated and ſubdued; the poverty and deſolation of the country; and comparing former periods with the preſent: the effects of their ancient conſtitution, with thoſe of its abolition; we need not heſitate to conclude that their native temper and genius are incompatible with a deſpotic authority, and cannot appear while under ſuch oppreſſion. Nothing leſs than civil and religious liberty can reſtore their character, and repeople their now naked and arid plains.'

An affecting Inſtance of the Effects of Love.

SIR,

I Set out in the ſpring on a tour into the Weſt, and having paſſed the ſummer in the delightful and hoſpitable counties of Somerſet and Devon, I am ſafely returned to my winter quarters again near Charing croſs. This piece of intelligence, you may poſſibly ſay, is of ſmall, or rather of no conſequence to you or to the Public; but though I am an old man, and of courſe inclined both to garrulity and egotiſm, I ſhould not trouble you with it, if I had not another more intereſting to counterbalance the inſignificance of this.

Well then, Sir, I have in my late travels ſeen a Phœnix! or ſomething almoſt as rare; a being as often

mentioned by the Poets as the Arabian bird, and almoſt as ſeldom to be found amongſt the haunts of men! I have ſeen a youth who died for love!—If you admit this fact, which I aver from my own perſonal knowledge, I think you will not be at a loſs in what rank of life to place this *rara avis*. His plumage was not of the ſcarlet dye, no gorget glittered on his gentle breaſt, nor golden epaulet adorned his ſhoulder—of courſe he was not of the military race. The peacock's gaudy tints were none of his; no ſpangled veſt or gay embroidered coat had marked him of the anomalous breed ycleped Macaronies.

The linnet's ruſſet brown was all the colour that ever decked his form; yet manly grace and natural elegance appeared in every motion of his limbs; his ſun-burnt check gave luſtre to his dark blue eyes, while they ſpoke all the language of his heart, and beamed forth ſenſibility. Such was the figure of our farmer's ſon, the gentle Richard Wilſon.

In a cottage, ſeparated only by a few fields from his father's houſe, there dwelt a maid of a ſtill lower rank than even the humble hero of my tale; her mother was a widow, left with three children, and without ſupport, but what ſhe could procure from her own induſtry. Richard's humanity at firſt attached him to this helpleſs family; he uſed to till their little garden, and furniſh them with every ſmall aſſiſtance which his not affluent means afforded.—But as the elder daughter of this lowly hut, the fair Eliza, grew towards womanhood, her opening charms made deep impreſſions upon Richard's heart, and quickly taught him that

"Pity is allied to Love."

Nature and fortune often are at ſtrife, and rarely do we find their gifts united in a ſingle object. Their quarrel now ſeemed riſen to the height; Eliza was the ſubject of contention; and while deprived by one of every good within her power to give, the other laviſhly poured forth her ſtore to deck the blooming maid.

I think it is hardly neceſſary to ſay, that Eliza's heart ſoon became ſenſible of Richard's worth, and that their love was mutual.—The day, the hour was fixed to make them one; their names had twice been called together in the church, no envious tongue forbidding, when, O ſad ſtate of ſublunary bliſs! Eliza felt the pangs of ſickneſs ſeize on all her frame, and the moſt fatal ſymptoms of the ſmall-pox, that tyrant to beauty, ſoon appeared. Though he had never had this foul diſorder himſelf, no power could force her faithful Richard from the bed ſide, where changed, disfigured, his Eliza lay.—She felt the King of Terrors near approach, and graſping Richard's hand in her's, implored that he would ceaſe to grieve for her, but live to be a comfort to her aged mother. "She ſhall be mine, my mother, (he replied) but I muſt follow you."

Eliza's ſpotleſs ſoul was fled, ere Richard's ſpeech was ended.—I ſaw him lead her drooping mother to Eliza's grave, and all the village youths and damſels mourn her loſs, and her cold clay laid decent in the earth.

Each morn and eve was Richard found near his Eliza's grave; nor could time's lenient power abate his grief; his cheek grew wan, his eyes were dimmed with tears, and he ſcarce ſeemed the ſhadow of himſelf.

Compaſſion prompted me to ſeek the youth, and try to reaſon down his fruitleſs grief.—I told him if he perſiſted in indulging it, it would deſtroy his life, and fruſtrate the promiſe he had made to her he loved.—He calmly anſwered in the following words:

"You are miſtaken, Sir, I will not die,

die till I have fulfilled my promiſe; but when that happy hour ſhall come, no power on earth ſhall force me to linger here.—I thank you for your kindneſs, but my fate is fixed."

I did not comprehend the meaning of theſe words; but thought his mind diſturbed by conſtant grief, which I, however, had no doubt but time would conquer.—This happened in the latter end of June, and ſome days after I went into Devonſhire.

On my return to Somerſetſhire laſt Auguſt, I enquired what was become of Richard. My friend, at whoſe houſe I then was, told me, that he had purſued exactly the ſame courſe of daily viſiting Eliza's grave, till he was become quite emaciated with grief and faſting.

On the ſecond of Auguſt Richard became of age, and went that day dreſſed in his beſt attire to the next town, where he, in all due form, bequeathed his worldly wealth, his father being dead, to Eliza's mother; he then returned to the ſad ſpot where all his treaſure lay, bedewed it with his tears, and within a few days after expired.

If I had a talent for poetry, I ſhould think theſe lovers, particularly the young man, as proper a ſubject for an elegant epitaph, as thoſe leſs unhappy ones, whom Mr. Pope has immortaliſed from their being killed together by lightning; but as I am not bleſſed with ſuch talents as his, I ſhall content myſelf with ſincerely regretting the hapleſs fate of this amiable pair, and haſten to ſubſcribe myſelf, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

PETER TARDY.

The Picture of a SUPERANNUATED LOVER.

CALLING t'other morning on a very ancient gentleman, who uſed to take a great deal of notice of me when I was a child, I found him ſurrounded by a ſet of people, with whom I little expected to ſee him engaged, at *his* ſtage of life. There was a ſmart French hair-dreſſer waiting with all the implements of his profeſſion, ready to ſeize on the almoſt laſt lock of hair which, like father *Time*, my old friend had left on his forehead; while a faſhionable taylor was going to try on a *jeune* olive fly-frock, and a buff waiſtcoat and breeches, *tamboured* with all the colours of Iris's variegated bow. A neat hoſierd held a pair of white ſilk ſtockings in his hand, with high-wrought clocks up to the mid-leg, ready for him to pull on; while a ſhoemaker was upon his knees, ſqueezing the old fellow's toes into a pair of narrow ſoled pumps, which ſo execrably pinched him, that he roared out luſtily with the anguiſh; the unfeeling ſon of *Criſpin* ſwore at the ſame time, that the pumps were perfectly eaſy, and that he never finiſhed a neater piece of work in all his life, as they had not a ſingle wrinkle, but ſat as ſmooth and as tight as his own ſkin. I perceived the old gentleman's colour riſe, on his being thus unexpectedly caught in a ſituation, which I could not but think he well knew to be a truly ridiculous one. Ordering therefore Mr. Laſt to take off his new pumps, and to call the next day; he then diſmiſſed the reſt of his levee, even his Friſeur, though it was uncertain when he could fix him again, as people of his very *uſeful* and moſt neceſſary occupation are not always to be had at a moment's warning.—So prodigiouſly indeed are they *engaged*, ſo many *capital* engagements have they upon their hands, that a lady has been known to wait ſeveral hours before ſhe could have her *head* fit to be ſeen in public; and has been even obliged to ſtay at home merely for want of her hair-dreſſer's powerful aſſiſtance to enable her to ſhew her face at a rout, or *bal-paree*.—But to return to my poor old man: He was really aſhamed of his folly, though he was

unwilling to own it: Pitying him, therefore, exceedingly, and being apprehenſive that I might not, perhaps, prove able to convince him of the extreme impropriety of his conduct, by making an oppoſition to his proceedings, till I was fully acquainted with the motives by which he was ſtimulated to act in ſo prepoſterous a manner; I began with telling him, that I ſaw he employed a ſet of very clever people about his toilet; and aſked him, what ceremonious viſit he was going to make that required ſo much preciſion in his dreſs. Oh! (replied he) my preparations are not for *one* viſit, but for ſeveral; and if you will not laugh at me I will tell you. I am going to be married at laſt, I hope, to one of the fineſt girls in town. You will ſurely allow, therefore, that I ought to make a ſuitable appearance. A vaſt deal, you muſt be ſenſible, depends upon the firſt interview; if I can but *ſtrike* her at once, you know, my buſineſs is done." A burſt of laughter, which I could not ſuppreſs, at this delivery of the curious ſpeech, almoſt ſtaggered my friend; and I believe he did not know whether *my* ſincerity, or that of his miſtreſs, was the moſt queſtionable. Reſuming, however, my former ſerioufneſs, I told him, that I thought I was quite lucky in calling upon him, as I might have it in my power, having been once in the ſame predicament myſelf, to give him ſome uſeful hints. Taken in, fairly *hummed* by this ſpeech, he actually began to conſult me about bruſhing up his old battered carcaſe—"A man, you know, (ſaid he) would chuſe to make the very beſt of himſelf upon ſuch an occaſion." "Certainly (replied I, taking up his waiſtcoat and breeches which the taylor had left on a chair); but this fellow has miſled you, I ſee, already." "Aye, (cried he) how? how? But to be ſure it is very poſſible; I have neglected my perſon ſo long, that I ſcarcely know what is the faſhion." "Oh! (replied I) you ſhall be ſet right in a moment. This waiſtcoat ſhould not have any buttons *before*, they are quite out; it muſt be faſtened entirely *behind*, and have only a taſſel on the breaſt: and then the garters of your breeches ſhould have been *brode's au' tambour*, like your waiſtcoat. Beſides, the colour of your coat, though faſhionable enough for a man who makes no pretenſions to dreſs, is not ſo proper for a lover; *he* ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by a *ſmothered ſigh*." "My dear boy, (exclaimed the old ſimpleton, preſſing me to his boſom, as if he fancied he had his girl in his arms) thou wilt be a lucky rogue to me, indeed. But is there really ſuch a colour as a *ſmothered ſigh?* and don't you play upon me now?" "Not I, indeed; I was never more in earneſt in my life: it is a new colour juſt imported from Paris, and, like a ſigh cannot be deſcribed.—Your taylor can get it for you in a minute." "Aye, and ſo he ſhall (cried he, attempting to cut a caper upon his crippled feet). But do ſtay, and ſee if I have all my things right. I expect a dentiſt every moment to put me in four new teeth; and Mr. *Chaconne* the dancing-maſter is to teach me the *pas grave*, and to give me a few *attitudes*." No ſooner had he uttered theſe words, than *Chaconne* entered the room. After having made the proper bow to *me* as a ſtranger, and ſaid that he hoped he did not interrupt us, my old man replied, "No, no, this gentleman is my particular friend, and knows all. I am quite ready to take my leſſon.—I think I had not got farther than the *approach*, when you was here laſt." "That's but a ſmall advance as a lover," ſaid I. "O, Sir, (anſwered *Chaconne*) Mr. —— takes ſo much pains, that I dare ſay he will be able to dance an *Allemande* with the lady in leſs than a fortnight. But, Sir, (continued he, taking the
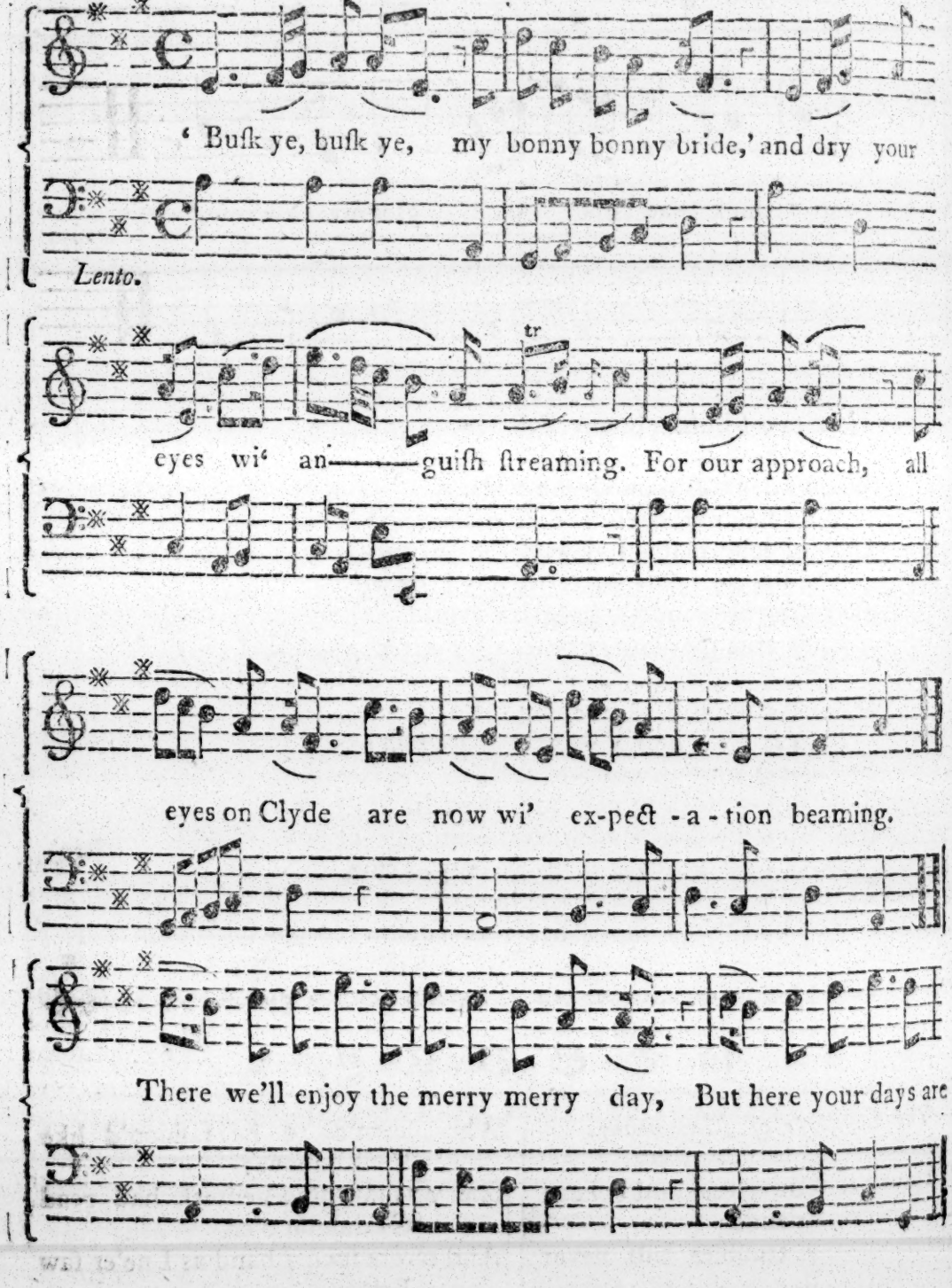
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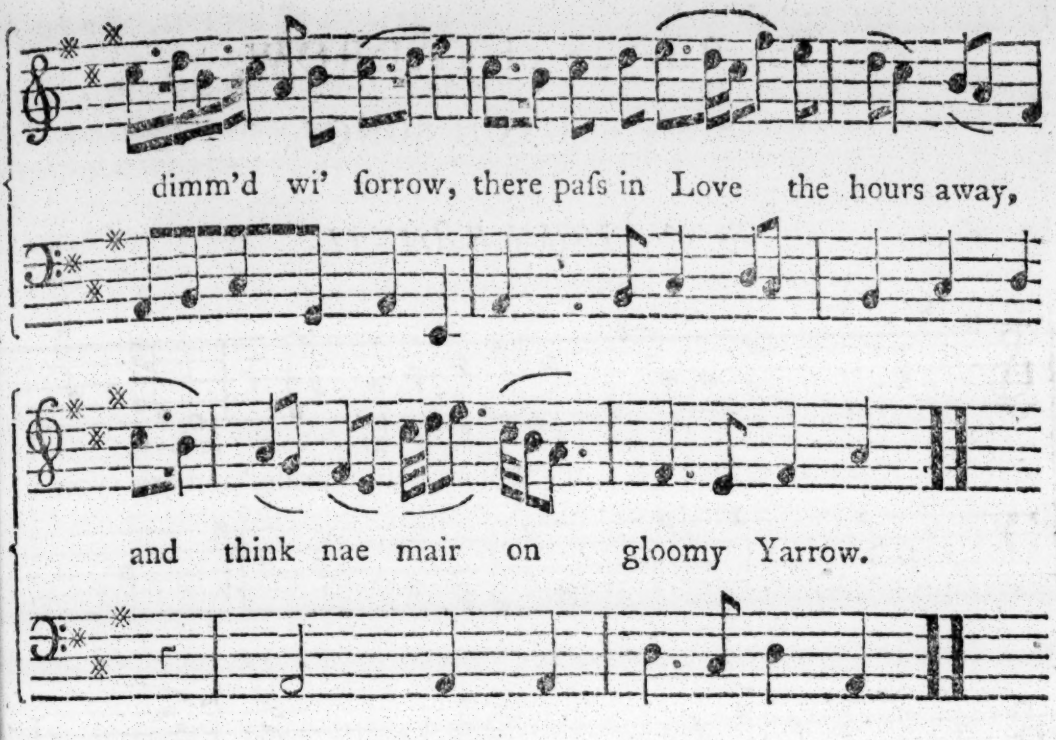
old boy by the arm to teach him the *pas grave*) your fingers are not quite the thing; an operator for the nails will be abſolutely neceſſary, before you venture to take the lady by the hand." "I expect him every moment," replied the grey-bearded coxcomb. As ſoon as the dancing-maſter had finiſhed his inſtructions, the dentiſt made his appearance, aſſuring his new cuſtomer, that he had brought him four of the whiteſt teeth that ever came out of a human jaw. "Two of the moſt pearly ones, (continued he) I purchaſed of a ſervant girl, who bought a ſecond-hand ſilk gown with the money; and the other two were warm this morning in the mouth of a healthy young dog of a chimney-ſweeper, who never having been able to get at ſo great a dainty as a piece of *fleſh*, was happily preſerved from the ſcurvy." My old friend made a wry face at this information; however, he ſubmitted to the operation in queſtion; though I plainly perceived, that he felt as if his face was fixed in a frame. In ſhort, when the little gray hair he had upon his pate was twiſted in a queue, ſomewhat reſembling a pig's tail; when his pumps were dragged on with the greateſt difficulty, and endured with the greateſt pain; and when his coat was hooked ſo tight over his boſom, that he could ſcarcely fetch his breath, he began to feel ſo unhappy on having been ſo entirely put out of his way, that I am almoſt ſure nothing but the dread of hearing a ſecond burſt of laughter from me prevented him from parting with all the faſhionable decorations of his perſon: and even with his miſtreſs alſo, and his *teeth* into the bargain, in order to recover eaſe in his old clothes, and to reſt himſelf in his night-cap, night-gown, and ſlippers, in his armed chair. Dreading, however, to be the jeſt of his friend, it never entered into his head, that he would certainly appear in the moſt ridiculous light to the girl, for whom he had converted himſelf into ſo complete a fool. He now rung for his chariot; and aſked me if he ſhould ſet me down. I aſſented. While the horſes were putting to, my poor old man made a thouſand grimaces; firſt lifting up one leg, and then the other, like a bear learning to foot it upon a heated iron. I really felt ſome compaſſion for him; and obſerving that he did not ſeem to be in ſpirits, I told him, "I was afraid his finery did not ſit well upon him; adding that I thought he had better have gone a wooing in his old cloaths." "Aye, (cried he) there's no doubt of that; but do not you think the girl would have me in *them?*" "I ſhall anſwer your queſtion (replied I) with another—Do you think you ſhall be contented to dreſs in this manner for the remainder of your days?" Oh no, no, (replied he eagerly) no, no—When once I have my miſtreſs ſure, I will throw off all this frippery and dreſs, and live as I did before." "But will you not (ſaid I) by ſo doing *impoſe* upon the lady, by appearing after your marriage with her a very different man? You cannot, after ſuch a palpable deception, expect her to be conſtant to you; you will not be the ſame man; and ſhe may, availing herſelf of the duplicity of your appearance, plead, that having loved two different men in one, ſhe may be at liberty to love two hundred upon the ſame principle." "Deteſtable principle! (exclaimed the old Genius with a revival of his former ſpirit)—No, no; when once I have made her my wife, let me alone to keep her conſtant—Never fear *that*." The chariot now came to the door, our dialogue was conſequently interrupted: *my* ſuperannuated lover went off with as much courage—to take a young wife, and as firm a reſolution—to manage her, as ever troops went to conquer an enemy.

The BRAES of YARROW,

A new SCOTCH SONG,

By Mr. JOHN RANNIE.





II.

How can I buſk a bonny Bride?—
Ah! how can I refrain frae weeping,
When he is toſs'd on Ocean wide,
Wha has my waefu' heart in keeping?
O lang, lang maun I view, wi' pain,
The ſtream made bitter wi' my ſorrow;
And, for his coming, lang, in vain,
Look frae the flow'ry braes o' Yarrow!

III.

But leave me ſtill, a weeping maid,
By Yarrow's lonely waves to languiſh;
For ſooner than conſent to wed,
The grave ſhall bury a' my anguiſh.
Tho' apprehenſion's ſhadows gloom
Dark o'er the night of deep'ning ſorrow,
Yet true to love I'll preſs the tomb,
And him that won my heart on Yarrow!

POETRY.

The Comforts of Matrimony.

I Have had four wives, and believe me my friend,
I think that my troubles will never have end.
The firſt I eſpous'd was a girl of love,
Who ſeem'd to be faſhion'd like Venus above;
She was tall and genteel, had read Grandiſon o'er,
And wrote ſuch a hand as I ne'er ſaw before;
Could dance like an Opera girl, and could play

On

On the ſpinnet, and rival the nightingale's lay;
She could flouriſh, and work the tambour to a hair,
No Nun for mock flowers with her could compare;
But all kitchen buſineſs was let run to ruin,
She minded not waſhing, nor baking, nor brewing,
She dreſs'd for *good* company—then for her hair,
It advanc'd in the van, it fell back in the rear,
It varied like all other things in this world,
It was ſmooth, it was frizz'd, it was twiſted, 'twas curl'd,
Now with pins it was tight, now it wav'd with the wind,
It was padded before, it was cuſhion'd behind.
What my father by thrift, and by induſtry ſav'd,
She ſpent—and would whimper as oft as I rav'd.
One night at a ball, where her utmoſt ſhe tried,
She caught a great cold, had a fever and died.
She had not the ſtrength of a chicken to bear,
The heat of the room and the chill of the air.
As ſoon as one year had run out, I forgot
This delicate wife; and to better my lot,
I married another more grave, and more ſteady,
Who jellies and ſauce at a pinch could get ready,
But ſhe, with a taſte and a paſſion for jaunting,
For ever to Bath or to Tunbridge was flaunting;
Was fond of a chair, took a coach for the play,
And ſwoon'd if the horſes were not dapple grey.
At laſt for religion ſhe had ſuch a notion,
She gave to all beggars, who begg'd with devotion;
And miſconſtruing the Bible, which better would teach her,
She ſav'd all ſhe could for a methodiſt preacher.
When Chriſtmas came round, and the bills were brought in,
I found myſelf ruin'd, and ſcarce worth a pin.
By ſipping the *creature* a dropſy ſhe got,
She died, and was buried, and then was forgot.
Before all my mourning wax'd old, I look'd round,
And ſoon an old maid to my fancy I found;
One who always exclaim'd againſt fig'ring away,
Yet powder'd her hair, as it rather grew grey;
In cheſts ſhe had hoarded much clothes and ſome plate,
(Tho' the plate was obſcur'd, and the clothes out of date.)
Her boxes contain'd ſome deſirable things,
Old buttons, old ſeals, old watches, old rings;
Money too ſhe had ſav'd, by withholding good cheer,
But had injur'd her ſtomach by drinking ſmall beer.
Thank fortune, I cry'd, here's a wife to my mind,
Who is prudent, and chaſte, ſentimental, and kind.
To recover the world I ſhall now ſoon be able,
I never ſhall ſee ſuch profuſeneſs at table:
But mark how the devil oppos'd all my ſchemes!
She was troubl'd with vapours, and haunted with dreams,
She always had wind in her ſtomach, and took
Such drugs as ſhe ſaw in a cookery book:
A Doctor was always attending her room,

My

My bed ſmelt of ointment, my drawers of perfume:
In dozens the vials, and gallipots came,
Now the lap dogs were ſick, now the monkey was lame.
By ev'ry old woman ſhe would be advis'd,
And ſent for each med'cine ſhe ſaw advertis'd;
But the Quacks with their powerful remedies fill'd her
So much, that, tho' tough as a thong, they ſoon kill'd her.
Till I married again, fooliſh I had no reſt,
So I went to a Lady, who liv'd in the Weſt:
Whoſe Anceſtors once figur'd much in the field,
As appear'd by an helmet, and ruſty old ſhield,
But time, which all things here below will decay,
Had fritter'd her rag of a fortune away,
And, weary obſerving a fickle relation,
She married—but hardly could brook with my ſtation.
That pride, which her poverty long had kept under,
Broke out, and ſhe rattled like hail, or like thunder.
My family failings ſhe heighten'd, and told,
Should a woman of pedigree e'er be controul'd?
She call'd me a ſcrub, and took it quite ill,
When I chid her for loſing large ſums at quadrille:
A general rummage ſhe made of my things,
My plate was old faſhion, old trumpery my rings,
Yet my houſe with ſome things as ſuperfluous was ſtock'd,
With bargains the Jews, and the Jewellers flock'd.
She order'd my furniture all to be ſold,
My chairs were too clumſy, the beds were too old;
Such whimſies ſurpris'd me, till once to her face,
A friend gave a hint 'twas a family caſe;
That her mother for madneſs Monro had long tried,
That ſhe languiſh'd ſome years, that in Bedlam ſhe died.
Three years in diſtraction I hurried about
I ſwallow'd my ſpittle, and dar'd not ſpeak out,
Some chapters in Job I perus'd o'er and o'er,
I ſmil'd when ſhe frown'd, and look'd kind when ſhe ſwore,
One morning I found, with a cord from the ſhelf,
She ventur'd to make a *long I* of herſelf,
I ſent for a Doctor, who liv'd at a diſtance,
To come to my wife, and give all his aſſiſtance;
He came—but too late, in a moment he told
That her blood was congeal'd as her body was cold.

SIMPLETON.

To the PRINTER
Of the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

By inſerting the following beautiful Hymn in your uſeful Magazine, you will much oblige a Conſtant Reader.

What think ye of Chriſt? Matth. xxii. 42.

I.

WHAT think you of Chriſt? is the teſt [ſcheme;
To try both your ſtate, and your
You cannot be right in the reſt,
Unleſs you think rightly of him.
As Jeſus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not;

So

So God is diſpoſed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

II.

Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an Angel at moſt:
Sure theſe have not feelings like me,
Nor know themſelves wretched and loſt:
So guilty, ſo helpleſs am I,
I durſt not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unleſs I were ſure he is God.

III.

Some call him a Saviour, in word,
But mix their own works with his plan;
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can:
If doings prove rather too light,
(A little they own they may fail,)
They purpoſe to make up full weight,
By caſting his name in the ſcale.

IV.

Some ſtyle him the pearl of great price,
And ſay he's the fountain of joys;
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys:
Like Judas the Saviour they kiſs,
And while they ſalute him, betray,
Ah! what will profeſſion like this
Avail in his terrible day?

V.

If aſk'd what of Jeſus I think?
Tho' ſtill my beſt thoughts are but poor,
I ſay, he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my ſtrength, and my ſtore;
My Shepherd, my huſband, my friend,
My Saviour from ſin and from thrall,
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

ODE

Written at Wotton in Lincolnſhire, 1763, in grateful Commemoration of Refreſhment afforded to a Traveller, wearied in ſearch of Thornton College, and reſting on the Bank of a clear Pool in that Village.

By RICHARD GOUGH, Eſq.

FOUNT'AIN of Wotton, clear as glaſs,
What traveller ſhall dare to paſs
Thy ſtream unnotic'd by!
Here will I waſte the grateful hours,
Pouring out wine, and ſcattering flowers,
While on thy banks I lie.

When I return, a ſportive kid,
Whoſe budding horns defiance bid
To all the rival herd,
Tho' now he wantons o'er the plain,
Thy cooling ſtream with blood muſt ſtain,
In ſacrifice preferr'd.

What tho' no trickling murmurs ſound,
To lull thy villagers around,
No art confines thy ſtreams;
Thy ſtreams were form'd for real uſe,
And not deſign'd to give a looſe
To poets idle dreams.

Far from the din of arms and arts,
Fix'd in the unfrequented parts
Of Lincoln's drier land;
Alike the Humber and the Sea
For uſefulneſs muſt yield to thee,
Tho' thou haſt leſs command.

Thee the fierce dog-ſtar raging high
In flaming heat ſhall never dry;
To thee the weary bull,
Tir'd with long turning of the ſoil,
Soon as he leaves the plough ſhare's toil,
Retires his thirſt to cool.

To thee the fleecy ſtraggles crowd,
Their gratitude in bleatings loud
Thy kind relief proclaim:
And pilgrim I, who went aſtray
Till Wotton's ſwains reſtor'd my way,
Immortaliſe thy name.

Around thy brink the peaſants find
A length'ning life and peace of mind,
And fear nor death nor grief.
For ever flouriſh, gentle flood,
To future pilgrims prove as good,
And yield them like relief.

The remainder of the Memoirs of Mr Weſley; in our next.

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. XLVIII.] Thurſday November 5, 1789. [Price 3d.

THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER XLVIII.

Thurſday November 5, 1789.

ON EXTREMES—A LETTER TO THE TRIFLER—WITH HIS REMARKS—AND SUPPLEMENT.

I hold it my duty to dedicate this day to the following correſpondent.

To the AUTHOR *of the* TRIELER.

SIR,

ALthough the propenſity of mankind to go into EXTREMES has not eſcaped the notice of philoſophers and periodical writers, yet I do not recollect that any of them have endeavoured to account for it. Perhaps they found it was one of thoſe *inexplicables*, which will always puzzle the ſagacity of man, and that therefore they performed the full of their duty when they guarded their readers againſt extremes, without explaining to them how and in what manner they became diſpoſed to paſs from one extreme to another. As I cannot flatter myſelf that my enquiries have been ſucceſsful on this ſubject, I ſhall confine myſelf in this letter to a few looſe remarks on the mutability of extremes, if I may uſe the phraſe.

The time was, when in this country it was thought a crime to *dreſs*, and when every thing gaudy, ſhowy, or ſuperfluous was prohibited by common conſent. At that time men were ſuppoſed to cultivate their minds rather than adorn their bodies, and in their writings the excellence of the *matter* was always a conſideration ſuperior to the elegance of the *manner*. But by degrees, as *refinement* advanced, this wore away. We began to dreſs with elegance, and to write in all the beauty of ſtyle; dreſs appeared with a thouſand captivations; and *ſtyle* preſented charms which ſuperficial (that is the bulk of) readers could not find in *matter*. And when the ſtudy of *les petites morales*, as the French call them, *leſſer morals*, or *politeneſs*, came to be recommended from ſuch pens as thoſe of Addiſon and Steele, the gravity of our manners was reduced; the ſolidity of thinking yielded to the charms of converſation, and he who formerly was ſatisfied with an approving conſcience,

became uneaſy if he had not allurements in his exterior to pleaſe his companions. Thus by ſlow degrees (it would be tedious to mark each gradation) it came to be a moſt important ſtudy with mankind to pleaſe one another; a ſtudy which is now eagerly purſued, and has been ſtrongly recommended by many writers as a duty incumbent on men who live in ſociety, and are bound, in return for the protection which ſociety affords, to add to its comforts.

Thus far in theory all is right. It is undeniable that we are bound to increaſe the harmleſs pleaſures of life, and that man muſt be a brute who does any thing to render his perſon or his manners obnoxious, or who does not remove from him every thing that he knows to be offenſive to decency and good manners. But I am afraid, Sir, that in doing this, we have unfortunately exhibited a proof of that propenſity to go into extremes, which I propoſed for the ſubject of my letter, and that in our eager deſire to render ourſelves agreeable to the world, we have neglected to ſecure the ſatisfactions of approving reflection, and have often ſacrificed an individual duty to the pleaſure of others. It is to be regreted that the laudable deſire of being agreeable ſhould thus have degenerated into that pride of fame which has alienated us from attention to internal worth, and has fixed our attention on thoſe exterior qualities which recommend to the eye, or that ſuperficial knowledge of pretty *nothings* which pleaſes the ear; or in other words, that a polite man ſhould in moſt caſes be a very ignorant one, and that a man of the world ſhould in general be a notorious profligate. I have often wiſhed, Sir, that you would take this ſubject into conſideration, and endeavour to point out that exact middle point where the extreme may be ſaid to commence, or as the poet has it,

" Where ends the virtue and begins
the vice."

Many, I am convinced, are loſt for want of knowing preciſely how far they are to go in following the manners of the age. I have therefore troubled you with theſe lines, in hopes you will beſtow ſome attention on the ſubject, and oblige, among other readers,

Your humble ſervt.

LUCIUS.

Much of what my correſpondent obſerves will, I am afraid, be found to agree with truth and experience. A *certain degree* of adoption of the manners of the times is no doubt neceſſary, and wholly to avoid them proceeds only from affectation, which is a ſpecies of pride. But what this *certain degree* is, has not been fully determined. Much will depend on the rank in life; a nobleman ought undoubtedly to dreſs more gaily, and change his dreſs more frequently than a ſhop-keeper, becauſe 1. He can afford to do it. 2. It beſpeaks his rank, and 3. He thereby provides employment for the induſtrious poor. Much alſo will depend on profeſſion. An opulent Squire may exhibit gay dreſſes, which would be highly unbecoming on a clergyman—But moſt of all depends on our circumſtances. The duty of men in the affair of dreſs is to wear nothing unbecoming their fortunes; but it is from want of attention to this that we every day ſee ſo many abſurdities in dreſs, and houſehold equipage. It would be ridiculous to ſee ſilver-plate in the houſe of a ſhopkeeper not worth perhaps 300l. a year, and with a large family; and a man of ſenſe of this profeſſion would avoid wearing diamond buckles, even if they coſt him nothing, nor would his wife, if a woman of ſenſe, appear in a ſuit of lace worth ten pounds *per* yard, although

though ſhe had received it in a preſent.

As to what *Lucius* hints of the neglect of more ſolid attainments, it exhibits a proof of our readineſs to fall into extremes. It is certain that an extraordinary care both of the *inſide* and the *outſide* of the head is a very rare occurrence in the ſame perſon, and perhaps incompatible. I hate a ſloven, as a man who deſpiſes what is pleaſing to the eye and neceſſary to health; but on the other hand a beau who ſeems to exiſt merely to dreſs himſelf, is an animal always to be ſuſpected of want of underſtanding, if not of virtue. I have more than once obſerved very white teeth where I had much reaſon to be apprehenſive there was not wit, and I have now and then admired the embroidered waiſtcoat of one who I firmly believe would not have ſcrupled to tell a lie. I do not pretend to be ſo acute in my phyſiognomical ſenſation as the celebrated Lavater, who thinks he diſcovers all powers intellectual and moral in the features of the face and the ſhape of the head; but I have often diſcovered ſymptoms in a pair of buckles, the cut of a coat, or in the curls of the hair, which have alarmed me for the integrity of the wearer. I have alſo not unfrequently been diſpoſed from a perſon's converſation to let him eſcape as a fool, when ſomething in the tye of his neckcloth has informed me that his *principles* were not very ſound—and ſometimes where I have at firſt ſuppoſed a well-dreſt *beau* to have deſigns of captivating the ladies, it has afterwards appeared from certain ſymptoms at the ends of his ſhirt-ſleeves, and about his breaſt, that there was no perſon in the world ſo poſſeſſed of his tendereſt affection, as —*himſelf.*

If theſe opinions be thought rather too preciſe, and if it be thought that neither broad cloth, white muſlin, nor delicate cambric have powers of ſpeech to inform me of all I have ſaid, let it be obſerved, that there is more language in dumb agents than moſt people are aware of—nay, if my readers will attend to certain trite obſervations which they may hear every day, they will be convinced of this. How often have we judged of a man merely by ſeeing his houſe, his library, his dreſs, his companions? Theſe all ſhow the man, and we are very liable to profit by that kind of information in caſes where perhaps it may not be eaſy to acquire any other—But enough for the preſent. We will reſume this ſubject in our next.

Memoirs of JOHN WESLEY, *M. A.*

INCLUDING AN

Hiſtory of, and Obſervations on Methodiſm.

[From the European Magazine.]

(Concluded from page 628).

ON the breach between Meſſ. Whitefield and Weſley, each of them ſent forth a number of lay preachers to propagate the doctrines of their reſpective principles. But ſuch diſorderly proceedings cauſed great diſturbances, ſo that many, and ſometimes very ſevere, were the riots againſt the itinerant apoſtles; ſome of whom were preſſed by juſtices, who had not the fear of Methodiſm before their eyes, and ſent to fight for their King and country in the fleet and army.

The pulpits of the eſtabliſhed church vented bitter anathemas againſt the new ſchiſmatics and their followers; and even the whining poſterity of the good old ſaints in Noll's days liſted up their rams horns, and ſent forth terrible blaſts againſt thoſe Jebuſites.

Books and pamphlets alſo in abun-

dance were published against Methodism, and it must be allowed that all this opposition tended but the more to its advancement.

Mr. John Wesley, however, delighted in the contention; the war of the pulpit and of the press was always his joy, and many of his adversaries have felt the weight both of his tongue and of his arm.

One of his earliest and most considerable antagonists was the late Dr. George Lavington, Bishop of Exeter, whose book entitled "The Enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists compared," had a most surprizing run. It was a shrewd, lively, and learned performance; and Mr. Wesley, to whom the third part was entirely appropriated, felt the blow as though it were the shock of an electrified jar: he replied with bitter heat and many words; but the Bishop's readers, who were innumerable, still continued to laugh, while Mr. Wesley's only groaned.

To enumerate all his literary engagements would be an endless and tedious task; we shall therefore only point at a few of the most considerable.

On the publication of Mr. Hervey's Dialogues, in which, for the first time, Calvinism appeared in an agreeable dress, our polemic attacked it in a very warm but very silly manner, heaping up a quantity of objections unsupported by any proof. One of these objections was laughable enough; it was made against the lively and good humoured manner in which the Author of the Dialogues had mentioned elegant dress, furniture and food.—Mr. Hervey, on those points, had shewn himself the rational christian;—Mr. Wesley shewed himself to be the precise old Puritan. Mr. Hervey drew up a reply to Mr. Wesley, which was published after the author's death; and Mr. Wesley, in return, fired his cannon into Mr. Hervey's grave.

The late learned Bishop Warburton, in his "Scripture Doctrine of Grace," honoured Mr. John Wesley with his notice; but he probably, would have thought that compliment better omitted. His Lordship was far from being the politest of polemical writers; and it may be thought that he handled our hero with a little too much roughness. Mr. Wesley, however, drew forth his *grey goose quill*, and profanely scattered his ink, once more, upon lawn sleeves; yea, he even dared to treat the Right Reverend Father in God with as little respect as his Lordship had treated him. But the Bishop had no inclination to continue so low a contest; his character was certainly above it, and perhaps he did not do *that* any credit when he first entered the lists.

We may rank Mr. Toplady as the next of Mr. Wesley's antagonists. That gentleman, in the year 1769, published a translation of the Calvinistic Zanchius upon Predestination. The treatise was close, logical and persuasive. As Mr. Wesley therefore feared its success among his followers, he justly considered that a confutation was necessary not only to preserve them, but to defend his own principles. But this was not so easily done; his abilities were not of that depth to manage such a contest upon the fair ground of argument;—he therefore endeavoured to spring a mine, and to blow the obnoxious book entirely up without risking his own literary character. This he attempted by publishing a concise abridgement of the book, carefully suppressing every stubborn passage, and inserting others that were not in the original. Such an act of deceit roused the Translator, and as he had logic and rhetoric at his command, the poor Abridger came off in a worse condition than if he had acted upon fair terms.

This controversy lasted, under different shapes, during the remainder of Mr. Toplady's life; and it must be allowed, notwithstanding the warmth

warmth of that gentleman's temper often hurried him into low expreſſions and perſonal ſatire, that his tracts poſſeſs more merit in point of ſound learning, metaphyſical keenneſs, ſolid argument, and elegant language, than any Calviniſtic productions of this century.

At the time, viz. in 1780, when thoſe intolerant Aſſociations called Proteſtant were formed in order to procure a repeal of the act paſſed in favour of the Engliſh Catholics, Mr. John Weſley concurred heart in hand with thoſe aſſemblies of faction. He publiſhed a letter in the papers, of the moſt pernicious and perſecuting tendency, and having it printed ſeparately, cauſed copies to be ſtuck up at the corners of ſtreets, not only in the metropolis, but in Briſtol, Bath, and other conſiderable places. In it he particularly charged the Catholics with holding, as a chief article of their creed, "that there is no faith "to be kept with heretics," and ſupported the charge by a ſilly ſtory fabricated for the purpoſe. This juſtly rouſed the ſpirit of that reſpectable body, and the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, a Franciſcan Prieſt at Cork, wrote a reply to Mr. Weſley's letter, in which he not only completely vindicated his community from the above charge, but laſhed the accuſer with becoming ſeverity for his malevolence.

One ſhould have imagined that the infamous riots which ſucceeded thoſe Aſſociations would have tempered Mr. Weſley's ſpirit into philanthropy, but this was not the caſe; he viſited Lord George Gordon in the Tower; and in his 19th Journal, now before us, condemns in high terms the Bill of Indictment that was preſented againſt that infatuated perſonage by the Grand Jury of Middleſex.

The worthy Prieſt above mentioned in his remarks on Mr. Weſley's letter very wittily and ſhrewdly obſerved, that "when Mr. Weſley felt the firſt-"fruits and illapſe of the Spirit; "when his zeal, too extenſive to be "confined within the majeſtic temples "of the Church of England, or the "edifying meeting-houſes of the o-"ther Chriſtians, prompted him to "travel moſt parts of Europe and "America to eſtabliſh a religion and "houſes of worſhip of his own, what "oppoſition has he not met with "from the civil magiſtrates? with "what inſults from the rabble, bro-"ken benches, dead cats, and pools "of water bear witneſs! Was he "*then* the trumpeter of perſecution? "Was his pulpit changed into Hudi-"bras's drum eccleſiaſtic? Did he "abet baniſhment and proſcription "on the ſcore of conſcience? Now "that *his Tabernacle* is eſtabliſhed in "peace, after the clouds have borne "teſtimony to his miſſion*, he com-"plains in his ſecond letter, wherein "he promiſes to continue the fire "which he has already kindled in "England, that people of exalted "ranks in Church and State have re-"fuſed entering into a mean confe-"deracy againſt the laws of nature, "and the rights of mankind. In his "firſt letter he diſclaims perſecution "on the ſcore of religion, and in the "ſame breath ſtrikes out a creed of "of his own for the Roman Catholics, "and ſays, "that they ſhould not "be tolerated even amongſt the "Turks." Thus the Satyr in the "fable breathes hot and cold in the "ſame blaſt, and a lamb of peace is "turned Inquiſitor."

Unanſwerable, however, as the Father's performance was, yet Mr. Weſley aimed at ſomewhat of a vindication of himſelf and of his principles: but the writer he had to deal with, though an Iriſh Catholic, and a

* See an Abridgement of Mr. Weſley's Journal, where he ſays, that in preaching one day at Kinſale a cloud pitched over him.

Prieſt,

Prieſt, was more than a match for him; and Mr. Weſley came off with greater diſgrace from this conteſt, than from any theological one he had before been engaged in. His former diſputes turned moſtly upon ſpeculative points which were but of little or no moment; but this was upon the moſt ſacred of all human rights, the rights of conſcience; every one, therefore, who had a regard for them muſt have rejoiced in the defeat of that man who endeavoured to injure them!—We believe this was the laſt of Mr. Weſley's controverſies, and we hope that it has produced in him a more charitable and candid ſpirit, which, at leaſt, becomes his years and profeſſion. Among his diſputes, however, we had almoſt forgot to mention that he was warmly engaged on the ſide of Government during our late unhappy conteſt with America; but, perhaps, it had been better if we had entirely forgot it, ſince that part of his conduct was ſhamefully inconſiſtent; he having, before, been a very warm advocate for the Coloniſts.—Some perſons made no ſcruple of aſſerting that he was bribed by Adminſtration to change his colours; but whether this were ſo or not, it is certain, that he was fairly conſuted, and that he loſt a coſiderable ſhare of his pupularity.

Beſides his controverſial pieces he hath alſo publiſhed a large number of books and pamphlets on a variety of ſubjects—Hiſtory—Philoſophy—Medicine—Poetry, &c.—but his Hiſtory is never read, his Philoſophy is ſilly and injudiciouſly compiled, and his recipes often dangerous. His poetic pieces indeed are pretty, and would be ſometimes elegant, were it not for the vein of myſticiſm which runs thro' them. All his writings have been charged with plagiariſm, and we have never ſeen the charge refuted.

Mr. Weſley is a widower, having been married in 1750; the bonds of which union were cemented by Plutus and not by Cupid; the conſequence of which in a little time was a mutual divorce. The lady died in 1781; and the *ſang froid* with which he mentions her death in his Journal, is worthy of obſervation.

On Mr. Whitefield's death, in 1770, Mr. Weſley preached his funeral ſermon; but there were ſome things in it highly diſpleaſing to the followers of that gentleman, the preacher having given, in his ſermon, a brief recital of the differences between him and the deceaſed, and which the Whitefieldians thought tended more to keep the breach open than to cloſe it.

Mr. Weſley has travelled repeatedly over every part of Great Britain and Ireland, and is, of courſe, a very entertaining and informing companion. Notwithſtanding his great age he is ſtill lively, preaches often, and with great fluency. He holds as powerful a ſway over his numerous followers, as even his Holineſs himſelf. He has a conſiderable number of lay-preachers officiating under him in every part of the kingdom; but in general they are extremely illiterate*, being moſtly ſelected from the very dregs of the people, and tend rather to diſgrace than to adorn the cauſe they ſerve.

That great good has been done by their means among the tinners in Cornwall, the colliers in Kingſwood near Briſtol, the miners in Derbyſhire, &c. cannot be denied; but whether all this is not counterbalanced by the contempt in which theſe preachers teach their people to hold the Eſtabliſhed Church and its Miniſters, may well be queſtioned.

* A curious ſpecimen of this was lately given by one of his preachers, who ſeemed deſigned by nature to do his country good ſervice at the ſide of a brewer's cart. Speaking of the memoirs of Mr W. which did not ſeem ſo favourable to his apoſtle as he could have wiſhed, "They are full of *Scurrilarity!* full of *Scurrilarity!*"

Letters

Review.

Letters from Barbary, France, Spain, Portugal, &c. By an Officer.* 2 vols. 8vo.

THESE Letters were written in the year 1771, and contain many comprehenſive reflections and obſervations on a variety of different topics. This Author appears to have acquired an extenſive knowledge of human nature, and of many ſubjects with which the happineſs of our ſpecies is intimately connected: on ſome of which, indeed, he ſometimes touches but ſlightly, but even his ſlighteſt ſketches ſeem to be thoſe of an uncommon hand, and have always an air of originality in their compoſition. In the ſingular conciſeneſs and ſimplicity of his manner, the Reader is often ſurpriſed with ſuggeſtions of extenſive plans, ſagacious hints, unfettered ſyſtems, and the boldeſt cenſures of thoſe defective eſtabliſhments, narrow politics, and national prejudices, to which mankind are attached and enſlaved. The improvement, not of his own country only, but of the condition of the human race, by reforming their reſpective governments, and correcting the errors of their various cuſtoms, appears to be the great object of his labours, and ſpeculations.—From a work ſo replete with new ideas and genuine information, our Readers will not be diſſatisfied with a few Extracts.

Speaking of the piratical States of Barbary, with ſome of which (particularly Morocco) this Author had an opportunity of becoming perſonally acquainted, by a temporary reſidence among them on public buſineſs, he makes the following obſervations:

"NO modern nation has yet found the ſecret of making either war or peace with them to any advantage proportioned to the difference of ſcience and diſcipline. It is amazing, I believe even to themſelves, to ſee the nations of Europe, with all their ſuperiorities, become ſo ſubmiſſive and tributary to them. We ſeem to keep each other in countenance, and ſhare the diſgrace amongſt us.

If Ruſſia ever ſucceeds in her enterpriſes, and can get once fairly into the Mediterranean, ſhe may ſhew us how to treat theſe piratical ſtates; for ſhe has the only troops ſufficiently acquainted with ſuch enemies, and ſhe will probably be wiſe enough to keep up that knowledge by frequent wars. Any other power, who may have occaſion to attack them, would perhaps do well to borrow a Ruſſian General, and ſome other of their officers.

To be conquered by a civilized and generous nation would be a happy event for theſe poor Africans. They have latterly been ſaved from it—we can hardly tell how, or why, when we conſider the enterpriſing ſpirit of modern Europe. It has probably been owing to our exhauſting wars with each other, and to thoſe apparently greater objects of the Weſtern and Eaſtern worlds, in ſearch of gold. But it may juſtly be doubted, if thoſe objects be greater. Theſe northern parts of Africa are capable of all ſorts of uſeful productions, of more value than gold, and nearer home.

It is not improbable that France may be approaching to a ſtate of population and enterpriſe that may make ſuch colonization and conqueſt occur and become neceſſary to her, or at leaſt to join in ſuch a ſcheme, if it ſhould once become the faſhion. And if her government can ever be ſteady enough, in any ſyſtem; or if ſhe ſhould ever recover her conſtitution, which ſome of their ſpeculative men think poſſible, and which I do not think improbable; ſhe would then be too powerful, and give law to Europe. Egypt ought, perhaps, to be the firſt country in Africa to be conquered and

* Major Jardine, of the Artillery.

and colonized from Europe, on account of its ſingular ſituation. Surrounded by deſerts, it would be eaſily defended againſt all its neighbours. Wealthy, ſcientific, and diſciplined nations, are not in theſe days to be conquered by crowds of barbarians: the modern expenſive ſciences of fortification, and war in general, form their ſecurity. Then the reſt of the northern African coaſt might be gradually ſubdued and civilized into ſmall colonies and good government. But it would require ſome of our Penns and Franklins to eſtabliſh, or improve upon the Engliſh conſtitution here: only they muſt be warriors; that would be indiſpenſable in this ſituation, and is generally ſo in every great character. Neither the government nor character of the French will anſwer for colonization. I believe the legiſlator for theſe countries ſhould be born in England, or in Engliſh America; and yet he muſt likewiſe be well acquainted with the European, the Aſiatic, and African nations, of which his ſubjects would here conſiſt; and he muſt be a great ſoldier—ignorant of nothing. Theſe and other requiſites ſeem to me indiſpenſable in the character of a great lawgiver, and muſt render it the rareſt character upon earth.

Portugal, in the times of her ſpirit, wiſdom, and glory, during the reigns of her Johns, and Emanuels, attempted conqueſt and colonization here too; and with great ſucceſs, conſidering the times and circumſtances. By a little more wiſdom, ſteadineſs, and diſcipline;—with leſs jealouſy, and more aſſiſtance from Ferdinand of Arragon, ſhe might have fixed a colony in this country. Now, it is, perhaps, only to be accompliſhed by the united force of different ſtates, as it has been prevented by their mutual jealouſies.

Perpetual war is probably the true ſpirit of Mahomediſm; and when they ceaſe to be conquerors, they are nothing, their government being unfit for the arts of peace. It is only war, or ſome ſuch powerful motive of neceſſity that can induce them to move with any order or exertion. So that, whenever the European nations can agree about the meaſures and conſequences, they may probably do what they pleaſe with both the European and African Muſſulmans. Perhaps it may be brought about without France, or a leaſt without her taking the lead in thoſe conqueſts. When Auſtria and Ruſſia can agree, and can ſatisfy France and Pruſſia, and get get fairly to the Mediterranean, then Greece and others, both new and old countries, may flouriſh; thoſe ſeas may regain their former importance, and theſe fertile African coaſts become again the granaries of the world. There is no apparent revolution ariſing in the horizon of future probability, of more importance to this part of the world, and to the improvement of mankind, than that of their commerce, population, arts, and induſtry. The practicability and utility of ſuch meaſures may be perceived from the hiſtory of Carthage, of Rome, and of Portugal. Theſe countries have always received colonies, and have been improved by them; it is of conſequence, that they ſhould come from the moſt improved nations. Mahomedan conqueſt from Aſia having ſpread itſelf along this fine African coaſt, and its being left there ſo long to degenerate, and then to infeſt and plague the reſt of the world, is a great ſhame to poliſhed Europe. But ſhe muſt probably, in time, recover and aſſert her natural ſuperiority here too, as the Mahomedan power declines. If we had been better and more liberal politicians, we might have haſtened thoſe events, by giving Minorca to Ruſſia, and thereby, perhaps, more effectually ſecuring to ourſelves

a ſhare of the beneficial conſequences.

When governments ſhall have learned to act on great and liberal principles, and ſhall have taught mankind to tolerate and enrich each other, Mahomedans would make better ſubjects when ſubordinate than when in power. Thoſe who were left in Spain and Portugal were, and would probably have continued, very good ſubjects, if thoſe governments had known how to treat them. Here the natives, the people in general, might be brought to join againſt their preſent rulers, notwithſtanding their religion.

Theſe political ſpeculations I think of importance, and you muſt have them as they occur. This ſtate of barbariſm (as we may affect to ſtyle it), and their wilful ignorance of our arts and fancied improvements, may not be ſo improper for poor and mountainous countries, in ſome parts of the world: but it is ſurely a pity, that ſuch rich and improveable plains ſo near to us, ſhould remain in a condition ſo depopulated, and in ſuch poor cultivation, loſt, as it were, to mankind. The Romans thought ſo of theſe countries, and acted from that principle.

You know the women are jealouſly guarded, and are ſeldom ſeen here, except ſome of the loweſt, the domeſtic and aged; but all of them are then covered up to the eyes with woolen, and over the ſame ſome dirty rag, marked and ſullied with the breath, and only the eyes to be ſeen in ghaſtly ſtare. They are generally inclined to be fat and ſhort, and have an odd, and to us a moſt ungraceful, appearance; round, ſhapeleſs woolen bundles, moving along; certainly never very cleanly nor deſirable, at leaſt according to our taſte.

Where women are to be conſidered only as domeſtic ſlaves, and marriage as a kind of purchaſe, they can have no weight or influence in ſociety, which therefore can hardly be poliſhed or improved. By this excluſion of the ſex, there will not remain ſufficient motives, means, nor uſes for introducing the agreeable arts; and we know that the agreeable and the uſeful arts are mutually connected, and muſt aſſiſt and produce each other.

Nations halt or ſtop at different ſtages of civilization. In the Eaſt, ſociety has been ſtopped and fixed always at too early a ſtage of its progreſs, viz. during the periods while women were yet conſidered as a kind of private property, or plunder; and ſo it threatens long to remain over a great part of the earth—an eternal diſgrace to human nature."

The principles laid down throughout this work are on ſuch a ſuperior ſcale of benevolence and public ſpirit as cannot fail to intereſt every reader. There is a pleaſure attending a liberal cultivation of the noble ſentiments of humanity, of which all who are capable of conceiving and feeling them may eaſily form a juſt eſtimate.

Remarks on France, &c. by Major Jardine.

THIS Author's obſervations and remarks on the government, people, and literature of France, are curious. When theſe letters were written, the preſent revolution in that kingdom was little apprehended. Major Jardine thus introduces his remarks:

"OF the different countries I viſit, I have neither time nor intention to trouble you with much of the preſent faſhionable ſtyle of *minutiæ* in natural hiſtory or antiquities, nor to give you an itinerary catalogue of all the ſights to be ſeen. Without ſome object or principle in view, the daily accumulation of little facts and particulars tends only to increaſe the perplexity and confuſion, or to enlarge the

hoards preparing for future and uncertain theories, which may yet long continue to ſucceed each other, and to perplex mankind before they arrive at the *truths of importance.* I like beſt the theory or ſyſtem which is formed on the ſpot, with the knowledge of the facts; thoſe framed in our cloſets are generally wrong. Of the two claſſes of objects in this world, men and things, I think the latter occupies too much the attention of travellers, to the neglect of the former, which is certainly the moſt important.

We have only to look round us in a few different countries to ſee, that on government and legiſlation depends the greateſt part of the happineſs of mankind; and yet theſe important objects ſeem now the leaſt attended to by our modern travellers; nay, they are in ſome danger of being entirely excluded, under the now diſgraceful name of politics, from our catalogue of ſubjects of enquiry. The ſages of antiquity—an Herodotus, a Pythagoras, a Lycurgus—thought otherwiſe; to obſerve the laws, conſtitutions, and manners, of other countries, in order to improve their own, were then thought to be motives of travel worthy of the wiſeſt and greateſt men.

In ſhort, I am habitually inclined to conſider man as always the firſt object of attention, and other things in ſome proportion to their connection with him: not that I intend to attempt any thing like a complete account of any nation or people: a few ſhort ſketches and reflections on the men or things, as they may chance to ſtrike me where I travel or reſide. I mean to continue: and with as much caution as practicable againſt natural or habitual prejudices, mean to attempt at once to give you ſuch truths as may ſeem to me of importance enough for your notice and mine—life being too ſhort to form voluminous collections of little facts, and wait for the concluſions of philoſophers thereon. If I can ſometimes ſucceed in pointing out the right road or proper object to be purſued in travelling, I ſhall not think my labour loſt.

We need not fear that the ſubjects for obſervation are yet nearly exhauſted: you future travellers may comfort yourſelves that much real information is yet to be gathered even in the moſt beaten paths of your predeceſſors, and you may know that nations have hardly begun to learn wiſdom of each other, and that none of them are yet ſufficiently acquainted, mixed, and connected, to be much benefited by their reſpective improvements; but as they mix and become more intimately united, the better it will be for the whole; ſo that we are every way encouraged and invited by nature to travel and mingle with each other; and this is much better than reading about one another in books from which I wiſh you to beware of expecting too much; they may direct you to uſeful and real knowledge, but can ſeldom ſupply its place; on them may be built a large and neceſſary part of the ſtructure of education, but not the whole, as ſome of our learned, I fear, are too apt to imagine: to know, we muſt ſee at leaſt: in many things reading will give but imperfect ideas, and particularly in objects of ſight.

Of the French nation I ſhall give you only a few remarks *en paſſant.* Stationary in the centre of the civiliſed world, their character, hiſtory, and their influence, are too generally known and felt to require much more illuſtration—they are as yet better known to you than you to them. Small as the diſtance is that ſeparates the two nations, in the firſt boat you may obſerve upon their coaſt, may be ſeen the great difference between the two races of people, and that difference appears, eſpecially at firſt, to be much in favour of our countrymen.

The

The Engliſh ſailors who navigate our veſſels are ſtrong, ſilent, laborious, methodical; thoſe on board the French veſſels and boats are a poor, weak, and ragged race, wrangling and buſtling, rather than working, with great noiſe but little ſkill, the effects not correſponding to their apparent exertions. On examining the workmanſhip and materials of every thing about them—of their veſſels, utenſils, clothing—we may already draw concluſions of the inferior ſtate of the uſeful arts and induſtry of France. Nor do we find reaſon to change our opinion on going aſhore—whether we inſpect the town or country, the ſhops, houſes, offices, the fields, fences, carriages, cattle, or their different tradeſmen at work; the Engliſh ſuperiority is every where manifeſt in all kinds of workmanſhip, and more particularly where ſtrength is required either in the work or workmen.

Generally bad mechanics, they can ſeldom make any thing ſtrong without making it clumſy, nor contrive any machine to anſwer different purpoſes without making it too complicated. And it ſeems as if all the bad materials of Europe came to the French market, as iron, timber, leather, tools, and various matters for different trades and manufactures. Indeed the London market, I believe, engroſſes the beſt of the produce in many things throughout the commercial world. You may ſee in our friend B's books the difference he makes in the price of inſurance between a French and an Engliſh ſhip.

I ſee neither truth nor wiſdom in preaching the doctrine that one ſometimes hears maintained of late by ſome young men, that their ſeamen are every way equal to ours.

In ſome caſes we may ſtill think our prejudice not ill founded, of one Engliſhman being equal to two Frenchmen. I already know ſeveral trades, in which the work commonly done is at leaſt in that proportion. I think they are evidently a more feeble race, and do not probably exert the ſtrength they have, equal to our workmen. But they have far more vivacity, cheerfulneſs, and good humour, a reſtleſs activity, and may ſeldomer be inclined to idleneſs than Engliſh workmen, though their labour is leſs productive. They ſeem not ſo much engroſſed by their work, as in haſte to have done. They generally employ more hands then we do to the ſame kind of work. You know the example of three men to fix a horſe-ſhoe, which with us is done by one.

With theſe prepoſſeſſions, ſo readily ſuggeſted by firſt appearances, and perhaps a little out of humour with ſome unexpected troubles and difficulties in getting what we want, which is not uncommon here, we may require ſome time to become ſufficiently cool and impartial to perceive what is really good or worthy of imitation. You may not, for example, at firſt attend to their excellent police, to their ſpacious and ſuperior manner of building, though badly finiſhed, to their polite and agreeable manner, to their eaſy and ſimple ways of contriving in ſome of the conveniences and common modes of life, and to the habits of œconomy which our children may learn. The ſmall expence and trouble attending their dreſs, ſocieties, balls, theatres, we find very comfortable and pleaſant.

I think we can already perceive that, notwithſtanding their poverty and weakneſs, they may be a happier people than we. They fortunately think they have every thing *comme il faut*, while we, ſullenly wiſe and profound, are diſcontented with much of our own, and with ſtill more of theirs. We pretend to find among them many things deteſtable, much below, and very little above mediocrity, except their own conceit of

themſelves, which perhaps happily for them, paſſes all ordinary bounds."

The obſervations on Spain form a curious and entertaining part of this work: from the account of Portugal we ſhall extract ſome part of this Author's remarks on the renovation of the city of Liſbon, ſince its deſtruction by the great and memorable earthquake, about 30 years ago:

"Liſbon.—Here, even more than in other great towns, the benevolent mind is wounded in viewing the mixture of luxury and miſery, the diſtreſſing extremes of poverty and affluence, in a thouſand ways. The melancholy hiſtory of its deſtruction by the earthquake in 1755 is well known. It is ſtill rebuilding on a plan of the Marquis de Pombal's, which, though noble and magnificent, is rather gigantic, and barbarouſly great, tho' *a l'Eſpagnole*. This town was always remarkable, I believe, for being at once ſumptuous and naſty, and will probably be ſo ſtill. The ſmell of the tide at low water is very diſagreeable in all the lower parts, as well as that of every houſe you enter. Common ſewers, cleanlineſs, internal conveniencies, have all been too much ſacrificed to external appearance, which, after all, is in a bad ſtyle of architecture; immenſe ranges of building without parts, ill proportioned and divided: it is obvious, that nothing but the outſide drawings of the elevations have been previouſly conſidered, and that the art and artiſt have been controlled by the ignorance of power. We may form opinions of a nation from their taſte in the arts, and ſtyle of their public buildings. Sacrificing too much to appearances, to graces and ornaments, may be the vice of the age. Wiſdom ſaid, Let the uſeful be ornamented; but Folly reverſed the order of the ſentence, and ſubſtituted the acceſſory for the principal. Where you ſee trivial things crowded with ornaments, and without ſufficient ſpaces of relief or repoſe for the eye, from the extremes of confuſion, or of uniformity; from the lofty domes or ranges of columns, where nothing of importance is either to be covered or ſupported; you may deduce the imbecility of the artiſt, and partly of the nation where he could be employed in preference. The miniſter had certainly great merit in getting the city rebuilt at all; and there is a grandeur and ſublimity, though a want of taſte and ſcience, in his idea; but we ſhould have expected a real great man to have encouraged the artiſts, foreign and native, by promoting a competition for the beſt plan, inſtead of enforcing his own. We find him, like many other great men, not exempt from the weakneſs of fancying he knew every thing better than any body elſe; he had the misfortune of being beyond control. No man choſe to preſume to underſtand even his own trade equally with him. This noble ſituation certainly deſerved the beſt plan poſſible. Nature ſeems to have marked out this ſite, and this city, for the capital of the peninſula; and if the Philips had moved their Court thither, their poſterity might now have been in poſſeſſion of the whole."

The Defence of Mr. Michael Moorhouſe. 8vo. *p.* 128. *Price* 1*s.* 8*d.*

MR. MICHAEL MOORHOUSE left his handicraft employment (as ſoon as he was converted) to turn methodiſt preacher; and according to his own account, has ſuffered very much from the petty intrigues of Mr. Weſley's confidential friends and favourites, who ejected him from the 'connexion,' for ſpeaking bold truths. Improper perſons were admitted into the 'connexion,' and ſupported by it, while

while Mr. Moorhouſe was left to preach and ſtarve 'on buttermilk and potatoes.' We cannot help thinking that he has ſuffered unjuſtly, although this ſtrange, rhapſodical, incoherent pamphlet will perhaps procure him few friends, if any readers. Of his 'dear wife,' he ſays, 'Her general way of living, notwithſtanding the affliction and ſickneſs ſhe laboured under, being with child, was for the moſt part of the time as follows: Bread and milk for breakfaſt, ſung a hymn and went to prayer; boiled a few potatoes for dinner, read a chapter, ſung a hymn, and went to prayer; at night ſupped on bread and milk, and cloſed the day with reading, ſinging, and prayer.'—How many of the wives of the beneficed clergy thus divide their time between *prayer* and *potatoes!*

Anecdotes of the late Earl of Abercorn.

THE late Earl of Abercorn was born in the year 1712, and ſucceeded his father in 1744. He was the only nobleman in the kingdom (not of the Blood Royal) who united in his own perſon the honours of the Peerage of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

His Lordſhip died unmarried; he was ſummoned by writ to the Houſe of Peers in Ireland in 1736, ſucceeded his father as Earl of Abercorn Jan. 13, 1744, and was created Viſcount Hamilton on the 8th of Auguſt 1786.

His Lordſhip was remarkable in early life for the ſtiffneſs and auſterity of his manners. When the preſent Queen landed from Germany, Lord Abercorn had the honour of receiving her at his houſe, where ſhe and her ſuite ſlept. Soon after his Lordſhip went to St. James's, when his Majeſty thanked him for his attention to the Queen, ſaying, he was afraid her viſit had given him a good deal of trouble: "A good deal indeed," replied his Lordſhip.

His brother, who is a Churchman, once ſolicited him to apply for a living, which was vacant, and in the gift of the Crown. It was worth near 1000l. a year. Lord A.'s anſwer was equally laconic and ſubſtantial:—"I never aſk any favours —Incloſed is a deed of annuity for 1000l. a year. Your's, ABERCORN."

He generally viſited his ſeat at Duddingſtone in the vicinity of Edinburgh once a year, where he remained five or ſix weeks; but, contrary to the maxims of Scots hoſpitality, he was highly offended if any perſon preſumed to viſit him without the formality of a card of invitation. Dr. Robertſon, the celebrated hiſtorian, not aware of this, went to pay his reſpects to the noble Earl, and found him walking in a ſhrubbery which had been lately planted. The Doctor, wiſhing to pay a compliment to the ſoil, obſerved, the ſhrubs had grown conſiderably ſince his Lordſhip's laſt viſit. "They have nothing elſe to do," replied his Lordſhip; and, immediately turning on his heel, left the Doctor, without uttering another word.

Theſe were the peculiarities of his character, and they were ſuch as made him very unpopular in his native country.

He is ſucceeded in his honours and eſtates by his nephew, the Hon. John James Hamilton, Member of Parliament for St. Germain's. His Lordſhip has died poſſeſſed of an immenſe property. Beſides his landed eſtates which are very extenſive, he has left upwards of 200,000l. in money, the greateſt part of which is ſecured on mortgage.

The property of Lord Abercorn is very well conditioned 16,000l. a year; he had long managed it himſelf,

ſelf, and with ſingular ſucceſs. It ſhould at the ſame time be ſaid, he was as ſucceſsful in the uſe of it, for he had been magnificent in his kindneſs to all around him. To his nephew, Mr. Hamilton, the Member, he had given 4000l. a-year.

To the Editor.

As I find it is a favourite part of your plan to inſert Original Letters of ſuch Perſons as have been remarkable in their day, I have here ſent you an ORIGINAL LETTER, *of the late rev. pious and learned* Mr. JAMES HERVEY. *It ſhews the worthy Author in a truly amiable light; and though many may not much admire the peculiar religious ſentiments it contains, yet every one whoſe heart is warmed with the ſpirit of philanthropy will peruſe it with pleaſure.*

I am, &c. *J. W.*

DEAR MR. W——

Weſton, Feb. 21, 1746.

I BELIEVE I muſt anſwer your favour and Mrs. W——'s both under one; or rather, anſwer your's and acknowledge her's: ſo that this ticket may ſerve as a note under my hand, whereby I own the obligation, and make myſelf reſponſible.

Your ſpouſe informed me, that you was concerned that the little money I left in your hands has not been remitted to me. But, dear Sir, I am glad on this account; if it may be a means of cheriſhing one of the leaſt of our Redeemer's Brethren, or the meaneſt of his Members, I rejoice that it has not been returned.

You did right in delivering a guinea to Mrs. W—— for the benefit of poor widow C——. If Molly L—— or Betty P—— are in want, by all means let them be relieved. Tell them I preſent them each with a crown, and be pleaſed to give it them in my name; aſſuring them that I give it with the utmoſt readineſs.

And bid them think, if a poor mortal, a wretched ſinner, is ſo ready to help them according to his ability, how much more ready is the infinitely compaſſionate Saviour of the World to pity all their miſeries, and comfort them in all their troubles. If poor duſt and aſhes has a heart to pity them, how inconceivably more willing is the Fountain of love, the adorable Friend of ſinners, to hear their prayers, and fulfil all their deſires! O! let them know, that the tendereſt mercies of the moſt beneficent among the children of men are little better than cruelty, if compared with the marvellous loving-kindneſs of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

Was it in my power, I would willingly do more for them. But let them remember, that the power of the bleſſed Jeſus knows no limits. What cannot He do for their ſouls? He is able to "fulfil all their wants according to his riches in glory." He is able to do exceeding abundantly, even above all that they can aſk or think. They cannot labour under ſo much guilt, as He has of atoning merit; they cannot complain of ſo much indigence, as He has of juſtifying righteouneſs; and be their corruptions ever ſo ſtrong, they are nothing, nothing to the effectual working of his mighty ſpirit. O! it is impoſſible to imagine, how rich our divine Maſter is in goodneſs, and how mighty in power.

Therefore, if they want a more lively faith in his all-prevailing mediation, or a more ardent love of his unſpeakable goodneſs; if they want more abundant communications of his ſanctifying ſpirit, or of all ſpiritual bleſſings; let them not cheriſh unworthy doubts concerning their gracious Redeemer. Do they believe me, when I make profeſſions of kindneſs; and ſhall they not much rather believe the faithful and true Witneſs?—when He ſays, "Open thy mouth

mouth wide, and I will fill it;" when He ſays, "Whatſoever ye ſhall aſk the Father in my name, I will give it." We are not ſtraitened in the tenderneſs of Chriſt's bowels, or in the power of his hand; O! let us not be ſtraitened in ſcanty expectations and feeble faith.

Perhaps my poor friends my feel themſelves a little inclined to love the giver of ſuch a mite. If they ſhould feel themſelves ſo diſpoſed, O! let them conſider, what reaſon, what moſt abundant reaſon they have to adore and love their moſt merciful Redeemer. Their friend never ſhed his blood for them; their friend never laid down his life for them; but Jeſus who reigns in glory, did both for their ſake.——Had their friend been poſſeſſed of a thouſand lives, and had he ſurrendered them all to do them good; then, with what gratitude and love would they have thought upon his name. But the life of the bleſſed Jeſus was of more worth then the lives of all mortals; yet this was freely reſigned, this was given to tortures and death for them. How then ſhould they be loſt in admiration of ſuch goodneſs! how ſhould their hearts glow with gratitude for ſuch amazing loving-kindneſs!

Who knows but this little gift, if attended with theſe conſiderations, may be a means of ſhewing the tender compaſſions of their Saviour—of inclining them to rely more chearfully on his all-ſufficiency—and of ſtirring them up to love Him more unfeignedly? And if ſo, it will be a gift indeed.

The remainder of the money be pleaſed to depoſit with Mrs. W—— for the uſe of the poor widow C——. My heart yearns over her, becauſe ſhe has known what it is to live in affluent circumſtances, and therefore muſt be more ſenſibly pinched with her preſent poverty. She is alſo at a diſtance from her kindred and father's houſe, and on that account muſt feel more heavineſs in her heart, and cannot expect ſo much commiſeration as if ſhe was among her relations. My humble ſervice to your ſpouſe and father, the Captain and his wife, and with the reſt of my Bideford acquaintance your late brother's widow. Pray recommend me in the kindeſt manner to Mr. A.—— and his ſpouſe, and all your other neighbours that remember their once unworthy Paſtor, and their conſtantly affectionate friend,

J. HERVEY.

The Faſhionable Female.

[From Diſcourſes by the rev. Richard Polwhele, 2 vol. 7s.

SHOULD a character, like this, diſgrace the marriage-ſtate, we can hardly imagine her connected with a man of principle or prudence.

'Few men, indeed, though diſſolute as herſelf, regard lightly the domeſtic endearments. Notwithſtanding their youthful days have been marked by intemperance or folly, they look forward, (ſince they have generally a regard for matrimony, whatever they profeſs) to the ſtill pleaſures of conjugal affection. No huſband, in her ſociety, can expect any rational enjoyment. The feaſt of reaſon is not for characters, who know no luxury than mere animal indulgence. To repreſent her as performing thoſe duties of a wife, which her diſſipated habits muſt lead her to violate in every inſtance, would be abſurd and prepoſterous. Her indifference to her huſband's real intereſts—her inattention to his wiſhes—her oppoſition to every laudable meaſure that might interrupt extravagance—her contempt of œconomical principles—her averſion, in ſhort, from every thing that may wear the appearance of duty, muſt extinguiſh each ſpark of connubial ſatisfaction, and finally involve the moſt affluent, in difficulties and diſtreſs.

'If ſhe bear children, ſhe will look

look on them as ſo many incumbrances, or clogs on her enjoyment; and, conſequently, neglect their education. To conſult their real advantage, ſhe is totally unqualified; though, for exterior accompliſhments, ſhe may poſſibly provide her daughters with domeſtic inſtructors; or place them in ſome public ſeminary, where affectation, and vanity, and vice are early nurſed and cheriſhed. In ſhort, as her offspring may probably reſemble herſelf, to bear children will be to injure ſociety by the multiplication of her own image into greater varieties of evil.

'The corruption of her ſervants, abandoned to their own inclinations and purſuits, will be a ſure prelude to the more general, though leſs viſible influence of her contagious example. 'Tis not in her own houſe only, that the unprincipled female adminiſters the poiſon. Every woman of faſhion hath a portentous influence on the public manners. And its extent is, indeed, truly alarming, when even the miniſters of our holy religion have unbluſhingly ſacrificed the decorum of order, and the appearances of decency, to a falſe and a frivolous politeneſs.

'But, ſurely, we cannot long contemplate her character as unfiniſhed by the touch of looſer gallantries, at a ſeaſon when matrimonial fidelity is ſo generally diſcountenanced and degraded. The violation of the marriage bed is ſo familiar in the faſhionable world, that the moſt notorious proſtitution hath been charitably termed, '*innocent intrigue;*' and all its horrors ſoothed away by the illuſion of a few ſoft epithets. An adulterous connection, therefore, too commonly fills up the meaſure of her ſins, and cloſes the diſſipation of the miſerable wanderer. It is this completes the ſcene of depravity, and hurries her to infamy and deſtruction.

'To be divorced from the conjugal and maternal ſcene, where ſhe never experienced the ſlighteſt ſatisfaction, can be no mortification to her inſenſible heart.

'But, if we keep her ſtill before our eyes, we ſhall quickly ſee her wrinkled by every ſpecies of diſtreſs—and grown gray in laſciviouſneſs, with the inclination to vice without the power of ſinning.

'In this diſconſolate ſituation, ſhe may poſſibly endeavour to turn her thoughts to repentance. But, alas! it is too late: ſhe had ſo long loved the world, that ſhe could not diſengage herſelf from it, while any ſparks of paſſion remained to be kindled into a flame. Every incentive is now extinguiſhed. The ties of the world are broken; becauſe ſhe is become incapable of any attachment. How, in this condition, can ſhe think of religion? Through her whole life, ſhe hath violated every duty towards man. Of God ſhe hath never thought—or, if ſhe have, ſhe hath ſaid in her heart, "that there was no God." She may utter, perhaps, at this juncture, a few faint ſupplications—"but words without thoughts never to Heaven go."

Conſcious of having waſted all her time in folly and ſin, and trembling over the grave where her body ſhall ſhall ſhortly be the prey of reptiles—conſcious of having provoked the wrath of Him, to whom ſhe muſt account for all her words and actions, how can ſhe ſupport the thoughts of judgment? She now, for the firſt time, views her ſoul, the exiſtence of which ſhe ſcarce had felt before, contaminated—loathſome, through a maſs of ſin, yet deſtined to appear before God, in the ſight of men and Angels! and death is faſt approaching. Let us draw a veil over its agonies—they are too dreadful for contemplation!'

The

The affecting Story of CAMILLO *and* MARGHERITA.

IN the progreſs of that excellent work 'Zeluco,' from which we have already given ſome pleaſing extracts, we find the profligate hero of it ſmitten with the beauty of a young lady at the opera-houſe in Naples. This induced him (Zeluco) to attach himſelf particularly to ſignora Sporza, at whoſe houſe Laura, the young lady, and her mother, madam Seidlitz, enjoyed a temporary protection — On taking his leave, one day, of ſignora Sporza, he happened to let a china ſnuff-box he had taken off the table, fall on the hearth, where it inſtantly ſhivered in pieces. After making becoming apologies, he took his leave, and the ſame day ſent a gold ſnuff-box, enriched with diamonds, with a letter to ſignora Sporza, intreating her to accept of the one as an atonement for having deſtroyed the other.

Some few days after this, Zeluco again waited on ſignora Sporza. She received him with more frankneſs than at his laſt viſit; he imputed this to the benign influence of the ſnuff-box: as ſoon as he was ſeated ſhe whiſpered her maid, who inſtantly withdrew.

They talked for a while on the common incidents of the place; of a new ſinger that was expected; of a violent exploſion which had happened the preceding night from Mount Veſuvius: of the queen's having ſeemed out of humour at the laſt gala; of a man who had ſtabbed his rival in the ſtreet at mid-day, and then had taken refuge in a church; of a religious proceſſion that was to take place next morning, and of a ball in the evening.

Zeluco endeavoured to turn the converſation from thoſe topics, ſo as that it might ſeem to fall undeſignedly on that which was the object of his viſit. Signora Sporza obſerving this ſaid, 'I will give you the hiſtory of the ladies by and by, ſignor; but I expect two people immediately, to whom you have rendered a moſt eſſential ſervice; and you muſt permit them to thank you in the firſt place.'

He could not poſſibly comprehend her meaning: but ſoon after the maid introduced a very handſome young woman, plainly dreſſed, with a child in her arms, followed by a genteel-looking man, who ſeemed to be a tradeſman, and a few years older than the woman.

Zeluco was greatly ſurpriſed at their appearance.

'This is your benefactor, Camillo,' ſaid ſignora Sporza, addreſſing herſelf to the man, 'the generous perſon who enabled me to free you from priſon.'

'I am greatly indebted to you, ſignor,' ſaid the man, in a moſt reſpectful yet manly manner; 'and although I do not abſolutely deſpair of being one day enabled to repay what you have ſo humanely advanced to liberate me, yet I ſhall never be free from the ſtrong ſenſe of obligation I feel toward you.'

'Ah, ſignor!' cried the woman, unable to contain herſelf, 'you do not know what a worthy and noble-hearted man you have relieved; you do not know the extent of the bleſſed deed you have done; you have preſerved my ſweet infants from death; you have ranſomed my beloved huſband from priſon, and you have ſaved my poor brain from madneſs. O, ſignor! had you but ſeen——' Here the tears obſcured her ſight; the recollection of her huſband's condition when in priſon, with the keen ſenſations of gratitude, ſuppreſſed her voice;—ſhe was ready to faint;—her huſband ſnatched the child from her arms, and the poor woman ſunk down on a chair, which ſignora Sporza ſuddenly placed to receive her.

Camillo, with his child in one arm, ſupported his wife with the other; while ſignora Sporza chafed her temples with aromatic ſpirits.—'Margherita will be well immediately, Camillo,' ſaid ſignora Sporza; 'ſee, ſhe recovers already.'—Thank heaven,' cried Camillo with fervour; he then begged leave to conduct his wife home. Signora Sporza attended her with Camillo and the children into another room, ordered them ſome refreſhment, and deſired they might not leave the houſe till ſhe came back.

All this was as great a myſtery to Zeluco as it is to the reader.—'If I had ſuſpected,' ſaid ſignora Sporza to him, as ſhe returned to the room in which he had remained, 'that this poor woman would have been ſo much affected, I ſhould have ſpared you the ſcene, which I will now endeavour to explain:—I have known the young woman from her childhood; ſhe was always the moſt cheerful ſweet-tempered creature I ever knew. By my recommendation, on the death of her mother, ſhe was taken into the ſervice of the Marcheſa de B——; and in a ſhort time ſhe became her favourite maid. The marcheſa is liberal, and the girl was as happy as a maid could be whoſe miſtreſs has the misfortune of being put out of humour every day as ſoon as ſhe riſes: the cauſe of her ill-humour was without remedy, and grew daily more inveterate; it proceeded from her obſerving more grey hairs on her head, and more wrinkles on her face every morning than ſhe had ſeen the day before; but although her peeviſhneſs was diurnal, it did not laſt long at a time, for Margherita powdered her hair with wonderful expedition; and as ſoon as her face was varniſhed, and her toilet finiſhed, ſhe contemplated herſelf in the mirror with complacency, recovered her cheerfulneſs, and Margherita was happy for the reſt of the day. Meanwhile, the man who has juſt left us fell in love with her, and ſhe fell in love with him; and from that moment the girl's mind was more occupied with her lover than her miſtreſs; whoſe head, after this incident, was neither ſo expeditiouſly nor ſo neatly dreſſed as formerly. When the marcheſa found out the cauſe of this alteration, ſhe was very much out of humour indeed, and told Margherita, that ſhe muſt either give up all communication with the lover or with her:—'ſo you will conſider the difference between me and him,' continued ſhe, 'and then decide.' Margherita accordingly did conſider the difference; and decided in favour of the man.—After leaving the marcheſa, ſhe paſſed more of her time than ever with her lover; and their mutual love increaſed to a very alarming height. Neither of them, however, ever thought of any other remedy than marriage; and notwithſtanding the numbers who have found it a radical cure for love, to this couple it has hitherto proved ineffectual; in the opinion of the poor people themſelves, the diſeaſe rather gains ground, although they have now been married two complete years, and have two children.

'The huſband, who was at firſt employed in the coarſe preparatory work for ſculptors, had himſelf become a tolerable artiſt; he redoubled his induſtry as his family increaſed, and ſaved a litttle money.—Margherita on her part cheered him under his labour, by the moſt active attention to family œconomy, by everlaſting good-humour, and undiminiſhed affection. The bloom and growing vigour of their children was a ſource of joyful foreboding to both.—It was delightful to contemplate the happineſs of this little family. I often called on Margherita, purely to enjoy that happineſs; health, content, and mutual love reſided under their

their humble roof: obtaining with difficulty the ſuperfluities, or even neceſſaries of life, they taſted pleaſure with a reliſh unknown to thoſe who have the overflowing cup of enjoyment conſtantly preſſed to their lips. The gloom of their poverty was cheered by ſome of the brighteſt ſtars of pleaſure, and by the hope of permanent ſun-ſhine. But all this fair and ſerene proſpect was ſuddenly obſcured by a terrible ſtorm. The imprudent huſband, impatient to become rapidly rich, was perſuaded to raiſe all the little money which he had ſaved, to accept of a larger ſum on credit, and to riſk the whole in a commercial adventure:—the whole was loſt;—and the obdurate creditor immediately ſeized on all the furniture and effects of this little family, and threw Camillo into jail.—Margherita, half-diſtracted, came and told me her ſtory. It happened by a ſuperabundance of ill luck that I was very low in caſh myſelf, and had overdrawn my credit with my banker; I gave her what I had, but it was not ſufficient to procure her huſband's liberty, which happened to be what poor Margherita was moſt ſolicitous about. I begged of her to call on me the following morning, determining then to go in ſearch of the neceſſary ſum; but before I ſet out, the ſnuff-box, of which you deſired my acceptance, arrived: inſtead of going to borrow money, ſignor, which, if you ever had the experience of it, you muſt know to be the moſt diſagreeable thing on earth, I went and ſold the ſnuff-box, and in my opinion to very great advantage; for the ſum I received has not only freed the poor fellow from priſon, and redeemed his effects, but alſo makes him a little richer than he was before his unfortunate attempt in commerce. I informed the joyful couple that I had received the money from you, which in effect I did; they know no more of the matter: and now that you have heard the whole, and have ſeen the family whom your bounty has ſaved, I am convinced you will approve of what has been done.'

Zeluco expreſſed great admiration of the benevolence of ſignora Sporza, but inſiſted on redeeming the ſnuff-box, and reſtoring it to her. This ſhe abſolutely refuſed, ſaying, that the circumſtances which ſhe had related formed the only conſideration which could have prevailed on her to accept of a preſent of that value; but ſhe was willing to receive from him a ſnuff-box of the ſame kind with that he had ſo fortunately broken, which ſhe would wear as a memorial of that happy event. Zeluco, finding her obſtinate, was obliged to agree to this compromiſe of the matter.

But although ſignora Sporza had informed him of all ſhe knew, Zeluco himſelf knew certain particulars relative to this ſame affair, that he did not think proper to mention to ſignora Sporza: but which it is now neceſſary to impart to the reader.

It was already obſerved, that Zeluco was greatly ſurpriſed when Margherita was preſented to him: he had, however, frequently ſeen her before; and this was one reaſon of his being a little confounded at her appearance at ſignora Sporza's; but on recollecting, that although he knew her, yet ſhe did not know him, he re-aſſumed his compoſure.

In going to church, Margherita uſually had paſſed the windows of Zeluco's apartment, and he had often remarked her as ſhe went and returned to and from maſs.

Being ſomewhat captivated by her face and perſon, he employed an agent to find out where ſhe lived, and what ſhe was; and afterward commiſſioned the ſame perſon to engage her to meet a very honourable gentleman, who was greatly captivated

with her beauty, at a houſe appropriated for a rendezvous of this nature. Margherita rejected the offers of the agent, baffled the arts employed to ſeduce her, and would have nothing to do with the very honourable gentleman.

This unexpected reſiſtance increaſed Zeluco's ardour. His valet was acquainted with the man who had lent Camillo the money which the imprudent fellow had ſunk in the ill-judged commercial adventure. This man, who thought his money in little or no danger when he firſt advanced it, was now exceedingly uneaſy, and had already begun to preſs Camillo for payment. The valet acquainted Zeluco with thoſe circumſtances, who inſtructed the valet to convince the creditor, that it was in vain for him to expect that ever Camillo could pay the money; and that as long as he was left at large, none of his friends would think of advancing it for him; but that if he were thrown into priſon for the debt, ſome of his or his wife's friends would then certainly ſtep forth for his relief. The man ſcrupled to uſe ſo violent an expedient; but having mentioned it to his wife, by whom Margherita was envied on account of her unblemiſhed character, ſhe preſſed her huſband to adopt this harſh expedient, as the only means of recovering his money. The creditor, however, ſtill heſitated, till the valet aſſured him, under the obligation of an oath of ſecrecy, that he knew a perſon who would advance a ſum ſufficient to pay all Camillo's debts, rather than allow him to remain long in priſon; and he became bound himſelf to do this, if Camillo was not releaſed by the other within a month.

Zeluco, who took care not to appear in all this infamous tranſaction, imagined, that when Margherita was once ſeparated from her huſband, and humbled by diſtreſs, ſhe would then liſten to the ſecret propoſals he intended to renew through his former agent.

The creditor having given orders to his attorney to proceed to extremities againſt Camillo, went himſelf to the country, that he might avoid a ſcheme which his heart was not hard enough to ſupport. But his orders were executed very punctually on the very day in which Zeluco was ſo much ſtruck with the beauty of the young lady at the opera. She had engroſſed his mind ſo entirely, that from that moment he never once thought of Margherita, till he ſaw her introduced with her huſband at ſignora Sporza's, and found that the preſent he had ſent to that lady with a very different view, had been the means of relieving a family brought to the brink of ruin by his inſidious arts.

Anecdotes of the Dutch Republic.

IN an account of the United Provinces of the Netherlands, publiſhed laſt year by the Rev. Mr. Martinet of Zutphen, we find related three anecdotes of a ſcrupulous regard to veracity, and an heroic intrepidity not ſurpaſſed by the nobleſt inſtances in the annals of ancient Greece and Rome.

In the 15th century, during the civil wars between two factions, then known by the names of the *Hacks* and *Cabilliaux*, the former, after a long ſiege, captured the city of Schoonhoven. Irritated by the obſtinate reſiſtance of Albert Beiling, the governor, they condemned him to be buried alive. Albert ſolicited the delay of a month, in order that he might ſettle his affairs. He obtained it; and, upon giving his word of honour to return, was liberated from priſon. When the term expired,

pired, he returned, and ſubmitted to his ſentence.

Some time after this, the inhabitants of Amersfort, who were attached to the party of the Cabilliaux, beſieged the other party in a ſmall town called Barneweldt. John van Schaffelaar, and nineteen of his companions, perſiſted in defending the church, which had been aſſigned to them as a poſt. At laſt, the inutility of their efforts reduced theſe brave men to the neceſſity of demanding a capitulation. The beſiegers anſwered, that they ſhould expect no quarter, till they had precipitated their commander from the tower. Fired with indignation at this propoſal, the heroic band reſolved rather to periſh, than to be diſhonoured by ſuch an atrocious action; but John van Schaffelaar, who knew the implacable hatred of the people of Amersfort, voluntarily aſcended the tower: 'My friends,' ſaid he, 'I muſt die once, and I will not be the cauſe of your deſtruction.'—He inſtantly threw himſelf down: his enemies received him on the points of their lances, diſpatched him, and gave quarter to his comrades.

The Dutch Eaſt India Company conquered the iſland of Formoſa in 1625, and loſt it in 1662. The fort, called Zealand, held out the laſt. Impatient at the length of the ſiege, Coxinga, the Chineſe general, determined to ſend one of his priſoners, the miniſter Hambroeck, to perſuade the garriſon to ſurrender. Hambroeck had no other alternative than to undertake this commiſſion, or to die; and they made him ſolemnly promiſe to return. Arrived at the fort, he repreſented to his companions, that they ought by no means to deſpair of ſtill receiving ſuccours from Batavia; and he perſuaded them not to liſten to any ſummons of ſurrender. His countrymen then ſolicited him to remain with them. Two of his daughters threw themſelves at his feet, embraced his knees, and conjured him not to forſake them. He anſwered them, 'Your mother, the reſt of our family, and many of my countrymen, are priſoners with me. God forbid that I ſhould ſave my own life, by expoſing them to deſtruction. My word of honour is engaged: I will keep it. I ſhall think myſelf happy to be devoted for my brethren.'—He returned to the Chineſe camp. The expected ſuccours not arriving, the fort demanded and obtained an honourable capitulation; but 500 of Coxinga's priſoners, ſuſpected of having conſpired againſt him, were cruelly put to death; and this heroic miniſter was among the number of the unfortunate victims.

William Coddæus, profeſſor of Oriental literature in the univerſity of Leyden, gave, in 1629, a noble example of firmneſs and courage. Being unable to conform to the religious creed of the Stadtholder, prince Maurice, at that time preſcribed to all the Dutch divines by the ſynod of Dort, he was firſt ſuſpended, and afterwards deprived of his place. 'I might have yielded,' ſaid he, 'to circumſtances; I might have become a flatterer as well as others; I might have rendered myſelf as agreeable to the prince; and I might have preſerved my place; but if I ſhould happen to die to-morrow, what account ſhould I give of my conduct to the Supreme Judge?'

This noble example of conſcientious firmneſs has had many imitators in the late political revolution. Among others who refuſed to take the new oaths preſcribed by the triumphant party, and who, of courſe, were obliged to quit their emoluments and became exiles from their country, M. Martinet enumerates many, whoſe writings have done honour to the literature of the United Provinces.

Two Curious Anecdotes of the Cardinal DUBOIS, *Prime Minister of* France, *in the Minority of* Lewis XV.

DUBOIS, both when a ſimple abbé, and when elevated to the higheſt dignities of the church, was one of the moſt profligate of men Avaricious and inſatiable, he was ever intent upon preferment. The cardinal de la Trémouille, archbiſhop of Cambray, died the 1ſt of January, 1720; the information was received by the abbé Dubois at midnight, with ſome other diſpatches. He read them in bed, then roſe with precipitation, and hurried to his royal highneſs. The regent had retired to bed, and given orders not to let any one enter his apartment, except a lady with whom he relaxed his mind. The abbé aſked to ſee him, but the valet mentioned the prohibition and the reaſon. The miniſter inſiſted on entering, ſaying the orders did not extend to him, and advanced to open the door. The valet taking him by the collar to prevent him, ſcratched him in many places; but all his efforts were unavailing, he kept his ground, and at laſt reached the regent, to whom he announced the vacancy of the archbiſhopric of Cambray, and his deſire of attaining that dignity. The regent replied, 'Art thou mad? thou an archbiſhop! thou art a knave, and who would make a prieſt of thee?' 'Your firſt almoner, my lord.' 'True,' replied his highneſs, 'but all the world will reproach me.' 'Do not let that diſturb you, my lord,' returned the abbe, 'a thought juſt occurs to me, write to Deſtouches, to ſolicit a letter from the king of Great Britain to your royal highneſs, in which he may aſk this archbiſhopric for me, in conſideration of the ſervices I have rendered him in the triple alliance. Thus you will be ſcreened from all cenſure, by ſaying, that you could not refuſe this favour to his Britannic majeſty.' The regent conſented, and ſolemnly promiſed to nominate the abbé. He wrote the next day, a copy of the letter the king of England was to write, and ſent it to Deſtouches, deſiring him to convey it through the channel of Mr. Stanhope: that miniſter warmly intereſting himſelf, the king ſigned the letter, and the regent read it publicly to his courtiers.

The regent had never had much reſpect for the abbé Dubois, and it was not increaſed when he became archbiſhop Having diſpleaſed him one day, his ſerene highneſs was in a paſſion, and kicked him ſoundly. Dubois repreſented to him, while he was ſqueezing himſelf into the wall, that he was a prieſt and archbiſhop, and that conſequently he ought not to be ſo injuriouſly treated: upon which the regent redoubled his blows, ſaying, that is for the prieſt, and that is again for the archbiſhop. It is true, this prelate had neither reformed his conduct nor converſation, for he often went out without his croſs, and deſcended by a back ſtaircaſe into the by-allies of the opera, where a ſedan chair was always waiting, to carry him to the houſes of his old friends.

Characters: By a Lady.

[From Andrews's Anecdotes, &c.]

EUPHEMIA poſſeſſes a mind, ſuperior to the ſenſation of poſſeſſing uncommon talents; ſhe would be famed for her wit, her knowledge, her accompliſhments, were it not for her philanthropy. She is ſo much with the wretched, that ſhe is forgotten by the learned, and unknown to the celebrated. In ſhort, ſhe is content with being approved, when every faculty ſhe has, entitles her to ad-

admiration. Amiable Euphemia! we must know *you* to believe such excellence exists!

Araminta, you mistake your fastidiousness of humour, for delicacy of taste, your extreme positiveness for steady principle, and your irritable temper for exquisite sensibility.

And what is it you feel? Not the distresses of the wretched—not the excellence of the deserving—not the success of the eminent—but—your own importance. You tell me no one regards their friends more tenderly; why? Not for any merits *they* possess, but because you think them sensible of *your's;* at the same time they applaud your wit, and fly at your command, gratify your vanity, and contribute to your ease. Talk not of sensibility, distinct from reason, virtue, and benevolence; it is the selfishness of a feeble mind, it is the tenderness of an unsound heart.

Aspasia has generosity, honour, truth, every thing excellent, excepting that disposition of mind, which bears with people destitute of these qualities.

She is a very vixen for what is good—has neither love nor patience for the unworthy—loses her charity in the cause of benevolence, and her justice in zeal for reformation. Aspasia! this violence of will belongs not to virtue!

Eugenio never performed a good action because it was right; for him it was enough to feel it natural. Less generous than profuse, he rather may be said to fling away, than to give.

Though it is not probable he would revenge if he remembered an injury, he is placable more from a careless temper than a noble mind, and oftener forgets than forgives his enemies.

Charitable, not so much from philanthropy as interest, he relieves, rather than sympathises.

Kind without sensibility, good-humoured without affection, you love him, not for his merits, but his nature.

Doricourt possesses that address which is acquired in the best company only, and that kind of knowledge which particularly recommends one to it.

He speaks ingeniously on subjects of taste; passes with all but critics as a connoisseur, with all but men of learning as a scholar.

To a discerning eye, indeed, it is very evident, that his talents are as superficial, as his mind is vain, and his heart interested: that he is polite, and engaging, but that he attends to you, not because he prizes your judgment, but loves your admiration—that he extols *your* virtues, to give you an opinion of *his own;* is good-natured, to be popular, and liberal, only that you may call him so.

Doricourt—'Tu recte vivis, si curas esse quod audis.'

Elvira may be classed among the excellent and the wise, rather than the amiable and accomplished.

She has more understanding than wit, learning than taste, principle than sentiment; and though by no means deficient in tenderness of heart, is better distinguished by greatness of soul.

Her fate required all her fortitude: united to a man without mind, without merit, without morals, she has spent her whole life in endeavouring to reclaim him from his vices, and to conceal them from the world.

While other women are sinking under their petty disappointments, and boasting of their superior sensibility, Elvira, with the highest sense of honour, the nicest discrimination of right and wrong, neglected, injured, neither complains of the bitterness of existence, the fallacy of earthly prospects, nor the state of human things.

Miss

Miſanthropes! ſentimentaliſts! this ſketch is as deſerving your attention, as the Venus de Medicis is a virtuoſo's.

Flavia is a widow of large eſtate, and renowned for generoſity and good-nature; by her generoſity, her tenants are made drunk, and her ſervants waſteful; and her good-nature, gives to ſloth and vice what might relieve diſtreſs, reward merit, and promote induſtry.

Priſcilla, her ſiſter, is a very different character; ſhrewd, acrimonious, vigilant, fearing her bounty ſhould be ill beſtowed, ſhe has not yet ventured to beſtow it; and as it requires a life to know the real worth of an indigent object, ſhe reſerves liberality to the laſt day of her's, and in her will, has left a conſiderable legacy to ſome poor old women now turned of ſeventy.

Meliſſa is one of thoſe women who are diſtinguiſhed by what they *have not*, rather than what they *poſſeſs*.

Her features are not devoid of regularity, but lovelineſs; her ſhape is not without proportion, but grace; her voice not diſcordant, but unmelodious.

She may be called, in the moſt extenſive ſenſe of the word, accompliſhed; but the ſame low tone of colour which characteriſes herſelf, is evident in all ſhe does. Her drawings, exact and delicately finiſhed, want effect; her tranſlations, faithful, and not *in*-elegant, ſpirit; her remarks, formed as they are by good company and books, intereſt.

'With every prudent, every pleaſing part,
'What lacks the fair Meliſſa?—All—a heart!'

Antonio is the moſt credulous man in the world; if indeed, you relate to him a noble action, a tale of ſorrow, the ill-treatment you may have met with, or the humanity of the age we live in, he is as likely as any one to doubt it; but there is no kind of flattery when addreſſed to himſelf, too contemptible for his acceptance, no degree of it too groſs for his belief.

Admire his underſtanding (and never was a more confuſed one) tell him of his virtues, (and no perſon poſſeſſes fewer) extol his conduct, (and it has always been irregular and culpable) and, you are certain of—his *heart?*—his *purſe?*—his *intereſt?*—No; his ear.

REVOLUTION IN *FRANCE.*

(Continued from page 647.)

THE political phænomenon exhibited by France, at this moment, is perfectly unparalelled throughout the annals of univerſal hiſtory. If the conſtitution now forming, under circumſtances ſo peculiarly favourable, be finally eſtabliſhed; if the deliberations and wiſdom of the philoſopher be not circumſcribed by the intrigues of the politician, or deſtroyed by the ſword of faction, the reſult will be a *chef d'œuvre* of Government.

We ſhall make it our buſineſs to give our readers a regular and accurate account of this moſt important of ſubjects, being firmly perſuaded, that however the noiſy events of the day, the turbulent movements of the populace, the inſurrections in the provinces, the bloody executions in the capital, are adapted to alarm the imagination, the decrees of the Senate, and the *progreſs* of thoſe decrees, are the only objects that will ſatisfy our reaſon.

JULY 23. The report of the two ſhocking executions made yeſterday by the populace, occaſioned, on the opening of the Aſſembly, an addreſs from Monſ. De Lally Tollendal.

The Count Mirabeau addreſſed the Aſ-

Aſſembly on the ſame ſubject. He propoſed to ſend to each Diſtrict of Paris two Deputies of the National Aſſembly, in order to concert with the ſeveral Diſtricts on the propoſition of a municipal juriſdiction compoſed of Deputies of each Diſtrict. This municipal government M. Mirabeau alſo propoſed as the only reſource left to reſtrain the populace, by an authority which muſt poſſeſs their eſteem and attach their confidence.

Different propoſitions were made, ariſing out of theſe diſtinct motions, and amendments made to each.

The ſeveral motions and amendments were ſent back for the diſcuſſion of the different Courts, and at ſeven in the evening they again met for a definitive determination.

At their return, the diſcuſſions recommenced, and if they had been heard with moderation, new amendments might have taken place; but the general ſenſe was, that a municipal eſtabliſhment could not take place in the preſent poſture of affairs.

The Aſſembly afterwards iſſued the following Declaration:—

"The National Aſſembly, conſidering that from the firſt moment of its formation, it has adopted no reſolution but what entitles it to the confidence of the people;

"That it has already eſtabliſhed the firſt foundations on which the public liberty and felicity ſhould reſt;

"That the King has recently acquired a ſtronger claim than ever to the confidence of his faithful ſubjects;

"That he has not only himſelf invited them to demand their liberty and rights, but that at the deſire of the Aſſembly, he has removed every ſubject of diffidence capable of alarming the public mind;

"That he has removed the troops, whoſe preſence or approach had ſpread terror thro' the capital*;

"That he has diſmiſſed from about his perſon the Counſellors who were objects of uneaſineſs to the nation;

"That he has recalled thoſe whoſe return was ſo anxiouſly deſired;

"That he has appeared in the National Aſſembly with the unreſerved confidence of a father amidſt his children, to requeſt them to aid him in ſaving the State;

"That, guided by the ſame ſentiments, he has repaired to the capital, to aſſociate himſelf with his people, and by his preſence to diſpel every remaining apprehenſion;

"That in this ſtate of perfect harmony between the Chief and the Repreſentatives of the Nation; and after the complete union of all the Orders, the Aſſembly is now occupied, and will never ceaſe to occupy itſelf

* The following Letter exhibits a ſtill ſtronger proof of the Monarch's conceding temper—perhaps even to the degradation of Majeſty.

July 21, 1789.

To the MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE, *Colonel General of the Pariſian Army.*

"I am informed, Sir, that a conſiderable number of ſoldiers of ſeveral of my regiments have quitted their colours to join the troops of Paris. I authorize you to keep all thoſe who ſhall have come to you prior to the receipt of this letter only, unleſs they prefer returning to their reſpective corps, with a ticket from you, which will relieve them from the apprehenſion of any improper treatment.

"As for the French guards, I authorize them to enter into the City Militia of my capital, and their pay and maintenance ſhall be continued until my city of Paris has taken the neceſſary arrangements relative to their ſubſiſtence. The four companies who are here for my guard ſhall continue their ſervice, and I ſhall take care of them.

in the great object of the Constitution;

"That any diffidence tending to disturb the inestimable harmony of the present moment, would impede the labours of the Assembly, prove an obstacle to the intentions of the King, and give, at the same time, a fatal blow to the general interests of the Nation, and the private interests of its component Members;

"That not a Citizen, in fine, but who should shudder at the very idea of troubles, which in their deplorable consequences would produce the dispersion of families, the interruption of commerce, the privation of succour fot the poor, a cessation of labour for workmen and citizens, and for all ranks a total overthrow of social order;

"The National Assembly therefore invite all the French to peace, to the maintenance of public order and tranquility, to the confidence they owe their King and their Representatives, and to that respect for the laws, without which there exists no real liberty.

"The Assembly further declares, with respect to the Agents of Power, who shall have caused, or by their crimes may cause the misfortunes of the people, that they ought to be accused, convicted, and punished; but that only by the law, which should hold them under its safeguard, until it has decided on their fate; *that the Prosecution of all Crimes of* LESE NATION *appertains to the Representatives of the Nation;* that the Assembly, in the Constitution which it is incessantly occupied in forming, will point out the tribunal before which every person accused of such crimes shall be prosecuted, that he may be judged according to the laws, and in consequence of a public trial.

"Resolved, That the present Declaration be printed, and transmitted by all the Deputies to their respective Constituents.

"Done in the National Assembly this 23d of July 1789."

(Signed)

The Duc de Liancourt, *President.*
Staniflaus de Clermont Tonnerre,
Le Chapelier,
Mounier,
The Abbe Gregoire,
The Abbe Sieyes,
The Compte de Lally Tollendal,
Secretaries.

JULY 24. The Deputies of the city of Rouen came to present to the National Assembly the homage of approbation, respect and gratitude, which so many cities have rendered to it by their addresses.

JULY 25. The Judge and Council of Paris came to-day to render to the National Assembly that homage which the Sovereign Courts and all France are impatient to pay to it.

The President, in his answer, assured the Judge and Council, that the National Assembly would attend to the interest of commerce, which they considered as inseparably connected with that of the nation, and that they would use every possible means of preventing those frequent bankruptcies, which drew a censure both on the credit and the conduct of a country.

JULY 27. The President read to the Assembly a letter from the Duke of Dorset, addressed to the Comte de Montmorin, and transmitted by him to the Duke de Liancourt, of which the following is a copy:—

"SIR, *Paris, July 26, 1789.*

"I have been informed from several quarters, that attempts are made to insinuate that my Court had contributed to foment the troubles which have for some time afflicted the capital; that it was availing itself of this moment to arm against France; and

even

even that a fleet was on the coaſt, for the purpoſe of hoſtilely co-operating with a party of the mal-contents (the Ariſtocracy). However deſtitute of foundation all theſe rumours are, they ſeem to me to have obtained credit in the National Aſſembly; and the National Courier, in giving an account of the ſittings of the 23d and 24th of this month, leaves ſuſpicions which give me the more pain, as you know, Sir, how very far my Court is from meriting them.

"Your Excellency will recollect ſeveral converſations I had with you in the beginning of the laſt month; the dreadful plot which had been propoſed to me relative to the port of Breſt; the anxiety I ſhewed in putting the King and his Miniſters on their guard; the anſwer of my Court, which ſo decidedly correſponded with my ſentiments, and rejected with horror the propoſals that was made to it; and the aſſurances of attachment which it repeated to the King and to the nation. You communicated to me, at the ſame time, his Majeſty's ſenſibility on the occaſion.

"As my Court has it greatly at heart to maintain the good harmony which ſubſiſts between the two nations, and to diſpel every contrary ſuſpicion, I entreat you, Sir, to impart this letter without delay, to the Preſident of the National Aſſembly. You cannot but feel how eſſential it is for me, that juſtice ſhould be rendered to my conduct, and to the conduct of my Court; and that the effect of the inſidious inſinuations ſo induſtriouſly propagated, ſhould be deſtroyed and done away.

"It is of infinite import, that the National Aſſembly ſhould be made acquainted with my ſentiments; that it ſhould do juſtice to the ſentiments of my nation, and to the open conduct it has conſtantly obſerved towards France, ſince I have had the honour to be its delegate.

"I have it the more at heart that you ſhould not loſe a moment in taking theſe meaſures, as I owe it to my perſonal character, to my country, and to the Engliſh who are here, in order to free them from all diſgraceful reflections to which they might otherwiſe be ſubject.

"I have the honour to be,
Very ſincerely, &c.
DORSET."

The foregoing Letter of the Duke of Dorſet was occaſioned by one from his Excellency to the Count d'Artois, found on the Baron de Caſtelnau, the French Reſident at Geneva, who had been ſtopped by the populace. The finding the Letter had occaſioned very warm debates in the Aſſembly whether it ſhould be read. The Biſhop of Langres, in imitation of the conduct of Cæſar, who after the civil wars burnt all letters that might tend to revive the memory of thoſe ſad occurrences, was for returning the Duke's Letter without examination. A Mr. Robert Pierre maintained the contrary. The Comte de Clermont Tonnerre put an end to the debate, by aſſuring the Aſſembly that he had read the letter in queſtion at the Hotel de Ville, and that it did not contain a ſyllable injurious to the French nation, nothing but mere compliments to the Count on his ſafety, &c. The Duke, however, finding the people ſtill diſſatisfied, in his own juſtification, and for that of the Engliſh nation, wrote the above, which he requeſted the Count de Montmorin to communicate to the Preſident of the National Aſſembly. The Count, in his Letter to the Preſident, which accompanied his Grace of Dorſet's, ſays, that "the Ambaſſador of England did actually give a verbal communication, at the beginning of the month of June, of a plot AGAINST THE PORT OF BREST." The perſons who meditated this treachery demanded *Succours for the Expedition*, and

an *Asylum in England.* But the Ambassador assured him the authors of the project were totally unknown to him; and all the researches he (the Comte de Montmorin) had been able to make had proved unsuccessful, which obliged him at the time only to urge the Count de la Luzerne, to give special orders to the Commandant of Brest to use every possible precaution, and to observe the strictest discipline.

The Duke of Dorset's Letter was received by the National Assembly with an affection and enthusiasm difficult to describe, and was followed by many speeches of the most flattering nature to the *brave people of England.* One of the Members closed an eloquent speech in the following terms:—"And who (said he) can take upon them to oppose so fine an energy? You it cannot be, you free and brave people, who have shed seas of blood for Liberty. Oh, gallant Englishmen! forgive the error for a moment, that made us presume it possible. But all our doubts are now at an end; and the knowledge of possessing your esteem and approbation will double our ardour. Your worthy Representative convinced us yesterday that *the bravest nation is the most generous.*"

Answer of the DUKE *de* LIANCOURT, *President of the National Assembly, to the* COMTE *de* MONTMORIN.

Versailles, July 27.

"I have received the letter your Excellency has done me the honour of writing to me, as also that of the Ambassador of England, which was annexed to it, and immediately communicated both one and the other to the National Assembly.

"The Assembly order me to have the honour of informing you, that they heard them read with the greatest satisfaction; to thank you for having transmitted them; and to request you to be so good as to express to his Excellency the Duke of Dorset their thanks for the anxiety he expresses, in quality of Ambassador, to have his sentiments, and those of his nation, declared to the National Assembly.

"The Assembly have resolved, that this letter shall be sent instantly to Paris, and made public throughout the kingdom, by impression.

"I have the honour to be,
With the most perfect attachment, &c.
The DUKE DE LIANCOURT."

JULY 28. This day Monsieur Necker arrived at Paris, and was received by the King with great cordiality and affection.

The next day (the 29th) at two o'clock, he waited on the National Assembly, where he was received with such applauses, as constitute the most glorious recompence this world is able to bestow on virtue; and to whom he addressed himself as follows:—

"I embrace the earliest moment to express to this august Assembly my respectful gratitude for the marks of concern and goodness with which it has been pleased to honour me. It has imposed on me great duties; but it is by profiting by its sentiments and enlightened knowledge that I am able to preserve some courage."

On the 30th M. Necker made his triumphal entry into Paris, escorted by a large body of armed Citizens on horseback, and the streets lined with the Militia, amidst an immense concourse of people, though his intended visit was not announced till ten in the morning. In his passage he was saluted with the cries of *Long live Necker, the honest Man, our Father!* On reaching the Hotel de Ville, the spot was pointed out to him on which the late victims to popular vengeance had fallen a sacrifice: he was so deeply affected as to be scarcely able to mount the steps. He first repaired to the Assembly of 120 Representatives

tives of the Paris Diſtricts, and then to the Chambers of Electors.

(To be continued.)

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

REFLECTIONS *on the* SEASONS.

THE conſideration of the cauſes and appearances of the ſeaſons, forms an agreeable and inſtructive ſubject for the philoſophers; and the analogy, that ſubſiſts between their viciſſitudes and the different periods of human life, furniſhes ample materials for moral reflection.

When we attend to the courſes of the changes of the ſeaſons, we have great reaſon to admire the ſimplicity of nature, or rather the infinite wiſdom of the Author of nature, who, by a circumſtance ſeemingly ſo unimportant as the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit, has produced theſe viciſſitudes, ſo ſalutary and uſeful to the earth itſelf and its inhabitants. This is one inſtance of that incomprehenſible wiſdom, which is ſo illuſtriouſly diſplayed throughout the whole univerſe; which, the more we become acquainted with nature, appears the more conſpicuous, and affords the greater reaſon for admiration and gratitude.—

The appearances of the ſeaſons are ſo various, and their gradual ſucceſſions ſo agreeable, that they afford no ſmall ſource of happineſs and comfort to man and the other inhabitants of the earth. Each ſeaſon is admirably fit for promoting certain purpoſes, which more immediately belong to it; or inſpiring thoſe ſentiments, which enable man to reliſh the pleaſure, or comfort him under the diſagreeable circumſtances, which neceſſarily accompany it. Theſe topics form the ſubject of *Thomſon's* poem upon the ſeaſons; which, excepting a few inſtances of the *falſe ſublime*, is one of the beſt poems in the Engliſh language. It contains a juſt and accurate deſcription of that beautiful variety, which renders the ſeaſons ſo pleaſing and agreeable; and of thoſe numerous ſcenes, which are naturally connected with them.

Spring is, of all the ſeaſons, peculiarly pleaſant and ſalutary. The reanimation of nature, formerly defaced by the melancholy ravage of winter; the gradual increaſe of the day; the verdure of the renewed landſcape; the ſoftly blowing vernal zephyrs; the firſt warblings of the early ſongſters; and the ideas of health, vivacity and chearfulneſs, neceſſarily aſſociating with the contemplation of the joyful appearance of univerſal nature: conſpire to render this ſeaſon extremely pleaſing.

Theſe circumſtances emphatically repreſent the ſprightlineſs and vivacity of infancy, and the gradual dilation, or expanſion, of the mental powers and faculties.—

Summer may be conſidered as a continuation of Spring, in which the beauty and pleaſure of the latter are brought to perfection. Nature, reanimated in ſpring, in ſummer becomes completely beautiful; the landſcape exchanges its former verdure for the gay covering of *Flora*; the cooling gale, heated by the genial ſun, ſucceeds the zephyr; the warblings of a few ſongſters give place to a general concert; and the ideas of vivacity and chearfulneſs accompanying ſpring become thoſe amorous and fond ſentiments in ſummer, which are ſo pleaſing to man.

The activity and fanciful imagination of youth, and the ſtill farther expanſion of the mental faculties, bear a ſtriking analogy to the ſcenes of Summer.

In Autumn, nature is in one reſpect on the decline, and in another in the greateſt perfection. The appearance of

of the fields and gardens, abounding with various fruits, preſents to the mind the pleaſing ideas of plenty and fertility. While, on the other hand, the decay of the vegetable world, the deſoliation of the trees, the declining appearance of the year, and the fading aſpect of things, are apt to inſpire a pleaſing melancholy. The autumnal moon is not one of the leaſt beautiful *phænomena* of this ſeaſon; and furniſhes another inſtance of the wiſdom and goodneſs of the Deity.

Autumn repreſents manhood, or that period of human life, in which the faculties are enlarged to their greateſt extent, and man is, in general, arrived at his *maximum*, both with reſpect to body and mind. But the conſideration, that, after this period, he muſt ſucceſſively decreaſe; that his faculties muſt fail, and his body become infirm; naturally begets melancholy thoughts in the mind of man.

The ſublime and awful ſcenes of winter affect the mind with a peculiar ſort of pleaſure. It is not diſagreeable to hear the noiſe of the tempeſt without, if one is ſheltered from it in a comfortable habitation; except when humanity inſinuates, that in all probability ſome of one's fellow creatures are expoſed to it.

Winter emphatically reſembles old age and death. The faculties are impaired, the body becomes weak, the ſenſes languiſh, and mortal man, like a ſhort-lived fading flower, drops into the duſt. But, in one reſpect, the analogy between winter and old age fails. In a little, the effects of winter ſhall be perceived no more; ſoon ſhall ſpring renew decayed nature, and cauſe it to ſmile.

" But when ſhall ſpring viſit the
" mouldering urn,
" O when ſhall it dawn on the night
" of the grave!"

The good man may derive many comfortable reflections from the analogy that ſubſiſts between human life and the ſeaſons, ſuperior to thoſe already mentioned. Conſciouſneſs of innocence, and the approbation of one's conſcience, afford comfort, which no viciſſitudes can extinguiſh, nor length of time efface. Chriſtianity teaches, that, tho' the priſoners of the grave may long ſleep in ſilence, yet even with regard to man's frail and mortal life,

" The ſtorms of *winʼry time* will
quickly paſs,
" And one unbounded *ſpring* enrich us all."

Oct. 14*th*, 1789. A.

Poetry.

For the Aberdeen Magazine.

The Non Contents.

HOW is it, *Carlos*, we ſo often find
The meaneſt trifles diſconcert mankind:
That man who has with reaſon been endow'd,
And as the beſt of nature's works been view'd,
That he for trifles ſhould his temper loſe, [proſe.
Excites my ſatire thus in mad'ning
Wiſe was that merry minded ſage of old,
The fam'd Democritus in ſtory told.
Who conſtant laugh'd at all the diff'rent whims,
Purſued by mankind in their waking dreams:
O had he lived but in our modern time,
And view'd with ſcanning eye our Britiſh clime,
What had he not to raiſe his laughter found,
Ere he had ſcarch'd the fertile iſland round,

Ere

Where ſtill we ſee, in ev'ry idle hour,
The dæmon Diſcontent exerts her pow'r;
She, ugly hag, by turns ſubdues the mind
Of mighty Cæſar or the lab'ring hind,
So few the boſoms but ſhe fills with care,
Not even wiſe philoſophers ſhe'll ſpare.
See on yon hill the pariſh manſe appears,
And o'er the cot its ſecond ſtory rears,
Bleſt is the owner with a lovely wife,
A chearful offspring and a fund for life.
Then who'd not think, the holy dome to view,
But that the owner ſweet contentment knew;
Truſt not appearances, they oft deceive,
Elſe why does *Martext* ſtill unhappy live?
Of ſterling pounds his rent is juſt fourſcore,
But neighbour *Luke* poſſeſſes twenty more.
Old *ſixty* rails at theſe degenerate days,
Frets at their manners and their evil ways,
And oh! he cries, "can I forget the "times
"In which I lived, unknowing of "ſuch crimes;
"When patriot ſtateſmen ſcorn'd a "foreign bribe,
"Unlike our modern mercenary tribe:
"When amongſt friends diſſention "ne'er was ſow'n,
"Nor ſuch a monſter as a cuckold "known,
"Turn where you will, you're ſure "deceit will meet ye,
"For gold has baniſh'd truth to "Otaheite."
But, ſnarler, hold, view the hiſtoric page,
And ſoon you'll know there's rogues in ev'ry age.
Then ne'er ſeverely modern manners blame,
For human nature always in the ſame.
Lingo tenacious of the grammar rules,
Retains the ſtrictneſs of the learned ſchools,
And foremoſt ſtill of all the pedant throng,
Frets at my rhyme becauſe'tis pointed wrong.
What cares beſet the lover tribe around,
And ah! how little does their boſoms wound?
Poor whining fools, from pain they ne'er are free,
For Damon dies, if Celia ſmiles on me;
Who would not laugh, when we ſo many find,
Pine at the caprice of a female's mind;
To day ſhe'll hear you—ſhe'll to-morrow ſcorn— [lorn?
But what ſo dreadful as a ſwain for-
True in that caſe he's ſtranger to all bliſs, [kiſs;
Unleſs his Chloe gives a ſmile or
But that obtain'd, no tortures then moleſt,
And baubles thus ſet children's cares to reſt. [frown,
Nor yet is woman, tho' ſhe pow'rful
To cares unmeaning utterly unknown. [ſtood,
Firſt in the dance the gay Roſina
Fair ſhone her face, tho' in a haughty mood, [play,
A fav'rite tune the band ſhe oft made
But fickle Phillis now the band obey,
Roſina eyed her with a mad'ning glance,
And raging cry'd, "I will not join the dance,"
Her trembling part'ner ran to her relief, [grief.
And bought an orange to aſſuage her
Why frowns fair Flavia on the gazing throng,
And ſhakes her treſſes as ſhe moves along, [ſigh?
Why does her lovely boſom heave the
"Celia, good ſir, has finer lace than I,
"Yet this I'd bear, tho' very hard I vow,
"But Captain Flaſh gallants my rival now."

Thus,

Thus, Carlos, all degrees of either ſex,
Themſelves for things of no importance vex,
Unknowing for what cauſe they rail at fate,
'Tis envy often ſtimulates their hate.
But you, my friend, ſuperior to the crowd, [aloud,
For trifling croſſes ne'er complain
Indignant always ceaſeleſs growlers view,
And old Democritus's ſcheme purſue;
While reaſon guides you, let this be your plan, [man.
You'll be the wiſeſt and the happieſt
Aberdeen Oct. 1789. J. I.

ODE *to* SOCIETY.
By Mrs PIOZZI.

SOCIETY! gregarious dame!
Who knows thy favour'd haunts to name?
Whether at Paris you prepare
The ſupper and the chat to ſhare,
While fix'd in artificial row,
Laughter diſplays its teeth of ſhow:
Grimace with raillery rejoices,
And ſong of many mingled voices,
Till young Coquetry's artful wile
Some foreign novice ſhall beguile,
Who home return'd, ſtill prates of thee,
Light, ſlippant, French Society.
Or whether, with your zone unbound,
You ramble gaudy Venice round,
Reſolv'd th' inviting ſweets to prove,
Of friendſhip warm, and willing love;
Where ſoftly roll th' obedient ſeas,
Sacred to luxury and eaſe,
In coffee-houſe or caſino gay,
Till the too quick return of day,
Th' enchanted votary who ſighs
For ſentiments without diſguiſe,
Clear, unaffected, fond and free,
In Venice finds Society.
Or if to wiſer Britain led,
Your vagrant feet deſire to tread
With meaſur'd ſtep and anxious care,
The precincts pure of Portman-ſquare;
While wit with elegance combin'd,
And poliſh'd manners there you'll find;
The taſte correct—and fertile mind:
Remember Vigilance lurks near,
And Silence with unnotic'd ſneer,
Who watches but to tell again
Your foibles with to-morrow's pen;
Till titt'ring malice ſmiles to ſee
Your wonder—grave Society.
Far from your buſy crowded court,
Tranquility makes her report;
Where 'mid cold Staffa's columns rude,
Reſides majeſtic Solitude;
Or where in ſome ſad Brachman's cell,
Meek Innocence delights to dwell,
Weeping with unexperienc'd eye,
The death of a departed fly:
Or in *Hetruria*'s heights ſublime,
Where Science ſelf might fear to climb,
But that ſhe ſeeks a ſmile from thee,
And wooes thy praiſe, Society.
Thence let me view the plains below,
From rough St Julian's rugged brow;
Hear the loud torrents ſwift deſcending,
Or mark the beauteous rainbow bending,
Till Heaven regains its favourite hue,
Æther divine! celeſtial blue!
Then boſom'd high in myrtle bower,
View letter'd Piſa's pendant tower;
The ſea's wide ſcene, the port's loud throng,
Of rude and gentle, right and wrong;
A motley group which yet agree
To call themſelves Society. [Fame,
Oh! thou ſtill ſought by Wealth and
Diſpenſer of applauſe and blame:
While Flatt'ry ever at thy ſide,
With Slander can thy ſmiles divide:
Far from thy haunts, oh! let me ſtray,
But grant one friend to cheer my way,
Whoſe converſe bland, whoſe muſic's art,
May cheer my ſoul, and heal my heart!
Let ſoft Content our ſteps purſue,
And bliſs eternal bound our view:
Pow'r I'll reſign, and pomp and glee,
Thy beſt-lov'd ſweets—Society.

THE

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THE TRIFLER,

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OF EXTREMES—SUBJECT CONTINUED FROM THE LAST PAPER.

IN my laſt, I offered a few remarks in ſupport of the opinions of a very ſenſible and intelligent correſpondent, who thought that in many inſtances, modern manners in dreſs, &c. were a proof of the propenſity of mankind to leap from one extreme into another. I concluded with obſerving, that we are juſtly entitled to judge of a man's diſpoſition from many external circumſtances and appearances. Now, although I have in ſome meaſure proved this, I muſt own that this method of judging is 1. Artificial; and 2. In many caſes uncertain.

1. It is artificial, that is, it is not natural to judge of man thus, nor perhaps, ſome will ſay, is it candid to judge of any man from external appearances. But, the truth is, we are ſo much the creatures of habit and forms, that wherever we diſcover certain effects we can trace them to certain cauſes. We are uſed to do this in common life. "I did not like the appearance of the man," is a common expreſſion, and ninety nine caſes out of an hundred, this diſlike did not ariſe from any thing obſerved in his features, but from his whole outward appearance, of which dreſs conſtitutes the principal, becauſe the moſt obvious part. Bring an Indian who has never ſeen much of Engliſh dreſs, and let him determine betwixt a Biſhop and a Beau; he will be at a ſtand, utterly at a loſs to determine which poſſeſſes moſt mental faculties, moſt talents, moſt learning. It is *cuſtom* therefore which inclines us to judge from outward appearances. The piece of cloth in the draper's ſhop ſpeaks nothing; it is its ſhape when worn that we derive ſome knowledge from. We know that certain deſcriptions of men wear certain faſhions of cloaths. Wherever therefore we find the cloaths we judge of the wearers. When I ſee a man whoſe pulſe is 120; whoſe tongue is furred, his ſkin dry, whoſe ſtomach is diſordered, and who complains of heat and thirſt, I know certainly this man has a fever upon him. In whatever perſon I find thoſe complaints, I judge the

the ſame. This is what phyſicians call Symptomatology. And wherever I find a young man dreſt in the extreme of the faſhion, every part of his dreſs extravagant and *outre*, admiring himſelf in a glaſs, at great pains to diſplay a diamond ring, a gold ſnuff box, &c. I pronounce, *there is a Beau!* I judge from ſymptoms obvious to the eye. I judge of nothing within, becauſe he ſhews me nothing internal.

2. This mode of judging is in ſome caſes uncertain. I ſay in *ſome caſes*, and for the ſake of thoſe ſome, though they are but few, I would have people cautious of raſhly expreſſing the judgments they may have formed. But what has rendered our judgment in ſome reſpects fallacious, is, the affectation of many perſons to appear quite contrary to what they are, and of a few to appear contrary to every other perſon. Here again we encounter with the propenſity to extremes ſo natural to man. A. has obſerved that people who devote a great deal of time to dreſs, are generally not accounted the wiſeſt of mankind. He reſolves therefore to dreſs in the other extreme, that he may avoid the imputation of folly; but I can whiſper in his ear, that he thereby incurs the imputation of pride, ſingularity and affectation, being ſpecies of that paſſion. And as the Beau would by his dreſs be accounted lovely and well-pleaſing to the ladies, whether men may think him a fool or not, (for that he little regards) which is a degree of vanity, ſo the ſloven who dreſſes clumſily, and avoids acting like other men, in order to be thought wiſe, is guilty of a higher degree of vanity and conceit, in as much as wiſdom is preferable to gallantry, a name among the learned of the age preferable to a ſubſcription at an Aſſembly room, or the honour of being favoured by a Muſe, preferable to that of dancing with a great *toaſt* at a Ball.

With regard to the happy *medium* to be preſerved in external circumſtances, and indeed, in every thing that varies with the age and time, we can perhaps attend to no better rule than this; To regard our duty as ſuperior to our pleaſure; to conſider the mind as of infinitely more worth than the body; and to remember that one "ſelf-approving hour" is worth an age of flattery, or fame from men. No man will commit egregious errors in dreſs, who conſiders it only as a ſecondary obligation, or, when compared with the obligations of religion and virtue, as no duty at all. When, however, from weakneſs of underſtanding, and falſe conceptions of human duty, a man conſiders his external appearance as of ſuperior importance, it is natural to ſuppoſe he will devote his time, and perhaps hazard his fortune, in purſuing wild extremes, and it is as natural to ſuppoſe that it would be in vain to ſeek for real worth, for intellectual power, or vigour of mind, in one who has forfeited his liberty of thinking, and has not energy enough to be emancipated from the ſlavery impoſed by his tailor or his frizeur.

In women, attention to dreſs is allowable in a higher degree than in men; but in women it argues no want of underſtanding to be thus more attentive to dreſs: It is ungenerous to offer the trite remark, that "women are for ever talking of dreſs," without at the ſame time we make ſuch allowances as are but fair in the preſent caſe. There are two reaſons which will go a great way to excuſe ladies on this ſcore. In the firſt place, men have taught them to ſtudy dreſs; men themſelves have raiſed in the fair ſex an emulation in this article; and the ſuperior beauty of the women, though it ſtands not in need of ſuperfluous ornament, but "when unadorned is adorned the moſt," yet the moſt beautiful woman gives to, if ſhe receives not from dreſs, a certain ſome-

thing

thing which renders her whole appearance more beautiful—In the ſecond place, there is no abſurdity in ladies talking frequently of dreſs, becauſe almoſt all ladies (not of the higheſt rank) have been from their infancy employed in making, altering, and preparing their own dreſſes. It is natural, therefore, to talk of one's conſtant employment; and I can ſee no abſurdity, far leſs crime, in a few ladies conferring together on the ſubject, as they may ſuggeſt improvements to each other.—If thoſe obſervations are not ſufficient to ward off all cenſure from the ladies on account of their talking of dreſs, I muſt give up the cauſe. This, however, I am pretty certain of, that if men made their own dreſſes, we ſhould hear leſs political converſation. The moſt important act of the legiſlature would then give way to the ſhape of a coat; the revolution of France ſeem leſs important than the trimming of a veſt, and the troubles in Auſtria be abſorbed in the width of our breeches.

To conclude, if we know exactly our duty, (and it is every man's buſineſs to know that) if we feel our ſituation in life, and know what we owe to ourſelves and others, we ſhall ſeldom fall into extremes, nor leap from one extreme to another. Beſides the obligation on us to practiſe virtue and piety, an obligation from which no man is or can be free, let the conſideration, that adopting extremes is a proof of weakneſs of underſtanding, rouſe a laudable pride, and prevent us from aiming only at thoſe diſtinctions in which the fool and the profligate may follow; but rather, if we wiſh to be ſingular, let us be ſingular in aiming at that perfection which is "pure and ſpiritual," which exalts our wiſdom, promotes our happineſs, and will be a ſource of comfort when the opinions of men ſhall ceaſe to be valuable, and the aſſociations of folly and faſhion ſhall be diſſolved.

Reflections on the Cuſtom of Burying the Dead, and the Danger of precipitate Interment—*By Mr* Durande.

(Continued from page 680.)

THE cold to which a dying man is expoſed, that he may not dirty himſelf, is attended with the greateſt danger, for while the ſphincter remains in contraction, there exiſts within us ſome remains of irritability, and conſequently of life. The diſcharge of the inteſtinal matter, is the *ultimum vitæ*. Thus whilſt a child has not yet voided the meconium, the man-midwife, notwithſtanding the moſt diſmal ſymptoms, ſtill hopes to recall it to life. On the contrary, the appearance of this excrement is conſidered by him as a certain ſign of death. The ſtopping of the anus is attended with no leſs inconvenience, as it prevents the action of the parts in which life ſtill ſubſiſts; for the Abbé Spalanzani has proved, that digeſtion continues for ſome time after a perſon's death. If theſe parts could afterwards recover force and irritability enough to reanimate the other organs, the cloſing the anus would neceſſarily become an obſtacle to their ſalutary action. The different ſituations given to a body, is ſufficient when it has arrived at the laſt degree of weakneſs, to cauſe or to accelerate death. Of this, however, people are not ſufficiently aware, when they take away the pillow from a dying perſon, which is often done, and place the body upon a ſtraw matraſs. Beſides, during life, there exhales continually from the cavities of the head, from the breaſt, and from the belly, a vapor, which is always abſorbed by the veſſels; but if this vapor be condenſed by the cold, it thickens into drops, as may be ſeen by breathing upon glaſs, and then

an expanſion takes place, which interrupts the action of the veſſels, and oppoſes the return of life. Humanity proteſts againſt ſuch a deteſtable mode of procedure; it tells us that we ought to allow ſick people to expire in a good warm bed, and to remove all thoſe cauſes which may ſhorten the period of their lives.

People are buried ſometimes five or ſix hours after their apparent death, yet how many examples have we ſeen of the principles of life exiſting a long time after the motion of the heart and arteries has ceaſed? We know that the heart generally weakens by degrees, that its power ends by not being any longer in a condition to force the blood into the arteries, that this blood flows towards the large veſſels, and that the circulation ceaſes; but if the tonic motion ſtill ſubſiſts, the circulation may be re-eſtabliſhed, and it is above all in the exterior part of the body, that it may be put in play to act upon the blood. Being therefore excited by frictions upon the ſkin, and by inſufflation into the inteſtines, according to the practice of the Acadians, it has often brought to life people taken from the water, who to all appearance were dead. But when the body is buried, the exterior parts are cold and in a ſtate of compreſſion; beſides it is not ſufficient that this tonic motion ſhould be excited: one muſt alſo remove all thoſe obſtacles which prevent it from ſpreading and giving play to the organs of the pulſe, and of reſpiration; but the preſſure made upon the breaſt and upon the belly, while the mouth is ſhut, and ſometimes ſtuffed with cotton, becomes an object almoſt inſurmountable. The preſſure upon the belly is attended with this great diſadvantage, that it oppoſes the ſinking of the diaphragm, thus preventing reſpiration, and beſides compreſſing the inteſtines, which are generally the laſt part in which the vital principle ſubſiſts. It reſults then from this precipitate cuſtom, either that the remains of life are ſometimes extinguiſhed, or that they are oppreſſed for a time, ſo that one never revives but amidſt the horrors of the grave.

The difference between the end of a weak life, and the commencement of death, is ſo ſmall, and the uncertainty of the ſigns of the latter is ſo well eſtabliſhed, both by ancient and modern authors, who have turned their attention to that important object, that we can ſcarcely ſuppoſe undertakers capable of diſtinguiſhing an apparent from a real death. Animals which ſleep during winter ſhew no ſigns of life; in this caſe, circulation is only ſuſpended; but were it annihilated, the vital ſpirit, as I have ſaid, does not ſo eaſily loſe its action as the other fluids of the body, and the principle of life, which long ſurvives the appearance of death, may re-animate a body in which the action of all the organs ſeems to be at end. But how difficult is it to determine, whether this principle may not be revived? It has been found impoſſible to recal to life ſome animals, ſuffocated by mephitic vapors, though they appeared leſs affected than others who have revived*. Coldneſs, heavineſs of the body, a leaden livid colour, with a yellowneſs in the viſage, are all very uncertain ſigns: Mr Zimmerman obſerved them all upon the body of a criminal, who fainted thro' the dread of that puniſhment which he had merited. He was ſhaken, dragged about, and turned in the ſame manner as dead bodies are, without the leaſt ſigns of reſiſtance, and yet at

* Dr Portal's Report made to the French Academy of Sciences, reſpecting the death of two perſons ſuffocated by the vapor of coals.

the

the end of twenty four hours he was recalled to life by means of volatile alkali.

A Director of the Coach Office at Dijon, named Colinet, was ſuppoſed to be dead, and the news of this event was ſpread throughout the whole city. One of his friends who was deſirous of ſeeing him at the moment when he was about to be buried, having looked at him for a conſiderable time, thought he perceived ſome remains of ſenſibility in the muſcles of the face. He therefore made an attempt to bring him to life by ſpirituous liquors, in which he ſucceeded, and this Director enjoyed afterwards for a long time that life which he owed to his friend. This remarkable circumſtance, which I was told by my father, was much like thoſe of Empedocles and Aſclepiades. Theſe inſtances would perhaps be more frequent, were men of ſkill and abilities called in caſes of ſudden death, in which people of ordinary knowledge are often deceived by falſe appearances*.

A man may fall into a ſyncope, and may remain in that condition three and even eight days. People in this ſituation have been known to come to life when depoſited among the dead. When I was in Germany, a boy belonging to the Hoſpital at Caſſel, appeared to have breathed his laſt: he was carried into the hall, where the dead were expoſed, and was wrapped up in a piece of canvas. Some time after, recovering from his lethargy, he recollected the place in which he had been depoſited, and crawling towards the door, knocked againſt it with his foot. This noiſe was luckily heard by the centinel,

* Lemnius, in the thirty-firſt chapter of the ſecond book of his work, De occultis Naturæ Miraculis, adviſes interment to be delayed in caſes of apoplexy, epilepſy, lethargy and hyſteric ſuffocation, becauſe it has often been diſcovered on opening tombs, that ſome unfortunate people, who had been attacked by thoſe diſeaſes, had come to life in their graves. Lanciſi, lib. xxii. cap. 46 De Subitaneis Mortibus, mentions upon this occaſion, a law which forbade the dead to be buried immediately, and above all, thoſe who had been carried off by a ſudden death. The hiſtories related by Fabricius Hildan, century ſecond; by Camerarius; by Horſtius; by Macrobius in his Somnium Scipionis; by Plato, in his Republic; by Valerius Maximus, and by a great many modern authors, leave us no doubt reſpecting the dangers of ſuch precipitation. Not only the ordinary ſigns are very uncertain, but we may ſay the ſame of the ſtiffneſs of the limbs, which may be convulſive, of the dilation of the pupil of the eye, which may proceed from the ſame cauſe, of putrefaction, which may equally attack ſome parts of a living body, and of ſeveral others. Haller, convinced of the uncertainty of all theſe ſigns, propoſes a new one, which he conſiders as infallible. 'If the perſon,' ſays he, 'be ſtill in life, the 'mouth will immediately ſhut of it-'ſelf, becauſe the contraction of the 'muſcles of the jaw will awaken their 'irritability.' The jaw, however, may be deprived of its irritability, though a man may not be dead. Life is preſerved a long time in the paſſage of the inteſtines. The ſign pointed out by Dr Fothergill, appears to deſerve more attention. 'If the air blown 'into the mouth,' ſays this phyſician, 'paſſes freely through all the alimen-'tary channel, it affords a ſtrong 'preſumption that the irritability of 'the internal ſphincters is deſtroyed, 'and conſequently that life is at an 'end.' Theſe ſigns, which deſerve to be confirmed by new experiments, are doubtleſs not known to undertakers.

who

who ſoon perceiving the motion of the canvas called for aſſiſtance. The youth was immediately conveyed to a warm bed; and I ſaw him afterwards, performing his duty in the hoſpital. Had his body been confined by cloſe bandages, or ligatures, he would not have been able, in all probability, to make himſelf be heard: his unavailing efforts would have made him again fall into a ſyncope, and he would have been thus buried alive.

We muſt not be aſtoniſhed, that the ſervants of an hoſpital ſhould take a ſyncope for a real death, ſince even the moſt enlightened people have fallen into errors of the ſame kind. Dr John Schmid relates, that a young girl, ſeven years of age, after being afflicted for ſome weeks with a violent cough, was all of a ſudden freed from this troubleſome malady, and appeared to be in perfect health. But ſome days after, while playing with her companions, this child fell down in an inſtant, as if ſtruck by lightning. A death like paleneſs was diffuſed over her face and arms; ſhe had no apparent pulſe, her temples were ſunk, and ſhe ſhewed no ſigns of ſenſation when ſhaken, or pinched. A phyſician, who was called, and who believed her to be dead, in compliance with the repeated and preſſing requeſt of her parents, attempted, though without any hopes, to recal her to life, and at length, after ſeveral vain efforts, he made the ſoals of her feet be ſmartly rubbed with a bruſh, dipped in ſtrong pickle. At the end of three quarters of an hour, ſhe was obſerved to ſigh; ſhe was then made to ſwallow ſome ſpirituous liquor, and ſhe was ſoon after reſtored to life, much to the joy of her diſconſolate parents. A certain man having undertaken a journey, in order to ſee his brother, on his arrival at his houſe, found him dead. This news affected him ſo much, that it brought on a moſt dreadful ſyncope; and he himſelf was ſuppoſed to be in the like ſituation. After the uſual means had been employed to recal him to life, it was agreed that his body ſhould be diſſected, to diſcover the cauſe of ſo ſudden a death; but the ſuppoſed dead perſon overhearing this propoſal, opened his eyes, ſtarted up, and immediately betook himſelf to his heels. Cardinal Eſpinola, prime miniſter to Philip II. was not ſo fortunate, for we read in the memoirs of Amelot de la Houſſai, that he put his hand to the knife with which he was opened, in order to be embalmed. In ſhort, almoſt every one knows that Veſalius, the father of anatomy, having been ſent for to open a woman ſubject to hyſterics, who was ſuppoſed to be dead, he perceived, on making the firſt inciſion, by her motion, and cries, that ſhe was ſtill alive; that this circumſtance rendered him ſo odious that he was obliged to fly, and that he was ſo much affected by it, that he died ſoon after. On this occaſion, I cannot forbear to add an event more recent, but no leſs melancholy. The Abbé Prevoſt, ſo well known by his writings, and the ſingularities of his life, was ſeized with a fit of the apoplexy, in the foreſt of Chantilly, on the 23d of October, 1763. His body was carried to the neareſt village, and the officers of juſtice were proceeding to open it, when a cry which he ſent forth affrightened all the aſſiſtants, and convinced the ſurgeon that the Abbé was not dead; but it was too late to ſave him, as he had already received the mortal wound.

The difficulty of diſtinguiſhing a perſon apparently dead, from one who is really ſo, has in all countries where bodies have been interred too precipitately, rendered it neceſſary for the law to aſſiſt humanity. Of ſeveral regulations made on this ſubject,

ject, I ſhall quote only a few of the moſt recent; ſuch as thoſe of Arras, in 1772; of Mantua, in 1774; of the Grand Duke of Tuſcany, in 1775; of the Senechauſſée of Sivrai, in Poitou, in 1777; and of the Parliament of Metz in the ſame year. To give an idea of the reſt, it will be ſufficient to relate only that of Tuſcany. By this edict, the Grand Duke forbids the precipitate interment of perſons who die ſuddenly. He orders the Magiſtrates of Health to be informed, that phyſicians and ſurgeons may examine the body, that they may uſe every endeavour to recal it to life, if poſſible, or to diſcover the cauſe of its death; and that they ſhall make a report of their procedure to a certain Tribunal. On this occaſion, the Magiſtrate of Health orders the dead not to be covered, until the moment they are about to be buried, except ſo far as decency requires; obſerving always that the body be not cloſely confined, and that nothing may compreſs the jugular veins and the carotid arteries. He forbids people to be interred according to the ancient method, and requires that the arms and the hands ſhould be left extended, and that they ſhould not be folded, or placed croſs-wiſe upon the breaſt. He forbids above all, to preſs the jaws one againſt the other; or to fill the mouth and noſtrils with cotton, or other ſtuffing. Laſtly, he commands not to cover the viſage with any kind of cloth, until the body is depoſited in its coffin.

After what I have ſaid in this Memoir, one may eaſily perceive, that precipitate interments may be attended with the moſt dreadful conſequences, and that it would be of the greateſt importance to proſcribe theſe remains of Judaiſm, or at leaſt, not to permit people to be committed to the earth until a ſufficient time had been left to aſcertain their real ſituation. One can hardly reflect without ſhuddering, that this practice, which is adopted by a ſmall number of people, being unknown to ſome, and neglected by a great many others, may make a man deſcend to the grave before he has uttered his laſt ſigh.

The Contented Cottager.

ADRASTUS, a man of deep erudition, profound reading, and a philoſophical turn of mind, choſe principally to reſide in the country, chiefly for the uninterrupted pleaſures of contemplation. He was a man not only of learning and property, but of philanthropy, and equally celebrated in his neighbourhood for wiſdom and generoſity. It happened that one of his tenants, although he rented the ſmalleſt farm, and had a very large family depending on its cultivation, was by far the moſt cheerful, and well diſpoſed. His cottage, though ſmall, was dreſſed by the hand of neatneſs; and frugality with ſimplicity were ever the guardians that attended upon his family. All ſituations and all ſeaſons, from the beginning of Spring to the end of Winter, were rendered delightful by the happy bias of his conſtitution, which enabled him to turn all events to his advantage. In ſorrow he was humiliated, and in proſperity he was grateful. He had lived as tenant of that very farm when the father of Adraſtus firſt took poſſeſſion of the eſtate, of which it was a part; nor had he ever made a failure in the payment of his rent, nor ever had a quarrel in the pariſh. His toil was ſweetened and alleviated by the pleaſing thoughts of providing for his offſpring; and this conſtant employment not only inſpired him with health, but did not allow him leiſure to indulge

dulge the whimſical wants of imagination, at the ſame time that it protected him from all improper, impertinent, or vicious paſſions. He had in his time, put many eſtranged hands together—reconciled many petty, peeviſh differences—ſettled many family breaches—ſuggeſted while he was churchwarden many a little ſcheme for the benefit of the poor—and never felt one emotion of envy at ſurveying the poſſeſſions of the rich.

Theſe unaſſuming, though ſolid, virtues gained him ſuch a reputation in the country wherein he reſided, that he obtained, as it were proverbially, the appellation of the 'Contented Cottager.' He was in truth

"Paſſing rich with forty pounds a
"year."

An account of him was tranſmitted to Adraſtus, who went to pay him a viſit, in order to ſee how true report had characterized him; for though Adraſtus lived and did much good in the country, yet his abſtracted philoſophical and ſedentary ſituation made him perſonally but little acquainted with even his own tenants, who were generally turned over to the ſteward for the converſation and buſineſs of quarter-day.

A man of the contented cottager's diſpoſition, however, was too important an object not to excite the curioſity of a philoſopher; and accordingly be ſet apart one afternoon, or rather evening, on purpoſe for this entertainment. Adraſtus arrived at the farmer's about half an hour after ſunſet; when "twilight grey had in her ſober livery all things clad."

The farmer, whoſe name was Matthew Mendland, was ſitting at the door of his little cottage, ſmoking his pipe, and ſurrounded by his children; his wife was leaning over the fire preparing a decent and wholeſome ſupper. The farmer knew his landlord perſonally, and roſe as to his ſuperior, offering him the beſt ſeat in his homely cottage.

"Here your honour finds me, (ſaid the farmer) in a ſmall but happy place. I have been upon your ground theſe many days; and if you think good to renew my leaſe, which expires at Michaelmas, I ſhall moſt likely end my life in your ſervice. If your honour likes me, I like you. Your dues are always ready to the hour; and I have no more reaſon to complain of my landlord, than he has of his tenant. And ſo—." Adraſtus interrupted him, by deſiring to ſee the leaſe, and to have a pen and ink, for the purpoſe of renewing it upon the ſpot. "As to pen and ink, Sir, (replied the farmer) I have no uſe for them, and ſo I never keep any by by me; I can't read or write, and ſo ſuch things are of no ſervice. But if your honour wants to write, I can ſend to the ſhop for paper and ink, and I can eaſily ſend one of my boys to the green to pick up a quill; or if your honour is on a hurry, Tom ſhall borrow a feather from the old gander, who is, I ſee, juſt waddling to his bed." "It don't ſignify at preſent, farmer (ſaid Adraſtus); I'll ſign it another time.—But don't you really know any thing about books? I actually thought you was a ſcholar; that you had employed all your ſpare time in ſtudy—that you gathered your notions of œconomy, induſtry, and paternal propriety from hiſtoric examples, or traditionary annals." "No, really, Sir, not I (ſaid the farmer); I am a very illiterate man, and no ſcholar at all. My father could not afford either time nor opportunity ſince. Nature and the uſe of my eyes have been my only inſtructors; and if I have been able to live reputably to the age of threeſcore, and even to rear up my children ſoberly, cleanly, and virtuouſly, I owe it merely to them. Indeed,

to

to ſay the truth, my buſineſs as a farmer threw in my way a thouſand inſtructive objects. My yard is ſtocked with improvement. At the end of that ſmall ſlip of a garden, I have a bit of a bee-hive, filled with little induſtrious animals, who tell me, what a ſhame it would be to lead the life of a drone: my maxim upon this is, Sir, That he who don't make ſome honey, ought to eat none, and ſo this made me indefatigable to earn my meal before that I ſet down to it. Nay, in this part of my duty I am farther inſtructed by the little creatures who inhabit the molehill. Is it poſſible for a man to ſee the poor things hard at work for the day of neceſſity, and not take the hint, and lay up a modicum for his own family? I have reſted upon my ſpade, Sir, on purpoſe to look at their labours; and then I have gone to work again leſt they ſhould have the ſenſe to chide me, for minding other people's buſineſs more than my own. I have an old houſe dog, your honour—Here, Honeſty! Honeſty! where are you, Honeſty!—Yes, Sir, that aged animal has kept my clothes by day, and my cottage by night, till he has not got a tooth in his head; and he does for me, what I would do for one Thomas Truſty, whom I have loved ſince I was a brat no higher than my hand: he once did me a piece of ſervice when it was moſt wanted, and while I have breath I ſhall never forget it: he, Sir, who has no gratitude, has no nature in him; and an unnatural man is better dead than alive, becauſe when a perſon does no good to his neighbour, he has no buſineſs here. We are all born to do ſomething, and he who does a kindneſs deſerves to be well remembered for it. With regard to my duty as a huſband, I learn that from the very pigeons that coo and court around my dove-houſe; to this dear old dame I have been lawfully married 46 years, and I cannot think what our great folks are about; I find ſuch a pleaſure in my conſtancy, that I am ſure I could not receive from inconſtancy; and the ſmiles of a good woman are a rich reward. With regard to the love I bear to theſe little ones, I am taught the duty which, as a father, I owe to them, by every living thing around me; the wren that builds her neſt under my hovel, the very hog that litters in my ſight, and the mare that foals in my paſture, teach me to be affectionate to their perſons, and anxious for the preſervation of my own offſpring; and in this manner I have learned my leſſon of wiſdom and worſhip, truth and tenderneſs from the beaſts of my fields, and the birds of the air."

Here the good man pauſed, and directed his eldeſt daughter to draw ſome of his beſt harveſt-home beer. Adraſtus was aſtoniſhed at his ſimplicity of manners, and at the ſoundneſs of his ſenſe, as well as at the propriety of his remarks. "Farmer, (ſaid he) you have diſtreſſed me, as well as delighted me. I came prepared to offer you aſſiſtance, and you have left me little to beſtow. I have nothing that you have not, but a greater proportion of money, and you are ſo truly contented as you are, that any addition would, perhaps, diſconcert the economy of your plan. You are a happy farmer, and a natural philoſopher, without the uſe either of large ſyſtematic folios, or the toils of a ſedentary life. Give me, however, the leaſe, that I may put it in my pocket; I will tear the leaſe and——"

"How! your honour, (ſaid the poor alarmed farmer) tear my leaſe inſtead of renewing it! Has then my freedom or my happineſs offended you?"—"Yes, Mr. Mendland, (replied Adraſtus) I will tear the leaſe, becauſe you have no farther uſe for it.

The little ſpot of ground you have ſo long enriched by your care, ſhall henceforth be a patrimony to your inheritance; you are the proprietor of it from this day. Call on me to-morrow morning, and the writings of ſurrender ſhall be made out for you; for the time to come, I muſt be conſidered, not as your landlord, but your friend. Let me often ſee you at my table, and in my garden. In ſhort, as frequently as the buſineſs of your family will permit, let me get that wiſdom and underſtanding, which ſurpaſſeth mere mechanical ſcience, in the ſociety of the content-ed cottager." The farmer would have dropt upon his knee; but Adraſtus prevented him, ſaying, "Riſe, Mr Mendland, the obligation is on my ſide: I have been obliged. In exchange for a few acres, for which I have no occaſion, you have given me a ſet of maxims and ſentiments that are as the purified thrice-refined gold of Ophir, and ſhall never depart from me." From this moment Adraſtus and the farmer were intimate companions. Oh ye landlords and tenants, "Go ye, and do likewiſe!" M.

Rules for the Preſervation of the Sight.

Univerſal Magazine.

[From 'An Eſſay on Viſion, by George Adams, Mathematical Inſtrument Maker to his Majeſty,' &c.]

THOUGH it may be impoſſible to prevent the abſolute decay of ſight, whether ariſing from age, partial diſeaſe, or illneſs, yet by prudence and good management, its natural failure may certainly be retarded, and the general habit of the eyes ſtrengthened, which good purpoſes will be promoted by a proper attention to the following maxims.

1. Never to ſit for any length of time in abſolute gloom, or expoſed to a blaze of light. The reaſons on which this rule is founded, prove the impropriety of going haſtily from one extreme to the other, whether of darkneſs or of light, and ſhew us, that a ſouthern aſpect is improper for thoſe whoſe ſight is weak and tender.

2. To avoid reading a ſmall print.

3. Not to read in the duſk; nor, if the eyes be diſordered, by candle-light. Happy thoſe who learn this leſſon betimes, and begin to preſerve their ſight, before they are reminded by pain, of the neceſſity of ſparing them; the frivolous attention to a quarter of an hour of the evening, has coſt numbers the perfect and comfortable uſe of their eyes for many years: the miſchief is effected imperceptibly, the conſequences are inſeparable.

4. The eye ſhould not be permitted to dwell on glaring objects, more particularly on firſt waking in a morning; the ſun ſhould not of courſe be ſuffered to ſhine in the room at that time, and a moderate quantity of light only be admitted. It is eaſy to ſee, that for the ſame reaſons, the furniture of a bed ſhould be neither altogether of a white or red colour; indeed, thoſe whoſe eyes are weak, would find conſiderable advantage in having green for the furniture of their bed-chamber. Nature confirms the propriety of the advice given in this rule: for the light of the day comes on by ſlow degrees, and green is the univerſal colour ſhe preſents to our eyes.

5. The long-ſighted ſhould accuſtom themſelves to read with rather leſs light, and ſomewhat nearer to the eye than what they naturally like; while thoſe that are ſhort-ſighted, ſhould rather uſe themſelves to read with the book as far off as poſſible. By this means, both would improve and

and ſtrengthen their ſight; while a contrary courſe will increaſe its natural imperfections.

There is nothing which preſerves the ſight longer, than always uſing, both in reading and writing, that moderate degree of light which is beſt ſuited to the eye; too little ſtrains them, too great a quantity dazzles and confounds them. The eyes are leſs hurt by the want of light, than by the exceſs of it; too little light never does any harm, unleſs they are ſtrained by efforts to ſee objects, to which the degree of light is inadequate; but too great a quantity has, by its own power, deſtroyed the ſight. Thus many have brought on themſelves a cataract, by frequently looking at the ſun, or a fire; others have loſt their ſight, by being brought too ſuddenly from an extreme of darkneſs into the blaze of day. How dangerous the looking upon bright luminous objects is to the ſight, is evident from its effects in thoſe countries which are covered the greater part of the year with ſnow, where blindneſs is exceeding frequent, and where the traveller is obliged to cover his eyes with crape, to prevent the dangerous, and often ſudden effects of too much light: even the untutored ſavage tries to avoid the danger, by framing a little wooden caſe for his eyes, with only two narrow ſlits. A momentary gaze at the ſun, will, for a time, unfit the eyes for viſion, and render them inſenſible to impreſſions of a milder nature.

The following caſes from a ſmall tract on the 'Fabric of the Eye,' are ſo applicable to the preſent article, as to want no apology for their inſertion here; though if any were neceſſary, the uſe they will probably be of to thoſe whoſe complaints ariſe from the ſame or ſimilar cauſes, would, I preſume, be more than ſufficient.

'A lady from the country, coming to reſide in St. James's-ſquare, was afflicted with a pain in her eye, and a decay of ſight. She could not look upon the ſtones, when the ſun ſhone upon them, without great pain. This, which ſhe thought was one of the ſymptoms of her diſorder, was the real cauſe of it. Her eyes, which had been accuſtomed to the verdure of the country, and the green of the paſture grounds before her houſe, could not bear the violent and unnatural glare of light reflected from the ſtones; ſhe was adviſed to place a number of ſmall orange trees in the windows, ſo that their tops might hide the pavement, and be in a line with the graſs. She recovered by this ſimple change in the light, without the aſſiſtance of any medicine; though her eyes were before on the verge of little leſs than blindneſs.

'A gentleman of the law had his lodgings in Pall-mall, on the north ſide; his front windows were expoſed to the full noon ſun, while the back room, having no opening, but into a ſmall cloſe yard, ſurrounded with highwalls, was very dark; he wrote in the back room, and uſed to come from that into the front to breakfaſt, &c. His ſight grew weak, and he had a conſtant pain in the balls of his eyes; he tried viſual glaſſes, and ſpoke with oculiſts, equally in vain. Being ſoon convinced, that the coming ſuddenly out of his duſky ſtudy, into the full blaze of ſun-ſhine, and that very often in the day, had been the real cauſe of his diſorder, he took new lodgings, by which, and forbearing to write by candle-light, he was very ſoon cured.'

Blindneſs, or at leaſt miſerable weakneſſes of ſight, are often brought on by theſe unſuſpected cauſes. Thoſe who have weak eyes, ſhould therefore be particularly attentive to ſuch circumſtances, ſince prevention is eaſy, but the cure may be difficult, and ſometimes impracticable.

I hope I ſhall not be thought to

have ſtepped improperly out of the line of my profeſſion, in recommending the following remedy, when a decay or weakneſs of ſight comes on earlier than might reaſonably be expected, and without any diſeaſe, or other apparent cauſe; if it does not anſwer the purpoſe, no ill will attend the uſe of it. Put two ounces of roſemary leaves into a bottle, with a pint of brandy, ſhake it once or twice a day; let this ſtand three days, then ſtrain it off; mix a tea ſpoonful of the clear tincture with four tea ſpoonfuls of warm water, and waſh the inſide of the eye with it every night, moving about the eye-lids, that ſome of it may get perfectly in between the lid and the eye. By degrees put leſs and leſs water to the tincture, till at length a tea ſpoonful of each may be mixed for uſe.

Whatſoever care, however, be taken, and though every precaution be attended to with ſcrupulous exactneſs; yet, as we advance in years, the powers of our frame gradually decay, an effect which is generally firſt perceived in the organs of viſion.

Age is, however, by no means an abſolute criterion, by which we can decide upon the ſight, nor will it prove the neceſſity of wearing ſpectacles. For, on the one hand, there are many whoſe ſight is preſerved in all its vigour, to an advanced old age: while on the other, it may be impaired in youth by a variety of cauſes, or be vitiated by internal maladies; nor is the defect either the ſame in different perſons of the ſame age, or in the ſame perſon at different ages; in ſome the failure is natural, in others it is acquired.

From whatever cauſes this decay ariſes, an attentive conſideration of the following rules, will enable every one to judge for themſelves, when their ſight may be aſſiſted or preſerved by the uſe of ſpectacles.

1. When we are obliged to remove ſmall objects to a conſiderable diſtance from the eye, in order to ſee them diſtinctly.

2. If we find it neceſſary to get more light than formerly; as for inſtance, to place the candle between the eye and the object.

3. If on looking at, and attentively conſidering a near object, it becomes confuſed, and appears to to have a kind of miſt before it.

4 When the letters of a book run one into the other, and hence appear double and treble.

5. If the eyes are ſo fatigued by a little exerciſe, that we are obliged to ſhut them from time to time, and relieve them by looking at different objects.

When all theſe circumſtances concur, or any of them ſeparately take place, it will be neceſſary to ſeek aſſiſtance from glaſſes, which will now eaſe the eyes, and in ſome degree check their tendency to grow flatter; whereas if they are not aſſiſted in time, the flatneſs will be conſiderably increaſed, and the eyes be weakened by the efforts they are compelled to exert.

We are now able to decide upon a very important queſtion, and ſay how far ſpectacles may be ſaid to preſerve the ſight. It is plain they can only be recommended as ſuch, to thoſe whoſe eyes are beginning to fail; and it would be as abſurd, to adviſe the uſe of ſpectacles to thoſe who feel none of the foregoing inconveniences, as it would be for a man in health to uſe crutches to ſave his legs. But thoſe who feel thoſe inconveniences, ſhould immediately take to ſpectacles, which, by enabling them to ſee objects nearer, and by facilitating the union of the rays of light on the retina, will ſupport and preſerve the ſight.

When the eye ſenſibly flattens, all delay is dangerous; and the longer

thoſe who feel the want of aſſiſtance, defer the uſe of ſpectacles, the more they will increaſe the failure of the eye: there are too many who procraſtinate the uſe of them, till at laſt they are obliged to uſe glaſſes of ten or twelve inches focus, inſtead of thoſe of 36 or 40, which would otherwiſe have ſuited them; thus preferring a real evil to avoid one that is imaginary. Mr. Thomin mentions ſeveral deplorable caſes of this kind, particularly one of a lady, who, through falſe ſhame, had abſtained from wearing ſpectacles ſo long a time, that at laſt it was impoſſible to ſuit her, but with thoſe adapted to eyes that have been couched. Whereas the inſtances are numerous of thoſe who, by uſing glaſſes of a long focus at the firſt approaches of long ſightedneſs, have brought back their eyes to their natural ſight, and been able to lay aſide their ſpectacles for years.

Theſe conſiderations point out clearly the advantages that may be obtained by a proper choice of ſpectacles on firſt wearing them, and the importance of making ſuch a choice; as the eye will endeavour to conform itſelf to any improper focus, and thus be brought into a ſtate of extreme age, at a much earlier period than would have happened, had they been ſuited with judgment. There are very few opticians but what muſt have ſeen inſtances of thoſe, who, by habituating their eyes to too ſhort a focus, or too great a magnifying power, have ſo injured thoſe tender organs, as to deprive them of future aſſiſtance from glaſſes. This frequently happens to thoſe who purchaſe their ſpectacles of hawkers and pedlers, men equally ignorant of the ſcience of optics, and the fabric of the eye.

Let it, therefore, be carefully remembered, that magnifying power is not the point that is moſt to be conſidered in the choice of ſpectacles; but their conformity to our ſight, their enabling us to ſee diſtinctly, and with eaſe, at the diſtance we were accuſtomed to read or work, before the uſe of ſpectacles became neceſſary: or in other words, glaſſes ſhould ſo alter the diſpoſition of the rays, at their entrance into the eyes, as will be moſt ſuitable to procure diſtinct viſion at a proper diſtance: an end of the higheſt import, as in this reſpect it places the aged nearly on a level with the young, and enables him to read a common print with eaſe, at a period when, without aſſiſtance, he could hardly diſtinguiſh one letter from another.

In proportion as the eye flattens, glaſſes of greater convexity are to be uſed; but ſtill we ſhould be careful not to go too far: for if they magniſy too much, they will fatigue the eye. The moſt certain criterion of their being too old for the actual ſtate of the ſight, is our being obliged to bring the objects we look at through them, nearer the eye than the common diſtance of diſtinct viſion. All glaſſes that cauſe us to depart much on either ſide from the limits of diſtinct viſion, may be conſidered as ill adapted, and prejudicial to the ſight.

Thoſe who are careful in following a regular gradation, may preſerve their eyes to the lateſt period of old age, and even then be able to enjoy the comforts and pleaſures that ariſe from diſtinct viſion. Do not, therefore, precipitate theſe changes, leſt you ſhould abſorb too ſoon the reſources of art, and not be able to find ſpectacles of ſufficient power to relieve the eye. One precaution more is neceſſary; by no means put on any ſpectacles, but your own; for taking up, and wearing glaſſes different from thoſe to which your eye is accommodated, has the ſame ill effect as trying a variety at an optician's ſhop; this variety fatigues and diſturbs the ſight; all irregularity is injurious, and much of the preſervation of the

ſight

ſight depends upon keeping it uniform, as well with regard to the glaſſes, as the degrees of light.

There are many who find the effect of candle-light ſo different from the purer light of day, that they are obliged to uſe ſpectacles by night, though they can do very well without them in the day. Theſe, when the eye has become more flat, will find it adviſeable to have two pair of ſpectacles, one to uſe by day, the other, magnifying ſomewhat more, appropriated for the night; by this means, nearly the ſame quantity of light may be brought to act upon the retina at one time as the other; thus the eyes will be leſs fatigued, and longer maintain their natural vigour.

Life of Mr. JOHN HARRISON.

THE Life of this celebrated mechanic is of great importance. From a conſideration of the impediments which he experienced in the progreſs of his great purſuit, poverty may learn that the efforts of genius will ultimately prevail over every difficulty, genius may be taught induſtry, and induſtry encouraged to perſeverance.

JOHN HARRISON was the ſon of Henry Harriſon, carpenter and joiner, and was born the latter end of May 1692, at Foulby, in Wragley pariſh, in a houſe near the ſeat of Sir Rowland Wynne, Bart. called Noſtell Abbey, in Yorkſhire, where his father was then employed. At Sir Rowland's requeſt he removed to another ſeat belonging to him in Lincolnſhire, and at laſt ſettled at Barrow, near Barton-upon-Humber. At this time our mechanic was only ſeven years of age; but as ſoon as he was able he aſſiſted his father in his own buſineſs, in which he continued until he was twenty years of age. Occaſionally, however, he was employed in ſurveying land, and mending clocks and watches. He was from his childhood attached to any wheel machinery; for when he lay ſick of the ſmall-pox, about his ſixth year, he had a watch placed open upon his pillow, that he might amuſe himſelf by contemplating the movement. Though his opportunities of acquiring knowledge were very few, he eagerly improved every incident for information. He frequently employed all or great part of the night in writing or drawing; and he always acknowledged his obligations to a clergyman who officiated every Sunday in his neighbourhood for lending him a MSS. copy of Profeſſor Saunderſon's Lectures, which he carefully and neatly tranſcribed with all the diagrams.

The act of the 14th of Queen Anne, offering a large reward for diſcovering the longitude, probably excited Mr. Harriſon's notice; and living near a ſea-port town, he was induced to conſider how to alter the conſtruction of a clock which he had made in 1726, ſo as it might not be ſubject to any irregularities occaſioned by the difference of climates, and the motions of a ſhip. Theſe difficulties he alſo ſurmounted; and his machine having anſwered his expectations in a trial attended with very bad weather upon the river Humber, he was adviſed to carry it to London, in order to apply for the parliamentary reward. Accordingly he arrived with it in London in the year 1735, and ſhewing it to ſeveral of the Members of the Royal Society, he received a certificate from them, that the principles of his machine for meaſuring time promiſed a very great and ſufficient degree of exactneſs. In conſequence of this certificate, the machine, at the recommendation of Sir Charles Wager, was put on board a man of war in

May

May 1736, and carried with Mr. Harriſon to Liſbon and back again; and by its exact meaſure of time in its return corrected an error of almoſt a degree and a half in the computations of the reckoning of the ſhip, even though the run was nearly on a meridian (when that reckoning is made in the moſt accurate and beſt manner), as was certified by Mr. Roger Wills, maſter of the ſhip. Upon this ſucceſs, the Commiſſioners of the Longitude in 1737 gave him 500l. and recommended him to proceed. Thus encouraged, he in 1739 finiſhed another machine; and various experiments being made, it was found to be ſufficiently exact to authorize the inventor to claim the reward aſſigned by Parliament. This was followed by a third machine, produced in 1741, ſtill leſs complicated than the ſecond, and ſuperior in accuracy, as erring only three or four ſeconds in a week. This he conceived to be the *ne plus ultra* of his attempts, and in the year 1749 he received the annual gold medal from the Royal Society; but in an endeavour to improve pocket-watches, he found the principles he applied to ſurpaſs his expectations ſo much as to encourage him to make his fourth time keeper, which is in the form of a pocket-watch, about ſix inches in diameter, and was finiſhed in 1759. With this time-keeper his ſon made two voyages, the one to Jamaica, and the other to Barbadoes; in both which experiments it corrected the longitude within the neareſt limits required by the Act of Parliament; and the inventor at different times, though not without infinite trouble, received the propoſed reward of 20,000l.

Theſe four machines were given up to the Board of Longitude. The three former were not of any uſe, as all the advantages gained by making them were comprehended in the laſt. They were worthy however of being carefully preſerved as mechanical curioſities, to ſhew the gradations of ingenuity executed with the moſt delicate workmanſhip. The fourth machine, which is the time-keeper, has been copied by Mr. Kendall, and this copy, during a three years voyage round the globe in the Southern hemiſphere with Captain Cook, anſwered as well as the original. The latter part of Mr. Harriſon's life was employed in making a fifth time-keeper, on the ſame principles with the preceding one, which at the end of a ten years trial, 1772, in the King's private Obſervatory at Richmond, erred only four ſeconds and a half. In 1775 he publiſhed "A Deſcription concerning ſuch Mechaniſm as will afford a nice or true Menſuration of Time," 8vo. This ſmall work alſo includes an account of his new Muſical Scale; for he had in his youth been the leader of a diſtinguiſhed band of church ſingers, and had a very delicate ear for muſic.

Mr. Harriſon died at his houſe in Red Lion-ſquare, London, March 24, 1776, aged 83. It will as eaſily be ſuppoſed that from his reclule manner of living he was no man of the world, as that from his unacquaintance with letters he was no writer; yet in converſing on his profeſſion he was clear, diſtinct, and modeſt.

[Europ. Mag.]

Anecdotes of Mr. Patten.

[From Andrews's "Anecdotes," lately publiſhed.]

THE Rev. Mr. Patten, a clergyman, had been Chaplain to a man of war, and contracted a kind of

of marine roughneſs from his voyages; he was of an athletic make, and had a conſiderable ſhare of wit and humour, not reſtrained by any ſtrict ideas of profeſſional propriety. He was, during many years, curate of Whitſtable, at a very ſmall ſtipend, and uſed, every Sunday, to travel in a butcher's cart to do duty at another church. Whitſtable lying cloſe to the ſea is very aguiſh; ſo that, had he been diſmiſſed, it would be very difficult for the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, to whom the living belonged, to have provided another curate at the ſame low rate: this he well knew; and preſuming upon it, was a great plague to every new Primate. He kept a miſtreſs publickly; and had that eſteem for punch, that, when his Sermons were too long, ſome one ſhewing him a lemon might, at any time, cauſe him to bring his diſcourſe to an abrupt concluſion, that he might be at liberty to adjourn to a public houſe.

When Dr. Wake was Archbiſhop, ſome tale-bearer informed his Grace, that Mr. Patten had given a marriage certificate, which he had ſigned by the title of Biſhop of Whitſtable. At the next viſitation the Archbiſhop ſternly aſked Mr. P. "Whether the report was true?" To which Patten replied, "I ſhall anſwer your Grace's queſtion by another.—Are you fool enough to take notice of it, if it be true?"

When Dr. Secker was enthroned, or ſoon after, he gave a charge to his clergy; and, among other articles, found great fault with the ſcanty allowance often paid to curates. Mr. Patten, who was there, (though not ſummoned, as his uſual boldneſs at theſe meetings occaſioned an order for him to be left out of the liſt) aroſe from his ſeat, and bowing to the Archbiſhop ſaid, with a loud voice, "I thank your Grace" After the charge was over, this troubleſome ſubaltern, buſtling through all the croud, came up to the Metropolitan, who, ſeeing he could not avoid him, began with the uſual queſtion: "You are, I apprehend, curate of Whitſtable?" "I am ſo," returned Mr. Patten, "and have received the paltry ſum of thirty pounds per annum from your Grace's predeceſſors, for doing the duty of a living which brings in full three hundred." "Don't enlarge, Mr. Patten," ſaid the Archbiſhop. "No, but I hope your Grace will," rejoined the curate.

It chanced that a ſubſtantial farmer in Whitſtable, who had frequently promiſed his ſon to take him in as a partner in his farm, or to leave it him at his death, died without performing either of his promiſes. His widow, a ſecond wife, took poſſeſſion of the premiſes, without regarding the repreſentations of the ſon, who in vain pleaded his pretenſions to the partnerſhip at leaſt. Not long after, the widow came to Patten with a deplorable tale of a ghoſt which haunted her houſe, outhouſes, &c. dragging chains, and rattling fetters. The curate, who, though no believer in ſpirits, was yet ſenſible that, at any rate, the affair muſt turn to his pecuniary advantage, put on his graveſt air, and told the woman, "that what ſhe aſked was no trivial matter; that, beſides a conſiderable ſtock of courage, the enterprize demanded deep learning, as the whole form of exorciſm ought to be ſpoken in Latin. That indeed he was fully maſter of theſe requiſites, but that he could not give himſelf the trouble of exerting them under the ſum of one guinea." To this demand the woman conſented, after ſome demur, and the beſt parlour was fitted up for the curate's reception, according to his directions, with a large fire, two candles, and a bowl of punch. He then took his poſt, and waited for the apparition, who,

who, unluckily, not knowing the ſort of man he had to deal with, and thinking to terrify him, as he had done others, began by his perambulations, as uſual, around the premiſes; but no ſooner did the prieſt hear the chain, and the groans, than he ſallied forth, and without delay ſeized the poor ghoſt by the collar, belabouring him at the ſame time ſeverely with an oaken ſapling. The young farmer, finding himſelf by no means a match for his opponent, fell on his knees, and owned the whole contrivance, conjuring the exorciſt, at the ſame time, not to expoſe him, nor to reveal the ſecret to his mother-in-law, who would be glad of the opportunity to turn him out of the houſe with ſome degree of pretence. His intreaties were heard; and he was diſmiſſed, on a ſolemn promiſe not to diſturb the houſe again: on this condition hopes were given to him of a comfortable ſettlement with his ſtepmother.

Early in the morning ſhe ran down, anxious to know what had paſſed the preceeding night, when ſhe was informed by the prieſt, that he had a terrible conflict with the deceaſed, who was one of the moſt fierce obſtinate ſpirits he had ever met with: that at length he had laid him at the expence of much Latin. "Poor, wicked ſoul," continued he, "I forgive him, although great part of his diſquiet is owing to thirty ſhillings of which he defrauded me; but which he deſired, nay commanded you to pay. On this condition only, and on your allowing his ſon a ſhare in the farm, has he agreed to trouble your houſe no more, but to retire to his old quarters, the Red Sea."

To this the woman aſſented; ſhe paid the money; took her ſon-in-law into the farming buſineſs; and the parſon had the comfort of having done a good action, and, at the ſame time, picked up a little money by it.

He was once at the houſe of a brother clergyman, who, having ſhewn him a very numerous collection of books, in various languages, Patten aſked him whether he underſtood them all? The anſwer being affirmative, he rejoined, "Surely, ſurely, brother, you muſt have had your head broken with a brick from the tower of Babel."

In his illneſs, being in extreme diſtreſs, Archbiſhop Secker ſent him ten guineas by the Archdeacon. The dying humouriſt thanked him ſincerely, and, in the ſtyle of the age of James I. "Tell the primate," ſaid he, "that now I own him to be a man of God, for I have ſeen his angels."

Once ſtanding in need of a new wig, his old one defying all farther aſſiſtance of art, he went over to Canterbury, and applied to a barber, young in buſineſs, to make him one. The tradeſman, who was juſt going to dinner, begged the honour of his new cuſtomer's company at his meal, to which Patten moſt readily conſented. After dinner a large bowl of punch was produced, and the reverend gueſt, with equal readineſs, joined in its demolition. When it was out, the barber was proceeding to buſineſs, and began to handle his meaſure, when Mr. Patten deſired him to deſiſt, ſaying, he ſhould not make his wig. "Why not?" exclaimed the aſtoniſhed hoſt; "have I done any thing to offend you, Sir?" "Not in the leaſt," replied the gueſt, "but I find you are a very honeſt good-natured fellow, ſo I will take ſome body elſe in. Had *you* made it, you would never have been paid for it."

He was ſo much averſe to the Athanaſian creed that he never would read it. Archbiſhop Secker having been informed of his recuſancy, ſent the Archdeacon to aſk him his reaſon. "I do not believe it," ſaid the prieſt.

"But your Metropolitan does," replied the Archdeacon. "It may be ſo," rejoined Mr. Patten, "and he can well afford it. He believes at the rate of SEVEN THOUSAND a-year, and I only at that of FIFTY."

Intereſting Reflections on the Revolution in France.

[From the Analytical Review for October.]

WE cannot deny ourſelves the pleaſure of endeavouring to penetrate a little into the dim regions of futurity, and to predict ſome of the moſt probable conſequences that may ariſe from it.

There are ſome who are of opinion, that if the French become a free and commercial people, it will be much againſt the intereſt of this country; but for our part, we deem this a narrow and ill-grounded idea. For,

1. It is a great miſtake to conſider rival nations in commerce, as ſtanding in the ſame degree of hoſtility to each other, as enemies in war. On the contrary, their rivalſhip often promotes the intereſt of both parties. It excites mutual emulation, gives a new ſpur to mutual induſtry, and thus ultimately is an advantage to both. Such effects we expect from the freedom of France.

2. We are arrived at ſuch perfection in all our capital manufactures, that it will be long before they can rival us in any foreign market.

3. Our articles of trade in many reſpects are different. There are ſome in which we never can rival them; and others in which they never can equal us. Things will naturally find their own level; and it will, probably, be better for both parties to be confined to thoſe objects which they have the beſt opportunity of managing well. There is room enough in the world for us both. *No induſtrious people ever were indigent.*

4. If monopolies, excluſive privileges, and all thoſe abſurd reſtrictions that depreſs the ſpirit, and cramp the extent of commerce, ſhall be aboliſhed in France, we ſhall be obliged to aboliſh them here alſo, *in ſelf-defence.* If they become wiſe, we ſhall not be able to remain fools. Thus we ſhall be enlightened by their light, as they in return will be by ours. And both of us will grow up, and flouriſh together. There is ample ſcope for both in the commercial world. How vaſt a field is the market of ASIA alone, that immenſe continent, if it were, what it never yet has been, completely opened, the trade freed from every reſtraint, and protected only, not interfered with, by the governments of both kingdoms?

5. If the French once become a free and commercial people, riches will be more generally diffuſed amongſt them; and as they become more opulent, they will want more of our articles, and be better cuſtomers than before. This holds in all ſimilar caſes.

'There are ſome of the Engliſh,' ſaid Dean Tucker to the writer of this article, 'who are afraid that the people of Scotland are getting too rich. But I rejoice to hear of it; for if they become rich, they will buy more of us then they uſed to do, and be better cuſtomers. The wants of a people always keep pace at leaſt with the increaſe of their opulence. Wherefore I am always glad to hear of any body getting rich, or thriving; becauſe I know that it enables others to thrive.'

6. If the French retain their freedom, and engage in commerce, they will be leſs diſpoſed to go to war with us; and thus our moſt formidable enemy in Europe, will be taken out of the field. The continuance of peace

peace will be an unſpeakable bleſſing to both nations. For what millions of money and rivers of blood have we not both waſted, in conſequence of the abominable idea, that we were NATURAL ENEMIES!

Theſe are all political arguments, independent of the moral conſiderations that ought to influence us, in wiſhing ſucceſs to the people of France. As men, we ought to be intereſted in the happineſs of man; as freemen, we ought to rejoice in the extenſion of freedom; as citizens of the world, we ſhould wiſh well to all its inhabitants; and as Chriſtians, we are bound to conſider all men as our brethren. Inſtead then of viewing their riſing liberty with mean and jealous ſuſpicion, we ought to hail the auſpicious day, when the ſun of freedom aroſe to illuminate their land. It would indeed have been glorious in us to have aſſiſted them, if the ſtate of our finances had permitted us. That ſtateſman would have deſerved well of humanity, who ſhould have wiſhed to interfere on the ſide of liberty; and by the authority of a great people, given new confidence to the friends of patriotiſm, put an end to tumult, and the further effuſion of human blood, and reſtored tranquillity and peace to twenty-four millions of people. But theſe are topics that belong not to us to diſcuſs. It is our duty, and we believe alſo our intereſt, to wiſh them well; and we moſt heartily do ſo.

The emancipation of France may be followed by a reſtoration of their ancient rights to the Auſtrian Netherlands; and in time, by the emancipation of Spain and other countries of Europe. We ſeem to be advancing to a great æra in the hiſtory of human affairs. The papal power, that ſcourge of nations, is declining; and the time ſeems to be near at hand, when the Roman pontiff will be reduced to his original and ſimple title of *biſhop of Rome*. The improvements in ſcience, if our limits allowed us to enter upon them, would open a large field for ſpeculation. We muſt however notice, that the diſcoveries in chemiſtry are peculiarly intereſting, and promiſe to be of ſingular utility. More liberal ideas, both in politics and religion, are every where gaining ground. The regulation, and perhaps in time, the abolition of the ſlave trade, with the endeavours of the ſocieties for diſcovering Africa, may lead to the civilization of ſome parts of that immenſe continent, and open new markets for our manufactures. The Americans approach faſt to a ſettled government; and will, probably, then become a great commercial people.

The intercourſe of mankind is every where facilitated. That between Britain and all parts of the Continent is much greater than it uſed to be. Even in Spain, they are mending the public roads all over the kingdom. The people of France recommend to their deputies, to plan canals for internal navigation; and the people of this country have planned, and are executing them.

The genius of commerce is gone forth amongſt the nations of the earth; every where carrying peace and plenty and freedom in her train. The old wars were for dominion, now they are for trade, and therefore there will be fewer of them; becauſe all war is deſtructive to trade. The firſt kings of the earth were tyrants and deſpots; then they became heroes and warriors; now they are merchants and traders. The kingdoms of Europe may be ſaid to have become warehouſes; the courts, counting-houſes; the prime miniſters, book-keepers; and the ſecretaries of ſtate, clerks and porters.

There is an old houſe, ſtill exiſting in Croſby-ſquare in London, whoſe ſingular hiſtory occurs juſt now to our recollection. It was originally

nally a palace for ſome of our ancient kings; then it was converted into a church; and now it is a merchant's warehouſe. Theſe revolutions exhibit no bad emblem of the progreſs of human ſociety. In the earlieſt ages, mankind were governed by kings; then ſucceeded the empire of prieſts: in proceſs of time, the great body of the people becoming opulent and powerful, commerce ſupplanted both. Not that the ſpirit of commerce is neceſſarily hoſtile either to kings or prieſts; the merchant reſpects a king, who governs by juſt laws and reigns for the happineſs of his people; and he reveres a prieſt whoſe conduct is regulated by the pure and ſimple principles of the goſpel; but to all others, whether civil or eccleſiaſtical tyrants, he entertains an utter antipathy and irreconcileable averſion.

We muſt now conclude with a wiſh, in which we hope all our readers will heartily join, that freedom may every where flouriſh, and liberty and happineſs be diffuſed over the whole creation of God. T. T.

Deſcription of the Country beyond the Delaware, *and of the Sect called* Dumplers*.

Lancaſter, in Penſylvania, 16th Deccember 1778.

AFTER you get over the Delaware, a new country preſents itſelf, extremely well cultivated and inhabited; the roads are lined with farm houſes, ſome of which are near the road, and ſome at a little diſtance, and the ſpace between the road and houſes is taken up with fields and meadows; ſome of them are built of ſtone two ſtories high, and covered with cedar-ſhingles, but moſt of them are wooden, with the crevices ſtopped with clay; the ovens are commonly built a little diſtance from the houſe, and under a roof, to ſecure them againſt the weather.

The farmers in Penſylvania, and in the Jerſeys, pay more attention to the conſtruction of their barns than their dwelling-houſes. The building is nearly as large as a common country church, the roof very lofty and covered with ſhingles, declining on both ſides, but not very ſteep, the walls are about thirty feet; in the middle is the threſhing-floor, and above it a loft for the corn unthreſhed; on one ſide is a ſtable, and on the other a cow-houſe, and the ſmall cattle have their particular ſtables and ſtyes; and, at the gable-end of this building, there are great gates, ſo that a horſe and cart can go ſtrait through: thus is the threſhing floor, ſtable, hay-loft, cow-houſe, coach-houſe, &c all under one roof.

The Penſylvanians are an induſtrious and hardy people, they are moſt of them ſubſtantial, but cannot be conſidered as rich, it being rarely the caſe with landed people. However, they are well lodged, fed, and clad, and the latter at an eaſy rate, as the inferior people manufacture moſt of their own apparel, both linens and woolens, and are more induſtrious of themſelves, having but few blacks among them.

They have a curious method to prevent their geeſe from creeping through broken incloſures, by means of four little ſticks, about a foot in length, which are faſtened croſs ways about their necks. You cannot imagine how extremely aukward they appear, though it is diverting enough to ſee them walk with this ornament: their mode of preventing horſes from leaping over their incloſures is equally as curious, they faſten round the

* From travels through the interior parts of America.

the horſe's neck a piece of wood, at the lower end of which is a hook, which, catching in the railing, ſtops the horſe juſt as he is riſing to leap over; ſome indeed, faſten the fore and hind foot together, which makes them walk ſlow; both theſe methods are extremely dangerous to the horſes.

In New England they have a very few hives of bees, but in this province, almoſt every farm houſe has ſeven or eight; it is ſomewhat remarkable they ſhould be more predominant here, as all the bees upon the Continent were originally brought from England to Boſton about one hundred years ago. The bee is not natural to America, for the firſt planters never obſerved a ſingle one in the immenſe tract of woods they cleared; and what I think ſtands forth a moſt indubitable proof that it is not, the Indians, as they have a word in their language for all animals natives of the country, have no word for a bee, and therefore they call them by the name of the *Engliſhman's Fly*. On the high road from Philadelphia to this town are mile-ſtones, which are the firſt I obſerved put up in this country; as to the other parts, the inhabitants only compute the diſtance at gueſs. It was no little mortification that we were debarred ſeeing one of the firſt cities of America (Philadelphia) we paſſed within twelve miles of it, and ſeveral of us made application to the Commanding Officer who eſcorted us, to grant permiſſion for us to go into the city, aſſuring him we would upon our honour join the troops at night. He was a good natured man, and nearly complying with our requeſt, but on a ſudden ſaid, he really could not, as Congreſs would be mightily diſpleaſed at it; however, we conſole ourſelves, that on our exchange, we may have an opportunity of ſeeing it.

In the greateſt part of our march the inhabitants were making of cyder, for in almoſt every farm there is a preſs, though made in a different manner; ſome make uſe of a wheel made of a thick oak plank, which turns upon a wooden axis, by means of a horſe drawing it, and ſome have ſtone wheels, but they are moſtly of the former.

In travelling through Penſylvania, you meet with people of almoſt every different perſuaſion of religion that exiſts; in ſhort, the diverſity of religions, nations, and languages here is aſtoniſhing, at the ſame time, the harmony they live in is no leſs edifying, notwithſtanding every one, who wiſhes well to religion, is hurt to ſee the diverſity that prevails, and would, by the moſt ſoothing means, endeavour to prevent it; yet, when the misfortune once takes place, and there is no longer an union of ſentiments, it is nevertheleſs glorious to preſerve an union of affections, and certainly it muſt be highly pleaſing to ſee men live, tho' of ſo many different perſuaſions, yet, to the ſame Chriſtian principles, and though not of the ſame religion, ſtill to the great end of all, the proſperity and welfare of mankind. Among the numerous ſects of religion with which this province abounds, for there are Churchmen, Quakers, Calviniſts, Lutherans, Catholics, Methodiſts, Meniſts, Moravians, Independents, Anabaptiſts, there is a ſect which, perhaps, you never heard of, called the Dumplers; this ſect took its origin from a German, who, weary of the world, retired to a very ſolitary place, about fifty miles from Philadelphia, in order to give up his whole time to contemplation; ſeveral of his countrymen came to viſit him in his retreat, and by his pious, ſimple, and peaceable manners, many were induced to ſettle near him, and, in a ſhort time adopting his modes, they

they formed a little colony, which they named Euphrates, in alluſion to that river upon whoſe borders the Hebrews were accuſtomed to ſing pſalms.

Their little city is built in the form of a triangle, and bordered with mulberry and apple-trees, very regularly planted. In the center of the town is a large orchard, and between the orchard and the ranges of trees that are planted round the borders, are their houſes, which are built of wood, and three ſtories high; in theſe every Dumpler is left to enjoy his meditations without diſturbance; theſe contemplative men, in the whole, do not amount to more than five hundred; their territory is nearly three hundred acres in extent, on one ſide is a river, on another a piece of ſtagnated water, and on the other two are mountains covered with trees.

They have women of their community, who live ſeparate from the men; they ſeldom ſee each other but at places of worſhip, and never have meetings of any kind but for public buſineſs; their whole life is ſpent in labour, prayer, and ſleep; twice every day and night they are ſummoned from their cells to attend divine ſervice: as to their religion, in ſome meaſure, it reſembles the Quakers, for every individual, if he thinks himſelf inſpired, has a right to preach. The ſubjects they chiefly diſcourſe upon are humility, temperance, charity, and other Chriſtian virtues; never violating that day held ſacred amongſt all perſuaſions; they admit of a Hell and a Paradiſe, but deny the eternity of future puniſhments. As to the doctrine of original ſin, they hold it as impious blaſphemy, together with every tenet that is ſevere to man, deeming it injurious to divinity.—As they allow no merit to any but voluntary works, baptiſm is only adminiſtered to the adult; nevertheleſs, they think it ſo eſſentially neceſſary to ſalvation, as to imagine the ſouls of Chriſtians are employed in the other world, in the converſion of thoſe who have not died under the light of the Goſpel.

Religion among the Dumplers, has the ſame effect philoſophy had upon the Stoics, rendering them inſenſible to every kind of inſult; they are more paſſive and diſintereſted than the Quakers, for they will ſuffer themſelves to be cheated, robbed, and abuſed, without the leaſt idea of retaliation, or even of complaint.

Their dreſs is very ſimple and plain, conſiſting of a long white gown, from thence hangs a hood to ſerve the purpoſes of a hat, a coarſe ſhirt, thick ſhoes, and very wide breeches, ſomething reſembling thoſe the Turks wear. The men wear their beards to a great length, ſome I ſaw were down to their waiſt; at the firſt ſight of them, I could not help comparing them to our ancient bards, the Druids, from their reverential appearance; the women are dreſſed ſimilar to the men, excepting the breeches.

Their life is very abſtemious, and eating no meats, not that they deem it unlawful, but more conformable to the ſpirit of Chriſtianity, which they argue has an averſion to blood, and upon thoſe grounds they ſubſiſt only on vegetables, and the produce of the earth.

They follow with great chearfulneſs their various branches of buſineſs, in ſome one of which every individual partakes, and the produce of their labour is depoſited in one common ſtock, to ſupply the neceſſities of every individual, and by this union of induſtry, they have not only eſtabliſhed agriculture and manufactures, ſufficient to ſupport this little ſociety, but ſuperfluities for the purpoſes of exchange for European commodities.

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Though the two ſexes live ſeparate, they do not renounce matrimony; but thoſe who are diſpoſed to it, leave the city and ſettle in the country on a tract of land which the Dumplers have purchaſed for that purpoſe; the couple are ſupported at the public expences, which they repay by the produce of their labour, and their children are ſent to Germany for education. Without this wiſe policy, the Dumplers would be little better than Monks, and in proceſs of time annihilated.

Although there are ſo many ſects and ſuch a difference of religious opinions in this province, it is ſurprizing the harmony which ſubſiſts among them; they conſider themſelves as children of the ſame father, and live like brethren, becauſe they have the liberty of thinking like men; to this pleaſing harmony, in a great meaſure, is to be attributed the rapid and flouriſhing ſtate of Penſylvania, above all the other provinces. Would to Heaven that harmony was equally as prevalent all over the globe; if it was, I think you'll acquieſce with me in opinion, that it would be for the general welfare of mankind.

A Letter to the Natural Hiſtorians, containing ſome account of the Rantipole, *a ſpecies of animals not deſcribed in any of their learned labours: with a method of training and breeding them up to maturity. By a Lady.*

Gentlemen,

AS it is long ſince I have had an opportunity of complimenting you with the deſcription of any thing that was curious, and worthy your ſage conſideration, I am the more rejoiced that fortune has now put it in my power to communicate to you the following account of the Rantipole, a creature not deſcribed, as I apprehend, in any of your elaborate volumes.

'The term Rantipole is, by the ingenious Bochart, ſuppoſed to be derived from the Hebrew root Ranna, from whence the noun Mirnon, uſeleſs, talkative, vain, inſignificant, voluptuous—But the great Arabic interpreter, Hedge Magas Celi Bagſha, uſes great argument and ingenuity to prove, that it owes its etymology to Rantipolis, a creature in the Egyptian hieroglyphics, one part human, and one of the reptile kind, and a third not unlike the little bird of prey, Ungantula. So far theſe learned orientals. But the great Dr Harman Schultzer, profeſſor of the modern languages in the Univerſity of Magdeburg, has ſettled this important point beyond the reach of controverſy, affirming that the word is abſolutely Flemiſh, and is compounded of *Rantan* rich, and *Pollol* good for nothing.'

This ſpecies of animals is entirely of the feminine gender, and, by what appears from the hieroglyphics on the Pyramids, and other venerable piles in Egypt, Cleopatra was the firſt Rantipole that country knew, and ſhe was thought ſo great a curioſity, that the epithet Juncta was added to her name, to expreſs her ſpecific quality, as may be ſeen in Diodorus Siculus, Catopſicon, and Pliny the elder.

So much for antiquity. And now, father Time may pack up his ruins and his rubbiſh, and march on, while we come home to our own purpoſe, and inveſtigate the true nature and ſpecific qualities of the Rantipoles of the preſent age.

Your modern Rantipole then is of high birth, or conſiderable fortune, or great beauty, either of which may entitle her to do that which others are aſhamed of, who have not thoſe ſuperb qualifications; and enable her to reverſe

reverſe the true eſtimation of things, and value herſelf upon being good for nothing.

A young Rantipole, as ſoon as let out of the cage, moſt commonly enters the order, and opens her firſt ſcene of life with the choice of a gallant, whom ſhe teizes egregiouſly for a number of years, and then marries and torments him without mercy.

An old Rantipole is one who, having out-lived her beauty, not her vanity, caſt her teeth and her hair, and trifled away her time till age has curled her countenance, repairs the defects, which were but too viſible, by the aid of Signior Vermillion; and, ſtill fond of folly, bridles up her head, and apes the tricks of the young ones.

The Rantipoles were the firſt inventors of routs, drums, and hurricanes, a ſort of entertainment over which they preſide.

As I write for future ages, and public utility, and don't intend to have my lucubrations buried in a bog, the common fate of moſt periodical pieces, I ſhall point out, to my readers, the method of training up theſe animals by thoſe who have brought them to the greateſt degree of perfection, (for your Rantipole, like a young cub, may be lick'd into almoſt any form you pleaſe), and this, I think, will be beſt done by giving you the hiſtory of a young one now in in hand.

Miſs Upſtart, out of curioſity called lady Betty Upſtart*, is the offſpring of a worthy father, and a fond indulgent mother. When very young, ſhe was cloiſtered in a particular part of the houſe called the Nurſery, with three or four to wait on her, who had ſtrict orders to indulge her ſufficiently, and to let her have every thing ſhe cried for, which was done; and the child, on her part, never failed to cry for every thing ſhe ought not to have. And, if a fault was committed (for children ſo indulged will ſometimes be naughty) one of the maids was beat for her†. Under this wiſe government, ſhe improved ſo amazingly, that ſhe ſoon grew too many for all her ſervants, and indeed her mama, when my lady thought proper to remove her to a boarding-ſchool, and, having ſent for the governeſs, ſhe addreſſed her in

* A good uſe might have been made of this title, had not my lady delegated to the governeſs ſo much power. 'Twas a cuſtom with Mrs——, who, in her time, bred up more good women and good wives than any lady of her profeſſion, to ſuſpend a title on the commiſſion of any fault, thereby intimating, that the title of nobility was founded on virtue and merit, and could not ſubſiſt without them. So that, lady Lucy one day was plain Miſs Lucy the next, if ſhe happened to commit a fault, or miſbehaved; and this title was not beſtowed on her again, either by the governeſs or children, 'till ſhe had done ſomething meritorious to deſerve it.—I am not fond of French cuſtoms, but cannot help applauding their method of educating the ſons of noblemen, and people of fortune: they, at their ſchools, are obliged to wear the ſame dreſs, and eat of the ſame food with other boys; and have no ſort of pre-eminence or favour ſhewn them, but what is in conſequence of their virtues or merit.

† This is no uncommon thing. A gentleman of fortune, in my neighbourhood, ſent his ſon in company with a farmer's boy to ſchool, but with ſtrict orders for the maſter not to beat him; and, as crimes at ſchool muſt not go unpuniſhed, whenever he committed a fault, the farmer's ſon was whipt for it. And this method of puniſhing boys by proxy, is one reaſon perhaps why ſo many of our gentleman of fortune behave with ſuch righteouſneſs and decency.

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this manner: 'Look ye, Mrs ——— 'I have a mind to put lady Betty un- 'der your care, but the child is ten- 'der and ſhe muſt be indulged.—Yes, 'my lady.—And ſhe has not been 'uſed to be contradicted; never con- 'tradict her, for my child can't bear 'that—No my lady.—Let her do 'what ſhe pleaſes, and go out and 'come in when ſhe will, that I inſiſt 'upon—Yes, my lady.—And d'ye 'hear, don't give her needle work to 'poke over, nor let her read to ſpoil 'her eyes.—No, my lady.'

Theſe preliminaries, and ſome few others of equal importance being ſettled, lady Betty was removed to the governeſs's houſe, where ſhe behaved ſo as to occaſion the following letter:

To the Right Honourable the Counteſs of Upſtart,

My Lady,

THE great honour you have done me, by putting lady Betty under my care, requires my grateful acknowledgments, and it is with infinite pleaſure that I have obeyed all your ladyſhip's commands. But I muſt beg leave to repreſent, that lady Betty is a little untoward, poſitive, and unruly, and therefore, I beg your ladyſhip would do me the honour to ſend ſomebody to talk to her; for I only begged her ladyſhip to compoſe herſelf yeſterday, and not be in a paſſion, and ſhe hit me a ſlap in the face, which I ſhould not regard to oblige your ladyſhip; but it will let me down in the opinion of my other young ladies, and hurt my ſchool†. I have the honour to be,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's, &c.

† Dr ——— thought this dignity ſo eſſential, that, when King Charles the Second went to ſee his ſchool, he talked to his Majeſty with his hat on. Indeed he waited on the King out of the ſchool, and then, with a low bow, begged his Majeſty's pardon for talking to him covered, but told him that it was abſolutely neceſſary; for that, if his boys thought there was a greater man in the world than himſelf, it would be impoſſible for him to keep them all in order.

My lady read this epiſtle with ſome little concern, till ſhe arrived at that part about ſlapping the governeſs's face, and then ſhe burſt out into loud laughter, admiring, as ſhe ſaid, the ſpirit of the child. She wrote, however, a comforting letter to the governeſs, and promiſed to call and endeavour to perſuade her daughter to behave otherwiſe; but, at the end, deſired that ſhe would take no notice of it, nor ſay any thing to the child to break her ſpirit.—Some time after this my lady was ſo kind as to call on the governeſs, and her daughter being introduced to her, 'Well, lady Betty, 'ſays ſhe, after ſome endearing careſſes, I hear you don't behave well to 'the young ladies at ſchool; why, my 'dear, tho' they are eſquires ſiſters, 'merchants daughters, and creatures 'beneath you, yet you ought to be 'civil to them; and then, my dear, 'how came you to ſlap your miſtreſs's face?' (Here her ladyſhip burſt into a fit of laughing; and the governeſs, who ſtood by, is ſaid to have been ſomewhat mortified). Why, lady Betty, you ſhould not ſtrike your governeſs; indeed, my dear, you ſhou'dn't, kiſſing her. The child, however, was ſo dull and diſconcerted, that her mama was obliged to give her a good deal of money, and ſome trinkets of value, before ſhe could bring her into any tolerable temper; and, when this was effected, ſhe deſired her to make it up with her governeſs, but that was too great a condeſcenſion; however, on my lady's promiſing her a fine gold watch, ſhe did conſent to kiſs and be friends. My lady now took her leave, and told the

governeſs, who waited on her ladyſhip to her coach, that ſhe did not doubt but lady Betty her daughter would be a great deal the better for her talking to her, and, concluded by hoping, that ſhe would be kind to the child.

This ſort of compromiſe, or treaty, was forced on both ſides, and therefore, like thoſe made in greater life, not likely to ſubſiſt any longer than the contracting parties could with conveniency break it,—which ſoon happened on the part of the young lady; for her governeſs, the next day being gone out of the ſchool, ſhe fairly locked the door, and put her under a neceſſity of ſending for a ſmith to break it open. As this made ſome noiſe in the neighbourhood, and was likely to hurt the ſchool, Mrs.—— thought it prudent to ſend the young lady home to her mama.

My lady tried her child at ſeveral other places of female education, but with no better ſucceſs, which induced her ladyſhip to remark, that thoſe creatures had no ſort of patience; and as learning to ſpeak French was thought the moſt eſſential part of a polite education, ſhe hired a French gentlewoman into her houſe, who ſerved both for teacher and toad eater*, and under whoſe care we ſhall leave the young lady, 'till time, by maturing her temper, has brought forth the bleſſed fruit of this hopeful education, and perfected another Rantipole for the benefit of the public.

N. B. The offended female reader will have need of the uſual ſoftneſs and humanity of her ſex to pardon an erratum of too material importance not to be rectified. That the Rantipole is aſſerted, by the ingenious author, to be only female, muſt be a miſtake ariſing either from inexperience or want of proper information; or rather we believe it to be an error of the preſs, which is very common in natural hiſtory. Don Alyerez de Lagonenda, one of the miſſionaries of Ferdinand the Peaceable, to Mexico, declares poſitively, that he ſaw a male Rantipole at Calabar, upon the beautiful river Socamboa; that the creature had a human form, with actions greatly reſembling thoſe of the Marmozet, or little, little, little, little Monkey; with narrow back, legs amazingly ſlender, was profuſe in its imitations of laughter, and had an extreme propenſity to utter divers modern languages, but hardly ever with ſo much ſucceſs as to be perfectly underſtood.

* A perſon generally kept to ſay white is black, or black is white, according as the weather-cock of her lady's inclination may happen to change or turn about.

Act and Ordinance of the Guild Court of Aberdeen, *Michaelmas* 1442.

YIR Craftes undirwritten ſall fynd zeirlie, in the offerrand of our Lady, at Candilmas, yir perſones underwritten, that is to ſay.—

Ye Litſtairs ſall fynd
Ye Emprour, and twa Doctowres, and alſmony honeſt Squaires as yai may.
Ye Symthes and Hammirmen ſall fynd
Ye three Kings of Culane, and alſmony honeſt Squaires as yai may.
Ye Tailzours ſall fynd
Our Lady, Saint Bride, Saint Jhone, Joſeph, and alſmony Squaires as yai may.
Ye Skynaris ſall fynd
Twa Biſhops, four Angels, and alſmony honeſt Squaires as yai may.
Ye Wobſters and Walkars ſall fynd
Symon, and his Deſciples, and alſmony Squaires as yai may.
Ye Cordonairs ſall fynd
Ye Meſſyngear, and Moyſes, and alſmony honeſt Squaires as yai may.

Ye

Ye Fleſheours ſall fynd
Twa, or four Wodmen, and alſmony
honeſt Squaires as yai may.
Ye Brether of ye Gild ſall fynd
Ye Knychtes in Harnaice, and
Squaires, honeſtlie arayit, &c.
The Baxtaris ſall fynd
The Minſtralis, and alſmony honeſt
Squaires as yai may.

Aberdeen, September 1789.

N. B. About the ſame period, religious dramas, or interludes, ſeem to have been in faſhion here. There is an Ordinance of the Council on record, ſtating an application by the Blackfriars, for ſome pecuniary aſſiſtance to them, in preparing an exhibition of the Sacred *Myſtery* of the *Holy Blood*, to be repreſented in a field belonging to them, (where the gardens of Gordon's Hoſpital now are). And the Council, as they had no money in hand belonging to the Community, mortgaged and aſſigned to the Friars the compoſition, or entry money, of the firſt Burgeſs who ſhould be made. This happened at the ſame time with the above.

Hiſtoire du Naufrage, *&c. Hiſtory of the Shipwreck of* M. Briſſon *on the Coaſt of* Africa, *&c.*

THIS is a ſimple but affecting account of a ſhipwreck, attended with all its uſual horrors, and of a moſt diſtreſsful captivity in conſequence of it, among the ſavage inhabitants of Africa. Thoſe who have read the narrative of the late Admiral Byron, will find a great ſimilarity between his ſufferings and thoſe of M. de Briſſon. Indeed the hair-breadth eſcapes of the latter are ſo numerous and ſo extraordinary, that notwithſtanding the evident truth of the account, we can hardly perſuade ourſelves that we are not reading a tale of fictitious diſtreſs.

His voyages to Africa, the author ſays, had already been productive of many hardſhips and much loſs to him, when he received an order in the month of June 1785, to embark for the iſland of St Louis at Senegal. When he arrived at the Canaries, the veſſel on which he was aboard paſſed between theſe iſles and that of Palma; but the captain having refuſed to take M. de Briſſon's advice, the ſhip was ſoon after caſt away. After this ſhipwreck, horrid in its circumſtances, he aſked the captain at what diſtance they might be from Senegal? The anſwer he received not proving ſatisfactory, he told his companons in misfortune, that he could not flatter himſelf with the hopes of conducting them to any village of the tribe of Trargea, where he might perhaps have been known by ſome Arab, who had relations at the iſland of St Louis. 'In ſuch a 'caſe,' ſaid he, 'our captivity would 'have been ſhorter, and leſs rigo-'rous.' 'I am afraid,' added he, 'of meeting with ſome hordes of 'the tribe of the Ouadelims, and 'the Labdeſſeba; a ferocious people, 'who live like real ſavages, who al-'ways wander through the deſerts, 'and who feed on the milk of their 'camels.' M. de Briſſon's conjectures were too well founded, and it was not without much difficulty, and ſuffering every kind of diſtreſs imaginable, among thoſe barbarous Arabs, that he was at length reſtored to his country.

We cannot follow the author thro' all the circumſtances of his captivily, but we ſhall extract ſome of thoſe parts which appeared to us to be moſt curious or uſeful. Having fallen into the hands of the Labdeſſeba, theſe barbarians, after plundering the ſhip, ſtripped him and his companions, and then crowded them into a ſmall hut, covered with moſs, which was

above a league diſtant from the ſea. As M. de Briſſon's maſter was a *talbe*, for ſo the ſavages name their prieſts, he thought he ſhould procure ſome alleviation of his misfortunes by giving him whatever few jewels he had; two watches with their chains, a ring ſet with diamonds, and two hundred livres in ſpecie. The *talbe* indeed made him great promiſes, but he turned out to be equally deceitful as barbarous. To avoid another tribe, ſtill more ſavage, the Arabs made their priſoners proceed by forced marches, to the interior parts of the country; during which, they were ſo much oppreſſed by thirſt, that they could ſcarcely move their tongues. In this ſituation, they obliged them to climb mountains of a prodigious height, and covered with ſharp flints, by which their feet were dreadfully cut and mangled. Their maſters made a kind of paſte of barley meal, which they mixed with water in the hollow of their hands, and ſwallowed without chewing it.

As for us ſlaves, ſays M. de Briſſon, we had nothing to eat but the ſame kind of paſte. The Arabs threw it to us upon a kind of carpet, which our patron generally ſpread below his feet, when he repeated his prayers, and which he employed as a mattreſs during the night; after having kneaded this leaven a long time, he gave it to me, that I might divide it among my companions. One can hardly conceive how diſagreeable this leaven was to the taſte. The water with which it was mixed had been procured upon the ſea ſhore, and had been preſerved afterwards in the ſkin of a goat newly killed. To prevent it from corrupting, they had mixed a kind of pitch with it, which rendered the ſmell of it doubly noxious. The ſame water was given us to drink, and bad as it was, our allowance of it was extremely ſmall.

Next morning, after a moſt laborious march over a plain, upon which the rays of the ſun fell in a perpendicular direction, the priſoners were employed in unloading the camels, and in pulling up roots; a labour which was exceedingly painful, as in the country the roots and herbs are mixed with briars and thorns. When the ſand was well heated by the fire, the Arabs covered a goat with it, until it was compleatly baked; and immediately, without giving themſelves time to free it from the ſand which adhered to it, devoured it with incredible voracity. After having thoroughly gnawed the bones, they made uſe of their nails to ſcrape off the remaining fleſh; after which they threw them to their miſerable ſlaves, bidding them eat quickly, and make haſte to reload the camels, that their journey might not be retarded. At length, after a march of ſixteen days, during which they were expoſed to the greateſt hardſhips and fatigue, they arrived in a moſt deplorable and extenuated condition, at the habitation of their maſters. The reception which they met with from the women was mortifying in the utmoſt degree. When they had ſatisfied the firſt emotions of their curioſity by looking at them for ſome time, they beſtowed the moſt abuſive language upon them, ſpit in their faces, and even pelted them with ſtones. The children copying their example, amuſed themſelves by pinching them, pulling their hair, and ſcratching them with their nails. The heat was ſo exceſſive, that the flocks, half-ſtarved, could find no paſture, and the ſheep and goats returned with their dugs almoſt empty: and yet it was their milk and that of the camels, which was to ſupply food for a numerous family. 'One may judge after this,' ſays M. de Briſſon, 'how much our por-
'tion was diminiſhed; as we were
'Chriſ-

'Chriſtians, the dogs even fared bet-
'ter, and it was in baſons deſtined
'for their uſe that we receive our
'allowance!' Their ſituation be-
came every day more wretched. The
end of October was approaching, and
a ſingle drop of rain had not fallen
for three years. The plains and
valleys were entirely burnt up, and
nothing remained for the nouriſh-
ment of the cattle. The deſolation
was univerſal, when an Arab from a
diſtant part of the country came to
inform them, that refreſhing ſhowers
had covered thoſe parts where he
reſided with abundance of vegeta-
tion. Joy then ſucceeded to fear
and diſtreſs. Every one ſtruck his
tent, and all ſet out together. This
was the thirtieth time they had chan-
ged their habitation, and that their
fatigues had been renewed, for theſe
hordes never remain above twelve
or fifteen days in the ſame encamp-
ment. At length they arrived at
the wiſhed-for ſpot, where the ſand
was ſo impregnated with moiſture,
that the leaſt preſſure of the body
made the water ſpout up in great a
bundance. Here the priſoners would
have thought themſelves very happy,
could they have procured a hurdle
made of oſier twigs to repoſe upon,
and a coarſe napped carpet of wool
to cover them; but amongſt the A-
rabs, none but thoſe who are rich
uſe ſuch pieces of furniture. To
add to their misfortunes, their por-
tion of food was encreaſed, but only
with water, ſo that in a little time
they had nothing to eat but water
whitened with meal, which weaken-
ed them to ſuch a degree as can
hardly be conceived. Wild plants
and raw ſnails, were then almoſt the
whole of their aliment. M. de Briſ-
ſon's maſter, however, had promiſed
to ſend him to Mogador, and to fur-
niſh him with the means of procu-
ring his liberty; but he ſoon put an
end to his diſſimulation, and this un-
fortunate man loſt every hope. He
no longer met in the fields his miſe-
rable companions; and he regretted
above all the loſs of the captain.
One evening he found him ſtretched
out on the ſand, and in ſuch a con-
dition, that he ſcarcely knew him
but by the colour of his body. In
his mouth he held one of his hands,
which his extreme weakneſs pre-
vented him from devouring. Hun-
ger had ſo much changed his figure
that his appearance was horrid and
diſguſting. A few days after, the
ſecond captain, exhauſted by want,
fell down under a tree, where he re-
mained expoſed to the attacks of a
monſtrous ſerpent. Some hungry
crows frightened the venomous rep-
tile by their cries, and perching up-
on the dying man, began to tear him
to pieces; while four ſavage mon-
ſters, ſtill more cruel than the furi-
ous ſnake, beheld this ſcene, and ſuf-
fered the unhappy wretch to make
vain efforts without deigning to lend
him the leaſt aſſiſtance. M. de Briſ-
ſon endeavoured to ſave him if poſ-
ſible, but he was prevented by the
Arabs, who ill uſed and inſulted
him. Not knowing which way to
bend his ſteps, he haſtened from this
ſcene of horror. Almoſt all the pri-
ſoners ſunk under their misfortunes
in ſucceſſion, and no one was left to
comfort him under his ſufferings;
he became frantic through exceſs of
thirſt, and even the Arabs them-
ſelves died from the ſame cauſe.
They preſerved with the greateſt
care, the water which they found in
the ſtomachs of their camels, and
boiled their fleſh in it. At length
his maſter's brother-in-law purcha-
ſed him for five camels, and this
man having occaſion to go to the
court of the emperor of Morocco
upon buſineſs, he carried M. de Briſ-
ſon along with him. The French
Conſul at that time was luckily in
great favour with the emperor, on
account of ſome preſents which he
had

had made him; for this reaſon the emperor ſet all the priſoners at liberty, and amongſt the reſt M. de Briſſon.' . . . . . .

(To be concluded in our next.)

Poetry.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

An old Simile.

YOUNG Damon from a verdant bow'r
One morning pluck'd a Roſe,
He gaz'd delighted on the Flow'r,
His fancy thus had choſe.

"Such is the dye on Chloe's face,"
He fondly thus did cry,
"That blooms with ſuch enchanting grace;
"And captivates the eye."

But ere bright ſol the South did range
The flow'ret's ſweets decay,
Indignant Damon view'd the change,
And threw it quick away.

Attend, attend each beauteous Maid,
And profit by the tale;
E'en as the flowr's your ſweets will fade,
And no more glad the dale.

As Damon with the lovely Roſe,
With you your ſwains will do,
Unleſs your mind with virtue glows,
That yet will keep them true.

Ah what avails the crimſon dye,
Prais'd by the flatt'rers tongue;
In age it cannot pleaſe the eye,
But virtue keeps you young.

Aberdeen, Oct. 1789. T. L...

THE MILK MAID.

HOW many ſaucy airs we ſee
In people of a low degree?
For vanity is not confin'd
To any rank of human kind,
A Country wench who trudg'd along
Muſing upon ſome pretty ſong,
Deſcriptive of a lovely maid,
With her full milk pail on her head;
Her fancy thus began to rove,
While ſhe was Venus in the grove.
The money for this milk obtain'd,
For money is the trueſt friend,
Will my ſmall ſtock of eggs increaſe;
To be three hundred, more or leſs,
Theſe eggs, tho' addle ſome may prove,
Yea, one muſt take their chance in love,
Tho' ſome by vermin may be loſt,
Two hundred chickens I will boaſt.
At Chriſtmas chickens will be rare,
Then poultry gives a ready fair.
By May day money will be won,
To buy me a new handſome gown;
Green--let me ſee, green ſuits my taſte,
And anſwers my complection beſt.
Green it ſhall be, for men admire,
Whatever brightens Beauty's fire:
In this ſweet dreſs will I appear,
As Queen of love at May day fair,
My looks and air ſhall be ſublime,
And on the whole almoſt divine.
The girls with jealous eyes advance,
The young men aſk me all to dance.
I feel ſweet admiration's heat,
And briſk my dancing pulſes beat,
While I with ſmiles of high diſdain
Toſs my head from ſuch a train.
With this triumphant thought elate
She ſhook her head with mighty ſtate,
Down came the milk pail, and her dream
Expired in a milky ſtream.
Such is our fate, when we exceed
Reality in thought or deed;
Vain follies at a diſtance keep,
Mind for the preſent what is meet,
By building caſtles in the air
No maiden ever yet grew fair.

Nov. 4th 1789. REGULUS.

Poor

POOR JACK!

A SEA SONG—BY MR DIBDIN.

GO patter to lubbers and ſwabs,
d'ye ſee,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight-water boat, and good ſea-room give me,
And it e'n't to a little I'll ſtrike;
Tho' the tempeſt top-gallant maſt ſmack-ſmooth ſhould ſmite,
And ſhiver each ſplinter of wood—
Clear the wreck, ſtow the yards, and bowſe ev'ry thing tight,
And under reef'd foreſail we'll ſcud--
Avaſt! nor don't think me a milk-ſop, ſo ſoft,
To be taken for trifles a back,
For they ſays, there's a Providence ſits up aloft—
They ſays, *&c.*
To keep watch for—the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
About ſouls—heaven--mercy—and ſuch;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay—
Why 'twas juſt all as one as High Dutch.
But he ſaid, how a ſparrow can't founder, d'ye ſee,
Without orders that comes down below;
And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow.
For ſays he, d'ye mind me, let ſtorms e'er ſo oft
Take the top-lifts of ſailors a-back,
There's a ſweet little cherub ſits—perch'd up aloft
To keep watch for—the life of Poor Jack.

I ſaid to our Poll—(for you ſee ſhe would cry)
When laſt we weigh'd anchor for ſea,
"What arguſies ſniv'ling and piping your eye?
Why, what a damn'd fool you muſt be!
Can't you ſee the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for ſeamen and lubbers aſhore;
And if to old *Davy* I ſhould go, my dear Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more!
What then!—all's a hazard—come, don't be ſo ſoft—
Perhaps I may laughing come back:
For, d'ye ſee, there's a cherub ſits ſmiling aloft
To keep watch for—the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a ſailor ſhould be ev'ry inch
All as one as a piece of the ſhip,
And with her brave the world, without off'ring to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As to me, in all weathers, all times, ſides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that ſprings—
My *heart* is my *Poll*'s—and my *rhino* my *friend*'s;
And as for my *life*—'tis my KING'S!
E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me ſo ſoft
As with grief to be taken a-back—
That ſame little cherub that ſits up aloft
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

SERENADE.

Written in Italy; by Mr MERRY.

WHEN o'er the Tuſcan plain
Wild Winter threw
His Midnight Mantle, of a Sable Hue,

Where

Where far fam'd Florence rears her marble pride,
And aged Arno's varying waters glide;

Beneath the terace of his much lov'd fair,
With locks diſhevell'd, and with boſom bare,
A fond Italian thus expreſs'd his pain,
Struck the ſoft lyre, and pour'd the vocal ſtrain;

If ſhe I love be now repos'd
In folded arms of downy ſleep,
I'm well content to watch and weep—
My eyes are never clos'd!

For I adore that angel face,
I love her beauty to deſpair!
Her azure eye, and auburn hair,
Her boſom's matchleſs grace!

Alas, no other joy have I—
But near this window's glimm'ring ray,
To breathe in vain the artleſs lay
Of genuine miſery!
Now dreary darkneſs reigns around,
And nought ſhall trouble her repoſe,
Save the ſharp wind that rudely blows
With melancholy ſound.

But not the feeble note I raiſe
Shall e'er diſturb her ſlumb'ring ear,
Nor could I wiſh my fair to hear,
Becauſe I ſing her praiſe!

For all the treaſures of the Eaſt,
For ev'ry monarchs glitt'ring crown—
I would not have my uſeleſs moan
Invade her roſy reſt.

And, O! may paſſion never heave
That breaſt; the fond abode of joy!
Love would her happineſs deſtroy,
And teach her how to grieve.

She then would feel the rending ſigh,
Would mourn, perhaps, the live-long night
Unknown to peace or calm delight,
As ſad, as loſt as I.

Blow! blow, ye winds! deſcend, ye rains!
I ſcorn the torrent and the blaſt;
Ills ſuch as theſe are quickly paſt,
Eternal are my pains.

But ſince my fair one is repos'd
In folded arms of downy ſleep,
I'm well content to watch and weep,
My eyes are never clos'd.

SONNET.

TO TIME.

THOU hoary traveller! ſlow paſſing by
The wretch who counts each moment of his woes,
Till Liberty his priſon gate uncloſe;
As the dull ſnail, whoſe motion mocks the eye,
Like his, thy tardy journeyings betray
The ſpoiler; yon moſs mantled tower,
Whoſe giant bulk did once deride thy power,
Now ſinks in fragments proſtrate to thy ſway,
The ſapling thy tall ſtreamer waves on high.
Whilſt thy deep wounds each mazy fiſſure ſhows,
Like wrinkles, furrow'd round thy own grey brows:
Yet not for this rude triumph ſwells my ſigh,
But that thy hand will wither Beauty's roſe,
And ſteal the fire that lights the ſparkling eye.

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. L.] Thurſday December 3, 1789. [Price 3d.

Hiſtoire du Naufrage, &c. *Hiſtory of the Shipwreck of* M. Briſſon *on the Coaſt of* Africa, &c.

(Concluded from page 759).

THE author thus deſcribes the reſidence of the French conſul at Morocco, which had formerly been that of the Spaniſh ambaſſador.

'It is the beſt houſe which the emperor has to diſpoſe of. It is a long cave, hollowed out of the ground, with two ranges of pillars ſupporting the roof. You deſcend into it by a ſloping path, and you have no other air to breathe there but what comes through ſome ſmall apertures, made in the roof. The emperor keeps here his tents and implements of war. Nothing elſe is to be ſeen but bare walls, cobwebs, bats and rats. This edifice is ſituated in one of the fineſt gardens of his majeſty, adorned with olive trees, quinces, pomegranates, and apple trees. The four high walls that ſurround it would almoſt make thoſe who walk there imagine that they were priſoners of ſtate. When the emperor aſſigns this houſe for the accommodation of ambaſſadors, or the repreſentatives of foreign powers, he does not beſtow with it a ſingle article of furniture. He contents himſelf with diſtributing to them a certain quantity of beef, mutton, poultry, bread, and water.

The emperor's own palace conſiſts of ſix vaſt courts ſurrounded with walls. The outward appearance of the ſeraglio reſembles a granary. I do not know if the inſide be elegant, but the external figure preſents nothing agreeable. The city is ſeparated from the palace by maſſes of dirt. The garbage and bones of the animals they kill, collected into an heap, ſerve as it were for the walls of the capital. Theſe pyramids of filth are to be found in the very heart of the town. They riſe higher than the houſes, and almoſt deprive them of the light of day. The ſun, ſtriking on theſe mountains of ordure, promotes the proceſs of putrefaction. The houſes of the people are ill built, and reſemble the ſtyes in which we keep our ſwine. They never know the benefit of freſh air; the ſtreets are narrow, and partly covered with ſtraw.'

Having given a ſhort ſketch of

M. de Briſſon's adventures, we ſhall extract a few particulars reſpecting the country which he traverſed. He gives the following account of the city of Gouadnum.

'This city, ſays he, is a place of refuge for the moſt deſperate rebels of all the different tribes. It is divided into parts, the Upper and the Lower; and almoſt all the houſes are built after the ſame manner. Four large walls incloſe an immenſe ſpace of ground, and they receive no light but from the door and the upper part, which is left open. The walls are very high, and there is only one door in all the circumference; it is guarded by large dogs. Each individual has alſo a dog for his own ſafety. Without this precaution, though ſhut up within theſe walls, he would run the hazard of being robbed by ſome of his neighbours, more enterpriſing or more dexterous than himſelf. I could not reconcile this diſtruſt with the trade carried on in this city, which is pretty conſiderable. I ſaw two markets in it, which certainly were not inferior, in any thing, to the largeſt fairs in the provinces of France. Though ſpecie of different kinds circulates here, I am inclined to think that their trade is principally carried on by barter. Fine wool may be found here in great abundance; and, above all, woollen ſtuffs, half white and half crimſon, which are uſed by the inhabitants for their dreſſes. The merchants, who purchaſe them in order to ſell them in the interior parts of the country, give camels in exchange. Their ordinary profit is four hundred per cent. and on theſe articles they gain much leſs than on wheat, barley, dates, horſes, ſheep, goats, oxen, ſhe aſſes, tobacco, gunpowder; combs, ſmall mirrors, and other toys which are not carried to a great diſtance. They are conſumed in certain ſmall towns of the country, in each of which a market is held on fixed days. What is very ſurpriſing is, that the Jews are the only people who carry on this trade. They are, however, expoſed to the moſt humiliating inſults. An Arab ſnatches the bread from the hand of an Iſraelite, enters his houſe, makes him give him a handful of tobacco, often beats him, and always behaves to him with inſolence; and yet the poor Jew muſt ſuffer with patience. It is true that he indemniſies himſelf after his own manner; that is to ſay, by the addreſs with which he diſpoſes of his merchandiſe to advantage, and by the cunning by which he over reaches an Arab. The latter, in general, are exceedingly ſtupid.

Reſpecting the emperor of Morocco, his power, and the conduct of the conſuls, M. de Briſſon ſays—

May I be permitted to obſerve how extraordinary it is, that a prince, ſo little to be dreaded as the emperor of Morocco, ſhould oblige the different powers of Europe to ſend ambaſſadors to him, and that he ſhould even dictate laws to them. There is not a ſingle ſovereign who dares to ſend a repreſentative to his court without making him at the ſame time conſiderable preſents, and what envoy would preſent himſelf without having his hands full? How happens it that the conſuls have not, by common conſent, repreſented to their reſpective ſovereigns, that the emperor of Morocco becomes every day more and more powerful by the ſupplies which they themſelves furniſh him? Twenty years ago this prince was abſolutely deſtitute of reſources. He had neither materials, nor any place for caſting cannons; and he was equally in want of wood for building ſhips, of ropes, of nails, and even of workmen. It is France, and other European powers, that aſſiſt him, elſe the emperor of Morocco would be of little conſideration.

ation. His ſuperb batteries of braſs cannons, twenty-four, thirty-ſix, and forty-eight pounders, were furniſhed by Holland, Spain, England, and France. England has done more than other nations, by ſelling him thoſe beautiful cannons which were taken on the floating batteries. Mogador, that part of it which is next to Morocco, is built in an advantageous ſituation. Its batteries are well diſpoſed, and there are cannon at each embraſure; but they are there only in a manner for ſhew, as they have no carriages, and are ſupported only by brick-work. There are no workmen in the country capable of mounting them on carriages, nor is there wood proper for making them. Did a few veſſels only wait for the ſailing of thoſe ſmall frigates, which are almoſt all unfit for ſea, except only two, nothing would be eaſier than to prevent them from returning, and to block up the ports of Mogador, Rabat, and Salee. What would become of his commerce, and, above all his marine, did the Chriſtian princes ceaſe to aſſiſt him, contrary to the intereſts of humanity? Would England and Spain unite only for a moment, Tangiers, his moſt beautiful port, would ſoon be ſo far ruined, that it could not afford ſhelter to his ſubjects, who, deſtitute of ſhips, would ſoon be obliged to give over their piracies. If the conſuls of different nations have never made theſe obſervations, and if they have never pointed out the means of curbing the inſolence of the emperor of Morocco, it is becauſe they are at the head of the commerce which theſe different powers carry on in the part of the world. The —— conſul bought up almoſt all the corn of the country, and ſhips were ſent off with it, according to his conſignments. The French conſul is the only one who does not engage in commerce. I can poſitively aſſert, that theſe repreſentatives, inſtead of furniſhing their courts with the means of diminiſhing the power of the emperor, never ceaſe to add to his ſtrength, and to incite him to make new pretenſions. How much we aſſiſt theſe pirates to hurt the advantageous trade which we might carry on! Their ſituation renders them very dangerous; but if we leave them only their ſituation, it would be impoſſible for them to profit much by it. Let impartial people pay a viſit to that conntry, let them ſpeak with the ſame ſincerity as I do, and they will no doubt be convinced that the emperor of Morocco, of all the princes of the world, would be the leaſt able to do miſchief, did the ſovereigns of Europe ceaſe to furniſh him with ſuccours.' . . . . . .

The manner in which the Arabs of the Deſart milk their flocks.

'They begin by the ſhe-camels, giving them a great many blows with their feet, until they make them riſe. As ſoon as they are on their legs, they take off from their udder a kind of covering made of ropes worked together, which is intended to prevent the young camel from ſucking. The young one then runs up to its mother, and, by its careſſes, prepares her to yield her milk in greater abundance. The maſter and the keeper of the flock watch the moment when the lips of the young camel are covered with a white foam: they then ſeparate it from its mother; and each reſting his head on different ſides, againſt the animal's belly, they preſs the udder, from which they ſometimes draw five pints of milk, when the rains have rendered the earth fruitful. The keeper of the flock, after taking a few draughts every time he milks, pours the reſt into a veſſel deſtined for that purpoſe, and placed cloſe by the ſide of his miſtreſs; for he is allowed no other nouriſhment than the milk which

he draws from the laſt of the camels. When all the milk is thus collected, the miſtreſs puts aſide her part, which is never the leaſt; then ſerves her huſband and his children; and lays up the reſt in a goat's ſkin, which ſhe leaves expoſed to the ſun before the milk be made into butter. Three or four hours after, the young girls bring from the fields the ſheep and the goats. The mother, who is always preſent at the laſt milking, mixes the milk procured by it with that of the camels; and when the ſun has ſufficiently warmed it, they ſeparate the cream from it, in order to make butter.

When the butter is made, they put it into ſmall ſkins, where it acquires a ſtrong ſmell, which, according to the taſte of theſe barbarians, adds to its value. The women uſe it for greaſing their hair; without this they would think ſomething deficient in their dreſs.' . . . . . .

'Theſe Arabs are ſubject to few diſeaſes. I have ſeen many old people, of both ſexes, who were oppreſſed with no kind of infirmity. Sore eyes, and cholics, are the moſt uſual diſorders among them. Children, above all, are expoſed to theſe, tho' in other reſpects ſtrong and robuſt. In the morning it is difficult for them to open their eye lids. With regard to the cholic, I think it is occaſioned by the verdigriſe which is mixed with every thing they eat or drink. The reaſon of its not occaſioning more ſudden diſaſters, is perhaps, the large quantities of milk which they uſe. The kettles in which they cook their victuals are not tinned: they never waſh them, on account of the ſcarcity of water, ſo that they remain covered with a cruſt of verdigriſe, which they do not ſcrape away even when they ſcour them with ſand. During my ſtay among them, I was deſirous of taking that charge, and of rubbing until I ſhould clear the verdigriſe entirely away; but they abſolutely forbade me, telling me that I ſhould wear their kettle.

It ſometimes happens that the fields of theſe barbarians are covered with plentiful crops; but, inſtead of waiting till the grain attains to maturity, they cut it down, and dry it over hot cinders, without reflecting that, by purſuing this method, they deprive themſelves of that abundance which is neceſſary for the ſupport of their familes, and of ſtraw to feed their cattle, which, for the moſt part, are reduced to the neceſſity of browzing on dry branches of trees; and that they themſelves are often obliged to eat the ſaddles and girths from the backs of their camels. I could not ſee without regret the little care which theſe barbarians take in preparing the earth; they leave the ſeed between heaps of ſtones, and among buſhes, the parched roots of which abſorb all the moiſture of the ground, on which the waters leave a kind of mud very proper for aſſiſting early vegetation. The perſon who is employed to till the ground repairs to thoſe ſpots which the rain has principally moiſtened, and ſcatters the ſeed here and there indifferently; after which, he turns up the earth with a plow drawn by one camel, which conſequently makes a furrow of very little depth. If the moiſture of the clouds happens to ſecond his labour, each retires with his portion to ſome rock or cavern. I have found, under my feet, ſheaves of corn, the full ears of which invited the moſt opulent Arab to collect them. Others, heaped one upon another, remained expoſed to the injuries of the weather, becauſe the proprietor found himſelf provided with enough to laſt him until the ſeaſon when the vapours attracted by the mountains ſhould fall down in torrents, and inundate the valleys.

The

The Arabs of the Deſart are ſo ignorant, that they not only conſider themſelves as the firſt people in the world, but they have the fooliſh vanity to believe that the ſun riſes for them only. Several of them ſaid to M. de Briſſon—

Behold that luminary! which is unknown in thy country. During the night, thou art not enlightened as we are, by that heavenly body, which regulates our days and our faſts. His children * point out to us the hours of prayer. You have neither trees nor camels, ſheep, goats nor dogs. Are your women made like ours? How long didſt thou remain in the belly of thy mother? ſaid another. As long, replied I, as thou in that of thine. Indeed, replied a third, counting my fingers and toes, he is made like us; he differs only in his colour and language, which aſtoniſhes me. Do you ſow barley in your houſes? meaning our ſhips. No, anſwered I, we ſow our fields almoſt in the ſame ſeaſon as you. How! cried out ſeveral of them, do you inhabit the earth? We believed that you were born and lived on the ſea!

Original Letter from Liſbon, *ſoon after the Earthquake.*

SIR,

"I LOOK upon it as my indiſpenſable duty to give you ſome account of my ſituation; and in the diſcharge of this duty, if I am not deficient in gratitude, I ſhall inevitably feel a very ſenſible ſatisfaction.

"I have found little difficulty in reconciling myſelf to Portugal. The religion here is the greateſt nuiſance, and that is indeed abominable. I could not well brook Tacitus's expreſſion, "deteſtabilis ſuperſtitio," when uſed for Chriſtianity in general; but I ſhould not be diſpleaſed to hear the term applied to this particular ſpecies of Chriſtianity, if it can merit to be ſtyled any Chriſtianity at all. In other reſpects Portugal is extremely agreeable. The country is indiſputably fine, and the climate admirable. A man who has never been in Italy may be excuſed, I hope, for fancying Portugal reſembles it; for I find this country exactly correſponding with the idea I had formed of that on the other ſide of the Alps. I perſuade myſelf, that no two places in the world, ſo diſtant from each other, bear ſo great a reſemblance. The temperature of climate is nearly the ſame in both; the likeneſs holds in their calamitous earthquakes, and more calamitous religion. There is ſo great affinity between the languages, that to be maſter of one is to underſtand both. The Portugueſe too, as well as the Italians, are of a very muſical diſpoſition, and have a good taſte for muſic, and excellent voices, almoſt univerſally.

"One particular which ſtrikes an Engliſhman upon his coming hither is the prodigious violence with which the rain comes down; and this circumſtance, I ſuppoſe, Portugal has in common with Italy: for Tacitus, I remember, takes notice that England is remarkably calm, in compariſon, I ſuppoſe, with his own as well as other countries. He endeavours to aſſign the cauſe: "Credo quod rariores terræ monteſque, cauſa ac materia tempeſtatum."—I need not tell you that I have lately read him, and that I find him a writer whoſe meaning I cannot readily either get or forget.

"I had afforded ſome attention to the earthquakes, but to very little purpoſe. I can indeed promiſe, that I know enough of the matter to prevent my writing ſuch pamphlets as I have lately read upon the ſubject. I ſaw three

* Thus they name the ſtars.

three of Dr Stukeley's. He ſeems to be an old woman, but no witch; and his treatiſes are ſo many centos of wretched miſtakes, picked up with care, and bound together with a moſt obſtinate opiniatrety.

"To attempt aſſigning the natural cauſe of earthquakes is certainly no eaſy undertaking. The ſhocks ere at different times ſeem ſo very different, that one would almoſt be inclined to think they aroſe from cauſes eſſentially different, though it is very improbable that ſhould be the caſe. Sometimes we have a ſudden ſhock, which is at its greateſt violence when firſt perceived, and is over inſtantaneouſly. Others come on by degrees, and ſeem at firſt to give the buildings a kind of internal vibratory motion, not unlike that which is produced ſometimes in bodies by a muſical note; this gradually increaſes, till at length you hear the timbers labouring and cracking, and the ſtones in the walls grinding againſt each other: ſome are preceded by ſubterraneous noiſes, and others not; and the other concomitant circumſtances are ſo much diverſified, that a man of any ingenuity may eaſily ſelect great numbers that will make for his own hypotheſis, whatſoever that may happen to be.

"The weather is at preſent, and has been for ſome time, the moſt delightful imaginable ('tis now Feb. 25). But they tell me, this winter has been the ſevereſt that has been known for many years. We had ice of conſiderable thickneſs for a country where it is not uſual to have any. This weather, as it did not laſt long, ſo it was not, I believe, general, even during its continuance; for in Chriſtmas holidays I was at Cintra, which is about twenty miles from Liſbon, where we found the air wonderfully mild and pleaſant. We dined in the open air, and had ſome delightful walks about the rock. Cintra is deſervedly famous for its temperature, being no leſs cool in ſummer than warm in winter. One may indeed almoſt pronounce they have neither ſummer not winter there, but a delightful middle kind of ſeaſon that is free from the inconveniences of both, and is conſtantly both and neither. It is the moſt unaccountable place I ever ſaw or heard of, and hardly ſeems ſubject to the laws of Nature; for, beſides its unſeaſonable pleaſantneſs at all times of the year, though it is the higheſt ground I ever trod, it is conſtantly overflowed with water, in which reſpect, though it may fall in with the ſyſtem of Mr. Halley, it ſeems to run counter to the common courſe of Nature. It is the moſt fertile and the moſt barren, the moſt frightful and the moſt lovely place I ever beheld. The exquiſite ſweetneſs of the lower part of the hills is ſtrongly contraſted by the craggy appearance of the ſammits, where the rain has waſhed away the mould from between the rocks, and left them piled upon one another in a frightful manner. The foxes and wolves, that inhabited the numerous clefts and caverns in theſe eminences, are in one place diſlodged by a ſet of inhabitants, who, when religion is out of the queſtion, have the advantage of the wild beaſts in point of humanity; I mean, a ſet of friars, who have conſecrated the evacuated dens, and taken up their abode in them. We dined with them, and they treated us very hoſpitably, juſt without the gate of their unbuilt and inviſible convent.

"They tell me that Cintra is infinitely more pleaſant in the ſummer than in the winter; but it is very difficult to conceive how that is poſſible. The graſs affords a verdure in winter, which, I am apt to think, the ſummer heats muſt deſtroy. The hills abound with ever-greens, particularly cork-trees; and the orange-groves, when I ſaw them, were loaded with fruit, and made a fine appearance.

"No meaſures have yet been taken for rebuilding the city, and many en-

intelligent perſons aſſure me, it will be ſome conſiderable time before any thing is attempted. This will not be a diſagreeable article to ſuch as are fond of ſtrange ſights; for it is generally allowed, that, from a very indifferent city, Liſbon is become one of the moſt extraordinary ruins in the world.

"We have three people here, for the benefit of the air: Mr Cleveland, ſon of the Secretary to the Admiralty; Sir Archer Croſts, and his brother. The two firſt are pretty well recovered; but the laſt is irrecoverably gone in a conſumption, and given over by every one except himſelf. He is an admirable young fellow, and we all feel for him.

"I do not repent of my coming hither. You are well apprized of the inconveniences of my former ſituation: at preſent I have nothing to complain of, though my affairs are not abſolutely ſettled and certain, which is the leſs to be wondered at, conſidering the nation I belong to, and the country I am in.

"I am glad of an opportunity to acknowledge myſelf your moſt obliged humble ſervant, W. ALLEN."

Account of Cherbourg,—*from a ſix Day's Tour in* Normandy.

IT has been generally ſaid that the French firſt conceived the project of eſtabliſhing a harbour at Cherbourg, in conſequence of the deſtruction of part of their fleet off that place, after the battle of La Hogue, in the glorious 1692; and this belief is not far from a right one; but it muſt not miſlead us to think, that Cherbourg was not before that time of conſiderable note—Froiſſart ſpeaks of it as—*fort et noble lieu, lequel fonda premierement Jules Cæſar quand il conquit Angleterre*;—whence Froiſſart derives his authority I know not, but none at preſent occurs to me which mentions Cæſar's having ever been in this part of Gaul.—In 1378 it was delivered up to the Engliſh by the king of Navarre, and conſidered as a great acquiſition; the Engliſh, by this means, having as eaſy acceſs into Normandy, as they had into Picardy by means of Calais—during the time it remained in the hands of the indolent and inſignificant Richard II. it proved of no benefit to this country, and was in a few years after reſtored to the king of Navarre.

Henry V. was beſieging it for three or four months before he could obtain poſſeſſion of it in 1418; nor can this be wondered at, as its ſituation, before the uſe of cannon was general, muſt have been immenſely ſtrong;—Sir Thomas Kiriel landed here in 1450 with ſuccours for the Duke of Somerſet's army, previous to the unfortunate defeat at Fourmigny, the loſs of which battle was followed by many ſucceſsful operations on the part of the French, and the ſurrender of Cherbourg to Charles VII. after a conſiderable reſiſtance, completed his re-conqueſt of Normandy; not one town after this remaining in the hands of the Engliſh.

What was the particular inducement of Louis XIV. to fortify this place, I do not immediately recollect, not the reaſon of his ordering it to be diſmantled about the year 1688; the fortifications were, however, then deſtroyed, as likewiſe thoſe which had been erected at Valogne, but not ſo entirely as to prevent ſome of the firſt-rate ſhips which ran into Cherbourg in 1692, from receiving protection from the ſtill-exiſting batteries, under the fire of which they were hauled up among the rocks into ſhoal water, and, on Sir Ralph Delaval's coming up with our ſeventy and fifty gun ſhips, the latter, which ſtood in cloſeſt to the ſhore, were much

annoyed by the ſhot, as it is termed, though I ſhould rather think they muſt have been ſhells, for one of our ſhips, in attempting the Soleil Royal, was by them ſet on fire; and red hot ſhot was not then known.

After this defeat, the renewal of the fortifications, and the incloſing of the road, became an object of great conſideration with the government of France, and Vauban formed a project for this purpoſe, which, however, did not take place; it was ſimilar to that afterwards adopted, and partly carried into execution in the late king's time, under the adminiſtration of Cardinal Fleury: from Iſle Pelée a jetty was meant to ſtretch away for nearly a mile to the weſtward; and from Point Hommet, another jetty was to project for about three furlongs to the eaſtward: the entrance of the road was meant to be between the ends of theſe two jetties, and would have been about a mile in width, defended by ſtrong forts at the end of each jettée: this plan was a good one, and, in my humble opinion, preferable to the one executing at preſent.

Having, in this ſhort preface, put my own recollection to its efforts for the refreſhment of your's, I will give you as ſuccinct and plain an account of Cherbourg in its preſent ſtate as I can, premiſing that the deſcription will proceed from recollection merely, for I did not think it prudent to make any memorandums whatſoever in writing, while on the ſpot, as it might have been attended with danger, in theſe turbulent times eſpecially.

On deſcending into Cherbourg, from the mountains above it, the rock on either hand had ſprings of water almoſt innumerable, though none of them very large; they collect into the river D'Yvette, on the left hand ſide of the road; and this natural effect meets with conſiderable encouragement and aid from art in various parts of the deſcent: when you attain the more level ground, you find a ſluice of maſonry, which is ſo contrived as to collect the water from both ſides of the road, and conduct it to a reſervoir, where it remains in readineſs for ſuch ſervice as it may be required: the principal, if not the only one, is to ſcour the outer baſon, and, at neap tides, to aſſiſt the exit of veſſels from it; of all places, I ever ſaw, I think Cherbourg one of the very dirtieſt; an opinion, formed on our driving thro' its narrow filthy ſtreets, to the hotel we had been recommended to by the landlord at Valogne, but which being filled with the members of an adjudication, who were come to receive propoſals for carrying on the works, and with thoſe who came to attend them: we were glad to be received in a ſecond-rate inn, where little except decent cleanlineſs was wanting.

Notwithſtanding our fatigue, we walked about the town, and even aſcended the mountain la Roule above it; the Grande Place was quite ſurrounded by a line, partly of the military, and partly of the Bourgeois; the greater number of the latter very ordinary fellows, and ſo deſcending to the moſt abſolute refuſe imaginable. The news we had heard on the road, of a great riot having happened on the Tueſday preceding, was very true, many of the wretches, concerned in it, were taken up, to the number of near two hundred, and were trying for their offences, which was the reaſon of the place being thus ſurrounded.

Our curioſity here was ſoon ſatisfied, and we walked away to the Convent of Notre Dame du Voeu, about a mile to the north-weſt of the town; W— regretted here that we had not with us Mr Wraxall's laſt tour, which he ſays gives a very good deſ-

deſcription of the place; ſeveral centinels (all of military) were mounted here, who told us we could not enter, the reaſon of which, and of additional guards, as we afterwards learned, was apprehenſions from the rioters, and that both the Duc et Ducheſſe de Beuvron were there ill.

Between this place and the town is a very long pile of barracks for the reception of about two thouſand men; they are ſtrongly built of ſtone. Several new and broad ſtreets are building in this part of the town.

We next went up the mountain, which commands a view of the road, town, and great part of the works;—the firſt appearance of the Cones did not come up to the idea I had conceived of them; at that diſtance they looked but like ſo many tubs on a graſs plat, and by no means adequate to the vaſtneſs of the object they were meant to effect. Spring tides flowing when we were there, at high-water the Cones were but barely viſible above the water's edge; and beautiful and accurate as was our view, it was of ſo little information farther than as a good plan, that we did not continue long on the hill; at the very top of which is a little place incloſed with a ſtone wall breaſt high, where formerly had been a hermitage, and on a ſtone in the wall, was a long inſcription relative to three or four perſons who had many years reſided there as hermits —this had ſeveral words ſpelt in the uncouth way, in which I have endeavoured to give you ſome idea of the pronunciation of the Normans, whoſe French is bad indeed;—their aſſent is ſignified by '*Wha, Monzi*—their negative by *Na-ni Monzi;* if you aſk if they have ſuch or ſuch a thing, and they have it, the reply is, *Wha Monzi, J'en avons;* and they uſe in other reſpects as well as this, the firſt perſon plural for the firſt perſon ſingular.—The language of many of the very ordinary people is next to unintelligible.

On Friday morning we waited on Monſ. de la Brettonniere, the commandant of the marine department. He received us with great politeneſs, and ſaid that we were at liberty to ſee every thing going on upon the water; that the Cones already ſunk were about to be cut down, that the forts were not in his department, and that he would not recommend to us to make any application to ſee them, as we ſhould certainly meet with a refuſal; ſpoke of the confuſed ſtate in which things were at preſent; and ſaid very handſomely, that he wiſhed our arrival had been at a time leſs embarraſſing to them, as it could certainly have been rendered more agreeable to us. As we waited upon him without any introduction, and merely from a point of reſpect, we were well ſatisfied with our reception, and took our leave, to ſtroll about. In his drawing-room there was a portrait of the king of France, in a ſplendid gilt frame, with a ſcroll expreſſing it to have been a preſent from his Majeſty. The picture was a very good one, and the countenance had more animation than is uſually given to the pictures of that monarch; whoſe preſent ſituation muſt be deeply diſtreſſing, and the more ſo if it occurs to him that the ſuffering his miniſters to give aſſiſtance to the Americans againſt a natural and lawful government, was inculcating to his own ſubjects thoſe leſſons they are now ſo ſeverely exerciſing againſt himſelf—*Tu l'a voulu!*

The ſluice I have already mentioned we ſaw again; it is a very extenſive piece of excellent maſonry. I walked up and down the ruins of the old Mole, deſtroyed in 1758; the very reliques of it are not without their uſe; but we were abſolutely driven home by a heavy rain, and

were confined there by it the greater part of the day. In the evening, however, we got out for a little while by dint of boots, great-coats, and umbrellas, to look over the houſes deſtroyed on Tueſday, one of which was a ſample more ſufficient than ſatisfactory; a more abſolute ſhell of a houſe could not be ſeen; every window was broken, all the furniture deſtroyed; the marble chimnies battered to pieces, as alſo the baluſtrades of the ſtair, the rooms ſtripped of the hangings, the large library of the book-ſhelves—and the feathers of the ripped-up beds trodden under foot.

Military centinels were ſtationed at theſe houſes—at the firſt houſe we ſaw them; we did not viſit a ſecond.

Early on Saturday morning we went to Becquet D'Enville, about three miles and a half to the eaſtward of Cherbourg; from this place there are about two hundred veſſels, of from twenty to ſixty tons, called the *Chaſſe Marees*, employed in carrying out ſtone. On the hill above the village ſtands a large range of barracks, that will contain about fifteen hundred men; theſe are employed on the rocks in digging or in blowing out ſtone, which is done to the daily amount of two thouſand tons:—between the hill and the ſhore is a large open ſpace of ground to be formed hereafter into an eſplanade, but uſed at preſent as a depot for the ſtone which, being from day to day blown or dug from the rock, exceeds the daily export, to the Digue at ſea, attended, as it muſt be, by accidental delays of wind, of tide, &c. to which it cannot but be liable. When, however, circumſtances of wind, tide, and weather, favour the ſea work, the veſſels are all alert, and preſently diſpoſe of this large accumulation of ſtone.

There is a baſon of twenty feet deep at high water; the original conſtruction of it was ſuch as to permit veſſels to load on the outſide as well as the inſide of the bank, or pier, which forms this baſon; this pier is about fifty toiſes broad, and had toward the ſea a wall which roſe on the outſide of the pier, as we were told, near twelve feet in height; this wall was formed in part of looſe ſtones, piled as fences are made in many places in England, in very regular order, but without any cement to hold them together; the conſequence of this was, that the ſtorm of January, 1788, demoliſhed and carried away this wall, beſides doing other very conſiderable damage to the works; a part of the wall in one lump yet remains; cement having been tried in the conſtruction of it, but, being cemented only within itſelf, and not connected with the main body, otherwiſe than as one vaſtly larger ſtone, this maſs was alſo waſhed away, and remains till beaten to pieces, which is likely to be a work of great labour, a proof of the ſtrength of the cement, and the power of the ſea. The ſolid part of the pier ſtood and ſtands unſhaken; whether ſome ſtill greater ſhock of ſtorm may not carry the whole away, muſt remain for the deciſion of time or the attempts of the weather; both of them are of ſtrong influence, and I ſhould not be willing to doubt of the final conſequence.

From Becquet we ſailed on the out-going tide, in a good ſtrong boat towards Fort Royal,—more menacing to appearance than any thing I have ever ſeen; it has three tiers of guns (forty-eight pounders, as we were told) and reſembles a huge ſhip of ſtone, with port holes, alſo like thoſe of a ſhip ſhut in; and, as well as we could perceive, covered with copper: having ſtood in cloſe along this ſtupendous ſtructure, we made away for the firſt Cone, and paſſed it; the ſecond is the one upon which the king

king of France ſtationed himſelf to ſee a Cone launched and ſunk; the Cone on which he ſtood the ſea and weather has deſtroyed; by the time were near to it, the tide had fallen, and the wreck of it looked ſhocking; and not leſs ſo, for the huge broken ruins of the floor of cement with which it had been covered; on one piece of which remained, unbroken, the inſcription relative to the king's viſit, and the purport of it.

We paſſed the third, the tide running ſo hard, the men had much ado to make head againſt it; we got in between the third and fourth, ſounding our way, leſt we ſhould ſtrike upon the Digue between: we had, however, three or four feet water upon the whole—but we could plainly ſee the Digue at bottom, and diſcern that it was overgrown with weed, glutinous and thriving, and looked of a ſort of conſiſtence that, to us Engliſhmen, was a threat of durability. We hauled in upon the fourth, and mounted it by the ladder on the ſide; ſtones had either been thrown out, or elſe it never had been filled; for, about eight or nine feet from the top, was a void ſpace: the workmen, who were to cut it down, were ſitting upon the rugged ſtones at their miſerable dinner; W— walked round the edge of the Cone; but the heighth from the water, and the rapidity of the current, were too much for C— and me to look upon, without our heads turning giddy; we, therefore, contented ourſelves with ſitting on the ſide by the ladder: this machine is certainly a prodigious one; and, conſidering it as the inſtrument of an attempt to combat and control one of the uniform and ſteady operations of nature, it impreſſed me now with a very different idea than when I firſt ſaw the Cones from the hill.

Of thoſe that have been ſunk, the eight next to Iſle Pelée have been leaſt affected by the ſea, and may be ſaid to have almoſt entirely reſiſted it, the ſecond one excepted; and that, even in its fallen ſtate, is not without conſiderable effect in repelling the force of the waves; but, however, they might have at length anſwered the wiſhed for purpoſe, had the French perſevered in ſinking new ones, in the place of ſuch as might, from time to time, have been deſtroyed: the intention of forming a harbour by their means is now entirely relinquiſhed; thoſe remaining are cutting down; and, if a harbour is affected at all, it is to be by the Digue, or bank, which is carrying on acroſs what was meant to have been the middle channel; and to the weſtward, as far as within one thouſand and ſixty-ſix yards of Querqueville Point, which will leave a ſecond entrance equal with the firſt, between Iſle Pelée and the eaſtermoſt Cone.

We had hired a boat of not more than twelve tons to carry us to this place; and, about three o'clock, we went aboard her, near the two ſeventy-four gun-ſhips which lay in the harbour: we dined, and were wiſhing to be under way; but the tide, not ebbing till near nine o'clock, it gave me time to gratify my inclination of ſeeing Cherbourg to the lateſt minute poſſible; I, therefore, went aſhore in the ſkiff, and walked once more over the town.

The ſame tumultuous diſpoſition ſtill ſhewed itſelf; the populace were aſſembled as before; few only of them had fire-arms, the reſt were armed with ſhort pikes, axes, pole-axes, common hatchets, ſwords of a dozen different ſorts, and various other weapons; in ſhort, every thing that a man could ſnatch up. It is hardly credible to any one who has ever ſeen the French military, that a body of French ſoldiers ſhould have marching by their ſides a body of

Bourgeois of all ſorts and ſizes, and armed as above mentioned: yet ſo it was; thus they were marſhalled, and thus they marched, *haud paſſibus æquis*, however, as you may imagine.

A few words more will conclude this long epiſtle, but I cannot cloſe it, without doing the juſtice to the French, to ſay, that the works at Cherbourg ſhew an enlargement of mind that does them the very higheſt honour as a nation, and as men.—The conception is vaſt and grand; and, if it be conſidered that it is highly improbable, if not even impoſſible, that the full force and effect, propoſed from the work, ſhould reſult in the time of the preſent generation of men—there is an independence, a magnanimity, a genuine ſpirit of patriotiſm in the undertaking, which a nation, and a great nation only, is capable of: for the expence is boundleſs, the labour prodigious; ſcarce a day paſſes but one life is loſt, and ſeveral men are maimed in blowing up the rocks—yet, neither theſe, nor many other impediments that might be enumerated, allay their alacrity, or hitherto abate their perſeverance—yet farther, if you aſk any man there whether he expects to live to ſee it completed, I think he would anſwer, No.—Every labour and expence, vaſt as they both are, is therefore endured by the men of the preſent day, who, indeed, will have the honour of the work, but poſterity alone will reap the benefit.

Conſidered on the other hand as a work hoſtile to England—much as I revere their ſpirit of patriotiſm, I am actuated by my own to wiſh devoutly that Nature may counteract the efforts of Art—and teach them the futility of the motto aſſumed on the occaſion, *Ars vincens Naturam.*

17*th July*, 1789.

Character of Count Schaumbourg-Lippe, *commonly called Count de* Buckebourg.—*By Mr* Zimmerman.

SOLITUDE, ſays Mr Zimmerman, puts every thing in its proper place. There, one is happy in being able to think; in pleaſing a ſmall part of mankind, and conſequently in having abundance of leiſure to oneſelf. To be generally hated, is ſometimes a happineſs worthy of envy. To him who can do good in retirement, it would be a real curſe to be univerſally beloved, and on that account to find every one deſirous of paying him a viſit, or of inviting him to dinner. But for the moſt part, theſe are not the people, who are principally diſtinguiſhed, or who receive the greateſt ſhare of eſteem, and a whole city never cries out againſt a perſon of ordinary character. It muſt therefore be confeſſed, that there is ſomething great in that man whom the world abuſes, at whom every one caſts a ſtone, concerning whom a thouſand ridiculous ſtories are invented, and to whom a thouſand crimes are imputed, of which, however, not even one is proved. The lot of a man of genius, who lives in obſcurity, is by far more enviable. He is then left to himſelf, and as it appears natural to him that he ſhould not be underſtood, he is never ſurpriſed to find that the public judge badly of every thing that he does or ſays, and that the attempts of his friends to rectify the opinions of mankind reſpecting him, are always unſucceſsful.

Such was, with the multitude, the fate of the famous Count Schaumbourg Lippe, better known by the title of Count de Buckebourg. I never ſaw in Germany a man worſe underſtood or more ridiculed, and yet his name deſerves to be enrolled among thoſe of the celebrated characters of Germany. I formed an ac-

acquaintance with him, at a time when he lived almoſt ſolitary and retired from the world; but he governed his ſmall territories with the greateſt prudence. He had, indeed, ſomething diſguſting on the firſt appearance, and it was this which prevented ſtrangers from paying attention to his internal merit. Count de Lacy, formerly Ambaſſador from the court of Spain to that of Peterſburg, told me, at Hanover, that he was a general in the Spaniſh army againſt the Portugueſe, commanded by the Count de Buckebourg, and that the external figure of this commander ſo ſtruck the Spaniſh Generals, when they diſcovered him with their ſpy glaſſes, that they all exclaimed, 'What! have the Portugueſe got 'Don Quixote for their comman-'der? But this Count de Lacy, who was a man of great parts, ſpoke with enthuſiaſm of the Count de Buckebourg's conduct in Portugal, and of the greatneſs of his mind and character. It is true, that at a diſtance, he had a romantic air, on account of his military countenance, his looſe hair, and his long meagre figure, and above all, on account of the extraordinary length of the oval of his head, which undoubtedly might bring to remembrance Don Quixote. But when near him, one ſaw and thought in a different manner. Lively and animated features announced his dignity, his penetration, his ſhrewdneſs, his mildneſs of diſpoſition, his goodneſs, and the ſerenity of his mind. Exalted ſentiments and heroic thoughts, were to him as familiar and natural, as to the greateſt of the Greeks or the Romans. The Count was born at London, and without doubt was a ſtrange character. There are few people who know what a German Prince told me, that he was fond of diſputing with the Engliſh upon every occaſion. He wagered, for example, that he would ride from London to Edinburgh, with his face turned towards the horſe's tail; and in this manner he actually traverſed ſome of the counties of England. He not only travelled through great part of that country, on foot, in company with a German Prince, but he went through ſeveral of its counties in the habit of a beggar. Being once told, that there was a part of the Danube, above Ratiſbon, ſo rapid that no perſon was ever able to croſs it by ſwimming, he took it into his head to attempt it, and ſwam ſo far, that it was with great difficulty he could be ſaved. A great ſtateſman and a profound philoſopher, at Hanover, informed me, that in the war againſt the French, in which the Count commanded the artillery of the Duke of Brunſwick's army, he one day invited ſome Hanoverian officers to dine with him in his tent. When all the company had ſat down to table, ſeveral cannon bullets paſſed over the tent. The officers, alarmed, all cried out that the French were undoubtedly approaching. The Count aſſured them that the French were at a great diſtance, and begged his gueſts to finiſh their dinner. In a few moments after, ſome more bullets bruſhed the top of the tent, upon which the officers ſtarted up, crying out, 'The French are certainly upon 'us.' 'No, no,' ſaid the Count, 'the 'French are not upon us; be ſeat-'ed, gentlemen, and believe my 'word.' The bullets, however, ſtill continued to fly over their heads, but the officers ate and drank quietly, though they could not comprehend the meaning of this ſingular entertainment. At length the Count riſing up, ſaid to them, 'Gentlemen, I 'was deſirous of ſhewing you how 'much I can depend upon thoſe who 'direct my artillery: for I ordered 'them to fire with bullets, and to 'aim

'aim at the ball on the top of our 'tent, and you ſee they have done 'it with the greateſt nicety!' The philoſophic reader will readily perceive in theſe ſingularities, a man who wiſhed to accuſtom himſelf and others to every thing that appeared difficult. Being one day with the Count near a powder magazine, which he had ordered to be built below his bed-chamber, in the fort of Wilhelmſtein, I obſerved to him that I ſhould ſleep very little there during the warm nights of ſummer, but the Count proved to me, I know not in what manner, that the greateſt danger and no danger are all the ſame. When I firſt ſaw this extraordinary man in company with an Engliſh and a Portugueſe officer, he diſcourſed with me for two hours on Haller's phyſiology, which he knew by heart. Next morning I was obliged to accompany him to the fort of Wilhelmſtein, which he had conſtructed in the midſt of water, without finding a ſingle foot of earth, and after plans which he ſhewed me. In this excurſion, he himſelf managed the oars. One Sunday morning, in the grand alley at Pyrmont, whilſt all the company round us were dancing, making love, or ſhewing themſelves to the beſt advantage, he diſcourſed with me for two hours, with as much eaſe as if we had been alone, concerning all the proofs, hitherto brought of the exiſtence of God, the deficiencies of theſe proofs, and in what manner he thought it ſtill poſſible to ſurpaſs them all; and that none of this leſſon might eſcape me, he held me by one of the buttons of my coat during the whole time. At his reſidence at Buckebourg, he ſhewed me a large folio, written by his own hand, on the art of defending a ſmall ſtate againſt a great power, a work finiſhed and intended for the King of Portugal; but he read many paſſages of it which concerned Swiſſerland. The Count told me that he conſidered the Swiſs as invincible. He not only named all the important poſts, which it would be neceſſary to occupy, but alſo roads thro' which a cat could not paſs without difficulty. I do not know if any thing has ever been written of greater importance to my country than this work, for he ſhewed me in his manuſcript, moſt pertinent anſwers to every objection that a Swiſs could have ſtarted. My friend Moſes Mendelſohn, to whom the Count read the preface of this work at Pyrmont, conſidered it as a maſter-piece in regard to ſtyle and philoſophy. When he choſe, the Count wrote French almoſt as well as Voltaire, but in German he was too affected, too diffuſe, and too obſcure. What adds to his praiſe is, that on his return from Portugal, he had with him for ſeveral years two of the ableſt men of Germany, firſt Abbt and then Herder. Thoſe who have obſerved him longer, and with more attention than I, could relate a thouſand things equally remarkable of this truly great and extraordinary man. I ſhall cloſe this account of him with one ſentence. Count William de Schaumbourg Lippe read much, he was a great obſerver, ſaw men through and through, was fond of no kind of game, and he ſmiled rarely, or when he did, it was only in a ſneering manner.

Such was the character of this ſolitary man, always ſo ill underſtood. Such a perſon may well ſmile, when he ſees mankind ridicule him. But what will be the ſhame and confuſion of theſe partial judges, when they behold the grand monument which the great Mendelſohn has raiſed to his memory, or the judicious hiſtory of his life, juſt publiſhed by a young man at Hanover, in which impartial poſterity will obſerve depth of thought, majeſty of ſtyle, and much truth and ſincerity?

He

He who is laughed at, as the Count de Schaumbourg-Lippe was a thouſand times in my preſence, on account of his long viſage, his floating hair, his large hat, and his ſmall ſword, but who, like him, is a great man and a hero, may well ſmile ſometimes. Count de Buckebourg, however, always laughed at the world, or at mankind, with good humour, and without any thing miſanthropic in his diſpoſition. He lived in a ſmall country houſe, in the midſt of a foreſt, often alone, or in the company of a virtuous woman whom he had choſen for his wife, with whom he did not appear to be in love, but for whom he broke his heart when ſhe died.

The following humourous Deſcription of a City Feaſt is taken from the Public Ledger, and certainly merits being preſerved from the oblivion of a news-paper.

AUTHENTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DREADFUL ENGAGEMENT IN THE NETHERLANDS.

Extract of a letter from Fort Stomach, dated Tueſday, Nov. 10, at eleven o'clock forenoon.

IT is with the utmoſt concern I inform you of the total loſs of our ſtrength, and that *Fort Stomach* was obliged to ſurrender, after a moſt obſtinate engagement, which laſted, with very little intermiſſion, from eleven o'clock forenoon to twelve at night.

"The particulars, as nearly as our diſtreſſed ſituation permits us to recollect, are as follow:

"About ten o'clock A. M. we were informed that a party of the enemy were approaching. *Colonel Appetite*, with his whole force, under the command of that undaunted officer *General Hunger*, determined to attack them. They were commanded by *Captain Chicken*, a young officer, with a corps from *Weſtphalia*. Their rear was ſupported by the *Liſbon* and *Mountain* volunteers, who kept up a diſcharge of *grape* ſhot for ſome minutes. Our diſpoſitions, however, were ſuch, that we received their fire without much damage. The engagement afterwards became more general, and three o'clock before P. M. *Colonel Appetite* loſt a great part of his force, a circumſtance that did not in the leaſt affect *General Hunger*, who declared himſelf *ſatisfied*.— An interval of nearly two hours now took place, during which time *Colonel Appetite* had ſo well rallied his forces, that he determined, in conjunction with *General Gormandize*, to give the enemy battle.

"At five o'clock we were in ſight of their army, which was perhaps the largeſt ever known to take the field, although not ſo well diſciplined. Their vanguard was compoſed of the *joint* regiment, a detachment of *Sir Loin* volunteers, and two companies belonging to *General Gooſe*. The main body conſiſted of Sir Thomas Turtle's troops from the Weſt Indies, and flanked by the *Veniſon* corps, which had marched from their quarters in the parks for this ſervice. The rear was brought up by the *Paſtry* light horſe, who made a very brilliant appearance. *Sir Peter Port*, *Lord Claret*, with *Colonels Burgundy* and *Champaigne*, and other naval Commanders, brought their veſſels to anchor, ſo as to cover a retreat, if practicable.

"At half paſt five, we loſt every thing but our honour. *General Gooſe* made an attack on our outer works, and effected a very conſiderable breach: *General Hunger* gave him a warm reception. This brave officer, as well as *Colonel Appetite*, however, fell a ſacrifice to their precipitate zeal, for having ſallied forth to deſtroy the *Sir Loin* volunteers, they were totally defeated by *Marſhal Turbot*, who, intrenched in *ſauce*, played a maſked battery upon them. The greateſt part of the enemy ſeemed to depend on *Lord Claret*, but he wiſely reſerved his fire, ordering the *Liſbon* troops to advance. They did ſo, and *enfiladed* our main body; *Lord Claret*, preceded by the Paſtry light troops, immediately came up, and determined to take the place by *eſcalade*, which he ſo well conducted, as to get up to *Cape Brain*. After this nothing could ſave us. We capitulated on honourable terms,

terms, and the enemy took immediate poſſeſſion of all our works.

"An animoſity which took place, we believe, on the part of Marſhal Turbot, now grew to ſuch a height, that many of the enemy prepared to leave the place, the way they came. The Commander of the *Liſbon* corps maintained, that *Lord Claret* gave the firſt provocation, by contending with *General Gooſe* for precedency. *General Gooſe*, on his part, maintained that he failed in every expedition in which he had any connections with *Sir Peter Port*, and aſſerted that, without he received immediate aſſiſtance from *Colonel Coniac*, he would immediately reſign. The Colonel came, but an unhappy interview with the *Burgundy* fire-ſhip threw the whole again into confuſion.— Guns were heard from all quarters, and by an extraordinary ſmell, we learnt, that one of the magazines which was not *bum* proof, had been blown up.—At length General Gooſe begun his march upwards, but was met by *General Hollands*, who informed him that he had provided a paſſage by water for Sir Peter Port with the Claret Marines, and that he himſelf might retire by a back way. A *privy* Council being called, this advice was partly taken, and partly rejected.

"All is now quiet, the *Ach* regiment having taken poſſeſſion."

THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER L.

Thurſday December 3, 1789.

HINTS RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE FOR BIOGRAPHICAL WRITING —A SPECIMEN OF A LIFE, QUITE IN THE ANECDOTICAL STILE.

THE ſuperiority of Biographical writing over every other ſpecies of Hiſtory is now pretty generally acknowledged. Few can enter with ſpirit into the mazes of political intrigue, or find an intereſt in thoſe catalogues of barbarity which war affords. But we alway find ourſelves diſpoſed to enquire into the lives and conduct of thoſe great geniuſes which the world has produced, and whoſe works we admire.

Accordingly, as every thing muſt deviate into the extreme (*ſee my two laſt papers*) Biographical detail has lately become inſufferably minute, and ridiculouſly particular. Where we expected an analyſis of genius, ſuch as my friend Murphy has given of the genius of Fielding, we are preſented with the inventory of a wardrobe, and where we wiſhed to learn what religion a man profeſſed, we are told "he eat eggs for breakfaſt." —Of many modern writers, whoſe lives have thus been detailed, we may ſay without breach of charity, that not many of their works will reach the next generation, and yet fewer, a diſtant age. The lateſt poſterity, however, will probably read "an "ingenious life, or a book of biogra- "phical anecdotes;" in which they will learn of the intellect and the whim of ſome author, contraſted like the croſs readings which ſome years ſince appeared in the papers—or rather like the inſtances of the Bathos recorded by Swift and Pope. They will hear that Dr Such-a man had a great genius—and always wore velvet breeches—that he believed in Socinianiſm—and lived at a hairdreſſers—that he ſtudied fourteen hours a day—and uſually carried a great oak ſtick—that he publiſhed four volumes in quarto—and regularly went to the coffeehouſe at ten o'clock—that he carried on a learned controverſy on the Trinity—and once knocked down a watchman—that he married a young woman of no family—and always ſnuffed the candle with his fingers—finally that he was intended by his parents for the bar—uſed frequently to amuſe himſelf at Pope Joan—and died fifteen minutes paſt four in the morning.

How intereſting all this muſt be to po-

poſterity I leave my readers to determine. How much future ages will be enlightened by ſuch information, we may form a judgement of, by conſidering how little we know of the great men who have in former ages paid the debt of nature. The writings of Sir Iſaac Newton remain, but who can ſay whether he put milk in his tea? Locke's works are ſtill held in eſtimation, but the hour he went to bed at, no man knoweth. Bacon was the founder of rational philoſophy, but do we know that he had a favourite dog, that he eat with his left hand, or that he borrowed books and never returned them? No—As to all theſe important particulars we are doomed to remain in everlaſting darkneſs. An old painting of Calvin I have ſeen, but who has taken the dimenſions of his drinking goblet? The works of Eraſmus and Luther exiſt, but who can determine the medicines they took when coſtive?

If we regret the loſs of theſe valuable particulars, we may at leaſt ſuffer that regret to die away, and dry up our tears, when we reflect that while the preſent mode of Biographical writing continues to be cultivated, no ſuch defects will hereafter be lamented. The graveſt geniuſes will hereafter be the hero of ſome Biographical jeſt book, and the *little* actions of his life will be the *great* admiration of poſterity.

Methinks I read a piece of Biographical Compoſition in nearly the following words.

"—— —— was born June the 6th 1789, about four o'clock in the morning, at his father's houſe in Cheapſide, a ſmall houſe on the right hand ſide as you go from St Paul's Churchyard, and which is now inhabited by Mr—an eminent dealer in paſtry. In his youth he diſcovered great taſte for literature, and was obſerved frequently to chew and ſometimes ſwallow his ſiſter's threadpapers, which were commonly made of old magazines; whether thoſe were eaſily digeſted is not known. It is certain however, that his mother was frequently obliged to give him phyſic in order to purge them off. One of the *recipes* upon this occaſion has been preſerved by a literary friend. It is as follows;

R. *Magneſ. alb. zi.*
Pulv. Rhei gr. X.
Cap. man. in quov. vehiculo.

In his fourth year he had the ſmall-pox, and in a very favourable way, not above twenty pits appearing afterwards on his body. This diſorder never returned, *one* proof among many that it is not true, as ſome aſſert, that a man may have the ſmall-pox twice in his life.——

In his thirtieth year we find him publiſhing his works. He uſed to ſtudy hard in the early part of the day, and was remarkable for uſing one kind of quills which, an eminent friend informed us, coſt ſix ſhillings a hundred—but ſo particular was this great man in ſuch matters, that he made the ſame pen laſte him for three months, a circumſtance very extraordinary, when we conſider how many pens are deſtroyed at the Bank in one day, each pen being uſed no more than once.—As he advanced in years, we find that he applied himſelf almoſt conſtantly to the hiſtory he wrote, and changed his liquor, which uſed to be rum and water. This change of liquor occaſioned him to uſe a large goblet; it was his practice to put ſome wine into this goblet, and add water to it, whereas the very contrary is the practice of many men; nay, it was obſerved that when he made tea, he put the cream into the cup firſt, contrary to the uſual rule, which cuſtom he ſtrongly defended, as being by much the beſt, and we muſt ſuppoſe he ſpoke this from conviction, as he retained

the practice to his death. He could be nowiſe intereſted in putting in the cream firſt; it was a matter which the law left open for every man's judgment, and in an age when liberality of opinion prevailed ſo much, it cannot be ſuppoſed he had any religious motives. The fact, however, we are certain of, although men of ſpeculation may view it in different lights.

In church, his behaviour was grave, and devout; he ſat in a ſquare pew near the reading deſk; and uſed the large Octavo Common Prayer Book. A lady once made him a preſent of a pocket edition of this book, richly bound, but we know not he ever uſed it. Once, when very cloſely preſſed to give his reaſon for this, he is reported to have ſaid, "The print is too ſmall for my eyes"—His eyes, indeed, were weak, and to remedy them he conſtantly wore ſpectacles, a pair of which now are on the noſe of the writer of this life, who cannot look through them (they have ſilver rims) without lamenting that the noſe which once wore them, wears them no more. In church, however, it was obſerved that he took ſnuff, but never during the prayers; as ſoon as the ſermon began, he took his ſnuff-box, and generally took a pretty large pinch between his finger and his thumb"—

Such are ſome of thoſe intereſting circumſtances which will be recorded for the benefit of poſterity—ſhould a a taſte for frivolous anecdote, and trifling *minutiæ* continue to be preferred. If my reader wiſhes to ſtudy *real* Biography, let him, if his circumſtances permit, have recourſe to the Biographia Britannica, of which four volumes are already finiſhed, and which, when complete, will be a treaſure of Biography far more valuable than any the world has yet produced, intereſting to men of letters, and highly inſtructive to all the world.

Miſcellaneous Anecdotes.

IN a manuſcript, which is now in one of the richeſt libraries in Paris, we are told, that the Count de Ligneville and Count d'Autricourt, twins, deſcended from an ancient family in Lorraine, reſembled each other ſo much, that when they put on the ſame kind of dreſs, which they did now and then for amuſement, their ſervants could not diſtinguiſh the one from the other. Their voice, gait, and deportment, were the ſame, and theſe marks of reſemblance were ſo perfect, that they often threw their friends, and even their wives, into the greateſt embarraſſment. Being both Captains of light-horſe, the one would put himſelf at the head of the other's ſquadron, without the officers ever ſuſpecting the change.

Count d'Autricourt having committed ſome crime, the Count de Ligneville never ſuffered his brother to go out without accompanying him, and the fear of ſeizing the innocent, inſtead of the guilty, rendered the orders to arreſt the former of no avail. One day Count de Ligneville ſent for a barber, and after having ſuffered him to ſhave one half of his beard, he pretended to have ſome occaſion to go into the next apartment, and putting his night gown upon his brother, who was concealed there, and tucking the cloth, which he had about his neck, under his chin, made him ſit down in the place which he had juſt quitted. The barber immediately reſumed his operation, and was proceeding to finiſh what he had begun, as he ſuppoſed, but, to his great aſtoniſhment, he found that a new beard had ſprung up. Not doubting that the perſon under his hands was the devil, he roared out with terror, and ſunk down in a ſwoon on the floor. Whilſt they were endeavouring to recal him

to

to life, Count d'Autricourt retired again into the cloſet, and Count de Ligneville, who was half ſhaved, returned to his former place. This was a new cauſe of ſurpriſe to the poor barber, who now imagined that all he had ſeen was a dream, and he could not be convinced of the truth, until he beheld the two brothers together. The ſympathy which ſubſiſted between theſe brothers was no leſs ſingular than their reſemblance. If one fell ſick, the other was indiſpoſed alſo; if one received a wound, the other felt pain, and this was the caſe with every misfortune that befel them; ſo that, on this account, they watched over each other's conduct with the greateſt care and attention. But what is ſtill more aſtoniſhing, they both often had the ſame dreams. The day that Count d'Autricourt was attacked in France by the fever, of which he died, Count de Ligneville was attacked by the ſame in Bavaria, and would have ſunk under it like his brother, adds the manuſcript, had he not made a vow to our Lady of Altering. If all theſe facts are true, which we very much doubt, it muſt be allowed, that they are ſufficient to confound the penetration of the moſt ſagacious philoſophers, and that they plainly ſhew that there are many diſcoveries ſtill to be made in the ſyſtem of nature.

Muret relates, that he dictated one day to a young Corſican an innumerable multitude of Greek, Latin, and barbarous words, all unconnected with one another, and for the moſt part unintelligible; and that, when he was tired of dictating, the Corſican repeated them all, without the leaſt heſitation, reverſing the order, and beginning at the laſt. This young man aſſured him, that he could eaſily repeat, in the ſame manner, thirty-ſix thouſand. He even did more; he undertook to teach his art to a young Venetian, who complained of having a bad memory; and after ſix days practice, he accuſtomed him to remember five hundred verſes.

The emperor Maximilian being ſick, ſent for ſeveral phyſicians, with a view rather to amuſe himſelf than to follow their preſcriptions. When they were all aſſembled, he ſaid to each of them in turn, *Quot?* The phyſicians were quite aſtoniſhed at this queſtion, and could not conceive what the prince meant; but one among them, who had a little more penetration than the reſt, and who comprehended that the monarch, by this monoſyllable, enquired how many patients each of them had diſpatched to the other world, taking his beard in his hand, replied, *Tot;* ſignifying, that he deſtroyed as many patients as there were hairs in his beard. This witty anſwer pleaſed the emperor, and procured him a very favourable reception.

Saint Romuald, the founder of the order of the Camaldules, having reſolved to embrace the hermitical life, put himſelf under the care of a pious man, named Marin, who lived very recluſe. Mildneſs was none of this man's virtues, and his ſeverity was ſufficient to have diſguſted any one of leſs reſolution than Romuald; for every time that his ſcholar committed the leaſt fault in reading, the mercileſs Marin gave him a ſevere blow with a ſtick on the left ſide of his head.—Romuald ſuffered this treatment for a long time with great patience; but at length he ſaid to Marin one day, "I "am almoſt become deaf on the left "ſide; I beg therefore, that you will "be ſo kind hereafter as to ſtrike me "on the right."

John II. King of Portugal, was begged one day by a gentleman, named Ruy Souza, who was greatly oppreſſed with debt, to have the condeſcenſion to ſpeak to him in the ſtreets. His Majeſty agreed, and going out with Souza, converſed with him for

ſome time, and aſked him if that honour was ſufficient. Souza thanked his Majeſty, and replied that it was. Next morning a merchant, who did not doubt of Souza's being in great favour, lent him ſix thouſand crowns, of which he at that time ſtood in the greateſt need.

Kiuperli Nuuman, who was made Vizir in 1710, had conceived a fooli idea, that there was always a fly upon his noſe. He would attempt to drive it away with his hand every now and then, but it always remained; and though the moſt celebrated phyſicians were conſulted, they were not able to cure him of his phrenzy. A Frenchman, however, named Le Duc, was more ſucceſsful. This phyſician did not endeavour, like the reſt, to convince his patient by learned arguments that what he ſaw was only an illuſion, but, on the very firſt viſit, he ſeemed aſtoniſhed at the ſize of the importunate fly which incommoded the Vizir's noſe, and by theſe means he gained his confidence. He at firſt ordered him ſome harmleſs phyſic, under pretence of purging him; and at length, one fine day, he prepared to cut off the fly. Taking out a ſmall knife, he drew it gently over the Vizir's noſe, and after this operation ſhewed him a large dead fly, which he had kept concealed in his hand. Kiuperli immediately cried out, that this was the fly which had ſo long tormented him, and by this addreſs he was cured of his folly.

Pariſian Anecdotes.

Dear Sir, *Paris, April* 1, 1788.

I WAS laſt week at a very important chriſtening, ſince their Majeſties were, by proxy, ſponſors to the new-born babe; and what ſhould that ſame babe of grace be, but Campana, Anglice, a bell, which is to be hung up in the ſteeple of St. Jacques de la Belcherie; its weight about 4000lb. and was bleſſed, or as they call it here, *baptiſee* (chriſtened), by the Rector of the above pariſh. The following is the ceremony obſerved on thoſe occaſions;—The prieſt, in all his paraphernalia, aſſiſted by ſome of his brethren, mumble over ſome prayers, and ſprinkles the outſide with holy water, whilſt the aſſiſtants are waſhing the inſide with the ſame precious liquor; then rub it dry with a clean towel. The principal prieſt next takes the conſecrated oil, and ſtamps ſeven croſſes on the outſide, and four in the inſide; then a cenſer, full of frankincenſe, is put under the bell, which, or who, (ſince it is chriſtened) has the full power and authority, from this kind of regeneration, to rouſe the lazy, ſleeping Canon from his bed, and calling, or at leaſt inviting, the laymen to church. What a pity, that all the Pope's power, and that of the College of Cardinals, cannot, by beſtowing their omnipotent bleſſing, endue the bells with an attractive power. Poor things! they would be but very little regarded, even without ſo much fuſs and croſſing.

This, however, led me to inquire into the firſt introduction of bells in churches. I find, that about the year 505, Pope Sabinianus ordered them to be rung, to convene the people to church; but five years after, Loup, or Lupus, Biſhop of Orleans, ſeemed to underſtand better the effects they were more likely to produce, at leaſt among the French Chriſtians; for that prelate, being at Sens, when that town was beſieged by the army of Clotharius, he ordered all the bells to be rung, which ſtruck the troops with ſuch a panick, that they fled with the greateſt precipitation.

Be that as it may, Pope Sabinianus is certainly not the firſt inventor of bells, as they were known to the Chineſe long before the uſe of them was

was introduced in Europe. At Pekin, the common bells are ſuppoſed to weigh above 25,400lb.

A country Parſon going from here to perform his parochial duty (which no clergymen of any ſect was ever known to neglect at Eaſter, on account of offerings) was attacked by a highwayman, who, finding that the Parſon had a better horſe than himſelf, diſmounted him. The afflicted Parſon regretted, above all, a wallet that contained about fifty Louis d'ors. Mean time he continued his way, and arrived at the parſonage houſe. His *gouvernante* (a kind of apology for a wife with our celibatarian clergy) let him in, when he diſcloſed to her the mournful tale. She at firſt did not comprehend him, and ſaid, Why, Mr. Parſon, your horſe is now in the ſtable. It appeared that the horſe, not uſed to a profane burthen, had thrown his rider, and poſted to his wonted ſtable. The Rector haſtened thither, and hugged and kiſſed his congenial companion, as Sancho did his aſs. The next thought of the good clergyman was to look for his wallet, which he found was ſafe, and, to his great ſurpriſe and ſatisfaction, inſtead of fifty he found one hundred Louis d'ors, the thief having depoſited therein what he had pilfered from other paſſengers. Now raptures were beſtowed on the horſe by the good prieſt, who, had he been a Pope, would have canoniſed the dear four-footed creature, as Caligula raiſed his ſteed to the conſular dignity; but being a ſimple country parſon, be confined the expreſſion of his enraptured ſoul to ſome endearing ſpeeches, which flowed the faſter from his Levitical lips, as money was the theme.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

THE following late adventure will probably entertain your Readers, eſpecially if they know either of the parties, who are now both pretty conſpicuous in life.

A certain knight, who generally reſided in the country, came to town ſome months ſince. His perſonal merit, joined to a large eſtate, which he derived from his anceſtors, was ſufficient to have recommended him to a woman of conſiderable fortune, had he been inclined to a matrimonial plan; but his fancy led him more to that darling vice of the age, roving; and the ſpirited taſte of the demi-reps upon the ton was a ſecondary inducement for him to remain ſingle. He lodged at a friend's houſe, and looking out at the window, his eyes were involuntarily attracted by a young female uncommonly beautiful, on the oppoſite ſide of the way, whoſe apartment fronted his. Charmed with her appearance, he could not refrain making her a bow, which the young lady courteouſly returned, and then withdrew, to the great mortification of the knight, who made uſe of all his viſual faculty at the time, and could have feaſted as many eyes as the poets have given Argus, on ſuch a delicious object. To ſee and to deſire, and then to think how he might gratify his deſires, were almoſt one and the ſame thing with our hero. By good fortune the door of the houſe where this beautiful girl lived, did not prove ſo inacceſſible as that of Danae's brazen tower; and with the help of gold, his truſty friend in ſuch expeditions, like Jove, he did not doubt of gaining admittance, and making the garriſon ſurrender at diſcretion. In order to lay a plan for a ſiege, he repaired to his friend and landlord, to gain a knowledge of the ſtate of the place, and his fair enemy. His hoſt informed him, that the young lady and her mother had lived in that houſe a long time; that they were of noble blood, though ill befriended by fortune; that their con-

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duct was very exemplary, and universally esteemed, so that nothing but proposals of an honourable alliance would be listened to by the mother. This information the knight did not relish; but it was not sufficient to deter a man of his enterprising spirit and wonted experience from his intended attack. He indeed admired the beautiful part of the sex, but not so far as to sell himself for life, preferring the state of a tenant at will. In short, the words, *for better for worse*, were so grating to his ears, that he could not listen to their sound. The point now was to gain admittance into the family: a thought struck him, which flattered him with success. He waited upon the old lady to acquaint her, that a friend was deeply enamoured of her daughter. This information was not ill received, especially as he added that his friend was a very honest country gentleman, about thirty, and possessed of a good estate. He pretended that his friend had been obliged to go into the country upon some important business, but would return in a few days. Thus far the knight succeeded in his negociation, and the old lady having made enquiry concerning the character of the knight, she was still better pleased to find him the man of rank and fortune he appeared to be. By this stratagem he gained access to the young lady as his friend's agent, intending to introduce some sycophant of his as the pretended lover. But the cunning knight, like little Isaac in the Duenna, proved too cunning for himself.

If the young lady's face had at first sight captivated him at a distance, the elegance of her person, and the charms of her conversation, rivetted his fetters. The hours and the days glided away with such inexpressible pleasure, that a month had almost elapsed before he thought of his friend, her lover. Her mother, ere this, began to have some suspicions of his design, and at length desired him to discontinue his visits. He complained to the young lady of the cruelty of her mother's injunction, but she vindicated the old lady's conduct upon prudential motives, and he was obliged to retire.

A whole day—a lover's year—elapsed before he saw the empress of his affections, the extent of whose power he was till now unacquainted with. After a violent struggle between his passion and his antipathy to matrimony, he could no longer hold out, and repaired to his mistress with a pretended letter from her supposititious lover, who, he said, was to be in town that very day. This news was differently received; the daughter expressing as much discontent as the mother testified her satisfaction at it; and the knight, who was no bad physiognomist, was not a little pleased with the observation. The ensuing day the knight expressing his joy for being at last capable of performing his promise, waited upon his fair neighbour, who by these expressions was not a little mortified; but her consternation was greatly increased, when she saw him accompanied with a man in black rather elderly, and whose face was as little agreeable as his garb. The mother looked at him atentively, the daughter blushed, he kept his gravity, and the knight smiled. In fine, there could not be a colder salute than that which was returned to his. The knight was pleasant upon the occasion, remarking the indifference with which they received a person whom, he thought, would meet with a hearty welcome. The grave gentleman heard this without any seeming emotion: at length he, however, asked if they would come to the point, and talk of the business. But he was extremely amazed when the young lady said, there was no need of haste, and that the matter

was

was of ſuch moment as required to be thought on at leiſure. This reply, added to the contemptuous manner in which ſhe ſpoke it, made the knight fall into a violent fit of laughter, which offended both the mother and daughter; but he now ſoon came to an *eclaircifſement*, which was very agreeable to all parties, telling them that this friend, of whom he had ſo often talked, was his own identical ſelf; and that the perſon whom he had now brought, was his lawyer, who came to draw up the writings for a ſettlement. The young lady had entertained a ſtrong predilection for the knight, from the firſt moment ſhe ſaw him; therefore this intelligence could not fail of being highly agreeable to her; ſhe was eaſily perſuaded to yield to the lawyer's deſire, and was ſoon created a lady.

This affair makes much noiſe in the polite circles, and may ſerve as an uſeful leſſon to the young females, who have no other recommendation than their perſonal and mental charms, to perſevere in the ſtrict line of virtue, as no man, who really loves a woman, will be againſt taking her for life. I am, &c.

A FRIEND to the FAIR SEX.

A comparative View of Sweden *and* Denmark, *and of the Perſons and Manners of their reſpective Inhabitants.*

THE ſtrait of the Sound ſeparates Denmark from Sweden, the inhabitants of which countries are certainly deſcended from the ſame origin, they live under the ſame climate, and they ſpeak the ſame language; but there are circumſtances which form a ſtriking contraſt, not only between the two countries, but between the people that inhabit them.

In Denmark the hills are ſmall, the ground even but ſtony, the woods of ſmall extent, the plains immenſe, the lakes ſmall, and there are no rivers; the habits of the men are long, and red is the prevailing colour. In Sweden nothing is to be ſeen but mountains, rocks, vallies, foreſts, vaſt lakes, and great rivers; the cloaths are worn ſhort, and their colour is blue.

The Swede is of an active, firm make; he is lively, induſtrious, gay, and affable. The Dane, whole figure is not ſo ſlender, is more ſluggiſh, he is fond of reſt, does not labour with the ſame activity, his humour is more flegmatic and ſerious, his temperament is cold, but he is conſtant in friendſhip, though he does not ſo readily form connections. Some of the literati of the country maintain, that in the 11th and 12th centuries, the Swedes were of a much higher ſtature than they are at preſent: in proof of which, the following facts are recorded in the Memoirs of their academy.

'On digging, in July 1764, in the 'church-yard of the old cloiſter of 'Wreta, there were found, at the 'depth of two yards, ſeveral ſtone 'coffins containing human bones 'of an aſtoniſhing ſize. Upon dig-'ging further there was diſcovered, 'in a fine white ſand at the depth of 'four yards, a perfect ſkeleton well 'preſerved, about eight feet long. 'When the foundations of the tower 'at Linkioping were laid, two ſke-'letons of the ſame ſize were diſco-'vered, one of which had the im-'preſſion of a deep wound in the 'ſkull.

'The bones contained in the 'ſtone coffin of king *Inge Halſtan-'ſſons*, in the church of Wreta, are 'nearly of the ſame dimenſions, and 'hiſtory ſays, that the kings Sten-'kilſon and Ragwald Knaphofding 'were ſtill taller than he. They

'lived

'lived in the beginning of the 14th century. Skeletons of the same size are often found in old church yards when they dig deep.'

The different dialects of their language are characteristic of the different genius of the two nations; both of them pronounce with a single tone, but the Swede sings quicker, ends many words with vowels, particularly with *a*, as in some provinces *boka* a book, *hesta* a horse, *baka* a mountain; accenting quickly and acutely the last syllable, while the former was pronounced grave. But the Dane has a slow pronunciation, somewhat guttural, and he terminates many words in consonants, as book, hest, baken: so that two Swedes speaking together inspire gaiety, while the lugubrious accents of two Danes affect those with melancholy who do not understand their language.

The Danish and Swedish women are handsome, amiable, and well educated; they are in general fair, with a delicate complexion, blue eyes and fine hair: but the Swedish women have the most animated look, a more expressive countenance, a more elegant shape, and they are more sprightly: the Danish ladies are apt to grow fat and languid. I imagine the former are more amorous, and the latter more susceptible of tenderness and attachment. In Denmark, the women of the middling and lower ranks are exceedingly fond of dress, and sacrifice every thing to their apparel, which is generally composed of various colours, the red always predominant. In Sweden, women of every station go veiled; even the country girls, when they are labouring in the fields, never want a veil of black crape; and this is necessary to defend their eyes against the splendor of the snow, during their long winters; and against the reverberation of the sun's rays from the rocks, during their long days in summer.

The Swedes differ less from their original progenitors than the Danes. Many strangers come to settle among these last, either attracted by the nature of the government, or by that of their possessions: these strangers become naturalized in the country, and in the town; many noble and plebeian families, many persons employed in the political and military lines, many artificers and artists are foreigners, especially Germans; while in Sweden, except a very few families, all are Swedes or of Swedish extraction. By the tenth article of the new constitution, 'No foreigner of whatever rank or 'condition,' (though he were a prince) 'can hold any office politi-'cal, civil, or military; nor can he 'enjoy any post, except at court.'

Both nations love the sciences and polite literature, and have distinguished themselves in both. The Swedes reckon many learned men, who not only have acquired and still maintain a distinguished place among their countrymen, but who have at the same time obtained the admiration and esteem of all Europe. Who has not heard of Linnæus; of Bergmann; of Celsius; of Menanderhielm; of Wargentin; of de Geer, the Reaumur of Sweden; and of the learned historiographer Lagerbring. The Danes on the other hand have to boast of Tyho-Brahé; of Roemer; of Gaspard Bartholin; of Simon Pauli; of Wormius; of Holberg, and of several others: permit me likewise to add to this catalogue four men, as distinguished for their private worth as for their extensive learning, who now do honour to Copenhagen; M. de Kratzenstein, rector of the university, and professor of experimental philosophy; de Suhm the chamberlain; de Trescauw, professor

ſeſſor of Divinity; and Kaliſchen profeſſor of anatomy.

A great part of the Swediſh as well as of the Daniſh nobility, after having received at home an excellent preliminary education, travel to other countries, and enrich their own at their return, with the knowledge they have acquired of new laws, and the manners of other nations. Both are diſtinguiſhed by an eaſy and frank politeneſs; but the Daniſh nobles do not poſſeſs the ſame ſpirit of hoſpitality, that relick of primitive times, which the Swediſh nobility pique themſelves on perpetuating.

The royal Swediſh regiment in the ſervice of France, gives an opportunity to the youth of going abroad for ſome time. Thoſe who are deſtined for the military, but eſpecially for the marine department, are obliged to enter into the ſervice of ſome foreign power, before they can expect advancement in their own country; by this practice, thoſe who have ambition, and that in general they all have, acquire an inclination for inſtruction, and for being one day uſeful to their country.

The Daniſh military ſeldom go to ſerve abroad; but the officers of the marine are very much encouraged to enter for ſome time into foreign ſervice, and there are always ſome of them either in the Engliſh or Ruſſian navy, and ſome of them even go on board of merchant ſhips.

The king of Sweden, from time to time, ſends young artiſts to Rome or to Paris, in order to ſtudy the maſter pieces of painting and ſculpture, both ancient and modern, that are to be ſeen there. Many of them make great proficiency; but as the arts do not meet with the ſame encouragement in Sweden as in Denmark, they have not yet made ſuch progreſs in the former kingdom, notwithſtanding the natural aptitude of the Swedes to excel. The Danes have an hiſtorical painter, whoſe performances might be put in competition with thoſe of a Weſt or of a Pierre. The court has beſtowed on him an annual penſion of 1000 crowns, for which he is engaged to produce, every year, on the king's birth day, a painting of ſome memorable incident in the Daniſh hiſtory. As theſe pictures are finiſhed, they are hung up in the magnificent hall, called the *Knight's hall*, which was deſigned and executed by a French architect named Desjardins. The king has allowed Juel, a celebrated portrait painter, to eſtabliſh himſelf in the caſtle. As he keeps a copy of every portrait, his hall is hung with thoſe of a number of people of both ſexes, and of every rank, and I have never ſeen more ſtriking likeneſſes. A ſtranger may there by anticipation, on Lavater's principles, become acquainted with the different members that compoſe the beſt company at Copenhagen. A landſcape painter (Pauliſſen) is now travelling at the expence of the Prince Royal, through the more pictureſque regions of Norway, Denmark, and Jutland. This young man, who ſtudied his art among the mountains of Switzerland, and in the environs of Rome, and who paints with much fire, is commiſſioned to make a collection of paintings from the moſt ſtriking views he meets with in his tour, for the ornament of a ſaloon in the caſtle. Profeſſor Hoyer, ſecretary to the academy of painting, ſculpture, and architecture, is a miniature painter of firſt rate merit; he excels in the elegance of his compoſition and in the delicacy of his pencil. Preiſler the engraver is celebrated for his judgment, and for the expreſſion of his pieces. Two ſculptors and ſtatuaries, the profeſſors Wiedefelt and Stanley, have diſtinguiſhed themſelves, the former

for the accuracy of his contours, the other for the richneſs and fire of his compoſitions; both have cultivated their taſte among the antiquities of Greece and of Italy, and by the ſtudy of the fineſt modern works in France. The court finds them conſtant employment. A violin player called *Lemm*, is a favourite at Copenhagen, and I am told by perſons who have heard him at Rome, that he was there very much applauded.

All the artiſts I have now mentioned are Danes by birth, and undoubtedly do honour to their country by their talents, the cultivation of which they owe to the munificence of the government, which furniſhed them with the means of perfecting themſelves in foreign countries.

(To be concluded in our next.)

REVOLUTION IN *FRANCE.*

(Concluded from page 729).

IN both Chambers Mr Neckar pronounced the following affecting diſcourſe, which brought tears from almoſt every eye:

" I want expreſſions, Gentlemen, to teſtify to you, and in your perſons, to all the Citizens of Paris, the deep gratitude that penetrates this heart. The marks of concern and goodneſs I have received on their part, are a recompence beyond all proportion of my feeble ſervices; and I am unable to acquit myſelf, but by a ſentiment never to be obliterated. I promiſe you, Gentlemen, to be faithful to this laſt obligation: and never was duty more pleaſing, nor more eaſy to fulfil.

" The King, Gentlemen, has deigned to receive me with the utmoſt goodneſs, and to aſſure me of the moſt perfect return of his confidence. But at this day, Gentlemen, it is in the hands of the National Aſſembly, it is in yours, that the ſafety of the State repoſes: for at the preſent moment there remains ſcarcely any activity in Government.—You, Gentlemen, then, who are able to do ſo much, both by the grandeur and importance of the City of which you are the leading Citizens, and by the influence of the example throughout the kingdom; it is you I come to conjure to beſtow all your attention on the eſtabliſhment of the moſt perfect and moſt durable harmony.—Nothing can flouriſh—nothing can proſper without this order; and what you have already performed, Gentlemen, in ſo ſhort a time, announces and becomes a pledge of what you will know how to complete: but until this latter period, confidence will be unſtable, and a general anxiety will trouble the public happineſs, remove from Paris a great number of wealthy inhabitants, and divert ſtrangers from reſorting hither to diffuſe their riches. Paris, in a word, that celebrated city, the firſt town in Europe, will not reſume its luſtre and proſperity before the epocha in which that peace and ſubordination which tranquillize men's minds, ſhall again reign in it; that peace which enſures to every man the certainty of living quietly, and without diſtruſt, under the empire of the laws and of his conſcience. You will judge, Gentlemen, in your wiſdom, whether it be not ſhortly time to put an end to thoſe multiplied perquiſitions to which all are ſubjected in approaching Paris, and which are already begun to be experienced at a very great diſtance from the capital. It is juſt in this reſpect to refer to your prudence and enlightened underſtandings; but the friends of the public proſperity muſt wiſh, that the approaches to Paris may ſpeedily remind commerce and all travellers, that

that this City is, as heretofore, the abode of peace; and that perſons may come, as uſual, from all parts of the world, to enjoy here, with confidence and freedom, the products of the creative genius of its inhabitants, and the ſpectacle of all the monuments this ſuperb City contains within its boſom, and which are augmenting by the induſtry of freſh talents.

"But, Gentlemen, it is in the name of a ſtill higher intereſt that I muſt beg leave to expoſtulate with you for a moment—of an intereſt which fills at once and oppreſſes my heart. In the name of God, Gentlemen, no more judgments, no more executions, no more proſcriptions or bloody ſcenes!—Generous Frenchmen, who are on the point of uniting to all the advantages you have ſo long poſſeſſed, the ineſtimable bleſſing of a ſage liberty, permit not ſuch weighty benefits to be mingled with the poſſibility of reproach. Ah! let your goodneſs, to become ſtill greater, be pure and without blemiſh;—but, above all, preſerve, reſpect, even in your moments of calamity and criſis, that character of clemency, juſtice, and of mildneſs, which diſtinguiſhes the French nation, and haſten as much as poſſible the day of indulgence and oblivion.—Believe me, me, Gentlemen, by conſulting your own hearts, that clemency is the firſt of all the virtues. Alas! we know but imperfectly that action, that inviſible force which directs and determines human actions: God alone can read in the bottom of our hearts, and judge with ſafety—judge in a moment what portion of pain or recompence they merit; but men cannot take upon them to pronounce a judgment; above all, men cannot inflict death on him to whom Heaven has given life, without the moſt attentive and moſt regular inquiry. This obſervation, this appeal, this requeſt I offer to you in the name of every motive capable of operating on the mind and conſcience; and I hope from your goodneſs, that you will allow me to apply theſe general reflections, or rather the expreſſion of theſe lively and profound ſentiments, to a particular and momentary circumſtance. This I am the more called upon to do, ſince, ſhould you entertain an opinion different from mine, I ſhould have to plead to you in apology for an error of which I am about to give you an account.—On Tueſday, the day of my arrival at Paris, I learnt, in paſſing through Nogent, that the Baron de Bezenval * had been arreſted at Villenaux; and this news was confirmed to me by a gentleman, Seigneur of the place, who, without any particular acquaintance with M. de Bezenval, but animated by a ſentiment of humanity, ſtopped my carriage, to acquaint me with his anxiety, to inquire whether I could not be of ſome ſervice to M. de Bezenval, who was on his way to Switzerland, with the permiſſion of the King. I had heard the preceding day of the unhappy events at Paris, and the unfortunate cataſtrophe of two Magiſtrates accuſed and rapidly executed. My heart was moved, and I did not heſitate to write in my carriage the following words to the Municipal Officers of Villenaux:—

* M. de Bezenval was ſecond in command under M. de Broglio, a particular favourite, and conſtantly cloſetted with the Queen, with whom he had the effrontery to remain till after the King's return from Paris. It was of him that is told the Anecdote, of his peeviſhly obſerving, that as there was no further occaſion for him, he ſhould call his carriage and go home; to which an old Nobleman replied, "Your carriage! a poſt chaiſe and eight you mean;" and in fact it has turned out, that the old Courtier's advice was not amiſs.

"I know positively, Gentlemen, "that the Baron de Bezenval, arrest- "ed by the militia of Villenaux, has "had the King's permission to re- "pair to Switzerland, his country— "I earnestly desire you, Gentlemen, "to respect this permission, of which "I am the guaranty, and I shall "deem myself under a particular ob- "ligation to you;—every motive "that can affect a feeling mind in- "terests me in this request. M. de "——is so obliging as to take charge "of this Billet, which I write to you "in my carriage on the high road "from Nogent to Versailles.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"Tuesday, 28th July 1789."

"I have since learnt, Gentlemen, that my request was not granted by the Municipal Officers of Villenaux, because they had written to receive your orders. Distant as I was from Paris during the unhappy events which excited your complaints, I have no particular knowledge of the faults which may be imputed to M. de Bezenval; and I never had any social intimacy with him; but justice compels me to bear favourable testimony on his behalf in an important business. He was Commandant for the King in the generality of Paris, where, for two or three months past, it was perpetually necessary to secure the tranquility of the markets, protect the convoys of corn, and consequently indispensable to have recourse to the Commandant, now a prisoner at Villenaux. And though in the Ministerial routine, I should have addressed myself to the Secretary at War, who would have transmitted the demands of the Minister of Finance to the Commandant of the troops, M. de Bezenval very politely wrote me, that this indirect application being liable to delay in a service of such imminent urgency to the public service, he should be glad to receive direct instructions from me, which he would execute with punctuality. I adopted this arrangement; and it is impossible for me to do too much justice to the zeal and activity with which M. de Bezenval correspondended with my wishes; and I constantly remarked, that he united prudence and moderation with military activity, so as to give me frequent opportunities of thanking him for his pains and unremitting attention.

"This, gentlemen, is all I know of the General in my capacity of a public man. I must inform you likewise, *on the part of the King*, that his Majesty has long honoured this officer with his favour. I know not of what he may be accused before you; but subject as he is to the laws of military discipline, very formal charges of criminality perhaps are necessary to prevent him from returning to his native country; and as a *foreigner*, as the distinguished citizen of a country with which France has so long been connected by treaties of friendship and alliance, you will surely have all that *respect* for M. de Bezenval which may be hoped for from a *hospitable* and generous nation; and since it would of itself be a *severe* punishment to convoy to Paris, as a criminal, or suspected person, a *foreign* General Officer who is *returning* to his country with the King's permission, I venture to entreat you to consider, whether you could not deem it sufficient to demand from him at Villenaux, the explanations you may wish to have, and the communication of his papers, if he had any such. It is for you, gentlemen, to consider, whether you should expose this *foreign* General to the effects of any commotion, for the effects of which you could not be responsible; for distinguished as you are, gentlemen, by the choice of your fellow-citizens, you surely wish, before every thing, to prove yourselves the defenders of the

the laws and juſtice; you do not wiſh that any citizen ſhould be condemned or puniſhed without giving him time to obtain a hearing, without the time of an examination by upright and impartial judges: this is the firſt right of man; it is the moſt ſacred duty of the powerful, it is the obligation the moſt invariably reſpected by every nation.

"Ah! gentlemen, not before you, who, diſtinguiſhed by a generous education, need only to follow the dictates of your minds and hearts, but before the loweſt and moſt obſcure citizen of Paris, I proſtrate myſelf, I throw myſelf on my knees to entreat that ye exerciſe not towards M. de Bezenval nor towards any perſon whatever, any act of rigour in any way ſimilar to thoſe which have been recounted to me. Juſtice ſhould be enlightened, and a ſentiment of clemency too ſhould inceſſantly attend her ſteps; theſe principles, thoſe emotions have ſuch maſtery over my ſoul, that were I witneſs of any contrary act, at a moment when by my ſtation I ſhould be brought into contact with public affairs, I ſhould expire with grief, or all my powers at leaſt would be totally abſorbed. I venture therefore to avail myſelf with you, gentlemen, of the kind opinion with which you honour me; you have deſigned to affix ſome value to my ſervices; and at a moment when I am about to demand of you a very high recompence for them, I ſhall allow myſelf, for the firſt, and for the only time, to ſay, that truly my zeal has not been without utility to France. This high reward I am going to demand of you, is to have ſome regard to a *foreign* General, if that alone be neceſſary; indulgence and clemency, if he ſtands in need of more. I ſhall be happy in this tranſcendant favour, in fixing my attention only on M. de Bezenval, on a ſimple individual; I ſhould be ſtill more ſo, ſhould this example become the ſignal of an amneſty which ſhould reſtore tranquility to France, and permit every citizen, all the inhabitants of the kingdom, to look forward ſolely to the future, in order to enjoy all the bleſſings in ſtore for us from the union of the people and the ſovereign, and the harmony of all the powers neceſſary to found happineſs on liberty, and the duration of that liberty on the public happineſs. Ah! gentlemen, let all the inhabitants of France return for ever under the ſafeguard of the laws. Yield, I ſupplicate you, to my ardent entreaties; and by your bounty, may this day be the happieſt of my life, and one of the moſt glorious that can poſſibly be reſerved for you!"

This part of Mr. Necker's ſpeech was pathetic and irreſiſtible; all hearts were moved, all eyes were bathed in tears, and the cry of "*pardon the* "*guilty, a general amneſty,*" echoed from every part of the Hall.

At this moment the people, who were aſſembled in the *Place de Greve*, and were impatient to get a ſight of Monſ. Necker, called upon him to make his appearance. To ſatisfy them, he was obliged to go into another chamber, and to ſhew himſelf from the window. During his abſence, the Count de Clermont Tonnerre, one of the Deputies from the National Aſſembly, who accompanied M. Necker to Paris, made a motion, that they ſhould conſecrate that moment to the drawing up a formal decree, agreeable to the generous ſentiments that had juſt been expreſſed, which was accordingly done in the following words: "This Aſſembly, moved by the repreſentations of M. Necker, which are as full of truth and wiſdom as of humanity, reſolves, That the day in which a Miniſter ſo dear and neceſſary to the happineſs of France, has been reſtored to her, ſhould in future be annually commemorated as a feſtival. In con-

conformity to this ſentiment, it decrees a pardon to all enemies: that from this time it will regard as the greateſt enemies of the nation, thoſe who ſhall dare to diſturb the public tranquility, by puniſhing any individual, however criminal, without a legal proceſs: finally, it decrees, that this declaration ſhall be read from the pulpit of every pariſh, and publiſhed by ſound of trumpet in all the ſtreets, and ſent to all the municipalities, with the firm perſuaſion, that it will meet with the applauſe of all good Frenchmen."

On Monſ. Necker's re-entering the Hall, and the reſolution juſt made being read to him, he was moved to tears; he knelt down, in that poſture expreſſed the lively emotion, and the happineſs he felt, in the broken phraſes of a heart impreſſed by various and unutterable ſentiments.

JULY 31. In debating on what had paſſed the preceding day in Paris, there were many opinions concerning the propriety of it. Several Members inſiſted that every man ſuſpected of bad intentions towards the nation ſhould receive exemplary puniſhment.

Meſſrs de Clermont Tonnerre, Mounier, and Lally Tollendal, agreed to this propoſition, but remarked, that the moſt ſacred of all rights had woven with the rigour of juſtice thoſe ſentiments of pity and fellow-feeling, which in ſome caſes were a part of juſtice itſelf.

This converſation was interrupted by the arrival of ſome Deputies from Paris, with M. Bailly, the Mayor, at their head.

The queſtion reſpecting the detention of the Baron de Bezenval was taken into conſideration, and after ſome debate, the National Aſſembly came to the following reſolutions:

"The National Aſſembly, having heard the reports of the Deputies of the Repreſentatives of the Commons of Paris, declare, that it approves of the explanation given by the Electors of Paris to their reſolution of the 30th of July.

"That if a generous and humane people wiſh ever to prohibit all proſcriptions, it became the Repreſentatives of the nation to try and puniſh thoſe who were accuſed and convicted of having made any attempt againſt the ſafety, the liberty, and the public tranquility; that conſequently the National Aſſembly perſiſts in its former reſolutions reſpecting the reſponſibility of Miniſters, and thoſe entruſted with the executive power, and the eſtabliſhment of a tribunal to pronounce, and a Committee to receive informations, inſtructions, and intelligence.

"The National Aſſembly further declares, that the perſon of the Baron de Bezenval, if ſtill detained, ſhall be conducted into a place of ſafety, and under a ſufficient guard, in the city neareſt where he was arreſted, and nobody whatever ſhall attempt to moleſt the perſon of the ſaid Baron, he being under the ſafe cuſtody of the law."

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

A Doleful Ditty.

Humbly ſubmitted to the conſideration of all "weeping nymphs and dying ſwains."

"THO' nature now the fields has deck'd ſo gay,
And the green tinted hills ſo ſweetly look,
To me as winter ſeems the chearful May,
Bleaken'd the vales, and frozen ſeems the brook.

"The ſportive warbler, freedom's child, now ſings,

Bleſs'd

Bleſs'd with his mates, roams careleſs in the grove;
While with their notes ſweet ſounded Echo rings,
Attun'd alike to liberty and love.

"Thrice happy they who by a mutual choice,
And pureſt love together are conjoin'd,
Who unconſtrain'd by a tyrannic voice,
Unite in bonds of the moſt pleaſing kind.

"But ah! unhappy they who forc'd t'obey
Reluctantly at fortune's ſtern command,
Urged by paternal over-ruling ſway,
Without the heart to give the trembling hand.

"What ſcenes unpleaſing to my view ariſe,
Oh grant, kind Cupid! that they mayn't prove true,
Perhaps e'en now, forc'd by a thund'ring voice,
To me my Phillis bids a laſt adieu."

Such were the notes of Colin, luckleſs ſwain,
While Rubiſlaw's Den reſounds the doleful ſtrain,
The Birds affrighted leave the buſh below,
And ſcream reſponſive to the ſhepherd's woe.
Poor lad, alas! unceaſing did he mourn
Leſt pretty Phillis ſhould a Bride return.

He pull'd the berry, black as is her eyes,
He pull'd the nut of moſt engaging ſize,
What could he taſte when abſent ſhe he lov'd,
Hard was the nut, and ſour the berry prov'd.

Corroding care his ev'ry ſenſe benumbs,
And like to lemons taſted ſugar plumbs.

Depriv'd of Phillis, and depriv'd of reſt,
He ſhook his head, and ſtruck his throbbing breaſt.
He tore his hair, and raging for his Phill'
He leap'd full knee-deep in the neighb'ring rill.
Cold was the ſtream, and nipping was the gale,
And chilling damps each tremb'ling nerve aſſail.

Nor ſtood he long, untill he calmer grew,
And tir'd of water, to the bank withdrew.
His flame that late ſo much diſquiet gave,
Had quick ſubſided in the cooling wave.

His wonted reaſon then came to his aid,
And an adieu to Rubiſlaw's Den he bade.
Nor more on ev'nings wiſh'd he there to roam,
For cool'd and quiet, ſoft he wander'd home.—
From hence, ye lovers, that ſo mournful look,
Revere the virtues of a running brook.

Aberdeen, November. J. I.

The Colly Dogs and the Fox.

IT'S odd, that law muſt ſtill decide,
Where common ſenſe ought to preſide.
Anxiety, expence and trouble.
Does ev'ry injury redouble,
Two colly dogs who kill'd a ewe,
For thieves will oft for juſtice ſue,

Cou'd

Could not about their prize agree,
Of ſuch importance was their plea.
In order to remove the flaws,
To an old fox they ſtate their cauſe.
Now reynard, who enjoy'd the farce
Puts on the judge with due grimace.
A balance brings which could not fail,
A part he puts into each ſcale.
Now, ſays he, let me well conſider,
Ay, this lump far outweighs the other;
Directly he tore off a bit,
To make it for the balance fit,
Its ſize a little to reduce,
And equilibrium produce.
The other lump is now too huge,
Another mouthful to the judge.
Hold! hold! exclaim'd the dogs, who ſaw
Th' event of what he called law,
Give us our ſhares, and let us go,
We will your judgement now forego.
It may be ſo, but juſtice' aim
Is far above your empty brain.
This caſe requires the deepeſt ſkill,
You may go, blockheads, when you will.
Thus he his juſtice did pretend,
Till the whole ſheep was near an end.
The dogs in vain with humble grace
Beſeech'd him to diſmiſs the caſe,
Both ſatisfy'd themſelves declare,
Of conſequences not aware.
The arbiter with heat reply'd,
Juſtice is not yet ſatisfy'd,
For to my office it is due,
So what remains is not for you.
Begone, then, turning round about,
With gravity diſmiſs'd the court.
The ſcales of juſtice won't reſrain,
Till with the parties nought remain.
November, 23d 1789. Regulus.

The TOMB *of* GUNNAR.

Written by Mr. Hole, author of "Arthur, or the Northern Enchantment."

WHat mean thoſe awful ſounds that riſe
From the tomb where Gunnar lies?"
Exclaims the ſhepherd in affright;
As by the moon's uncertain light,
Athwart the ſolitary plain,
He homeward drives his fleecy train.

Sarpedine, Hogner, mark the tale;
Then fearleſs croſs the dreary vale,
And ſtand the ſtately tomb beſide;
While darkly-rolling vapours hide
In their dun veil night's glittering pride.

A moon-beam on the cave of death
Sudden glanc'd athwart the heath:
Its line of ſplendor, full oppos'd,
The deep receſs to view diſclos'd.

Fronting the beam, in arms array'd
Majeſtic ſate the hero's ſhade.
The cell four blazing tapers crown'd,
And pour'd a flood of light around.

With concious joy his viſage glows,
And ſmiles inveſt his aweful brows.
He wakes the loud-reſounding ſong,
And echoing rocks the ſtrain prolong.

"Unmanly flight the brave deſpiſe;
Conqueſt or death's the warrior's prize;
The ſtrife of ſpears diſdain to ſhun,
Nor blaſt the fame by Gunnar won!"
Sudden clos'd the gates of Death,
And Silence brooded o'er the heath.

"For no weak cauſe," Sarpedine cries,
"Our father's image met our eyes.
To arms! to aims!—the preſage hail;
Graſp the ſword, and gird the mail;
Scorning alike to yield or fly,
Reſolve to conquer, or to die!
A banquet for the wolf prepare,
And glut the ravenous birds of air!"

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. LI.] Thurſday December 17, 1789. [Price 3d.

MEMOIRS *of the* LIFE *of* ALEXANDER CRUDEN, *M. A. Author of the celebrated Concordance to the Bible.*

[From the New Biographical Britannica.]

ALEXANDER CRUDEN, whoſe literary labours will ever entitle him to the veneration of all the ſtudents of the ſacred writings, was the ſecond ſon of Mr. William Cruden, merchant, and one of the baillies of Aberdeen, an office ſimilar to that of alderman in England, and was born in the year 1701. He received his education in the grammar ſchool of Aberdeen, and was a ſchoolfellow with the late George earl Mariſchal, and James, afterward the celebrated field mareſchal Keith, who in the ſchool catalogue were diſtinguiſhed by *Dominus Georgius Keith*, and *Magiſter Jacobus Keith*. At the expiration of the uſual number of years, Mr. Cruden entered as ſtudent of Mariſchal college. From his cloſe attendance at the divinity lectures of Mr. Blackwell, father to the late principal Blackwell, he appears to have had thoughts of the church, as a profeſſion; and although prevented by the melancholy change of mind which took place about this time, he preſerved through the whole of life the impreſſion that he was appointed by heaven to preach the goſpel and reform mankind.

It is uncertain to what that inſanity which now appeared in his words and actions, and which with few intervals accompanied him to his grave, is to be attributed. Some thought it was occaſioned by the bite of a mad dog; but nothing can be gathered from the hiſtory of that dreadful diſtemper which favours this opinion. Others derived his madneſs from diſappointment in a love affair, but it is uncertain whether this operated as a cauſe or conſequence. Some uncommon circumſtances with which it was attended, however, will apologize for making mention of it in this place. The object of his affection was the daughter of a clergyman of Aberdeen. Cruden courted her with enthuſiaſm and perſeverance, but the lady thought proper to reject his addreſſes, and his behaviour becoming outrageous and troubleſome, her father ordered his doors to be ſhut againſt him. This

increaſed his paſſion, and his friends ſoon found it neceſſary to confine him for a conſiderable time in priſon. The young lady in the mean while became pregnant, which was with too much reaſon attributed to a criminal intercourſe with her own brother. She was ſent into the country, and never returned. That Mr. Cruden ſhared in the general horror which this event produced, may be eaſily believed. He never mentioned the name of the unhappy woman but with the bittereſt grief and moſt tender compaſſion.

On his releaſe from confinement, he gave up the purſuit of his ſtudies at Aberdeen, and reſolved to leave his native country. In the year 1722 he came to London, and engaged in ſeveral families as private tutor to young perſons at ſchool, or who were intended for the univerſity. In this employment he ſpent ſome years in the Iſle of Man. In the year 1732, we find him in London again, as corrector of the preſs, and bookſeller. His ſhop was under the Royal Exchange. While in this ſituation an incident happened which Mr. Cruden numbered among the moſt remarkable occurrences of his life. A gentleman from Aberdeen, who wiſhed to ſerve Cruden, offered to introduce him to a merchant near the Royal Exchange, a near relation of the young lady above-mentioned. When they knocked at the door of this merchant's houſe, it was opened by the young lady herſelf, who, unknown to Mr. Cruden or his friend, had found an aſylum here. Mr. Cruden ſtarted back, with viſible ſigns of wonder, and agony, and graſping his friend's hand, exclaimed wildly, 'Ah! ſhe has ſtill her fine black eyes.' It is perhaps unneceſſary to add, that his hopes of intimacy in this family were now at an end. He did not then, nor ever after, enter the houſe, nor court the acquaintance of its owner, who was indeed a younger brother of the lady.

The year after, he began to compile that great work, which indeed he had long meditated, 'A complete Concordance of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Teſtament.' If the merit of labour only be given to this work, it muſt be acknowledged that it required labour to which it is impoſſible to make any addition, and perſeverance that knows no interval. Mr. Cruden was well qualified for ſuch an undertaking; for habits of induſtry were familiar to him, and his inclination led him to form the plan, and indeed to execute the whole before he had received any encouragement from the public. The firſt edition was publiſhed in the year 1737. The preface explains his plan and his views in publiſhing. The book was dedicated to queen Caroline, who had given the author ſome reaſon to expect a gratuity on its being preſented to her. But a very few days before its publication, the queen died, and Cruden loſt his patroneſs. His affairs were now embarraſſed; the time he had beſtowed on his work was not productive of immediate profit, and his reward was no longer to be expected; for that he did expect a reward from her majeſty, appeared by viſible ſymptoms of the keeneſt diſappointment. He diſpoſed of his ſtock in trade, and ſhut up his ſhop. Without employment, without friends, and without hope, he became again a prey to his phrenetic diſorder, and it was found neceſſary to confine him in a private madhouſe at Bethnal Green. As ſoon as he was releaſed he took revenge on his keepers, and on thoſe who were the cauſe of his confinement, by publiſhing a pamphlet, entitled 'The London Citizen exceedingly injured, giving an account of his adventures during the time of his ſevere and long campaign at

at Bethnal Green, for nine weeks and ſix days, the citizen being ſent thither in March 1738, by Robert Wightmar, a notoriouſly conceited whimſical man, where he was chained, hand cuffed, ſtrait-waiſtcoated and impriſoned, &c.' He alſo commenced an action againſt Dr. Monro, and other defendants, which was tried in Weſtminſter-hall, July 17, 1739, when a verdict was given in favour of the defendants. After the verdict was given, Cruden ſaid, 'I truſt in God.' The chief juſtice, ſir William Lee, replied, 'I wiſh you had truſted more in God, and not have come hither.' Mr. Cruden had recourſe again to his pen, and publiſhed an account of the trial, with remarks on the œconomy of private madhouſes, which he dedicated to the late king.

After this he lived chiefly by correcting the preſs, and under his inſpection ſeveral editions of the Greek and Roman claſſics were publiſhed with great accuracy. He rendered himſelf uſeful to the bookſellers and printers in various ways. His manners were inoffenſive: he was always to be truſted, and performed his engagements with ſtrict fidelity. In theſe occupations he employed ſeveral years, until the return of his diſorder obliged his friends a third time to ſhut him up in a madhouſe. When he was releaſed, he publiſhed his caſe with the whimſical title of 'The Adventures of Alexander the Corrector.' Three parts afterwards appeared under the ſame title. It is not eaſy to characterize them. They are a faithful tranſcript of a wild mind, various, whimſical, ſerious and jocoſe. His madneſs was *ſui generis*. We find nothing like it in the annals of medicine, nor can it be accounted for on any known principles of phyſiology. The faculty are ſeldom called in, and ſeldom attend to caſes like that of Cruden; and the world either laughed at or pitied him: in his worſt paroxyſms it appears that he was perfectly harmleſs, and it is more than probable that the ſeverity of confinement, unneceſſarily added to his diſorder.

In September 1753, when laſt releaſed, he undertook what was more difficult to effect than all his former attempts. He endeavoured to perſuade one or two of his friends who had confined him, to ſubmit to be impriſoned in Newgate, as a compenſation for the injuries they had brought upon him. To his ſiſter he propoſed what he thought very mild terms; ſhe was to have her choice of four priſons; Newgate, Reading and Ayleſbury jails, and the priſon in Windſor caſtle. When he found that his perſuaſions were of no avail, he commenced an action againſt her and three others, and ſtated his damages at 10,000l. The cauſe was tried in February, 1754, and a verdict given in favour of the defendants. Cruden had now no remedy but in an appeal to the public: accordingly he publiſhed an account of this trial in a ſixpenny pamphlet, dedicated to the king. He went to St. James's palace to preſent it, but was prevented, and denied the honour of knighthood, to which, at this time he aſpired.

His phrenzy, indeed, was now at its height. He called himſelf 'Alexander the Corrector,' and gave out that he was commiſſioned by heaven to reform the manners of the age, particularly to reſtore the due obſervance of the ſabbath. To raiſe the public belief in his favonr, he produced and printed certain prophecies of eminent miniſters and others, all anonymous, or with the initials only of names. The ſubſtance of theſe prophecies was, that 'Mr. Cruden was to be a ſecond Joſeph, to be a great man at court, and to perform great things for the ſpiritual Iſrael in this ſinful Egypt, &c.' Furniſhed with ſuch credentials, he went to Ox-

ford and Cambridge, and exhorted the ladies and gentlemen, whom he found in the public walks on the ſabbath, to go home and keep that day holy. But his advice was not welcomed as he wiſhed. And on one occaſion he narrowly eſcaped corporal chaſtiſement for having been too bold in his addreſſes to a young lady, who happened to be walking with a ſtudent in Clare-hall walks. He generally followed his advice with a denunciation of eternal wrath in caſe of non-compliance.

On his return to London his ambition increaſed: for ambition he certainly indulged, from the idea that he was deſtined to a ſuperior ſtation in life; and the general election approaching, Mr Cruden determined to ſtand candidate for the city of London, and in a common hall was nominated by Mr. ſheriff Chitty, whom he had importuned to do this office for him. What will be thought very remarkable, Mr. Cruden had the ſatisfaction to ſee ſeveral hands held up for him; but he declined the poll which was inſtituted by the other party, and conſequently loſt his election. It is ſcarcely poſſible to record this event with hiſtorical gravity; but it is worthy of notice that he had actually received promiſes of ſupport, and was comforted by the reflection, as he ſays himſelf, that if he had not the hands, he had the hearts of the citizens. One of his advertiſements on this occaſion is too curious not to be preſerved; it being a ſpecimen of his manner of ſpeaking and writing when his frenzy was at its height. It is as follows:

'Gentlemen of the livery,

'I have acquainted the ſheriffs of my humbly propoſing to be a candidate for one of the repreſentatives in parliament of the city of London: which may be looked upon as an extraordinary ſtep. This is not denied, but I truſt I am under the direction of a gracious providence, and I deſire to be entirely reſigned to the will of God, the ſupreme diſpoſer of all things. In the appendix to Alexander the Corrector's Adventures, I have acquainted you with ſome of my motives for being a candidate, which are ſuch as, I hope, will be approved of by every good man, as they are by my own conſcience.

'If there is any juſt ground to hope that God will be pleaſed to make the Corrector an inſtrument to reform the nation, and particularly to promote the reformation, the peace and proſperity of this great city, and to bring its inhabitants to a more religious temper and conduct, no good man in ſuch an extraordinary caſe will deny the Corrector his vote: and the Corrector's election may be a means to pave the way to his being a Joſeph, and an uſeful proſperous man.

'May God be pleaſed to give a happy turn to the minds of the electors to act from the beſt principles, and to chooſe thoſe who will be faithful to their truſt, and ſtudy to promote the temporal and eternal happineſs of the people.

'My earneſt prayers are put up from time to time for your happineſs in this world, and the world to come, through Jeſus Chriſt.

'I am very reſpectfully,

'Gentlemen,

'Your moſt obedient

'And affectionate humble ſervant,

North's coffee-houſe,
near Guildhall,
April 25, 1754. 'ALEX. CRUDEN.'

About this time, Mr Cruden paid his addreſſes to a lady; but he lamented, that in this, as in every other great deſign, he could not command ſucceſs. However, amid this ſeries of wild attempts, he devoted his beſt hours to ſtudy. He was continually making additions to the Concordance, the

the ſecond edition of which was publiſhed in 1761. At this time he was corrector of the preſs to the Public Advertiſer publiſhed by the late Mr. Woodfall. He laboured, indeed, inceſſantly at ſome employment or other; and apportioned his time ſo judiciouſly, that only when he appeared in public could he be ſaid to do nothing. The buſineſs of the printing office was rarely over before one o'clock in the morning, when the paper was put to preſs. Cruden ſeldom ſlept more than four or five hours, and before ſix in the morning he might always be found turning over his bible, adding, amending, and improving his Concordance with great and ſcrupulous attention: at this he continued till evening, when aſſiduous attention to uſeful objects, it was hoped, would reſtore his mind to a ſtate of calm regularity, and in ſome degree this was the caſe. His next appearance in public will be ſeen with ſatisfaction.

In 1762, one Richard Potter, a ſailor, was tried and capitally condemned at the Old Bailey for forging, or rather uttering, knowing it to be forged, a ſeaman's will, a crime which then, as well as now, is rarely pardoned. It appeared, however, from the evidence, that Potter was a poor illiterate creature, the tool of another, and ignorant of the nature of the crime he committed. Fortunately for him, Mr. Cruden happened to be in court, and was ſo firmly convinced that Potter was a proper object of the royal clemency, that he determined to interfere in his behalf.—To be more fully ſatisfied, however, he viſited Potter in Newgate, examined him, and found that his crime was the crime of ignorance, without any evil intention on his part. But it was not to ſave him from the ſentence of the law only that Cruden meditated. He prayed with him, exhorted him, taught him the principles of religion, and gave him a proper ſenſe of the wickedneſs of his paſt life, and the enormity of the crime for which he was condemned: in a word, he made a convert of a poor wretch who had ſcarcely ever heard of a God. He then began to deviſe means to obtain a pardon, and improbable as it appeared, his repeated applications ſucceeded, and Potter's ſentence was changed into tranſportation. Mr. Cruden accompanied his petition to the earl of Hallifax, then ſecretary of ſtate, with a copy of the ſecond edition of the Concordance, to which was prefixed an elegant Latin dedication to his lordſhip. The tenderneſs with which Mr. Cruden viſited, exhorted, fed, and cloathed his pupil, the anxiety he felt, and the unceaſing importunity of his applications to every perſon that could be uſeful to Potter, deſerve to be remembered with approbation, and to reconcile us to all his oddities. A particular account of the whole affair was publiſhed the ſame year, entitled 'The Hiſtory of Richard Potter,' &c.

The ſucceſs Mr. Cruden had enjoyed in reforming this poor criminal induced him to continue his labours among the other felons in Newgate. He viſited them every day, gave them new teſtaments, catechiſms, &c. catechiſed them, and beſtowed ſmall pecuniary rewards on the moſt apt ſcholars. His labour, however, was loſt; the books were ſoon exchanged for money, and the money ſpent in drinking; and Cruden diſcontinued his practice when he found it produced no better effects. A regard for the eternal welfare of his fellow creatures was a predominant feature in his character. He was peculiarly elated when he had ſucceeded in reſcuing any poor creature from the barbarity of ignorance or the practice of wickedneſs. Of this we have another inſtance, but at what period

it

it happened cannot now be remembered. Returning one Sunday evening from a place of worſhip, he accidentally met with a man whoſe looks betrayed anxious ſorrow, melancholy, and, as Cruden imagined, deſpair. He immediately accoſted the man, and drew from him a confeſſion that the extreme poverty of his family, and other cauſes, had driven him to the deſperate reſolution of committing ſuicide. Mr. Cruden expoſtulated with him, diſplayed the wickedneſs of his intention, and adminiſtered ſuch friendly conſolation, accompanied with pecuniary aſſiſtance and a promiſe of future ſupport, that the poor man became chearful, reſigned and hopeful. In ſuch acts Mr. Cruden delighted.

At the time when the diſputes between Mr. Wilkes and the government agitated the nation, Mr. Cruden wrote a ſmall pamphlet againſt that gentleman, whom he never could hear named with patience. He teſtified his averſion to him in a way peculiar to himſelf, by effacing No 45, where he found it chalked on doors or window-ſhutters. His inſtrument was a large piece of ſponge, which he carried in his pocket, partly for this purpoſe, and partly that no words, offenſive to good morals, might be allowed to diſgrace the walls, doors, &c. of the metropolis. This employment rendered his walks through the city very tedious.

In the year 1769, he viſited Aberdeen, the place of his nativity, and in a public hall gave a lecture on the cauſe of reformation; contended that he was born to reform the age, and exhorted all ranks to amend their ways. There was nothing in this advice improper or abſurd—but Mr. Cruden's manner was always at variance with his matter, and he met with no better ſucceſs here than in other places. Many anecdotes are related of his labours here. Among others, he printed the fourth commandment in the form of a hand-bill, and diſtributed them to all perſons, without diſtinction, whom he met in the ſtreets on Sunday. To a young clergyman whom Cruden thought too conceited and modern, he very gravely and formerly preſented a little catechiſm, uſed by children in Scotland, called 'The Mother's Catechiſm,' dedicated to the Young and Ignorant. For young people he always had his pockets full of religious tracts, ſuch as Guyſe's ſermons, &c. which he beſtowed with pleaſure on ſuch as promiſed to read them.

After reſiding about a year at Aberdeen he returned to London, and took lodgings in Camden-ſtreet, Iſlington, where he died. In the morning of Thurſday, November 1, 1770, he was found dead on his knees, apparently in the poſture of prayer. He had complained for ſome days of an aſthmatic affection, but it did not ſeem attended with danger. As he never married, he bequeathed his moderate ſavings to his relations, except a certain ſum to the city of Aberdeen to be employed in the purchaſe of religious books for the uſe of the poor; and he founded a burſary (or exhibition) of five pounds ſterling per annum, to aſſiſt in educating a ſtudent at the Mariſchal college. The burſary was to be obtained on certain terms ſpecified in his will, one of which was a perfect acquaintance with Vincent's catechiſm.

In private life, Mr. Cruden was courteous and affable; prone to give his opinions, and firm in all his religious perſuaſions. To the poor he was as liberal of his money as of his advice: he ſeldom, indeed, ſeparated the one from the other. His concern for them muſt have been ſincere, for intereſt he could have none; and his generoſity muſt have been pure,

pure, for he often gave more than he retained for his own uſes. To ſuch young men, eſpecially from Aberdeen, as were recommended to him, he acted like a father, or affectionate friend and tutor. Among men of genius he cannot be claſſed: but in his greateſt labours he experienced no fatigue, and the utility of his literary projects will not admit of a diſpute. His Concordance was his favourite work; and it is probable that the attention he beſtowed upon it was favourable to the ſtate of his mind, although it could not altogether prevent the return of that phrenzy which gave a certain colour to all his actions, and ſuggeſted to him thoſe whimſical plans of reformation, and thoſe hopes of ſuperiority, which were as uſeleſs to himſelf as unprofitable to others. In converſation and in writing his ſtile was ſtiff and aukward. He does not appear to have had a prompt memory, and his words came ſlowly. In religion he profeſſed Calviniſm, as appears from the definitions in his Concordance of the words grace, faith, predeſtination, &c. But it muſt be added, that he had not an intolerant ſpirit, and often with ſeverity he cenſured the principles and practices of narrow-minded men. During the greateſt part of his life in London, he joined in communion with Dr. Guyſe's Independent Meeting, in Great St. Helen's; but about the year 1761-2, when age and infirmities obliged the doctor to reſign, and Dr. Stafford ſucceeded him, Mr. Cruden attended Dr. Conder on the Pavement, Moorfields, and went to Dr. Guyſe's meeting on the firſt Sunday of every month only, when the ſacrament was adminiſtered.

A comparative View of Sweden *and* Denmark, *and of the Perſons and Manners of their reſpective Inhabitants.*

(Concluded from page 790.)

THERE are many excellent artificers in Sweden, in all kinds of trades and manufactures; tho' they would be ſtill more excellent, if they had not a thouſand obſtacles to combat. Their chequed cloth, the ways they prepare their leather, the manufacture of gloves, their œconomical furnaces, and many other works, are ſufficient proofs of their induſtry and activity. Some manufactures in Denmark exceed theirs, particularly thoſe of cloth, of ſilk, of printed linen, and hats.

The Swediſh peaſant, vigorous, active, and induſtrious, reaps the fruits of his labours for himſelf and his family, after deducting the tenths and his rent. If he is obliged to perform ſome ſervices for which he gets no return, he conſoles himſelf with the thought, that he is a member of a body which forms the fourth order in the ſtate, and that he has a vote in the government of his country. This idea gives an energy to his diſpoſition which is wanting in Denmark. There, on the contrary, the ſtate of the peaſant is little diſtant from ſlavery; he is chained to the ſoil which he labours for his lord, and is bound to perform ſervices which are unſpeakably grievous, and thus ſeems the moſt miſerable of beings. This ſtate of ſervitude, joined to his natural indolence, gives him an air of humiliation, which his neighbour on the other ſide of the Sound is totally free from.

Hitherto, no one has followed the example of the late Count Bernſtorf, (who a few years ago gave his peaſants their freedom) notwithſtanding the quadruple products of his lands, and the preſent wealth of thoſe very peaſants, who were formerly as poor and

and miſerable as their neighbours. To perpetuate the memory of their benefactor, they have, laſt year, erected to his honour, a magnificent monument of Norwegian marble, executed by the profeſſor of ſculpture Wiedefelt. This monument, on which there is an inſcription in letters of gold, is placed in one of the Count's freed eſtates, about a league from Copenhagen, by the ſide of the great road that leads to Elſineur.

Notwithſtanding the ancient animoſity and jealouſy that reign between the two nations, the Swediſh handicraftſmen and manufacturers are much encouraged in Denmark; they are found intelligent, ingenious, and indefatigable, and thoſe Danes who ſet on foot any enterpriſe, do them the juſtice to prefer them to their own countrymen. I ſaw a little colony from Scania, to the number of forty or fifty perſons, ſettled on the eſtate of a friend of mine, and who were employed in clearing it. Treble the number of Danes were working beſide them. I obſerved that the moſt difficult operations, thoſe that required the greateſt attention, and which it was neceſſary to abandon to the ſkill of the labourer, were always given to the Swedes, by the inſpector, who was a native of Holſtein. At reaping time too, the Swedes were preferred. In the felling and cutting of wood, the Daniſh foreſter employed his own countrymen as little as poſſible, and I was convinced that he did right. A Swede ſometimes performed as much as three Danes. What ſurpriſed me ſtill more was, that as ſoon as the evening bell announced the ceſſation of labour, the Swedes repaired to their moſs-clad earthen huts, with their wives and children, where, as a relief from their toil, they danced either to the ſound of a violin they had among them, or to the ſinging of their wives or their daughters, a ball that was repeated every evening when the weather permitted; while the worn-out Danes retired either to drink brandy, or went to bed. At a little rural feaſt that was given by my friend, the Scanians would not mingle with the reſt; they retired to a corner of the field, where they diverted themſelves in their own way. The Daniſh muſic and dancing were too languid for them. They preferred their own quick ſteps and ſprightly airs.

In the ſpring ſeaſon, many Swedes come to ſeek employment in the iſland of Zeland, where they receive greater wages than at home. There they live ſoberly and economically, and return at the approach of winter with the fruit of their labours. In this manner great numbers of men arrive, but ſtill more women, eſpecially when there are accounts of any new enterpriſe being ſet on foot on the oppoſite coaſt.

That this active and laborious race make good ſoldiers, cannot be doubted. Without mentioning the various wars which the Swedes have ſupported in their own, or in the neighbouring countries in the laſt ages, thoſe under their kings Charles IX. Guſtavus Adolphus, Charles XI. and Charles XII. prove that they are brave, and always ready to expoſe themſelves for the glory and protection of the ſtate. Happy are they, when governed by kings who are able to direct their activity and their public ſpirit to agriculture, to commerce, and manufactures, and who employ the natural courage of their ſubjects, only in the defence of the ſtate, by making them conſider it as a common poſſeſſion, without dreaming of foreign wars, and far leſs of conqueſts.

The loſſes which the kingdom ſuſtained, both of men and money, even in its moſt glorious wars, ſhould teach the ſucceſſors of thoſe heroes, who

who have acquired an immortal name in the annals of Mars and Bellona, but who are enrolled in characters of blood in those of Sweden, those losses can only be repaired by encouraging population and commerce, by means of strict economy and a pacific administration. A celebrated Swedish author, as an evidence of the injury done to the population of his country by wars, cites the following fact: 'During the last war, 'the company of Infantry raised in 'the parish Skellesta in West Bothnia, consisting of 128 men, was 'twice entirely renewed in one 'year.'

Gustavus Adolphus, the greatest captain of his age, celebrated for the glory which he had acquired to the Swedish arms, notwithstanding the victories which immortalized him, considered a conqueror as the scourge of his country.

One day as a person was flattering him on the progress he had made in Germany, and maintaining that his valour, his great designs and exploits, were miraculous interpositions of providence; that without him the house of Austria would usurp universal monarchy, and that then the protestant religion would be extirpated; that it was evident, from the wonderful incidents of his life, that God had created him for the good of mankind; that his incomparable courage was a visible effect of the divine goodness, &c.:— 'Rather say, replied the king, that 'it is a mark of his anger. If the 'war I am carrying on be a remedy, 'it is worse than the disease. It is a 'mark of the favour of God, when 'he bestows on kings only ordinary 'capacities. The ambition of a sovereign, and his excessive passion 'for glory, making him despise 'peace, obliges him to deny it to 'his subjects; he is like a torrent that desolates the places through 'which it passes, and as he carries 'his arms as far as his wishes, he 'fills the world with terror, with 'misery, and confusion.'

As to the warlike character of the Danes, the following are the words of one of their own historians.

'The Danes are not the sanguinary, savage men that their ancestors were, who thought themselves 'disgraced when they died in their 'beds. The nation, however, has 'given proofs of the contrary in the 'most calamitous wars. The defeats it has met with on land have 'been repaired by its victories at 'sea.'

The language of Sweden is radically the same with that of Denmark and Norway. The difference consists only in dialect and pronunciation, for the inhabitants of the three kingdoms understand one another, except in a few words. It is derived from the ancient language of Scandinavia, and many Scotch, Dutch, and German words are to be found in it. It is said, that the languages of these countries, by their copiousness and energy, easily run into poetry, which the Danes in particular are very fond of.

In the times of Paganism, the Swedes made use of particular characters, which they called *Runor*, or *Runer*. They engraved these characters on *runic* stones, which were raised above the graves of the ancient Pagan heroes, and upon boards which served as calendars, and which are still used in the northern provinces. Some authors maintain, that these characters were introduced into the north by Odin himself; but it is the common opinion, that they were taken from the coins and monuments of the ancient Anglo-Saxons and Franks. The greatest part of those I have seen, consist only in rude lines, oblique, perpendicular, and horizontal. I have met, too, in

my travels, with many of those monuments, which consist of a mass of stones placed circularly around a central one, superior to the others in size.

Though the higher ranks in Sweden are enlightened and intelligent, the common people, especially in the country, are exceedingly superstitious, and attached to a number of absurd customs, which are relicts of Roman catholic, or, perhaps, of Pagan superstition. They believe much in sorcery; fevers and other diseases are treated with conjurations and magical words; some peasants imagine, when a disease attacks their cattle, that, by burying a portion of the dead beast in the field of their neighbours, they transmit the disease to his farm, and relieve their own herd. Many are persuaded, that the success or failure of their crops, depend on the performance or omission of a particular ceremony. Marriages are accompanied with a thousand mysterious practices, as well as lyings-in, baptisms, and burials. In the highland parts they believe in a genius who is benevolent or wicked according to circumstances, who lives under ground, and whom they are afraid of offending, by the omission of certain ceremonies practised in honour of him.

The Swedes in general build their houses of wood, except at Stockholm and in Scania. Those of the peasants are made with beams of the fir tree, either squared or left as nature formed them, laid horizontally above each other, the ends of which are adjusted and fixed without nails by simple pins of wood, and the interstices filled up with moss; some holes are contrived in them so as to serve for windows. The roof is made of thin planks of birch wood, with the bark on, covered over with turf. The stove is generally circular, built with brick, about four feet high, and flat at top, so as to allow one to lye upon it; beside the stove is the chimney, which rises above the roof, and is opened or shut at top by means of a cross board, to which there is a cord attached. In the chimney an iron crow holds a long splinter of fir-wood, which serves as a candle. These houses are generally divided into a kind of vestibule, and a common room, in which the whole family sleep, in beds one above another, nearly as the custom is in Westphalia. The barns and stables are separate from the house. In the post-houses there is another room destined for travellers, called the *Stranger's chamber*, which is kept neat and clean. When I was travelling in summer, I always found the floor covered with branches of the fir-tree, cut into small pieces, a general custom over all Sweden, even in the best houses, which contributes to give the room a degree of freshness, and diffuses a very agreeable balsamic odour. The roof too, the stove, and the windows, are all garnished with branches of the birch tree, in order to attract the flies, which in Sweden abound in astonishing swarms.

In Smoland, and in the mountains of Dalecarlia, the inhabitants build their houses still more rudely. They have but one window, or rather large hole, in that part of the roof which is exposed to the south. This window, or hole, serves them for a clock. When the sun shines upon a small press at the side of the window, they take breakfast, and when its rays fall upon the stove, they go to dinner. In these houses there is but one bed, in which sleep the master of the house and his wife; all the rest lye on benches placed along the walls; these are covered with straw or sheep skins, and sometimes, but rarely, with a mattress.

The houses of some individuals in the

the cities and in the country, are of wood, from two to four ſtories high. Some of them have a very fine appearance: in the towns they are generally painted of a reddiſh brown, and covered with turf; the roof in ſome is compoſed of little pieces of wood, cut in the form of ſlates, and others are covered with tiles. At Gothenburg, at Carlſcroon, and Fahlun, the houſes are very neatly painted in the ſtile of thoſe at Sardam; and ſome of them ſo much reſemble hewn ſtone, that at firſt ſight they appear to be ſuch. The houſes look well, eſpecially in the country; many of them have the appearance of caſtles, and within they are magnificently furniſhed. As the nobility chooſe to reſide on their eſtates, and as ſome of the gentry live in the country from one year's end to the other, they endeavour to make their habitations as commodious and agreeable as poſſible. I have ſeen houſes that could be taken down and tranſported at pleaſure.

I ſometimes amuſed myſelf at Copenhagen, in a place appropriated for the purpoſe, with obſerving the conſtruction of houſes that were deſtined for Norway or Iceland. An agreement is made with an undertaker for a houſe of ſuch a height, length, and breadth, and with ſuch a number of rooms, at a ſtipulated price. Immediately the wood is prepared of ſeaſoned timber, the pieces are adjuſted, and the houſe conſtructed; it is examined to ſee if it correſponds with the agreement; it is then taken down, the different parts are marked and numbered, they are ſhipped, and the houſe ſails to the place of its deſtination. I have ſeen many large houſes fabricated in this way, without the aſſiſtance of the leaſt portion of iron.

In Scania, where there are as few wooden houſes as in Denmark, Dutch bricks are preferred to thoſe made in the country; the former being better burnt and leſs porous, they imbibe leſs humidity, and therefore houſes built with them are not ſo liable to dampneſs.

Important Obſervations concerning SPECTACLES *and* READING GLASSES.

[From Adams' 'Eſſay on Viſion.']

Of VISUAL SPECTACLES.

THE natural deſire of men in trade to increaſe their buſineſs, and extend their fame, has in many inſtances been the origin of alterations and inventions, injurious to ſcience, and detrimental to the public. It is a deſire, to which all in trade are, from their ſituation, expoſed; and from which, it may be preſumed, no one is exempt.

To this deſire we may, with propriety, impute the invention of viſual ſpectacles; and as pretences are ſeldom wanting to juſtify that which intereſt adopts, the inventor endeavoured, by ſpecious reaſons, to attract the attention of thoſe who were not to be captivated by mere novelty. But the good ſenſe of the world, which always, in the long run, juſtly appreciates the value of every invention, now leaves viſual ſpectacles to the neglect they merit; they are worn by few, but thoſe who, from long habit, have accuſtomed their eyes to theſe pernicious ſhades.

Among the reaſons adduced by the inventor, the following is that upon which the greateſt ſtreſs was laid, namely, that as in teleſcopes, microſcopes, &c. we are obliged, by proper apertures, to cut off thoſe extraneous rays which tend to render the image confuſed; ſo, in the ſame manner, the quantity of light ſhould

be adjuſted in ſpectacles. To this it was then anſwered, that the caſes were by no means analagous, and if they were, the reaſon alledged would operate againſt the uſe of viſual glaſſes; for as all lenſes bear an aperture proportional to their focal length, a lens of five inches focus, which is one of the ſhorteſt in general uſe, would bear a much larger aperture than the diameter of any ſpectacle eye; but there was ſurely no need of apertures to glaſſes, applied cloſe to the eye, whoſe pupil is formed by nature to adapt itſelf to every degree of light; and we ſhould in all caſes, leave the eyes as much as poſſible to their own exertions and uniform mode of acting. Conſidered as a ſhade or ſcreen, the horn rims of the viſual glaſſes are imperfect and detrimental; they are alſo inconvenient in uſe; for if the line to be read is long, the head muſt be in continual motion, to ſee the words, which are obſtructed by the opake rim; to theſe, and many other reaſons which might be adduced, we may add the proofs derived from experience and obſervation: by theſe I am fully convinced, that they are injurious to the eye, and that in general thoſe who wear them, uſe glaſſes of a ſhorter focus than thoſe who wear the common ſort.

If from the weakneſs of the eye a ſhade be neceſſary, let it be ſuch a one as is pointed out by nature: ſhe teaches us, that thoſe whoſe eyes are deep ſet, have the cleareſt and ſtrongeſt ſight; and that whenever we find the light too ſtrong we pull down our eye-brows, and if this be not ſufficient, put our hand over our eyes; by this we are inſtructed, that the beſt forms for a ſhade is one fitted to the forehead, and projecting from it two or three inches.

It may not be improper in this place to ſay a word or two reſpecting ſhades or ſcreens for candles. I am clearly of opinion, that all opake ſhades are detrimental to the eye, as well from the very irregular reflections of the light, from the paint on the inſide of them, as from the vaſt contraſt into which the eye is thrown, when it removes from the reflected light, that is, from an extreme of brightneſs to gloomineſs and obſcurity. In the place of theſe, I would recommend a conical ſhade of white paper, moderately thick; this will throw a ſtrong ſteady light down on the book, &c. it will preſerve the eye from the luminous brightneſs and glare of the candle, and not darken the room too much. Here I cannot refrain from obſerving, that the clear white light of Argand's lamps muſt be very prejudical to the ſight; there are purpoſes to which they may be applied with advantage, but then it ſhould be where their light is modified before it reaches the eye.

Theſe propenſities give riſe to a variety of artifices, by which each individual endeavours to hide from himſelf and others, what no artifice can conceal, and which every one can diſcover in all but himſelf; but then, theſe endeavours often contribute to haſten the evils they are meant to conceal. Opticians have daily experience of the truth of theſe obſervations, and they are in no inſtance more fully verified, than in the preference given by many to reading-glaſſes, (under whatever pretext it may be covered,) merely becauſe they think, that the decay of their ſight, and their advances in age, are leſs conſpicuous by uſing a reading-glaſs than ſpectacles.

It is evident, that the axes of the eyes ought not in any caſe to be ſtrained, but that they ſhould be left at liberty to follow the direction they receive from the muſcles of the eye; but this is not the caſe when a reading-glaſs is uſed; for the eyes, in endeavouring to ſee by it, are con-

conſiderably ſtrained, and in a ſhort time much fatigued; but there is another objection to the uſe of reading glaſſes, which ariſes from the unſteadineſs of the hand, and the motion of the head, which occaſion a perpetual motion of the glaſſes, for the eye endeavours to conform itſelf to each change, and this tender organ is thereby kept in continual agitation: to theſe evils we may add, the dazzling glare and irregular reflection from the ſurface of the glaſs, which ſo weaken the eyes, that thoſe who accuſtom themſelves to a reading-glaſs, are in a ſhort time obliged to take to ſpectacles, and to uſe them much older than they otherwiſe would have done.

To this it may be added, that ſpectacles are preferable, not only as more conformable to the nature and action of the eye, but they are alſo more convenient; the ſpace between the face and the object is left open and free, and they are moved inſenſibly by the natural motion of the head; they alſo ſhew objects more clear and more diſtinct than a broad lens, becauſe their glaſſes are thinner, and placed exactly before each eye.

To obviate ſome of theſe inconveniencies, my father contrived a kind of ſubſtitute for ſpectacles, which are convenient for looking at any occaſional object, and not injurious to the eyes. In theſe both eyes are uſed at once, without an effort; by being held near the eyes, the irregular reflections are avoided, and they are at the ſame time rendered ſteady, by the ſlight preſſure of the middle bar at the noſe.

To ſuit a given Eye with proper Spectacles, or to enable a given Eye to ſee diſtinctly at a certain Diſtance.

For this purpoſe, a rule is delivered by optical writers, which, though it is good in theory; is liable to ſeveral exceptions in practice, particularly as by exactly adhering to it, they would generally chooſe glaſſes of too great a magnifying power; but as notwithſtanding this defect, the data it requires may give uſeful information to the optician, for furniſhing glaſſes to thoſe who live in the country, we ſhall inſert it here.

RULE.

To find a convex lens ſuited to a long ſighted eye, multiply the diſtance at which it is deſirable he ſhould ſee with the ſpectacles, and divide the product, by the difference between the two aforeſaid diſtances, the reſult is the focus required.

Thoſe who, uſing ſpectacles, live at a diſtance from town, and think thoſe they have are not accommodated to their ſight, may receive information whether they can be better ſuited or not, by ſending any ſkilful optician the focus of the glaſſes in their ſpectacles, and the diſtance at which with them they can read a ſmall print.

To find the focus of a convex lens, or ſpectacle eye, firſt by the ſun's image, place the lens, ſo that its axis may be toward the ſun; then holding a paper behind it, the burning point or where the ſun's image is ſmalleſt, and where its limb is diſtincteſt, is the focus of the lens, and the diſtance from this point to the lens is the diſtance required.

Secondly, fix a piece of paper on the ſide of a room, exactly facing a window, and remove the lens from this, till the images of the moſt diſtant objects out of doors are diſtinct, then the diſtance between the lens and the paper is the required focal length: the images will be brighter the leſs the quantity of light is admitted into the room, except what is directly oppoſed to the lens.

The foregoing methods are ſufficiently accurate for common ſpectacles and

and reading-glaſſes, but not for lenſes of a long focus.

Of Reading Glasses.

Though the effects of time are the certain and inevitable portion of all, who live to an advanced age, and are neither to be retarded by riches, nor prevented by wiſdom; yet ſuch are the weakneſſes of the human mind, and ſuch the partialities of ſelf-love, that we all endeavour to conceal, from ourſelves and others, the approaches of age; and no one likes to appear as haſtening to that bourne from which none have returned.

Of Spectacles with coloured Glasses.

It may be more difficult to decide upon the merit of ſpectacles with coloured glaſs, than of thoſe with viſuals; yet upon the whole, there is reaſon to think, that they are rather of diſſervice than of any uſe to the eye, and that the grounds upon which it has been ſuppoſed that they would be advantageous to the ſight are weak and fallacious.

Green glaſſes have been recommended on two accounts, firſt, becauſe green is univerſally allowed to be one of the pleaſanteſt colours we look at, and is found to ſtrengthen, comfort and preſerve the ſight; ſecondly, as they are ſuppoſed to weaken the impreſſion of the rays of light on the retina, and therefore to be well adapted to thoſe whoſe eyes are weak and tender.

To the firſt reaſon, it may be ſufficient to anſwer, that though green is a pleaſant colour to look at, it is by no means ſo to look through; for all objects, when viewed through green glaſs, appear of a muddy yellow, tinged by a gloomy green; they are, however, not only unpleaſant, but there are circumſtances attending e uſe of them, which make it highly probable, that they are prejudicial to the ſight, and have not the tendency which is generally attributed to them, of leſſening the action of the rays of light on the eye.

After looking at the ſun for a ſhort time, ſhut your eyes, and you will, for ſome time after they have been ſhut, continue to ſee his image: but its brightneſs will gradually diminiſh, aſſuming, ſucceſſively, colours leſs and leſs bright and lively, being firſt red, afterward yellow, then green, blue, and laſtly, violet; now theſe colours are attributed to the violent agitation excited in the retina, by the rays of light; the re-action and vibrations produce the ſenſation of colour, the ſtrongeſt thoſe of red, the weaker thoſe of yellow, &c. Something very ſimilar to this happens to moſt people, on their firſt wearing green glaſſes, for on taking them off, they generally find white objects tinged with red; a clear and ſufficient proof, that they are not favourable to the eye.

Further, unleſs they are continually wore, the contraſt between the object ſeen through them, and ſeen without them, muſt be diſadvantageous in its effects; as contrary to that uniformity, which we have already obſerved, to be ſo neceſſary to the preſervation of the eyes.

But there is a ſtill greater inconvenience; the eye, by conſtant uſe, ſo habituates itſelf to them, as not to be able to ſee with eaſe in ſpectacles of another colour: now as the eye grows flatter, it wants glaſſes of a greater convexity; but as the convexity increaſes, the green glaſſes become more opake, and thus leſs fit for viſion, affording leaſt aſſiſtance when the eye wants it moſt.

The Retired Citizen; a Character.

Among the many agreeable perſonages whom Dr. Moore intro-

troduces in his admirable work, 'Zeluco,' and which ſerve as a kind of relief to the vicious character of his hero, is Mr. Steele, a young gentleman, whoſe uncle, Mr. Nathanael Transfer, had retired from buſineſs to a villa in the country.—'Mr. Nathanael Transfer,' ſays the doctor, 'had made a large fortune in the city of London, where he was born, and where he lived happily till the age of ſixty five. Mr. Transfer's life may ſurely be called happy, ſince it afforded him the only enjoyments which he was capable of reliſhing; he had the pleaſure of finding his fortune increaſing every year; he had a remarkably good appetite, reliſhed a bottle of old port, and ſlept very ſoundly all night, particularly after a bottle of Burton ale. He might have continued ſome years longer in the ſame ſtate of felicity, and perhaps had been conveyed to the other world in a gentle lethargy, without ſickneſs, like a paſſenger who ſleeps the whole way from Dover to Calais, had it not been for the importunities of a ſet of people who called themſelves his friends; theſe officious perſons were continually diſturbing his tranquillity with ſuch ſpeeches as the following: 'Why ſhould you, Mr. Transfer, continue to live all your life in the city, and follow the drudgery of buſineſs like a poor man who has his fortune to make? It is ſurely time for you to begin and enjoy a little eaſe and pleaſure after ſo much toil and labour. What benefit will accrue to you from your great fortune, if you are determined never to enjoy it? Good God, Mr. Transfer, do you intend to ſlave for ever!—You certainly have already more money than you have any uſe for.'

This laſt aſſertion was unqueſtionably true, although the inference thoſe reaſoners drew from it was falſe. The fourth part of his fortune was a great deal more than Transfer had any uſe for; gathering of pebbles, or accumulating pounds, would have been equally beneficial to him, if he could have taken an equal intereſt in the one occupation as in the other, and if he could have contemplated the one heap with equal ſatisfaction with the other. He had not the ſhadow of a wiſh to ſpend more than he did, nor the leaſt deſire of benefiting any of the human race by the fruits of his labour. But Mr. Transfer's adviſers had forgot the power of habit upon the mind of man. Transfer, like thouſands of others, had begun to accumulate money as the means of enjoying pleaſure at ſome future time; and continued the practice ſo long, that the means became the end—the mere habit of accumulating, and the routine of buſineſs ſecured him from tedium, and became the greateſt enjoyment of which he was ſuſceptible. Not being aware of this himſelf, poor Transfer at laſt yielded to his friends importunity. 'Well, I am determined to be a ſlave no longer; it does not ſignify talking, ſays he, I will begin and *enjoy* without any more loſs of time.'

He wound up his affairs with all poſſible expedition, gave up all connexions in buſineſs at once, bought an eſtate in the country, with a very convenient houſe in good repair upon it, to which he went ſoon after, determined to reſt from his labours, and to take his fill of pleaſure. But he quickly found reſt the moſt laborious thing that he had ever exprienced, and that to have nothing to do, was the moſt fatiguing buſineſs on earth. In the courſe of buſineſs, his occupations followed each other at ſtated times, and in regular ſucceſſion; the hours paſſed imperceptibly without ſeeming tedious, or requiring any effort on his part to make them move faſter. But now he felt them to move heavily and ſluggiſhly, and while he yawned along his ſerpentine walks

and

and fringed parterres, he thought the day would never have an end.

His house was at too great a distance from London for his city friends to go down on a Saturday, and return to town on Monday. His neighbours in the country were ignorant of that circle of ideas which had rolled in his brain with little variation for the last forty years of his life; and he was equally unacquainted with the objects of their contemplations: unless it was their mutual love of port wine and Burton ale, they had hardly a sentiment in common with Mr. Transfer, who was left for many a tedious hour, particularly before dinner, to enjoy rural felicity by himself, or with no other company than a few gods and goddesses which he had bought in Piccadilly, and placed in his garden. 'They talk,' said he to himself, 'of the pleasures of the country, but would to God I had never been persuaded to leave the labours of the city for such woeful pleasures. O Lombard-street! Lombard-street! in an evil hour did I forsake thee for verdant walks and flowery landscapes, and that there tiresome piece of made water. What walk is so agreeable as a walk through the streets of London? what landscape more flowery than those in the print-shops? and what water was ever made by man equal to the Thames? If here I venture to walk but a short way beyond my own fields, I may be wet through by a sudden shower, and exposed to the wind of every quarter, before I get under shelter; but in walking through the streets of London, if it rains, a man can shelter himself under the Piazzas; if the wind is in his face while he walks along one street, he may turn into another; if he is hungry, he can be refreshed at the pastry shops; if tired, he can call a hackney coach; and he is sure of meeting with entertaining company every evening at the club.'

Such were Mr. Transfer's daily reflexions, and he was often tempted to abandon the country for ever, to return to Lombard-street, and reassume his old occupations.

It is probable that he would have yielded to the temptation, had it not been for an acquaintance which he accidentally formed with the earl of ——.

This nobleman, who was very subject to the gout, lived almost constantly in the country. What contributed with his bad health to give him a dislike to the town, was his fixed disapprobation of the public measures at that time carried on, and his indignation at the conduct of his eldest son, who had accepted of a place at court, and voted with administration.

The earl resided therefore ten months in the year at a very noble mansion in the middle of his estate, and at no great distance from the house which Transfer had lately purchased. After the death of the countess, his sister lady Elizabeth, a maiden lady of an excellent character, always presided at his table, with whom miss Warren, the daughter of a navy officer, who had lost his life in the service, resided as a friend and companion.

The earl had often heard of a rich citizen who had bought an estate in his neighbourhood, and the whole country resounded with the style in which he had ornamented his garden, and the peculiar charms of a little snug rotundo which he had just finished on the verge of his ground, and which impended the great London road.

As Mr. Transfer sat one day in this gay fabric, smoking his pipe, and enjoying the dust, the earl passed in his carriage, which, without having observed Mr. Transfer, he ordered to stop, that he might survey the new erection at leisure. The citizen

tizen directly popped his head out at the window, and politely invited his lordſhip to enter, and he would ſhew him not only that room, but alſo the other improvements he had made in his gardens.

My lord accepted the invitation, and was conducted by Mr. Transfer over all this ſcene of taſte. The marks of aſtoniſhment which the former diſplayed at almoſt every thing he beheld, afforded great ſatisfaction to Mr. Transfer; the turn of whoſe converſation, and the ſingular obſervations he made, equally delighted his lordſhip.

'Pray, Mr. Transfer,' ſaid he, pointing to one of the ſtatues which ſtood at the end of the walk, 'what figure is that?'

'That, my lord,' anſwered Tranſfer, 'that there ſtatue I take to be—let me recollect—yes, I take that to be either Venus or Vulcan, but upon my word, I cannot exactly tell which.—Here you, James,'—calling to the gardener; 'is this Venus or Vulcan?

'That is Wenus,' anſwered the man: 'Wulcan is lame of a leg, and ſtands upon one foot in the next alley.'

'Yes, yes; this is Venus, ſure enough,' ſaid Transfer, 'though I was not quite certain at firſt.'

'Perhaps it is not an eaſy matter to diſtinguiſh them,' ſaid the earl.

'Why, they are both made of the ſame metal, my lord,' ſaid Transfer.

'She ought to be bone of his bone, and fleſh of his fleſh,' reſumed the earl, 'for you know Venus was Vulcan's wife, Mr. Transfer.'

'I am bound to believe ſhe was,' replied Transfer, 'ſince your lordſhip ſays ſo.'

'You have ſo many of theſe gods, Mr. Transfer,' ſaid the earl, 'that it is difficult to be maſter of all their private hiſtories.'

'It is ſo, my lord,' ſaid Transfer, 'I was a good while of learning their names,—but I know them all pretty well now.—That there man, in the highland garb, is Mars. And the name of the old fellow with the pitch-fork is Neptune.'

'You are now very perfect indeed, Mr. Transfer,' ſaid the earl.

At his departure, my lord invited Mr. Transfer to dine with him the following day, introduced him to his ſiſter, and was ſo entertained with his converſation and manners, that he viſited him frequently, and often invited him to N —— houſe, where an apartment was kept for him, to which he was made welcome as often as he found himſelf tired of his own home, which, to the earl's great ſatisfaction, was pretty frequently.

Yet even at N —— houſe, Mr. Transfer ſometimes had occaſion to regret Lombard-ſtreet, particularly in the forenoons, and when the weather was bad.

One day, immediately after breakfaſt, when there was no company but Mr Transfer—'It rains ſo furiouſly,' ſaid the earl, 'that there is no driving out. How ſhall we amuſe ourſelves, Mr. Transfer?'

'Why, I ſhould think ſmoking a pipe or two the pleaſanteſt way of paſſing the time in ſuch raw moiſt weather,' ſaid Transfer.

'Yes; that might do pretty well for you and me,' ſaid the earl; 'but as far as I recollect, neither my ſiſter, nor this young lady, ever ſmoke.'

'If that is the caſe,' replied Transfer, 'we muſt think of ſomething elſe more to their taſte, for I ſcorn not to be agreeable to the ladies.'

'Have you got any thing new to read to us, ſiſter?' ſaid the peer.

'That might do for you and me, brother,' ſaid ſhe; 'but perhaps Mr. Transfer never reads.'

'Forgive me, madam,' ſaid Transfer, 'I have no particular averſion to it. I have ſometimes read for half an hour at a ſtretch ſince I have been

ſettled in the country, and I believe I could hold out longer, if I were not ſo apt to fall aſleep.

Some time after this, lady Elizabeth expreſſed her ſurpriſe to Mr. Transfer, that as he was a batchelor, he did not think of having ſome of his female relations to take care of his family, rather than a mercenary houſekeeper.

To this Mr. Transfer replied, that he had been put very early to buſineſs, and not being accuſtomed to his relations, he had never cared much for any of them, except his ſiſter, who had lived with him ſeveral years in Lombard-ſtreet; and as he was then *accoſtomed to her*, he had a good deal of kindneſs for her, but that ſhe had made an ungrateful return for all his kindneſs.

'I am ſorry for that,' ſaid lady Elizabeth, 'but I hope your ſiſter did nothing very bad.'

'Yes, but ſhe did,' reſumed Tranſfer; 'for ſhe actually married, without my approbation, a young man of the name of Steele, with little fortune, and no experience in buſineſs, although ſhe knew that I had a very *warm* man of eſtabliſhed credit in my eye for her, provided ſhe would only have had a little patience.'

'Provided ſhe had liked the man you had in your eye, and provided he had liked her, you mean, Mr. Transfer,' ſaid lady Elizabeth.

'I beg your ladyſhip's forgiveneſs,' ſaid Transfer; 'ſtill ſhe would have ſtood in need of a little patience.'

'Could not they have married when they pleaſed, if they were both willing, and you deſirous of the match?' added ſhe.

'I was moſt deſirous of the match,' replied Transfer; 'but ſtill there was an obſtacle.'

'What obſtacle?' ſaid ſhe.

'The man I had in my eye for my ſiſter had a wife then alive,' anſwered Transfer.

'I confeſs that *was* an obſtacle;' cried lady Elizabeth.

'But ſhe was dying of a conſumption,' added Transfer, 'and I had reaſon to believe that he would propoſe marriage to my ſiſter very ſoon after his wife's death.'

'Did his wife die as he expected?' ſaid lady Elizabeth.

'Yes; that ſhe did,' ſaid Tranſfer; 'but ſhe might as well have lived, for my ſiſter had ſecretly married the other three weeks before.'

'That was unlucky indeed. But what became of your ſiſter and her huſband?'

'I never ſaw my ſiſter from the time of her marriage,' ſaid Transfer, 'till after her huſband became a bankrupt; for he broke within a very few years.'

'Poor man!' cried lady Elizabeth; 'but you ſaw your ſiſter after her misfortune!'

'Yes; I could not help it,' ſaid Transfer, 'for ſhe burſt in upon me, begging that I would engage my credit for re-eſtabliſhing her huſband.'

'Which I hope you did,' ſaid lady Elizabeth.

'As I had refuſed to have any connexion with him, even when he was in ſome credit, your ladyſhip can hardly ſuppoſe that I would begin one after he was quite broken,' ſaid Transfer.

As lady Elizabeth was a little ſhocked at this obſervation, ſhe made no reply. It was not in her power to ſay any thing obliging on this occaſion, and it was not in her nature to ſay any thing harſh:—ſhe only was ſilent. Which the earl, who was preſent, obſerving, 'To be ſure, Mr. Transfer,' ſaid he, 'that is not to be ſuppoſed.'

'But yet,' reſumed Transfer, 'as ſhe was my ſiſter, I told her that if ſhe would give up all connexion with her huſband, I was willing to receive her again into my houſe, and put her child

child out to nurſe at my own expence.'

'That was very fair on your part,' ſaid the earl; 'well, what reply did your ſiſter make to this?'

'Why, ſhe abſolutely refuſed, my lord; which is a pretty clear proof,' continued Mr. Transfer, 'of her loving her huſband, though he was a bankrupt, better than her own brother, of whom there was not the leaſt ſuſpicion to his diſcredit; for which reaſon I turned her away, refuſing poſitively to do any thing for her huſband.'

'Well, what became of them?' ſaid the peer.

'I heard afterward that they were reduced to great diſtreſs.—But what are bankrupts to expect?' continued Transfer; 'and as for my ſiſter, ſhe was not to be pitied, becauſe ſhe might have lived perfectly eaſy both in body and mind in my houſe in Lombard-ſtreet, if ſhe had taken my advice, and abandoned her huſband, and ſent her child to nurſe, or to board in the country.'

'Nothing can be more clear,' ſaid the earl, 'than that you have acted like yourſelf, and have done every thing for your ſiſter that could be expected of you.—But after all, what became of her?'

'A relation of her huſband's happened to die, and left him a ſmall eſtate in Yorkſhire, of five or ſix hundred a year; and as neither he, nor my ſiſter, had any *ambition*, and were afraid of a new bankruptcy if they had ſettled in town; he retired to his ſmall eſtate, where he died a few years ago, leaving no other children but the ſon whom ſhe refuſed to ſend out to nurſe, and who has now arrived at man's eſtate.'

'Whereas,' added the earl, 'if ſhe had followed your advice, and given him out to nurſe, ſhe might probably have had him off her hands long ago.'

'Why, there is no knowing what might have happened,' ſaid Transfer, 'for moſt of thoſe children die before they arrive at the years of diſcretion, which is very well ordered, as they have nothing to live on.'

'Well, but Mr. Transfer,' reſumed the peer, 'do *you* ever intend to marry?'

'No, my lord,' replied he; 'I cannot ſay I do;—as I never was *accuſtomed to a wife*, I am not much inclined to matrimony; for through the whole courſe of my life I have never found any thing agree with me, but what I am accuſtomed to.'

'That is very wiſely obſerved,' ſaid the earl; 'but this young man of courſe will be your heir?'

'Unqueſtionably,' anſwered Transfer; 'the young man never offended me; and as he is my neareſt of kin, I ſhould be ſorry to do an unjuſt thing, and leave my fortune to any other body.—No, no; he ſhall have all at my death, but he muſt wait till then; beſides, it is ſo far lucky that it ſaves my making a will, to which I have always had an averſion; for this young man being my lawful heir, there is no need to employ an attorney to leave him his due.'

ZEMIN, *an Oriental Viſion; from the German.*

ZEMIN lived in thoſe early ages of the world, in thoſe happy times, when men were under no other reſtraint than what the harmony and felicity of ſociety endeared to them. To him had Fortune been laviſh of her gifts. The country in which ſhe had ſeated him, was adorned with unfading verdure and unnumbered flowers. Whole foreſts of cedar and palm trees were his; his flocks grazed in vallies through which

meandered the fertilizing ſtreams; and he enjoyed all the pleaſures of primeval elegance and ſimplicity. It is eaſy to imagine the felicity of Zemin: for who on earth can be unſatisfied with his lot, that attends to the voice of his internal preceptor? But although the youthful Zemin was endued with a benevolent heart and a cheerful diſpoſition, yet the ardour of unreſtrained youth ſoon made him deviate from the path of rectitude, led him into innumerable errors, and excited innumerable deſires. In the happy ſtate he enjoyed he beheld nothing, at laſt, but inſipid uniformity. New ideas and new wiſhes inceſſantly ſucceeded. In ſuch a ſituation what can be done? Bountiful as Nature is, ſhe is yet ever too poor to ſatisfy the expectations of unreaſonable men. But diſguſt itſelf, by leading men to reflection, often frees them from the miſery of unceaſing cravings. One day, as Zemin, fatigued with the reveries of fruitleſs wiſhing, had dropped into a profound ſleep, Azor, the ſpirit to whoſe care the king of the genii has entruſted the whole earth, undertook to reſcue the youth from his deluſion, by the imaginary ſcenes and ideal events of a dream.

In a dream then was Zemin reclined at the foot of a cedar, on the ſummit of a lofty mountain, whence he could ſurvey his poſſeſſions extended far around. But, inſtead of viewing them with delight, he burſt into bitter complaints; when, on a ſudden, his eyes were dazzled with a light ineffably ſplendid. From the ſky deſcended a cloud, variegated with gold and azure, which diffuſed around the moſt exquiſite fragrance. On the cloud appeared a celeſtial form, whoſe benign looks prevented the terror which his ſudden appearance might have excited. It was the benevolent Azor, who, without making himſelf known, ſpoke thus to Zemin: 'What melancholy thoughts diſturb thy peace? Tell me, that I may remove them.'

'My life,' anſwered Zemin, 'is a burden to me: the livelong day preſents for ever one unvaried ſcene. In the ſylvan ſhades and enamelled meadows, I find nothing new: they no longer excite the pleaſure with which I once beheld them. Even the charms of Selima have loſt all their attractions; for ſatiety has long ſucceeded to enjoyment. My heart feels an undeſcribable vacuity. O benevolent genius, for ſuch you appear to be, transform theſe inſipid ſcenes into a country like that which the celeſtial beings inhabit; that in the endleſs variety and voluptuouſneſs of my pleaſures I may enjoy unutterable and undiminiſhed ecſtaſy.'

He had ſcarcely uttered theſe words, when he fainted away at the feet of Azor. The whole country, in an inſtant, aſſumed a new appearance. Nature all around confeſſed the creative power of the celeſtial meſſenger. The tranſlucent ſtreams of Tivoli, the luxuriant woods of Tarentum, and the fragrant bowers in which Venus and Adonis repoſed on a bed of roſes, were imperfect repreſentations of the richly varied beauties of this new Elyſium.

Zemin recovers from his ſwoon, and looks around him with aſtoniſhment. He is ſeated on a bed of violets; the balmy Zephyrs, from ten thouſand flowers, waft fragrance to him. Riſing, he walks through delightful groves, where unwonted harmony inceſſantly ſalutes his ears, and his enraptured eye knows not where to reſt. Thus, after the perils of a tedious voyage, with what ecſtaſy is the worn out mariner filled, when the Canary Iſlands, ſo juſtly ſtyled *the fortunate*, appear unexpectedly to his view: when he ſees yet afar the luxuriant beauties of their hills, and when the land breezes waft to him the delicious redolence of their woods, and

and the melodious notes of their plumy natives.—Zemin is loſt in the exſtaſy of delight and admiration; ſometimes he is all eye; ſometimes he is all ear. On a ſudden, ſeven nymphs, charming as the houris of paradiſe, appear before him. All the beauties of the landſcape now fade in the eyes of the enamoured Zemin. The nymphs flee before him to ſome diſtant thickets. He purſues them with all the ardour of deſire; nor does he long purſue in vain. Who now ſo bleſt at Zemin? Happier than the ſon of Priam, his tranſports are not confined to a ſingle Helen. Seven youthful beauties, each with charms peculiar to herſelf, allure him by turns with all the attractions of variety.

But ſcarcely were eight days ſpent in this dream of rapture, when the moments began to creep ſluggiſhly on. New deſires, more impetuous than the former, now agitated the boſom of the reſtleſs Zemin. Tearing himſelf from the arms of his nymphs, he retired to the embowering ſhades, that he might vent his complaint to the ſolitary echo. 'Unhappy Zemin,' he exclaimed, 'when art thou to enjoy ſerenity and peace? What felicity canſt thou hope for, if the enjoyment of the moſt exquiſite pleaſures is thus ſucceeded by ſatiety and diſguſt? I have certainly miſtaken the objects of deſire. I feel my wiſhes extend beyond the enjoyments of ſenſe. How inglorious is it to ſpend my life thus in indolence and inactivity! My views expand: I feel myſelf formed for nobler purſuits. I am deſtined to vie with the moſt celebrated heroes, and to obtain immortal renown by ways unknown to the voluptuary. I will no longer be impriſoned in a myrtle bower, in an obſcure corner of the earth, unheard of and unknown. Ah? if Azor would once more be propitious! Never till now have I experienced a deſire worthy either of myſelf, or of his applauſe. What can I have left to wiſh, when I ſhall once ſee my territories as boundleſs as my deſires, and my power formidable to my ſubjects? How delightful will it be to conſider myſelf as the lord of mankind, a god upon earth, hurling the thunder with one hand, and diſpenſing bleſſings with the other!'

An inviſible arm, at this inſtant, liſted Zemin up, and bore him ſwiftly through the air. He ſaw before him an extenſive country, interſected with foreſts of lofty cedars. Sea like rivers ruſhed down the mountains, and were diſtributed into innumerable canals, which conveyed all the bleſſings of opulence and plenty throughout the empire. Zemin was ſtruck with the extent and population of the cities, whoſe magnificent turrets roſe in the midſt of fertile plains. 'All theſe,' ſaid the inviſible genius, 'are thine.' The heart of Zemin, exulted, in beholding the vaſt countries, of which he was to become the ſole ruler. When Azor alighted on the earth, Zemin found himſelf at once in the midſt of a venerable aſſembly of ſages and heroes, who, before he could recover from his aſtoniſhment, proclaimed him unanimouſly their ſovereign. He beholds, in a moment, a whole nation proſtrate at his feet, while the air reſounds with acclamations. A troop of warriors conduct the new monarch to a magnificent palace: his ſubjects repair in crowds to kiſs the footſteps of the throne; and innumerable camels bring as preſents, the riches of the provinces, the gold of the iſles, and the fragrant ſpices of Arabia.

Zemin was delighted with the warlike ſound of the trumpet, and all the parade of military pomp. He marches at the head of a fine army, attacks ſome of the princes whoſe dominions border on his own, and defeats them with great ſlaughter. The acclamations of triumph, and the groans

groans of the wounded and dying, are muſic to his ears. Elated by victory, the conqueror haſtens to deluge another nation with blood; and he advances with rapid ſteps from conqueſt to conqueſt. Yet ſtill is Zemin unſatisfied. Although all the nations around him are ſubdued, he is tortured by the reflection, that there ſtill exiſt others, who had not yet experienced the invincible power of his arms. He even forms the wiſh, recorded of another conqueror, who lived many ages after him, that Heaven had created other worlds for him to ſubdue. At length, among the millions of ſlaves who were abject enough to worſhip him, he found a few illuſtrious ſages, who had the magnanimity to recall him to the duties of humanity, by propoſing to him a model for princes in the example of the Deity, who is all powerful only that he may do good. Zemin would not hearken on their counſels. How, indeed, can Wiſdom ſecure the attention of him who is deaf to the eloquence of tears, and to the cries of ſlaughtered innocence? But the downfall of this hero was at hand. A powerful nation, that had long enjoyed the bleſſings of liberty and independence, excited his ambition. Fighting for all that was dear to citizens and men, this heroic nation firſt ſucceſsfully reſiſted his attacks, and at laſt totally defeated him. Zemin, compelled to fly, ſaved himſelf with difficulty from the juſt fury of the victors. The late deified hero perceives at laſt, that he is but a man. After inexpreſſible fatigue, he finds himſelf in the middle of a valley, ſurrounded by lofty mountains, where the ſtillneſs of the place invites him to repoſe. He ſits down by the ſide of a fountain, where ſolitude, and this ſad reverſe of fortune, lead him to ſerious reflection.

'Ah! Zemin,' ſaid he, 'how haſt thou been deceived by viſionary hopes! Whither now are fled thoſe dreams of greatneſs, that made thee imagine thyſelf a god upon earth? Wretch that thou art, in what miſery has thy own folly involved thee! Cruel Azor, didſt thou not know, that my requeſt if granted, would be fatal to me? Ye happy tenants of the foreſt, how freely do you range through your native ſhades, unenſlaved by the paſſions that for ever agitate lordly man! Proud Reaſon cannot beſtow upon him, what ſimple Inſtinct ſo liberally gives to you—the ſweet enjoyment of all the bleſſings of which parental Nature is ſo laviſh!'

At this inſtant, a gaudy butterfly perched on an adjacent flower. A while he beheld it fluttering, with fickle pleaſure, from the roſe to the lily, and from the lily to the roſe. 'Oh! Azor,' exclaimed Zemin, 'twice haſt thou too readily granted me the requeſt that was to be ſo fatal to me. Hear me, for the laſt time, when I aſk what will enſure my felicity. In the low ſtate to which I am reduced, I envy the lot of a contemptible inſect. To the miſery of being maſter of the world, and the ſlave of my own deſires, I now prefer the pleaſure of roving among the beauties of Flora. Transform me then into a butterfly.'—His body inſtantly dwindles into the ſhape of a worm; and four painted wings diſplay their beauty to the ſun. The ſoul of Zemin is aſtoniſhed to find itſelf confined within ſo ſmall a ſpace: but his deſires are now more moderate: they are gratified with more eaſe; and they do not lead him beyond his proper ſphere. The new butterfly, eager to try his wings, leaves the flower, then ſuddenly alights, riſes again, and ventures with caution into an element to which he had never been accuſtomed.—With ecſtaſy he enjoys the ſweet perfumes that are exhaled by a thouſand flowers. But while hovering over their numberleſs beauties,

ties, and declaring his tranſports to them, a cruel enemy to the inſect tribe, a rapacious crow, ſeized him in her bill, to carry him for food to her young.

The fear of death had ſuch an effect on Zemin, that he awoke. He looked around him, and was overjoyed to find, that the danger to which he had been expoſed was but a dream. He finds himſelf in bed, by the ſide of Selima, who never appeared more beautiful than now. Zemin, reflecting on his dream, was aſtoniſhed to find thoſe deſires ſo clearly pictured in it, by which his boſom had been ſo often agitated.—'Yes,' cried he, 'it is ſome benevolent ſpirit, perhaps Azor himſelf, that has deigned to procure for me this inſtructive viſion. His guardian care has performed during ſleep, what could not have been effected while the faculties were awake, and the body had all its influence over the mind. I am convinced, at laſt, that my life has hitherto been nothing but the dream of a ſoul diſordered by error, and in a ſtate of abject ſlavery to the tyranny of the paſſions. What new and nobler thoughts ſpring up in my mind! How little now do all the grandeurs of the world appear! Why have I been ſo long a ſtranger to the truly ſublime views that now elevate my ſoul? O Eternal being, guide my footſteps by the light of thy unerring wiſdom! Already do the miſts of error that veiled thy attractions vaniſh before me. Beauteous Selima, with pleaſure do I return to thee. Henceforth I ſhall conſider my own heart as the only empire I have to govern. Self-command, not the conqueſt of others, ſhall be my duty and delight; for vain and viſionary are all the joys, but thoſe which piety and virtue, temperance and moderation, contentment and a grateful heart, never fail to beſtow. W.

A Remarkable Inſtance of the Force of Habit.

THE celebrated John Erneſt de Biron, Duke of Courland, was the ſon of a goldſmith, and was deſtined by his father for the profeſſion of a notary. Having acquired all the knowledge neceſſary for this employment, he began to be tired of living in a ſmall country town, and reſolved to take the firſt opportunity of quitting it. Baron de Goertz happening to ſtop at that town on account of the unexpected death of his ſecretary, Biron had an opportunity of offering his ſervices to him, and the Baron being taken with his perſon and accompliſhments, carried him along with him to Stockholm, where the knowledge he had of different languages, and his readineſs in reading and copying all kinds of characters, rendered him extremely ſerviceable to his employer. As he had been accuſtomed from his infancy to handle old charters, titles and deeds, moſt of them on parchment, he had contracted a habit of always keeping ſome of them in his mouth while he was writing, and however diſagreeable the taſte may be ſuppoſed, he inſenſibly found great pleaſure in it, as happens to thoſe who accuſtom themſelves to chew tobacco. This habit becoming a ſtrong deſire, he was never without ſome bits of old vellum in his pocket, which he cut properly for chewing, and as his various occupations placed him continually in the midſt of abundance of public writings, he eaſily found enough to gratify this ſingular paſſion.

One day, while employed in the office of Baron de Goertz, upon ſome diſpatches of importance, his appetite for parchment was awakened, and having obſerved a piece quite covered with ſmoke lying on the corner of a table, without far-

ther

ther reflection he put it between his teeth, that he might indulge himſelf in ſucking its delicious juice; but being intent upon his buſineſs, the pleaſure he enjoyed made him forget what he had to fear. After three or four hours application, finding himſelf more at leiſure, he perceived not only that he had the parchment ſtill in his mouth, but that having chewed it ſo long and without mercy, he had reduced it to ſuch a ſtate that it was entirely defaced and disfigured. Having opened it with great eagerneſs to ſee what it contained, he was greatly ſurpriſed and alarmed to diſcover by a few of the characters which had eſcaped the ravage of his teeth, that it was a piece of the utmoſt importance reſpecting Livonia, which was the ſubject of a very warm diſpute between the King of Sweden and the Czar Peter. As ſoon as he found his miſtake, he gave himſelf up for loſt; his imagination could not deviſe any excuſe, and he was plunged into the utmoſt deſpair, when his maſter entered the apartment. The Baron found him with the fatal parchment ſtill in his hand, and thinking that he perceived in his countenance and looks extraordinary ſigns of embarraſſment, curioſity prompted him to enquire into this myſtery: but he was greatly aſtoniſhed, when in caſting his eyes upon the parchment, he diſcovered by ſeveral marks that it was one of the moſt important and neceſſary pieces in his poſſeſſion. The firſt emotions of his paſſion not permitting him to make any enquiry, or to hear the excuſes of his ſecretary, he concluded that Biron had been bribed by the Muſcovite miniſter to betray him; he therefore loaded him with reproaches, and inſtantly ordered him to be conducted to jail.

When Biron was at liberty to reflect upon his misfortune, though he could find nothing that rendered him really guilty, the preſumption againſt him being of ſuch a nature that it could never be conſtrued into a proof, he conceived that his ruin was inevitable, and he thought leſs of vindicating himſelf, than of preparing for his laſt moment. However, as a candid acknowledgment of his fault could not be in the leaſt prejudicial to him, he reſolved to relate the whole affair ſimply, though he had little hopes that his judges would believe him to be ſincere. Four of the moſt venerable ſenators of Stockholm, after reproaching him with his crime, exhorted him to make a full confeſſion of the correſpondence he had kept up with the Muſcovites; but all they could draw from him was an account which he gave with tears in his eyes, of the manner in which he acquired a habit of chewing old parchment. However weak this defence might appear, his ſimple and unaffected air made a ſtrong impreſſion on one of the old ſenators, whoſe experience enabled him to diſtinguiſh the ſigns of innocence and integrity. Examining him with more minuteneſs, he remarked, that while writing his depoſition, and intent upon giving anſwers to the queſtions which were aſked him, he ſtretched out his hand every now and then towards a writing deſk which was upon the table, and drew from it ſeveral ſlips of old parchment with which it was lined, and by a kind of motion that appeared to be habitual, put them into his mouth. This circumſtance made the ſenator conclude, that there was more probability in his relation, and on that account he interrogated him reſpecting his birth, and the force of this habit, and deſired him to mention ſome inſtances of it, and to prove them. Happily for the priſoner, he had in his pockets a great number of ſmall rolls of parch-

parchment, which he inſtantly produced. Their ſhape and their ſmell both agreeing with the idea which he had given of them, the ſenator from being his judge became his defender, and his character being eſtabliſhed by other teſtimonies reſpecting his conduct and connections, Baron de Goertz was among the firſt to ſolicit for his liberty and pardon.

However, whether it was that he feared leſt his weakneſs ſhould again expoſe him to ſome new embarraſſment, or that he was diſguſted with the ſingularity of this adventure, he diſmiſſed him from his ſervice, after rewarding him liberally for what he had done. As there was little probability that a man rejected by the miniſtry in ſo public a manner, would find any opportunity of eſtabliſhing himſelf in Sweden, the unfortunate ſecretary determined to quit it, and retiring to Courland, where his diſgrace was not known, he engaged himſelf with the firſt man of buſineſs that choſe to employ him. Fortune, who ſtill conducted him by the hand, introduced him to the Receiver-general of Mitau, a man fond of pleaſure, and who for ſome time had been looking for an expeditious writer, who might eaſe him of his burden, and take upon him the principal fatigue of his laborious occupation. Finding that Biron was every way ſuited for his purpoſe, he received him as his ſecretary, and in this new employment he diſplayed ſo much ſkill and aſſiduity, that he gained the eſteem and affection of his maſter; but he ſtill retained that fatal habit which had ruined him in Sweden. The Receiver having one day ſettled his accompts, returned with a receipt ſigned by the Duke of Courland; and conſidering it as a thing of the utmoſt importance, eſpecially as his enemies had taken advantage of his turn for gaiety, to accuſe him of diſhoneſty and diſſipation, he delivered it to his ſecretary, enjoining him to lay it up, and to preſerve it with great care.

Though this paper had not thoſe qualities which could excite his old appetite for parchment, nevertheleſs as an interval of ſome years had efaced the remembrance of his former diſgrace, through abſence of mind and the force of habit, he put it between his teeth, which in a little time entirely deſtroyed the Duke's name, in which all the value of the paper conſiſted. The ſecretary was not long in diſcovering his error, but it was too late to repair it. He conceived it to be of greater importance than it really was; and recollecting his adventure at Stockholm, was fully convinced that he was about to be expoſed to the ſame danger. A little reflection, however, enabled him to profit by the paſt. A ſuſpicion of treachery being what he had chiefly to dread, he reſolved to anticipate, by an open confeſſion, any enquiry that his maſter might make, and in the hopes of exciting compaſſion, and of meeting with greater indulgence, he began by relating the unlucky event which had obliged him to leave Sweden.

The Receiver readily comprehending the cauſe of his misfortune, and conſidering it only as a ſubject of laughter, becauſe he was certain of eaſily repairing the loſs, took pleaſure in prolonging a ſcene which appeared to him highly ludicrous. At length, after comforting him by freſh teſtimonies of his confidence, he thought only of purſuing ſuch meaſures with the court as were neceſſary for his own ſecurity, and in the account which he gave the Duke of all the circumſtances of the affair, he did ſo much juſtice to the merit of his ſecretary, that the Duke was inſpired with a deſire of ſeeing him. His figure, and the converſation of a few moments, procured

him the eſteem of that Prince, and this daily increaſing he at length ſucceeded his maſter, by the favor of Anne Ivanowna, his ſpouſe, whoſe favour he had gained by his great ability and talents.*

Rules for Predicting Changes of the Weather, by the Barometer.

Communicate by Mr. W. Jones.

1ſt. THE riſing of the mercury preſages, in general, fair weather, and its falling, foul weather, as rain, ſnow, high winds and ſtorms.

2d. In very hot weather, eſpecially if the wind is ſouth, the falling of the mercury foretells thunder.

3d. In winter the riſing preſages froſt, and in froſty weather, if it falls three or four diviſions, there will follow a thaw; but if it riſes in a continued froſt, ſnow may be expected.

4th. When foul weather happens ſoon after the falling of the mercury, expect but little of it; and the ſame infer, if fair weather ſucceeds ſhortly after its riſe.

5th. When the mercury continues to riſe for two or three days before the foul weather is over, expect a continuance of fair weather to follow.

6th. In fair weather, when the mercury falls much and low, and continues ſo for two or three days before the rain comes, then expect much wet, and probably high winds.

7th. The mercury generally riſes very faſt after great ſtorms of wind, when before it was very low. Dr. Halley mentions that he once obſerved it to riſe an inch and a half in ſix hours, after a long continued ſtorm of ſouth-weſt wind.

8th. The unſettled motion of the mercury indicates uncertain or changeable weather.

The words on the plate are not ſtrictly to be adhered to, though they will in general agree, for the height of the mercury does not ſo much indicate the weather as its motion up and down; to know therefore whether the mercury is actually riſing or falling, obſerve,

1ſt. If the ſurface of the mercury is convex, (ſtanding high in the middle) it is then riſing.

2d. If the ſurface is concave, (ſtanding low in the middle) it is then falling.

3d. If the ſurface is plain, or a little convex, it may be conſidered as ſtationary.

4th. A ſmall ſhake of the tube will ſometimes bring the mercury to its approaching height.

The foregoing rules are chiefly to be depended upon; but the following are not unworthy of regard.

1ſt. The greateſt heights of the mercury are on eaſterly and north-eaſterly winds, and its loweſt ſtations on ſoutherly or weſterly winds.

2d. A continuance of fair weather, the wind being in the north, and the mercury high or riſing, is never ſucceeded by rain till the wind changes ſoutherly.

3d. A continuance of rain from the ſouth, is ſcarce ever ſucceeded by ſettled fair weather, before the wind changes either to the weſt or ſome point of the north.

4th,

* John Erneſt de Biron, or rather Biren, was made Duke of Courland, in 1737, by the intereſt of the Czarina Anne, niece of Peter the Great, and widow of Frederick William, the former Duke. Being a great favourite with that Princeſs, ſhe appointed him at her death, Regent of Ruſſia; but in 1741, he was diſgraced, and condemned to loſe his head. This rigorous ſentence was, however, mitigated, and he was baniſhed into Siberia. In 1762, he was recalled by Peter III and the year following was put in poſſeſſion of his Duchy, Biron died on the 28th of December, 1773, at the age of eighty two.

4th. If the mercury falls when the wind is full ſouth, it ſcarcely ever fails to be a ſign of rain.

5th. If it is going to be cold, froſty, or foggy, it riſes pretty high; but if going to be windy or tempeſtuous, it will then ſink very low, and as ſoon as the firſt ſtorm is over riſe again apace.

The barometer never fails to ſhew the true cauſe of the alterations of the weather, and we are thereby prepared to expect them; but it may ſometimes happen, that the column of mercury will not alter its altitude agreeably to the foregoing rules, for when the atmoſphere is charged with more aqueous matter than it can diſſolve (the atmoſphere is known to be a diſſolvent medium) the ſurplus will form clouds, and theſe produce ſhowers of rain when the mercury ſtands *very high*; and for the contrary reaſon, there may be ſometimes no rain when the mercury is *very low*. Hence it follows, that we are generally ſatisfied by the barometer what weather we may at all times probably expect, though ſometimes the contrary may happen, and a general monitor (to any wiſe man) is better than none at all.

Deſcription of Coalbrookdale, and of the Iron Bridge over the Severn.

THE valley of Coalbrookdale is ſituated in Shropſhire, eaſtward of Wales. It is ſomewhat narrow, and is watered by the river Severn. It is one of the principal places for the manufacture of iron in England. You go to it through Shrewſbury, the capital of Shropſhire; or, by the way of Ludlow, the ancient reſidence of the Princes of Wales, whoſe caſtle ſtill remains there.

After having paſſed over a few hills, that ſingular valley comes all at once into view, from whence, night and day, there ariſe clouds of fire and ſmoke, forming a picture more eaſily imagined than deſcribed. Nothing would be more diſmal than this ſcene, if it did not exhibit the image of induſtry, and conſequently make one conclude the condition of its inhabitants to be comfortable. Vegetation here is feeble and ſcanty, as in all countries where there are mines; there graſs has not that beautiful verdure ſo admired in England, and which is become in ſome degree a mark of the national luxury; for it is incredible to think what ſacrifices are made by the nobility and gentry of England, for the perfecting and keeping in repair the turf of their parks and of their graſs walks. The trees are few in this valley, they are ſtunted in their growth, and bare of leaves; the ground, at every ſtep, preſents fragments of iron and coal, and the dark orifices of the pits dug for the extraction of theſe uſeful minerals. The birds, that animate and enliven country ſcenes, fly from this bleak and barren ſpot; and the moſt comfortleſs ſilence would reign throughout the whole valley, were it not diſturbed by the noiſe of forges, of fire-engines, and of furnaces.

This firſt impreſſion is ſoon effaced by the intereſting ſpectacle of a numerous and hardy race of people, the efforts of whoſe induſtry have been ſo ſucceſsfully employed in taking advantage of thoſe materials which Nature here offers for the uſe of the arts. Houſes are ſeen ſcattered on all hands filled with a prodigious number of workmen, enormous maſſes of iron and of coal, vaſt furnaces, forges continually at work, iron waggons loaded with manufactures of the ſame metal; and, laſtly, the famous *iron bridge* which joins the two banks of the Severn, a monument unique in its kind.

At the extremity of this bridge

ſtands the inn of Coalbrookdale; above which the ground riſes to a great height in the form of a cone; on the ſummit of this eminence an elegant temple has been built in the antique taſte, which forms a very agreeable viſta.

Nature ſeems to have beſtowed on this valley every thing that is neceſſary for the manufacture of iron: the ores of this metal are often contiguous to the coal; they are ſometimes found in alternate ſtrata; limeſtone, which abounds here, is a valuable flux for the melting of the oar; the neighbouring hills furniſh abundance of wood; a rivulet, which falls into the river, is ſufficient for turning the different wheels, and working the different hammers for which there is occaſion; and, laſtly, the river, which has a communication with various canals, facilitates the tranſportation of theſe valuable manufactures.

Coal is ſo abundant in Coalbrookdale, that a ton, weighing two thouſand two hundred pounds, coſt a few years ago only two ſhillings and ſixpence; but the price is now advanced to four ſhillings the ton. Nature, no doubt, has done much for this valley; but what means has Art not fallen upon to profit by her gifts! one cannot ſufficiently admire its reſources. Here we have a full view of the aſtoniſhing effects of thoſe fire, or ſteam-engines that were brought to perfection by Meſſrs Watts and Bolton, by means of which, advantage has been taken of the immenſe power of vapour to operate what no other mechanical force was equal to. The principal improvement, invented by theſe illuſtrious artiſts, conſiſts in making uſe of the action of the ſteam to force down the piſton, which formerly was allowed to ſink by the mere weight of the atmoſphere, while now the force of the ſteam feels no reſiſtance but from the cylinders in which it is contained.

One of theſe ſteam-engines is employed in raiſing the water of the rivulet I mentioned above, to the height of an hundred feet. It is collected into a reſervoir at a ſmall diſtance from its fall; a ſubterraneous canal conducts it back again by a gentle declivity, immediately under the machine, which, by raiſing the water, augments the volume of the rivulet and increaſes it, ſo to ſpeak, at pleaſure, in proportion to the number of wheels it is wanted to turn. The cylinder of this ſteam-engine is 66 inches in diameter: I ſaw one of eight feet in diameter, which was deſtined for the bellows of one of the forges.

At a ſmall diſtance from the houſe is a large furnace in which the ore is melted. This furnace, in the year 1787, had been kept burning for ten years without interruption; a remarkable circumſtance, for theſe furnaces, in general, do not laſt ſo long. The fuſed matter is made to run out twice a-day on a ſtratum of ſand, where it follows the courſe that has been marked out for it, and forms long roads called *Sows*, which the workmen divide into *pigs* before it be quite cooled. The vaſt bellows that maintain this fire make a noiſe which one cannot, without having heard it, form any idea of. They are managed by a ſingle man, who proportions the force of the blaſt to the degree of ſtrength that is meant to be given to the fire. In theſe workhouſes there reigns a ſuffocating heat, which cuſtom enables the workmen to endure cloſe to the furnace, while other people are obliged to remain at a conſiderable diſtance; but the ſtrength of this dazzling fire is equally injurious to the eyes and to the lungs of the workmen, who have generally a weak and broken voice, and a languid appearance.

From this you paſs to the forges, where the melted matter, known by the

the name of *ſows*, is ſubjected to a ſecond proceſs. In this operation it is not reduced to the ſtate of fuſion, but only ſoftened by the action of the fire; and it is then laid below hammers, which are wrought by wheels turned by the rivulet, as the bellows of the furnaces are. By this proceſs the ſows become true malleable iron, and fit for the different purpoſes of the manufacture. It is calculated that in Coalbrookdale there are melted about a thouſand quintals of iron a-day.

This metal is ſo common in the country, that it is employed for all purpoſes; from the huge cylinders of the ſteam engines, to the ſmalleſt kitchen utenſils; ſolid waggons, as well as their wheels, are made of it; large boxes are caſt at-once, and even the tracts on the ground for carriages are made of it. As the ſoil is ſandy, in order to tranſport eaſily the heavy loads of iron-ware, the roads for ten or twelve miles round, are furniſhed with four iron tracts for wheels; two for carriages going from Coalbrookdale, and two for thoſe coming to it; ſo that the waggons which are conſtantly going and coming never interfere. They are all made on the ſame model, the wheels fit the tracks, and roll over them with great eaſe. The expence which ſuch an apparatus muſt have coſt, is ſufficient to ſhew the richneſs of theſe mines.

But nothing can give a higher idea of this, than the *Iron bridge* which joins the two banks of the river. This bridge was undertaken in 1778, and finiſhed in 1780.

It conſiſt of a ſingle arch, entirely made of caſt iron, reſting upon two piers of ſtone. It is 100 feet long, and 24 feet broad, and forms a ſegment of a circle elevated 45 feet above the piers, and 55 feet above the water. Its weight is eſtimated at 500 tons, or 11,000 quintals. The arch is compoſed of five large bars of iron, forming ſegments of a circle; and nine inches by ſix in thickneſs; each of theſe was caſt in two pieces; they are united at the top of the arch, and they are ſupported and made faſt at each ſide by ten ſmall bars of the ſame ſhape, and ſeveral pieces of iron. The croſs-bars, the foot paths, and the cart-road are all of iron.

Such a ſtructure would certainly have been impracticable in any place leſs favoured by nature, and by circumſtances; for it is eaſy to imagine what difficulties muſt have been experienced in caſting ſuch enormous maſſes, all of equal ſtrength, and in connecting, raiſing, and fixing them in a ſolid manner in ſuch a height above a deep river, no leſs than one hundred feet wide. We muſt not omit one circumſtance which is pretty remarkable, that during the whole operation of preparing and conſtructing this bridge, there did not happen the ſmalleſt accident either to the workmen or the work. So much can induſtry atchieve when left to its own energy.

Poetry.

TAM GLEN,

A Scots Ballad.

MY heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
Some counſel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen.

I'm thinkin', wi' ſic a braw fallow,
In poortith I might mak a fen':
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumiller,
Gude day to you, brute, he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his ſiller,
But

But when will he dance like Tam Glen.

My minnie does conſtantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, ſhe ſays, to deceive me,
But wha can think ſae o' Tam Glen.

My daddie ſays, Gin I'll forſake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;
But if its ordeen'd I maun take him,
O, wha will I get but Tam Glen.

Yeſtreen at the Valentines' dealin',
My heart to my mou' gied a ſten;
For thrice I drew ane without failin,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The laſt Halloween I was waukin',
My droukit ſark-ſleeve, as ye ken;
His likeneſs cam up the houſe ſtaukin',
And the vera grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

Your counſel, dear tittie, don't tarry,
I'll gi'e you my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will adviſe me to marry
The lad I loe dearly, Tam Glen.

T. S.

The Humble Petition of Bruar Water,

TO THE

Noble DUKE *of* ATHOLE.

MY LORD, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er aſſails in vain,
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble ſlave complain;
How ſawcy Phœbus' ſcorching beams,
In flaming ſummer pride,
Dry-withering waſte my foamy ſtreams,
And drink my cryſtal tide.

The lightly jumping, glowrin' trouts
That thro' my waters play,
When in their wanton, random ſpouts
They near the margin ſtray;
If, hapleſs chance! they linger lang,
I'm ſcorching up ſae ſhallow,
They're left the whitening ſtanes amang
In gaſping death to wallow.

Laſt day I grat wi' ſpite and teen,
When Poet B—— came by,
That to a Bard I ſhould be ſeen
Wi' half my channel dry:
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was, he ſhor'd me;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, would ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the ſhelvy rocks,
Wi' twiſting ſtrength I rin;
There high my boiling torrent ſmokes,
Wild roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each ſpring and well,
As nature gives them me;
I am, altho' I ſay't myſel',
Worth gaun a mile to ſee.

Would then my noble maſter pleaſe
To grant my higheſt wiſhes,
He'll ſhade my ſtreams wi' tow'ring trees,
And bony ſpreading buſhes;
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And liſten mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The ſober Laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the ſkies aſpire;
The Bairdie, Muſic's youngeſt child,
Shall ſweetly join the choir;
The Blackbird ſtrong, the Lintwhite clear,
The Mavis mild and mellow,
The Robin penſive autumn chear,
With all their locks of yellow.

This too a covert ſhall enſure,
To ſhield them from the ſtorms;
And coward maukins ſleep ſecure,
Low in their graſſy forms:
Here ſhall the ſhepherd make his ſeat
To weave his crown of flowers,

Or

Or find a ſhelt'ring ſafe retreat
From prone-deſcending ſhowers.

And there by ſweet, endearing ſtealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Deſpiſing worlds, with all their wealth,
As empty, idle care:
The flowers ſhall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To ſcreen the dear embrace.

And haply here, at vernal dawn,
Some muſing Bard may ſtay;
And eye the ſmoaking, dewy lawn,
And miſty mountain gray:
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly-daſhing ſtream,
Hoarſe ſwelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs and aſhes cool,
My lowly banks o'erſpread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their ſhadow's wat'ry bed:
Let ſpreading birks, in woodbines dreſt,
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And for the little ſongſter's neſt
The cloſe embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their father's, up to prop
Their honor'd native land;
So may, thro' Albion's fartheſt ken,
To ſocial flowing glaſſes,
The grace be, '*Athole's Honeſt Men,*
And Athole's Bony Laſſes.'

The Rev. Dr ROBERTSON'S *Advice to a Student upon his admiſſion into the Univerſity.*

PENDE laborem magnum nauci,
Your ſtudies mind, and don't be ſaucy;
Superiores reverere,
Of rules and ſtatutes be not weary.
Induſtrius eſto et frugalis,
No taverns haunt, no lounge where ale is;
Lege libros pro natis rebus,
Then drink your coffee, tea, or negus;
Si Socius ſit *Chum* vulgo dict',
Be friendly, and in friendſhip ſtrict:
Judicio meliori dede,
Follow thoſe who know how to lead ye:
Mane prælectiones audi,
Prayers, ſermons,—ſports on days of gaudy:
Poſt prandium ambo ſtudeatis,
But eat no ſuppers if it late is:
Honeſtus ſis, et ſemper idem,
Virtues—ne'er mind thoſe who deride them;
Tandem collegio relicto,
A cure and wife I hope you'll ſtick to:
Profanum corculum vitato,
She'll prove more curl'd than curl'd potatoe:
Sacerdos, bos, ſus, atque fur,
Are coupled juſt like you with her:
Probaque lepida puella,
In green, or blue, pink, red, or yellow:
Certius quam nant in mari piſces,
Will fully anſwer your beſt wiſhes:
Uxorem duc, tunc pace vivas,
And ſons and daughters multiply faſt:
Mors cito pede properat,
Nor anxious be for this or that:
Unum neceſſe ſalvum fac,
Of happineſs you'll have no lack:
Nunc, ſtudioſe vir, valeto,
The greateſt good this is the key to.

The following Lines were found amongſt the papers of an ingenious Gentleman, lately deceaſed.

ONE of thoſe talkers, who themſelves admire—
Strange ſtories tell—and ſay they hate a Liar.
As he was holding forth one day,
Mongſt other things was heard to ſay:
'On Dover beach, (I think 'twas there),

'A

'A friend of mine catch'd a *sea horse*,
'He train'd him up with special care,
'And round his fields would make him course.
'Riding one morn th' amphibious creature,
'Rashly too near the sea he went;
'The marine horse, as 'twas his nature,
'No sooner snuff'd the briny scent
'But in he plung'd with him he bore,
'And ne'er was seen or heard of more.'
'O Sir,' reply'd a stander by,
'As much as you I scorn a lie;
'But trust me, at the time you mention,
'(It is no tale of my invention)
'I was at Calais waiting for a wind,
'When to my great and glad surprise,
'Forth from the waves I saw him rise;
'Beholding my distress, he was so kind
'To mount again, and take me up behind;
'Then jump'd into the deep profound,
'And brought me home both safe and sound.'
The Moral's very easy to apply,—
To shame a Liar tell a greater Lie!

SONNET TO THE VIOLET.

By Miss S. Pearson.

SWEET humble flow'r, that on the pathless hill
Unfolds thy soft leaves to the orient ray,
Or bendest o'er some unfrequented rill,
That bathes thy green stem as it winds away.
There no proud foot shall damp thy velvet bloom,
Or rudely rob thee of thy pensive grace;
There thou may'st oft the evening gale perfume,
When, all thy powers exhausted, 'mongst the reeds
Thou droop'st in solitude thy faded head,
And with thy fragrant sisters of the meads
Find'st a sweet shelter, and a quiet bed,
May I with lovely grace sustain life's toilsome scene,
And die like thee, fair flow'r, amid some vale serene.

SONNET.

Written on a blank leaf of Shakespeare.

BY THE SAME.

SHAKESPEARE, immortal poet! who like thee
Shall pierce the human mind; its springs controul,
To raptures or to anguish whirl the soul,
Bid horror chain, or mirth the senses free:
Oh! who like thee to Fancy's realms shall soar,
Beyond creation's bounds his throne to rear,
Launch on the wilds of space, the lucid sphere,
And o'er th' ideal world sweet musick pour?
None who e'er wandering in Castalia's shades,
With classic warblings woo'd the lovely maids,
By nature bless'd, scorning art's cold commands—
Thy radiance, Shakespeare, still superior glows,
As the bright opal mocks the artists hands,
And from its native rock light's richest tincture throws.

The Trifler No. 51 came too late for this Number.

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

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MEMOIRS of M. DE GRIBEAUVAL.

IN the perſon of JOHN BAPTIST VAQUETTE DE GRIBEAUVAL, France has juſt loſt one of her moſt celebrated men, who, from the high eſteem in which he was held by all Europe, merits a diſtinguiſhed place in the military annals of the eighteenth century. In her preſent ſituation, the loſs of a man who united the moſt valuable qualities of the citizen and the ſoldier, is peculiarly unfortunate. Long diſtinguiſhed as a model by that corps which was proud of having him at their head, the freedom with which he ſpoke his ſentiments would have accorded well with that ſpirit of liberty now dawning on his native country.

M. DE GRIBEAUVAL was born at Amiens, on the 15th of September 1715; in 1732 he entered as a volunteer into the royal regiment of artillery, and in 1735 was made *Officier pointeur**. His inclination to ſtudy induced him to apply himſelf more particularly to the art of mining, and in 1752 he was appointed Captain of the Miners. The ſkill that he had by this time acquired in every part of his profeſſion had given him ſuch a degree of reputation, that M. D'Argenſon, Miniſter of the War Department, made choice of him to collect information reſpecting the artillery of the Pruſſian army, into which the practice of attaching light pieces to regiments of infantry had lately been introduced. This commiſſion M. De Gribeauval executed very ſatisfactorily; and, not contented with fulfilling the object of his journey, alſo brought home an account of the ſtate of the fortifications and frontier towns which he had viſited.

During this journey he had frequent occaſions of ſeeing the King of Pruſſia, to whom he became known. Frederick had adopted Belidor's ſyſtem of mining; M. De Gribeauval preferred a ſyſtem which his genius and ſtudy repreſented to him as ſuperior to the ſphere of compreſſion. One day the King, unable to convince him, ſaid, "Well, I appeal to experience, and if ever an opportunity ſhould offer, I will make you a convert to my opinion in the field." M. De Gribeauval little imagined at that

* The Officer who points the artillery.

that time, that he ſhould ſoon be in a ſituation to anſwer this honourable challenge.

On his return to France, M. De Gribeauval continued his ſervice in the corps of miners, and was made Lieutenant-Colonel in April 1757.

The war of Seven Years being now begun in Germany, the Count De Broglio, on his departure for Vienna, obtained leave from the Court of France to take with him M. De Gribeauval. A few months after their arrival, Field Marſhal Browne being killed at the battle of Prague, the Empreſs Queen choſe General Daun to ſucceed him. The General, who knew what obligations he was under to M. De Gribeauval for this choice, procured him to ſerve in his own army. At this period then he entered into the ſervice of the Empire, as a General, and Commander of the artillery, engineers, and miners.

In this quality he continued in the Auſtrian army from 1757 to 1762, and acquired the greateſt reputation. The operations at the ſiege of Glatz were carried on under his direction, and his judicious conduct facilitated the taking of that important place, the capital of Sileſia.

Amongſt the many events in which his genius and valour were diſplayed, the defence of Schweidnitz, attacked by the King of Pruſſia in perſon, will never be forgotten. Field Marſhal Count De Guaſco, the Commander of that place, had left him entirely maſter of all the operations for its defence. M. De Gribeauval, remembering the challenge given him by Frederick ten years before, exerted himſelf to ſupport his opinion with honour. Twelve days after the commencement of the ſiege, General Tanſien wrote to the King: "I promiſed to render you maſter of Schweidnitz in leſs than twelve days, but I did not know that I ſhould have to do with that devil De Gribeauval, and muſt requeſt twelve days more." In fact, Schweidnitz, the fortifications of which were in a ruinous ſtate, having but a weak garriſon, and carried by the Auſtrians two years before after two days ſiege and an aſſault of four hours, ſeemed to promiſe an eaſy conqueſt. Frederick, however, took upon himſelf the direction of the ſiege, during which he played off four ſpheres of compreſſion without the leaſt ſucceſs. The operations were conducted by the engineer Lefevre; but the precautions taken by M. De Gribeauval, who foreſaw all his ſubterranean attacks, conſtantly rendered them abortive. The King of Pruſſia, aſtoniſhed at a reſiſtance he had little expected, ſtill perſiſted in continuing the ſiege; but at length, having nearly loſt all hopes of ſucceſs, he was on the point of raiſing it, when, ſixty-three days after opening the trenches, a bomb falling on a powder magazine cauſed ſuch an exploſion, that a whole baſtion of fort Javernick was completely deſtroyed. This facilitated the aſſault, and Guaſco capitulated. The King of Pruſſia at firſt refuſed to ſee M. De Gribeauval, who was made a priſoner of war with all the garriſon; but at length he admitted him to his table, loading both him and the governor Guaſco with encomiums.

In 1762 the Empreſs Queen promoted M. De Gribeauval to the rank of Field Marſhal, and beſtowed on him the Grand Croſs of the Order of Maria Thereſa, as a recompence for his ſignal ſervices.

On the concluſion of the peace, the Duke De Choiſeul was deſirous of recalling him to France; but it was not eaſy to offer him an equivalent for the ſituation he held in the Auſtrian dominions. Yet, preferring the ſervice of his country to his own intereſt, he accepted the propoſal that was made to him, and reſigning the dignified rank he poſſeſſed, returned

turned to France to aſſume the poſt of Camp Marſhal.

A few months afterwards he was made Inſpector General of the artillery, and Commander in Chief of the corps of miners. The confidence which he had ſo juſtly obtained facilitated his carrying into execution thoſe uſeful alterations in the Royal corps of artillery, which he had a long time meditated.

In 1764 appeared an ordinance drawn up by M. De Gribeauval, which fixed the proportion of artillery with reſpect to the ſtrength of an army, and aſcertained their duties. The artillery ſchools, hitherto much neglected, ſtood in need of a reform; and we are indebted to him for their being eſtabliſhed on that excellent footing which they ſtill retain. The manufactories of arms, ſmithies, founderies, and every object that came under his inſpection, felt the happy effects of his ſuperintendance; but the moſt important, and that in which his genius moſt diſplayed itſelf, was the department of the arſenals in which the great arms were conſtructed. Before his time every workman executed the pieces allotted him almoſt without any determinate rule; ſo that, from their various manners of working, the different pieces intended for one train of artillery were incapable of being uſed for another. To remedy this inconvenience, M. De Gribeauval cauſed the ſame models, and theſe the beſt in their kind, to be exactly followed in every arſenal throughout the kingdom. Companies of artificers in every branch, under the direction of experienced officers, formed ſimilar workſhops, where their work was executed with the greateſt exactneſs.

When M. De Gribeauval returned from Pruſſia, in 1752, he had formed ſome ſchemes relative to the artillery employed in the field, and his own experience during the war of Seven Years had enabled him to carry them to a certain degree of perfection. He had, however, old prejudices to ſurmount, and much oppoſition to overcome. Yet he ſucceeded in his endeavours to appeaſe the clamours that were raiſed; and every innovation which he propoſed, ſupported by an explanation of its motives, failed not, from its evident utility, of obtaining univerſal approbation. Hence he had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing his new ſyſtem adopted in all its points; nor is there a ſingle branch relating to the artillery, whether for field-ſervice or beſieging, that he did not either reform or make anew.

The character of M. De Gribeauval was not unworthy his genius: frankneſs and ſincerity diſtinguiſhed all his actions; and a noble firmneſs, the native offspring of conſcious rectitude, enabled him to ſupport oppoſition and misfortune with tranquility. The ſtrongeſt trial to which he was ever expoſed was the famous proceſs reſpecting the reform of arms. The prodigious quantity of muſquets condemned furniſhed Ignorance with a pretext for accuſing him; and the motives not being ſufficiently known to the public, it is not to be wondered at that his conduct was blamed by the people. A ſingle inſtance, however, will perhaps ſhew how unjuſtly. When in 1771 he viſited a magazine of arms at Liſle, which were reported to be almoſt all unſerviceable, he ordered ſeveral muſquets to be brought him, that had been ſelected as good from a number of others acknowledged to be uſeleſs. Examining them before ſeveral officers, he pointed out flaws or holes in almoſt every barrel, nor was there a ſingle one without ſome obvious defect. "See now theſe arms," ſaid he, "againſt the condemnation of which ſuch a violent clamour has been raiſed! Was it not neceſſary to reject them, ſince even the beſt are defective?"

The Duke De Choiſeul, informed of the bad ſtate of a great number of muſquets, immediately reſolved to diſpoſe of them at any price, ſince the army could not uſe them without danger; juſtly conſidering, that it was better, for the money they would fetch, to procure a leſs number, that might be uſed with ſafety.

This happened before the Council of War was even talked of; and had it been more publicly known, thoſe ſuſpicions, which afterwards aroſe ſo high, had probably never exiſted.

Four or five years before his deceaſe, the health of M. De Gribeauval was conſiderably impaired, and the ſevere fits of the gout which he experienced, compelled him to a more ſedentary life. Yet his zeal for the ſervice was by no means abated, and from his cloſet he continued to ſuperintend his corps with the moſt exact attention to the minuteſt points. At length his end approached, but the acuteſt pains were unable to ſubdue his courage and philoſophy. He employed himſelf during intervals, when his diſeaſe permitted him, in regulations for the artillery, and attention to the future welfare of his nephews. "I wiſh but for a fortnight's health," ſaid he, "to put into writing the plan I could wiſh to be purſued after my deceaſe; but the preſent Miniſter knows and values the conſtitution of the Royal corps; he eſteems, he loves us, and I can rely on him."

After ſuffering a painful malady for two months, during which a continual difficulty of breathing had not once permitted him to lie down, he died, on the 9th of May 1789, univerſally eſteemed, and ſincerely regretted by the corps of which he was truly the father.

An Account of Miſs Dorothy Schlozer, a celebrated learned Lady in his Majeſty's Hanoverian Dominions; who was thought worthy of the higheſt Academical Honours in the Univerſity of Gottingen at the Grand Jubilee in the year 1787.

DOROTHY SCHLOZER is the daughter of Auguſtus Lewis Schlozer, profeſſor of philoſophy in the univerſity of Gottingen, and well known as an able politician and hiſtorian. She was born Auguſt 10, 1770, and in her earlieſt years diſcovered an uncommon ſhare of underſtanding, which has been ſince improved by extraordinary application. Her father, encouraged perhaps by the ſucceſs he met with in the care of the education of his preſent lady, whom he inſtructed when only eight years old, has had the ſole direction of her ſtudies. The progreſs ſhe made in her infancy was very rapid. She ſoon learned to articulate, and at the age of two years and eight months was taught Low German, a language almoſt foreign to her own, and plain needle work. Soon afterwards ſhe began French, not by burthening her infant-mind with grammar rules, but by habituating her to converſe with a female ſervant, a native of France, whom her mother engaged for that purpoſe. In her fifth year ſhe was taught to read German in its preſent purity, by books compoſed for her amuſement by her father; ſuch as deſcriptions of her excurſions in the country, &c. by which her memory was refreſhed by objects which the idea of the pleaſure ſhe had before derived from them rendered intereſting. When ſhe was only five years and a quarter old, ſhe received ſome leſſons in geometry. This was deviating from the uſual way of commencing with arithmetic; but her father wiſhed to try the experiment, and ſucceeded ſo well, that in a fortnight's time, before ſhe had received ten leſſons, ſhe was able to anſwer very difficult queſtions. Her progreſs in the acquirement of modern lan-

languages was really aſtoniſhing. She ſoon learned both to read and ſpeak Engliſh, Italian, Swediſh, and Dutch. Her knowledge of the Italian was conſiderably promoted by a journey which ſhe undertook in her twelfth year with her father to Rome. She was not ſufficiently acquainted with the language at firſt to converſe fluently; but this difficulty was ſoon vanquiſhed; for the profeſſor obliged her at all the inns on the road to talk with the people of the houſe, or play with the children.—This compulſion, ſhe confeſſes, coſt her many a tear, as ſhe could not bear to hear her playmates ridicule her pronunciation; but the advantage ſhe derived amply compenſated, for in leſs than five months ſhe was able to talk Italian as fluently as her native tongue; and on her return through Swiſſerland and Straſbourg ſhe had the ſame opportunity of ſpeaking French. Before ſhe was twelve years old ſhe began to learn Latin; and, about a year and a half afterwards, the rudiments of Greek. She may now juſtly be called a good claſſical ſcholar. She has read the beſt authors; and ſome of her Latin verſes are ſuch as would not diſgrace a prize poem at a public ſchool in England.—Beſides her knowledge of languages, ſhe has applied them to their proper uſe, and made herſelf acquainted with almoſt every branch of polite literature. Her father has not confined her to the ſtudy of any ſcience in particular, but ſhe has been led by choice to pay the greateſt attention to mathematicks.—Miſs Schlozer is perhaps the firſt lady who has made any great proficiency in mineralogy. In this ſhe was at firſt inſtructed by the ingenious profeſſor Gmelin; and afterwards applied herſelf to it with unwearied induſtry during a reſidence of ſix weeks in the Hartz Foreſt, where ſhe viſited the deepeſt mines in the common habit of a labourer, and examined the whole proceſs of the work.

It might be naturally ſuppoſed, that ſo ſcientific a lady would be pedantic in her manner, ſlovenly in her dreſs, in ſhort, above attending to what are uſually eſteemed accompliſhments in the humbler walks of life; that though ſhe may be ſkilled perhaps in the art of cookery of Apicius, ſhe is ignorant of the duties of domeſtic life, and, inſtead of conforming to the modern taſte in dreſs, attires herſelf in imitation of ſome antique ſtatue: Miſs Schlozer is quite the reverſe. Though celebrated for her erudition, ſhe does not neglect what are eſteemed the firſt female accompliſhments. She plays upon the harpſichord, and ſings with as much taſte as ſhe draws and works. Her perſon is pleaſing, and her dreſs as unaffectedly eaſy as her deportment. Her knowledge of hiſtory, and other literary acquirements, render her very agreeable in company, for ſhe has too much good-nature to be reſerved, and too much ſenſe to be preſuming. She rides remarkably well; and at the balls, where ſhe is ſeldom abſent, the gentlemen of the univerſity are always ambitious of her hands. Her ſurpriſing talents and accompliments becoming the general topic of converſation, ſhe was propoſed by the great Orientaliſt Michaelis as a proper ſubject for academical honours. The philoſophical faculty, of which Profeſſor Michaelis is dean, was judged to be the fitteſt, and the 25th of Auguſt was fixed upon, at her own requeſt, for her examination. Public diſputation, and other univerſity exerciſes unſuited to female diffidence, were agreed to be diſpenſed with; and the examination was held at the dean's houſe, in the preſence of profeſſors Kaeſtner, Neyne, Gatterer, Meiſter, Feder, and Kulenkamp. She was introduced by Michaelis himſelf, and diſtinguiſhed as a lady with the higheſt ſeat. Several queſtions were firſt propoſed to her in mathematicks, all of which ſhe anſwered to their ſatis-

ſatisfaction. After this ſhe gave a free tranſlation of the thirty-ſeventh Ode of the firſt book of Horace, and explained it.—She was then examined in mineralogy, and gave a regular account of the proceſs of the metal, from its diſcovery in the mine till it is refined and coined.—Her calculations were always juſt, and founded not on a ſuperficial but a thorough knowledge of the ſubject. One of the Profeſſors propoſed a difficult queſtion in architecture. She acknowledged that ſhe had not made architecture her ſtudy, but anſwered him with great accuracy, and produced inſtances of what ſhe aſſerted from St Peter's at Rome and the buildings ſhe had obſerved at Florence.——The examination laſted from five o'clock till half paſt ſeven, when ſhe was deſired to withdraw for a few minutes, and in her abſence unanimouſly pronounced worthy of the degree of Doctor of Philoſophy.—When ſhe was deſired to return, and received the congratulations of her examiners, ſhe thanked them for the honour, and told them, that ſhe feared it was conferred too early; but that ſhe hoped to be deſerving of it in five years time.—As ſoon as ſhe was declared ſucceſsful, Miſs Michaelis, one of the Profeſſor's daughters, preſented her with a wreath of laurel, with which, at the requeſt of the Profeſſors, ſhe returned crowned to her father. By her father's deſire, ſhe was dreſſed in the habit of a bride; and though now devoted to literature, it is to be hoped, for the good of ſome deſerving man, ſhe will one day or other again appear in the ſame character to as great advantage. Her degree was publickly conferred in the Univerſity church: and her diploma preſented to her on the grand day of the jubilee, Sept. 17, 1787.——She is now in her twentieth year, and continues not only a pattern of reſpectable erudition, but of every amiable accompliſhment.

On Mental Pleaſures, and the Advantages of Retirement. By Mr Zimmerman.*

MEN of exalted minds have always, amidſt the buſtle of the gay world, and even in the brilliant career of heroiſm, retained a taſte for mental pleaſures. When engaged in the moſt important affairs, notwithſtanding the many objects that employed their attention, they were ſtill faithful to the Muſes, and peruſed with delight the works of the ſublimeſt geniuſes. They were not of opinion that a great man has no occaſion for reading or knowledge; nor were they aſhamed even to become writers ſometimes themſelves. When Philip, King of Macedonia, invited Dionyſius the younger to dine with him, at Corinth, he began to ridicule the father of that Prince, becauſe he had been both a Sovereign and a poet, and had com-

* From "Solitude, conſidered as it influences the Mind and the Heart," by Mr Zimmerman, Aulic Counſellor and Phyſician to his Britannic Majeſty at Hanover. This work is highly eſteemed in Germany; and the author received for it a public mark of approbation from the preſent Empreſs of Ruſſia. On the 26th of January, 1785, a courier, ſent by the Ruſſian Envoy at Hamburgh, brought Mr Zimmerman a ſmall box from her Imperial Majeſty, containing a ring richly ſet with diamonds, and a gold medal, having on one ſide a figure of the Empreſs, and on the other the date of the happy reformation of the Ruſſian empire; with a note, written by her own hand, in which were the following words: "To Mr Zimmer-" man, Counſellor of State, and " phyſician to his Britannic Majeſty, " to thank him for the excellent " precepts which he has given to " mankind in his book on Solitude."

poſed

poſed odes and tragedies. "When," ſaid Philip, "could your father find "leiſure to write all theſe trifles?" —"In thoſe hours," replied Dionyſius, "which you and I ſpend in "drunkenneſs and amuſements."

Alexander was remarkably fond of reading. Whilſt he was filling the world with the fame of his victories, marking his progreſs by blood and ſlaughter, marching over ſmoking towns and ravaged provinces, and though hurried on by freſh ardor to new victories, he found the time hang heavy upon him in Aſia, becauſe he had no books. He therefore wrote to Harpalus to ſend him the works of Philiſtus, ſeveral of the tragedies of Euripides, Sophocles, and Eſchylus, and the Dithyrambics of Thaleſtes.

In Pompey's army, Brutus, the avenger of the liberty of Rome, ſpent among books all thoſe moments which he could ſpare from the duties of his office. He not only read and wrote when the army was at reſt, but even the night before the celebrated battle of Pharſalia, which was about to decide the empire of the univerſe. It happened then to be the middle of ſummer, the weather was exceedingly hot, and the army was encamped in a marſhy plain, the ſervants who carried his tent were long in arriving, and, as he was extremely tired, he bathed whilſt he was waiting for them, and made his body to be rubbed with oil about noon. After taking a little refreſhment, whilſt the reſt were loſt in ſleep, or forming conjectures concerning the event of the next day, Brutus was buſy in his tent, and employed even till night in making an extract from Polybius.

No one was better acquainted with mental pleaſures than Cicero, who ſays, in his oration for Archias, "Why ſhould I bluſh on account of "theſe pleaſures, ſince for ſo many "years they have never prevented "me from relieving the wants of "others, or deprived me of the cou-"rage to attack vice, and to defend "virtue? Who can, or dare reproach "me with conſecrating to the muſes "and to learning, that time which "others employ in trifling amuſe-"ments, ſhews and entertainments; "which they waſte in gaming and "gluttony, or devote to idleneſs and "pleaſure?"

Full of the ſame ſpirit, Pliny the elder employed every moment of his life. While at his meals he made ſome one read to him; and, when he travelled, he had always a book and conveniencies for writing along with him. Of every thing that he read he made extracts; by this application he wiſhed to double his exiſtence, and he thought that he did not live while he ſlept.

Pliny the younger read wherever he could; when hunting, at table, in his walks, and whenever his affairs would permit him. He, indeed, laid it down as a rule to prefer his duty to thoſe occupations which were merely amuſements; and it was for this reaſon that he was always ſo much inclined to ſolitude and repoſe. "Shall I never break," ſaid he, "thoſe chains which retain me? Are "they indiſſoluble? No, I dare not "hope for ſuch an event. Every "day adds new torments to the for-"mer. Scarcely is an affair finiſh-"ed, when a new one ſtarts up, and "my oppreſſive chain becomes every "moment longer and heavier!"

Petrarch was always low-ſpirited when he did not read or write, or at leaſt when he did not indulge in poetic dreams, near limpid rills, mountains, and rocks, or in valleys enamelled with flowers. That he might not loſe time when he travelled, he wrote in all the inns where he ſtopped. One of his friends, the biſhop of Cavaillon, fearing that the ardour with which

which he read and wrote at Vaucluſe, would entirely deſtroy his health, already greatly deranged, begged him one day to give him the key of his library. Petrarch conſented, not knowing what he was going to do with it; but the good biſhop locked up his books and his writing deſk, telling him, that he forbade him to read or write for ten days. Petrarch obeyed, though with the greateſt reluctance; but the firſt day appeared to him to be longer than a year; the ſecond he had a head-ach from morning to night; and the third he found himſelf in the morning very feveriſh. The good biſhop, touched with his condition, reſtored to him his key, and, at the ſame time, his health and his ſpirits.

The late Earl of Chatham, as I have been informed by his own nephew, my intimate friend, was, in his youth, cornet in a regiment of dragoons which were quartered in a ſmall town in England. While here he diſcharged his duty with the utmoſt attention, but, during the reſt of his time, he remained alone, neither paying nor receiving viſits; and employed himſelf in reading the moſt celebrated authors of antiquity, both Greek and Roman. In his manner of living he was exceedingly temperate, becauſe he wiſhed to eradicate an hereditary gout, by which he was attacked at a very early period of life. His feeble ſtate of health made him, perhaps, fond of retirement; but it was certainly in ſolitude that he laid the foundations of that glory which he afterwards acquired.

Perhaps I ſhall be told, that men ſuch as theſe great characters of antiquity are no longer to be found. I am, however, of opinion, that there is not the leaſt foundation for ſpeaking or thinking in this manner. Was Chatham in greatneſs inferior to a Roman? Will his ſon, who, when yet a youth, thundered forth in the ſenate like Demoſthenes, and like Pericles rivetted the attention of thoſe who heard him, and who now, when little more than thirty years of age, makes himſelf be feared and reſpected as the Prime Miniſter of England, ever think or act with leſs dignity than his father? What men have once been they may always be. Greece or Rome never had on their thrones, or at the head of their armies, a great man whoſe equal may not be found at preſent in Europe. Wherever there is a deſire for it, wiſdom and virtue profit, at court as well as in private life; in the palace of kings, equally as in the cottage. Wiſe ſolitude is never ſo reſpectable as in a palace; there, in profound tranquility, may one weigh the moſt important affairs, live calmly, happily, and contented, when one does, without oſtentation, whatever duty requires, and when one knows how to avoid the contagion of frivolous and weak minds. One may acquire inſtruction everywhere, and at all times, and if one cannot return and begin a new career, one may at leaſt employ properly that time which remains, unleſs the man who has it in his power to diſplay the lamp of truth chooſes rather to be ſatisfied with the feeble light of the glow-worm.

Solitude, at the laſt, will render us ſuperior to all the changes and miſeries of life. He who cannot find happineſs in riches, pleaſures, and grandeur, may, with a book in his hand, forget all his care under the friendly ſhade of every tree. In ſolitude he enjoys a pleaſure much more exquiſite and varied, pleaſure always lively, and always renewed. In his cloſet his mind acquires a freſh ſtrength. Exerciſing it gives him a much more agreeable ſenſation of his exiſtence, and of what he may become ſome day if he chooſes. If his views are great, and his inclinations pure, his pleaſures in ſolitude become

come ſtill greater, and he learns more and more to dread the poiſon offered to him by flatterers, and more and more to deſpiſe idle and frivolous amuſements.

He who ſhuns mankind to gain their love and eſteem, he who riſes with the ſun to converſe with the dead, is doubtleſs not booted at the break of day. His horſes remain in the ſtable, and his door is ſhut againſt the idler; but he ſtudies men and mankind without ever loſing ſight of the world. Whatever he has ſeen or learned, is reviewed. Every obſervation he has made in life, either confirms a truth, or refutes a prejudice. Every thing is there unveiled, ſtripped of its falſe ſplendour, and exhibited in its natural ſtate. Truth, in the ordinary commerce of the world, walks always under a veil, but here ſhe ſhews herſelf naked. Ah! How happy is that man who has attained to a ſituation in which he is not under the neceſſity of telling lies!

Theſe pleaſures of ſolitude are not incompatible with our duty to the public, for they themſelves are the nobleſt exerciſes in which we can employ our faculties for the good of mankind. Where can it be accounted culpable to honour and adore truth, and to be fond of ſpeaking it? Would it be a crime to have the boldneſs ſometimes to declare publicly what an ordinary man cannot do without trembling, and to prefer a generous liberty to continual ſlavery? Is it not by the channel of writers that truth is diffuſed among the people, and diſplayed before the eyes of the great? Do not good authors inſpire mankind with the conrage to think, and is not liberty of thinking the cauſe of the progreſs and improvement of reaſon? It is preciſely for this that men live in ſolitude: to throw aſide their chains that they wore in the world; and it is for this, that he who think in ſolitude, ſpeaks boldly what in ſociety he would not hazard but with precaution. Timidity never makes its way into ſolitude. He who is not afraid of retiring under his peaceful ſhades, is never accuſtomed to ſtoop to the pride and inſolence of the great, but with boldneſs tears from their deſpotiſm the maſk which covers it.

Solitude procures ſublime pleaſures which never fade, at leaſt, if the ſoul does not inhabit a body entirely decayed. Theſe pleaſures give ſerenity in every ſituation of life, afford conſolation in all misfortunes, are never exhauſted, and become at length as neceſſary to our happineſs, as trifling to the debauched man of the world, who is continually running from door to door in queſt of contemptible joys which he never finds. Cicero, ſpeaking of theſe pleaſures of the mind, ſays, "They "improve our youth, delight us in "our old age, and increaſe our happineſs. In adverſity they are our "conſolation and reſource; they re-"create us at home; are no burden "to us when abroad, they ſhorten "our nights, and accompany us in "our journeys, and when we retire "into the country." "The Belles "Letters," ſays Pliny the younger, "are my delight and comfort, I "know nothing more agreeable, and "there is no misfortune which they "cannot alleviate. In the affliction "which I feel for the ſufferings of "my wife, and the ſickneſs, and "ſometimes death of my ſervants, "I find no relief but in my ſtudies. "Though in my cloſet I am ſenſible "of the magnitude of my evils, they "however become more ſupport-"able."

Solitude alone is the channel thro' which every thing flows that men conceal in the ordinary commerce of life. There one may comfort the heart, if one can, and chooſes to

write. We, indeed, do not always write when we are alone; but we muſt be alone if we wiſh to write. He who is deſirous of philoſophiſing, or compoſing a poem, muſt have his mind free from embarraſſment; he muſt not hear his children crying every moment at the door, nor muſt his ſervants appear twenty times in a morning before him to preſent him with as many cards. In ſhort, he muſt be left alone. He muſt follow all the efforts of his imagination, and whether in the open air, or in his cloſet, whether ſtretched on a ſopha, or under the cool ſhade of a ſpreading tree, he muſt be at liberty to change his ſituation, when and as often as he chooſes. To write with advantage he muſt feel in his ſoul an irreſiſtible deſire, and be able to indulge his taſte and ardour, without impediment or conſtraint. If all theſe advantages are not united, one will be continually interrupted, and reduced to the neceſſity of remaining inactive, waiting for the impulſe of genius. Without this impulſe an author can never write well, and unleſs he watches for thoſe fortunate moments when the head is diſengaged and the imagination warm. He muſt be revived by chearful proſpects, animated by the nobleſt ſentiments, and by a contempt for every obſtacle. His efforts will then be attended with ſucceſs, and thoughts and ſuitable expreſſions will flow ſpontaneouſly from his pen.

Petrarch felt this internal impulſe when he tore himſelf from Avignon, the moſt vicious and corrupted city of his time, to which the Pope had transferred the papal chair. Though honoured with the protection of the Holy Father, of Princes, and of Cardinals, ſtill young and full of noble ardour, he exiled himſelf from that brilliant court, and retired to the famous ſolitude of Vaucluſe, at the diſtance of ſix leagues, where he had only one ſervant to attend him, and poſſeſſed only a ſmall houſe and a little garden. It was there that he finiſhed all thoſe works which he had before only ſketched out. Petrarch wrote more at Vaucluſe than at all the other places where he had reſided, but he there continually poliſhed his works, and was a long time before he could reſolve to publiſh them. Virgil calls the leiſure which he enjoyed at Naples, ignoble and obſcure, but it was there that he wrote his Georgics, the moſt perfect of his productions, and that which ſhews in almoſt every line that he wrote for immortality.

Every great and excellent writer has this noble view, and caſts his eye with enthuſiaſm towards poſterity. He who is inferior, requires a more moderate recompenſe, and ſometimes obtains what he ſeeks for; but they muſt both ſeparate from the world, haunt the cool ſhades of the groves, and retire, as it were, within themſelves. Whatever, therefore, they do or accompliſh, is the effect of ſolitude; the love of which muſt engage their whole ſoul, if they are deſirous of writing any thing to reach future ages, or that may be worthy the notice of contemporary ſages. Every thing that can be done by profound thinking, is due to ſolitude; one there reviews and arranges whatever in the world has made an impreſſion upon him, and there he ſharpens his weapons againſt old prejudices and ſtupid opinions. The faults of mankind ſtrike the moral writer, and the deſire of correcting them actuates his ſoul, as much as the deſire of pleaſing actuates that of others. The deſire of immortality, however, is the laſt which a writer ought to indulge. No one needs attempt it if he has not the genius of a Bacon, if he cannot write as well as Voltaire and Rouſſeau, and if he is not able like them to produce maſter-pieces worthy of being handed

handed down to poſterity. Such as theſe alone can ſay, we find ourſelves animated by the ſweet conſoling thought that we ſhall be ſpoken of when mouldering into duſt, and by that approbation from the mouths of our contemporaries, which makes us divine what will be ſaid of us hereafter by mankind, to whoſe inſtruction and happineſs we have devoted our labours; and whom we have loved and eſteemed, though not yet in being. We feel within us thoſe ſeeds of emulation, which incite us to reſcue from death our better part, and which ſecure from oblivion the happieſt moments of our exiſtence.

By the feeble light of the lamp, as well as on the throne or in the field of battle, the deſire of glory produces actions, the remembrance of which dies not with us, nor deſcends with us to the tomb. The meridian of life becomes then as brilliant as its morning. "The praiſe," ſays Plutarch, "beſtowed upon great and exalted minds, only ſpurs on and "aroufes their emulation. Like a "rapid torrent, the glory already acquired hurries them irreſiſtibly on "to every thing that is grand and "noble. They never conſider themſelves as ſufficiently rewarded. Their "preceding actions are only a pledge "of what may be expected from them, "and they would bluſh not to live "faithful to their glory, and to render it ſtill more illuſtrious by the "moſt ſplendid deeds."

He who is diſguſted with blind adulation, or inſipid compliments, will feel his heart warmed, when he hears with what enthuſiaſm Cicero ſays, "Why ſhould we diſſemble what it "is impoſſible for us to conceal? "Why ſhould we not rather be proud "of confeſſing candidly, that we all "aſpire at glory; that this inclination is ſtrongeſt in the nobleſt "minds? The Philoſophers themſelves, who write on the contempt "of glory, prefix their names to their "works, and by this prove, that however they may inculcate ſuch maxims they themſelves, wiſh to be ſpoken of and praiſed. Virtue requires no other recompence for all "the labours which it undertakes, "and all the dangers to which it expoſes itſelf. What would remain "to it in this ſhort and miſerable "life, were it deprived of this flattering reward? Had not the ſoul a "foretaſte of futurity, did it not extend its thought beyond the narrow limits of this world, men would "never undertake ſuch painful labours, ſubject themſelves to ſo many cares, or ſo often expoſe their "lives to danger. But the moſt virtuous men have within them a noble "and irreſiſtible deſire, which, night "and day, hurries them on to glory, "and prompts them not to abandon "entirely to the preſent generation "the memory of their name, but to "tranſmit it to the lateſt poſterity. "Would we who ſerve the ſtate, who "every day expoſe ourſelves to dangers for it, paſs our whole lives "without a ſingle moment of eaſe, "and barely believe that life puts an "end to the ſcene? When ſo many "great men have taken care to leave "to poſterity the repreſentation of "their features in marble or braſs, "ought we not rather to wiſh to "leave a true picture of our hearts "and minds? As for me, in every "thing I have done, I believed that "I was ſowing for poſterity, and diffuſing throughout the univerſe the "eternal remembrance of my name. "Whether after death I ſhall be ſenſible of my glory, is of little importance, but I at preſent enjoy that "flattering hope."

This is the true enthuſiaſm with which we ought to endeavour to inſpire the children of the great. Were any one happy enough to kindle up that generous flame in their young

hearts, and to accuſtom them to continued application, how ſhould we then ſee them ſhun the pernicious pleaſures of youth, and enter with dignity the career of heroes! What actions might we not then hope from them, what glory and what knowledge? To exalt the minds of the great, it is ſufficient to inſpire them with an averſion for every thing that is mean, and with a diſtaſte for every thing that unnerves the ſoul and the body; to remove from them thoſe vile and contemptible flatterers, who talk of nothing but the pleaſures of ſenſe, and who ſeek to acquire intereſt and fortune only, by leading them into crimes, by vilifying before them every thing that is great, and by rendering them ſuſpicious of every thing that is good. The deſire of enlarging one's glory by noble deeds, and of increaſing one's credit by internal dignity and greatneſs of ſoul, has advantages which neither birth nor rank can beſtow, and which cannot be acquired even on the throne, without virtue, and without having one's eyes continually fixed on poſterity.

The Miſeries of going Abroad in queſt of Fortune:—A Grecian *Tale.*

WHEN ancient Greece was advancing rapidly to the ſummit of glory, and before the Peloponeſian war had yet exhauſted its vigour, in the territory of Attica lived Evagoras the ſon of Conon. In his youth he had ſignalized his valour at Salamis and Platæa, and, when peace was re-eſtabliſhed by the defeat of the Perſian forces, he retired to a ſmall paternal eſtate near the village of Eleuſis, reſolved to ſpend the reſt of his life in rural labour, and the education of his children. He had three ſons, Nearchus, Memnon, and Eurybiades, whom he hoped to form, by the models of their anceſtors, virtuous, and uſeful, and happy members of the community. At an early age he communicated to them the leſſons of Prodicus, whoſe narrative of the choice of Hercules had made his name famous among the philoſophers; he taught them to repeat and admire the rhapſodies of Homer, whoſe poems, lately collected by Piſiſtratus, had then begun to animate and delight the Grecian youth; he contraſted with the exploits of Achilles and Hector the deeds of his countrymen at Marathon and Platæa; and he never omitted to carry them to the Olympic, Iſthmian, and the Nemean games, where they ſaw the meed of honour beſtowed on the exertions of genius and virtue. Thus educated, the ſons of Evagoras were ſoon diſtinguiſhed for their growing attainments, and promiſed amply to repay the labours of their careful and anxious father. But along with their acquiſitions, they began to imbibe an ambitious deſire of pre-eminence, a reſtleſs ſpirit of enterpriſe, and a contempt of the confined exertions of their countrymen. The narrow ſphere of action, which Attica afforded, appeared unworthy of their talents, and an ardent wiſh for the ſpeedy enjoyment of wealth and honours, incited by the examples of their neighbours, who had ſuddenly riſen from obſcurity to affluence, determined all the three to relinquiſh the humble occupations of an Athenian life, in order to ſeek, in a foreign country, means of riſing in the world more rapid and ſplendid. Evagoras, though he felt ſome reluctance to part with them all, yet ſoon became reconciled to the propoſal, in the hopes of finding his preſent grief by-and-by overpaid in the joy he would experience on their honourable return. The young men accordingly bid adieu, though not without ſome heartfelt pangs, which neither ava-

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rice nor ambition extinguiſhed, to their father's houſe, their native country, the companions of their early years, and the tender attachments they had already formed at a Eleuſis; and each following the bent of his inclination, choſe the ſphere of action to which his diſpoſition moſt inclined him. Nearchus, charmed with a military life, entered as a volunteer with a body of Grecian troops, whom the Great King was then taking into pay to ſend into Egypt, to quell an inſurrection: Memnon, more mild and peaceable in his temper, had procured letters of introduction to Pharnabazus, a powerful Satrap, by whoſe recommendation he hoped to procure employment in the Babylonian court; and Eurybiades, whoſe mind run on the purſuits of civil life, took his departure for Marſeilles, where a flouriſhing commerce was then carried on by the Grecian Coloniſts, among whom he intended to reſide. Before their departure, Evagoras was at pains to give them his laſt inſtructions for their conduct; he warned them againſt Circe's iſland, againſt the Syrens and the Ethiopian lotus; to Nearchus he recommended for a model the mild valour of Hercules, and the patriotic courage of Theſeus; to Memnon, the wiſdom of the ſage Ulyſſes; and to Eurybiades, the illuſtrious exploits of the Argonauts, when they enriched their country with the Colchian fleece. They promiſed compliance, and ſet forward in queſt of fortune.

The troops, among whom Nearchus had entered, ſoon arrived in Egypt, where the ſuperiority of their armour, their diſcipline, and their valour, made the natives, who had taken arms againſt their Perſian Lords, glad to ſubmit to the yoke. A few ſkirmiſhes had taken place, in which the courage and conduct of our young adventurer was ſo conſpicuous, that the Satrap of Memphis advanced him to the command of a detachment which was ſent far up the Nile, to repreſs the diſorders in the inland country. In a faſtneſs, on the borders of the deſert, the inſurgent chiefs had collected their principal treaſures; this, after ſome reſiſtance, fell into the hands of the Greeks, and the booty exceeded their utmoſt expectations. The ſuddenneſs, the greatneſs, and the facility of this new acquiſition of wealth, fired the mind of Nearchus with the moſt ambitious hopes, and made him long for a ſecond fortreſs, where an equal ſpoil might be lodged. A ſecond fortreſs was alſo ſtormed and plundered, but the riches it contained were trifling and inconſiderable; ſo at leaſt it appeared to our hero, who, having once taſted the ſweets of wealth, was unwilling to part with it; and to compenſate the ſmallneſs of his preſent ſhare, appropriated to himſelf, by force or fraud, the greateſt part of what ought to have been the portion of his ſoldiers. The victorious army now marched on without oppoſition, till the famous city of Thebes opened her hundred gates to the conqueror. The apparent opulence of this ſplendid place, ſuggeſted to the yet unſatiated mind of Nearchus, a new project for the attainment of wealth: under the pretence, that ſeveral of the citizens had joined the rebels, he impoſed upon the town a heavy contribution, a ſmall part of which he ſent to the Governor of Memphis, but the greateſt portion he took care to ſecure as his own. The oppreſſed inhabitants durſt not complain, and only the fame of his exploits reached the Court of the Monarch, who, as a reward for his ſervices, made him Governor of the city and province of Elephantis. This new dignity Nearchus reſolved to employ as the finiſhing inſtrument to the great purpoſe of his adventures, the rapid acquiſition of ſupereminent riches: With that view, he levied

levied taxes upon the inhabitants without pity, and invented new inſtruments of puniſhment for ſuch as he ſuſpected of concealing their wealth; the annual overflow of the Nile, the only ſource of fertility to the country, he found means to reſtrain at his pleaſure, building ſluices upon all the canals through which its waters were conveyed, and only allowing theſe to be opened on the payment of enormous impoſts; and he ſcrupled not, even when the grain had come almoſt to maturity, to force the huſbandman to root it up, if the uſe of the field was wanted for a crop more likely to yield ſome emolument to the governor. The Greeks, under his command, imitated too cloſely the conduct of their leader, and, by repeated depredations, fleeced, as far as in their power, the timorous and unfortunate Egyptians. Nearchus, at laſt, ſatisfied with his acquiſitions, reſigned his government and returned to Attica, loaded with wealth; he was received with the greateſt joy by Evagoras, who dazzled by the ſplendour of his riches, deemed him an honour to the family, while his fellow-citizens regarded him, ſome with admiration, ſome with envy, but all conſidered him as one of the moſt fortunate of mortals. Nearchus, however, had not long remained at home, when he found the inſufficiency of affluence to make him happy. Leiſure gave room for reflection, and reflection harrowed up his ſoul. The remembrance of the ſteps by which he had advanced to fortune preyed upon his ſpirits; his brow became clouded, and he reliſhed no enjoyment; he ſeemed to have been ſtruck with the diſeaſe of Oreſtes, often ſtarting as if Tiſyphone was ſhaking her ſnakes over his devoted head. This was increaſed by the total abſence of that occupation, and thoſe objects to which he had long been habituated, and which was to fill his mind, while the gloomy jealouſy and ſuſpicion that ranſacked his ſoul on the one hand, and the reſerve and diſtance to which his elevation compelled his companions, prevented him from mingling in the amuſements, or partaking the ſociety of his countrymen. The mild graces of his earlieſt affection, had now loſt all their charms on his diſtempered heart, accuſtomed only to the forced endearments of Nubian ſlaves and Egyptian dancers. Thus he lived in ſplendid miſery, unregarded and unbleſt, till a diſorder, the ſeeds of which he had imbibed in the marſhes of Elephantis, put an end to his days.

When Nearchus took his departure for Egypt, Memnon ſet out for Miletus, the reſidence of the Satrap Pharnabazus, to whom he had procured letters of introduction. By him he was received with attention, and ſoon afterwards recommended to Gobryas, an officer of great eminence at the Perſian court, who procured him an employment in one of the numerous offices which the Great King had found it neceſſary to eſtabliſh in his capital. Memnon had not long continued in this new ſituation, when he found the abſolute neceſſity of ſuppreſſing, almoſt entirely, that Grecian freedom of ſpeech with which at firſt he ſcrupled not to avow upon every occaſion, his ſentiments of men and meaſures; for he ſaw, that this freedom procured him the enmity of all whom he cenſured, while thoſe he praiſed held him as too inſignificant to reckon his applauſe of any value. He therefore thought it prudent to diſguiſe his opinions, and, at leaſt, avoid enmity where he could gain no friendſhip. This, however, he ſoon found was not enough: his ſuperiors took offence at him for remaining ſilent, when they thought he ſhould have exerted himſelf in blazoning forth their merits, and began to regard him with coolneſs, as unfit for his ſituation,

tion, as they knew not whether his opinions and views concurred with their own. Memnon, therefore, advanced a ſtep farther, and not only ſuppreſſed his own ſentiments, but appeared to adopt implicitly thoſe of his patrons; his cenſure and his praiſe, his notions and his reflections, were the mere echo of the ſentiments of Gobryas and his minions. Profeſſions of friendſhip were numerous among the retainers of the court, and our young Grecian was at firſt diſpoſed to make them without diſſimulation, and to act up to his profeſſions; but he quickly diſcovered, in the competition of intereſts, that it was ſufficiently difficult to puſh forward himſelf without idly endeavouring to carry along with him a leſs fortunate companion. At once, therefore, he determined to attend to his own intereſt alone, tho' he found it convenient ſtill to declare his eagerneſs to ſerve his friends where he could. In ſpite of all theſe precautions, he had the mortification to perceive, that his beſt hopes were continually diſappointed by the ſuperior pretenſions and intereſt of others that ſtood in the way of his preferment. Anxious to remove every obſtacle to that fortune to which all his views were directed, he attempted to get rid of competition by calumniating in ſecret the characters of his rivals, that his own might appear to more advantage in the compariſon. The ſucceſs of theſe meaſures encouraged him to proceed, till he inſenſibly became habituated to the feelings and conduct of a courtier. As ſelf-intereſt advanced its empire in the heart of Memnon, the love of glory and of virtue, that his Grecian education had inſpired, began inſenſibly to decay. Patriotiſm appeared to him an idle chimera, juſtice an empty name, and temperance the virtue of fools; ſenſual eaſe, luxurious gratification, or the increaſe of wealth, were the ſole objects of his concern, every thought; every action, was directed to procure either preſent enjoyment or future advantage. By perſevering obſequiouſneſs, flattery, and unremitting attention to his own intereſt, he at length roſe to eminence, and became a favourite with the monarch; and ſo well did he know how to uſe his opportunities, that he found means to realiſe a ſplendid fortune, which he brought with him to Attica, when the intrigues of his rivals forced him from court. Memnon's return to his native country was marked with all the decorations of barbarian ſplendour. He entered Eleuſis in a Mileſian chariot ſurrounded by Perſian ſlaves, clothed in a Tyrian robe, a rich Tiara, and Memphian girdle. Tho' his grandeur dazzled for a moment, his affectation of kingly pomp ſoon diſguſted his countrymen, and effectually cut off all the enjoyments of friendſhip. The ſimple fare of Attica had no charms for Memnon, accuſtomed to the rich banquets and perfumed wines of Perſia. The blunt freedom of the Athenians galled his haughty ſpirit, vitiated by the adulation of ſervile dependants. On the other hand, his ſelf-intereſted diſregard, of all that was deemed moſt honourable by the Greeks, drew down on his head the contempt of all the Athenians. Deſpiſed amidſt all his grandeur, deſtitute of the comforts of friendſhip, languiſhing for want of that employment to which he had been habituated, Memnon dragged out an irkſome exiſtence, and Evagoras ſecretly curſed the hour when he ſent him away to purchaſe fortune at the expence of virtue and of honour.

Eurybiades, the youngeſt of the three, had made choice of a life of commerce; and, as ſoon as he was fit for engaging in buſineſs, ſet out for Marſeilles, and entered upon his intended courſe, under the care of an eminent merchant of the place. At his

his firſt ſettlement in the city, he found the difference of ideas there and in Greece moſt remarkable. Plutus was the only deity that the Marſilians acknowledged, and to him their adorations were fervent and ſincere. The ſole object in life they regarded was the acquiſition of wealth; and, when Eurybiades ſpoke of diſintereſted patriotiſm and active benevolence, when he broke out in praiſe of the heroic deeds of his countrymen, he was regarded with indifference and contempt, as a youth unacquainted with mankind, and ignorant of the world. Sentiments of virtue could not long ſtand their ground in ſuch a ſituation, and Eurybiades ſoon began to think like others, that money was the ſupreme good of man. In the courſe of buſineſs an occaſion not long after occurred, where a conſiderable gain might have been made at the expence of a departure from veracity. The young Greek, reverencing the truth, diſdained to purchaſe wealth at ſuch a price, and loſt the opportunity of an advantageous bargain. This procured him only ſome farther marks of deriſion from his neighbours, who ſagely concluded he was incapable of buſineſs. Both the pride, and the avarice of Eurybiades, were rouſed by the obſervation, and he took care to let ſlip no ſuch advantages in future, whatever ſacrifice of integrity they happened to enquire. To facilitate their commerce, the Marſilians were poſſeſſed of a number of Numidian ſlaves, whom they thought it for their intereſt, to uſe with the utmoſt ſeverity, as they had diſcovered, upon a very nice and accurate calculation, that more profit was made by working them to death, and purchaſing new ones, than by uſing them with gentleneſs to avoid the neceſſity of a ſupply. Eurybiades, whom the example of Theſeus had taught to be kind to his domeſtics, at at firſt ſhuddered at the cruelties he ſaw inflicted on the Numidians. By-and-by a frequent repetition of the ſight made him callous to their ſufferings; and when he found, that his commodities could not come into market on equal terms with others, if his ſlaves did not undergo a ſimilar diſcipline, he forgot the feelings of humanity, and exerciſed the whip and the rack without remorſe or compaſſion.

Attention and induſtry at laſt crowned our adventurer with riches, and his opulence made him conceive the deſign of returning to his native country, to enjoy his acquiſitions. Thither he accordingly returned in expectation of happineſs: but happineſs, he found, was not to be purchaſed by fortune. His avarice and inhumanity made him diſliked by his countrymen; his ideas running in a channel to which they were unaccuſtomed, excluded him from their ſociety; their occupations and amuſements had no reliſh for a mind long immerſed in commercial purſuits, and liſtleſſneſs and languor began to prey upon his ſoul. He wiſhed to return to his former occupations; but he found this was now impracticable; and chagrine and mortification, wearineſs, and ſatiety, embittered his exiſtence, and at laſt, it was believed, impaired his underſtanding.

The aged Evagoras, now approaching the cloſe of his life, felt all the miſeries of a father diſhonoured by his children; he ſaw, that their unworthy conduct had been occaſioned, by his conſenting to their leaving their native place. 'Had my ſons re-
'mained with me,' ſaid he, their
'ambition, and love of enterpriſe,
'would have been eaſily directed in-
'to uſeful and reſpectable channels;
'while the examples of their coun-
'trymen, and regard for their e-
'ſteem, would have confirmed them
'in the love and practice of goodneſs.
'But, amid ſtrangers, they ſoon for-
'got

'got the leſſons of Grecian virtue; 'and purchaſed, at the expence of 'happineſs and honour, opulence 'they were unable to enjoy, and 'ſplendor incapable of yielding any 'real ſatisfaction.'

With theſe ſentiments, Evagoras cloſed his eyes for ever, leaving it as his laſt parting advice to his countrymen, Never to wander to a foreign land in queſt of a fortune, to be afterwards enjoyed at home, as their ſucceſs in this was in every view uncertain, and the event, at beſt, was only ſplendid miſery.

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A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—ON A PLAN ENTIRELY NEW—AND WHICH MEANS MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE.

AMONG the uncertainties of human life, authors have frequently to claſs the performance of their own engagements. Had any one told me when I was writing my laſt paper, that I ſhould not have an opportunity of writing another for three weeks, I probably would have thought him, at leaſt, a bold conjecturer; but it has happened ſo, that I could not ſpare time from ſome buſineſs of conſiderable importance, to addreſs my readers in the regular courſe; and, as this, if an offence, is the firſt of the kind I have been guilty of, I hope it will be ſet down among my pardonable ſins. It is at worſt but a *peccadillo*, and ſurely it were well for the world in general, if we never went beyond *peccadillos*. I was conſcious my paper would arrive too late, and therefore requeſted the Printer to make an apology for me on that ſcore.

In my laſt, I took notice of a certain Biographical FASHION which has lately taken place, that of minutely recording the trifling, unimportant, and often, ridiculous actions of a deceaſed genius, as if they were matters of great moment to the preſent age and to poſterity—for to *poſterity*, the *humbleſt* of authors look—I have ſince received a letter on the ſubject of Biography, of ſo extraordinary a nature, that although I am puzzled to know whether the Author be in jeſt or earneſt (and probably he lies ſomewhere between both) yet I cannot heſitate for a moment, to give his letter a place.

To the AUTHOR *of the* TRIFLER.

SIR,

I very much approve of your paper of this day on the ſubject of Biography; I only wiſh you had purſued the ſubject at greater length, and taken ſome notice of a deſcription of men to whom I am ſorely afraid Biographical writers will not hereafter do juſtice. My apprehenſions on this ſcore are the more juſtifiable, ſince I cannot obſerve in any Biographical writings, not even in the work you recommended to us, any mention of this deſcription of men.—I perceive that you are anxious to know what men I mean, and are perhaps vexed that you are obliged to read thus far without getting at the drift of my letter—but by your leave I will follow your example, and give you a ſpecimen, in your own way—to ſuch ſpecimens I preſume you have no objection, as you have ſhown the example in your laſt paper.

A. B. was born in the year—— (no matter what) his parents were (no matter who) He had a pleaſant chubby countenance, friſked about in his nurſe's arms, ſaid *Taw* when he was bid, and every body pronounced him to be a SWEET BABY.

Thereafter he began to walk along, went from one end of the room to the other, ſpoke ſeveral words very diſtinctly, and looked ſo charming, that every body declared he was—a PRETTY BOY.

He was now ſent to ſchool, where he learned his letters ſo well that in a year or two he could read a ſhort leſſon in the ſpelling book, and repeat it to his papa and mamma by heart (on condition of receiving a ſlice of plumb-cake) and was always deſired to walk in when his parents had company. Now he was—A CHARMING CHILD.

In his progreſs, by liſtening to the converſation of thoſe about him, he acquired the perfect memory, as well as the prompt and proper application of common phraſes in common ſpeech, which he delivered in ſuch a pleaſing accent, and with ſuch an unbluſhing countenance, that he acquired univerſally the character of—A WONDERFUL BOY FOR HIS YEARS!

He was now ſent to a higher ſchool, and began to ſtudy the Latin, Arithmetic, Writing—Here he equalled, at leaſt, if not excelled his fellow-ſcholars, in his proficiency; but played ſo many droll tricks at the expence of his uſhers and his ſchoolfellows, that they had no ſcruple in pronouncing him—A CLEVER LAD.

He was next ſent to college, where he outdid all his competitors in the midnight frolic, played an excellent hand at whiſt, learned to drink his bottle, and was ſo pleaſant in ſinging a catch or a glee, that they did not heſitate to pronounce him—A PROMISING FELLOW.

Here, too, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf in certain amours, rather of the expenſive kind, though they did not reach beyond his bedmaker, or laundreſs's daughter, which, when his parents were informed of, they cried out in extacy—JACK IS A WILD DOG.

His terms being over, he was ſent to London, and placed in one of the Inns of Court, as the proper place to ſtudy law, and ſee the world. Here he formed a new ſet of acquaintances, with whom he eat, drank, wh——d, gamed, and ſaw fights; he was the life and ſoul of his company; for he knew more, and had leſs money than moſt of them; and the ſly old codgers of the Inns ſhook their heads and declared he was—A FINE DASHING FELLOW.

In his deſire to ſee the world, he frequented all kinds of company, from the clubs in St James's to the cellars in St Giles', and made ſuch droll remarks on what he ſaw, and ſeemed to enter ſo heartily into every kind of conviviality, that although ſome thought him mad, yet the majority pronounced him—A QUEER DOG.

He now began to dreſs *in ſtile*—dine *in ſtile*—give ſuppers *in ſtile*, and kept women *in ſtile*—he was a great man at the coffeehouſes—in the box-lobby of the theatres, his opinion was never diſputed—and people began to give him the appellation of a —BUCK.

In time he learned to judge of horſe-fleſh, frequented the races, betted conſiderably on the favourite horſes of the day, and won large ſums—lords now ſhook hands with him—and grave ſenators aſked his opinion, not indeed, on ſtate, but ſtable affairs; and he was known in the Turf-Coffeehouſe, as a—KNOWING ONE.

But ſomehow or other his fortune, which had been for ſome time in his own hands, began to decreaſe—he was leſs ſucceſsful in his betts—his bills were unpaid for months—tradeſmen began to be clamorous—money muſt be had—he ventured into many ſchemes which the world does not approve of, and became—A BLACKLEGS.

Amidſt all this he never was an apoſtate to the cauſe of the fair ſex, he

he purſued his amours with inconſtant *conſtancy*, and with the advantages of a good perſon, ſome art, and good aſſurance, he acquired the character of—A DEVIL AMONG THE WOMEN.

In the proceſs of time, however, he found his affairs ſo much deranged, that he took the reſolution to ſell the remainder of what he poſſeſſed, and buy an annuity and retire from public life. In managing this matter, he made ſo good a bargain, that the Jews ſhook their heads, ſtreked their beards, and ſaid —*Aſh Got is my Judgſs he is* NO CHRESHTIAN!

After this he enjoyed himſelf to a pretty advanced age, having gone through, beſides the characters above mentioned, ſeveral others, ſuch as, ODD FELLOW—HEARTY COCK—PLEASANT DOG—QUEER KIND OF A B—H—A RUM ONE—&c. &c. &c. and at laſt died at his lodgings at a hairdreſſer's in Barbican, leaving his moveables and perſonal effects to an old woman who ſwept his room and made his bed, which occaſioned people to ſay —" ay, he was ſtill the OLD MAN"—There was not, however, enough left to bury him, and the pariſh took this expence off the ſhoulders of his wealthy friends, who ſignified their concern at his death, by " Poor Devil! What! is *he* dead! well, I knew him once a FINE FELLOW!"———

If this ſketch, Sir, can ſupply any hints for a future piece of Biography, you are very welcome to make uſe of it —and in doing ſo will much honour

Your conſtant reader,

PETER PLUTARCH.

Account of a ſingular Sect called SHAKING QUAKERS *in America.*

IN the United States of America, there are ſome Jews, and various denominations of Chriſtians,—as Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Preſbyterians, Congregationaliſts, Baptiſts, Quakers, Dunkers, Moravians, Deiſts, Methodiſts, Newlights, Sandimanians, Univerſaliſts, and Shaking Quakers; all of whom are allowed to perform religious worſhip according to the dictates of their conſciences.

The Shaking Quakers are a new ſect, that ſprang up about the year 1769: an old woman, called the Elect Lady, with twelve diſciples, all of which were ſaid to be Europeans, were the founders of this new mode of worſhip; they drew thouſands of people after them, who pretended they were viſited with power from on high to work miracles, heal the ſick, raiſe the dead, caſt out devils, and ſpeak in unknown languages.

This Lady reſided in the northweſterly part of the State of New York, where ſhe began to inſtil her tenets into ſome of the people there:—afterwards ſhe rambled from place to place, promulgating her religion, and gaining proſelytes in New England, and elſewhere:—ſhe engroſſed the kingdom of Heaven to herſelf and followers, to the excluſion of all others.

She pretended her miſſion was immediately from Heaven;---that ſhe travailed in pain for her Elect;---could ſpeak in ſeventy-two unknown languages, in which ſhe converſed with thoſe that had departed this life;---that there had not been a true Church upon earth ſince the days of the Apoſtles, until her's was erected;——that both the living and the dead muſt be ſaved, in, by, and through, her;---muſt confeſs their ſins unto her, and procure her pardon, or they could not be ſaved;—that ſhe gathered her Church from both earth and hell, as every perſon that had died ſince the time of the Apoſtles, until her Church was ſet

up, was damned, and that they were continually making interceſſion to her for ſalvation, which was the occaſion of her talking to them in thoſe unknown tongues.

Thoſe that entered into her Church, were obliged to confeſs their ſins, and deliver up their jewels, rings, necklaces, buckles, watches, &c. to be diſpoſed of as ſhe thought proper.

It has been reported that ſome of theſe confeſſions proved very beneficial, for ſome of her Church members owned they had ſtolen things that had been laid to innocent perſons.

When theſe people carry on their worſhip, they pretend to praiſe the Lord by ſinging, dancing, jumping, turning round, falling down, tumbling, &c. and in the mean time, ſome will be trembling, groaning, ſighing, and ſobbing; whilſt others are preaching, praying, exhorting, &c. others will be clapping their hands, ſhooting, hallooing, ſcreaming, and making ſuch an hideous noiſe that it may be heard at a great diſtance, and will often affrighten the ſpectators.

They often dance three hours without intermiſſion, and when any of them are tired of praiſing the Lord, they are whipped by others, to make the worſhip go on briſkly.

They dance till they are much emaciated; the young women grow pale, appear like ghoſts or apparitions, or like deſerters from a church yard,—if I may uſe the ſailor's phraſe.

They are not allowed to wear ſuperfluities in their apparel; their clothing is plain, and of a light colour.

They make no uſe of the Euchariſt, or of water baptiſm in their Churches; are averſe to wars, fighting and ſwearing; they uſe the plain language, and ſay,—*yea* and *nay*, inſtead of *yes* and *no*:—but the other Quakers do not approve of all their tenets.

At particular times they labour very hard at their reſpective occupations, and are very careful that no time is ſpent in idleneſs.

They pretend they hold a correſpondence with the Saints and Angels, and that they frequently ſee and converſe with the ſpirits of their departed friends.

Many of them refuſe to lie with their wives, becauſe they ſuppoſe they are part of the hundred and forty four thouſand mentioned in the Revelations, that were redeemed from the earth, and were not defiled with women.

They hold, they have already been made partakers of the firſt reſurrection, and that on them the ſecond death will have no power.

They do not allow of inſtrumental muſic in their Churches, becauſe they ſuppoſe it was ceremonial, and is aboliſhed; but pretend they carry on their worſhip by the immediate power and influence of the Holy Ghoſt, and that they have ſcripture warrants for their practice, as——Sing unto God;—Praiſe the Lord in the dance;—O clap your hands, all ye people;—Shout unto God;——Make a joyful noiſe;——Fall down before the Lord, &c.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CONCLUDING YEAR.

By the AUTHOR OF THE TRIFLER.

" Be wiſe to day; 'tis madneſs to defer;
Next day the fatal Precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wiſdom is puſh'd out of life:
Procraſtination is the thief of time"——
DR YOUNG.

" As he that lives longeſt lives but

a little while, every man may be certain that he has no time to waſte."

DR JOHNSON.

HUMAN life is ſo parcelled out by its Great Giver, that the frequent concluſion of its brief periods are wiſely calculated to remind us that the hour is faſt approaching when all will end in one unalterable period, beyond which we cannot go, and from which we cannot recede. If the certainty of death were not an idea galling to the pride, and deſtructive to the ambition of man, the ſlighteſt obſervation on what paſſes every day around him, would confirm and impreſs that great and undeniable truth. There are certain times, however, when a croud of recollections force themſelves on his mind, and compel him to acknowledge that the preſent hour only is ours, that thoſe which have paſſed are not to be recalled, and thoſe which are to come cannot be anticipated. Of times ſo favourable to reflection, becauſe ſo helpful to the memory, the concluſion of a year is the moſt remarkable. There are few ſo hardened as not to think of the years that are paſt, the friends we have loſt, the enjoyments we once delighted in. There are few who do not feel that age is haſtening to obliterate the memory of pleaſurable delights, and that the mind is ſeeking for ſomething more ſolid whereon to build its happineſs; that frequent diſappointments have repreſſed vanity, and that the ſchemes of ambition give proſpects which are every day becoming more faint. The eye of the mind like that of the body becomes dim, and inward conſolation, or eternal hope only can ſmooth the aſperities of declining vigour, of decaying ſpirits, and of diſſolving life.

At this ſeaſon, we are viſited by tender remembrances of our deceaſed friends. We recollect that they on *this day* once partook with us of our convivial mirth; we recollect many little incidents which preſent a lively image of their perſons, and their manner—we are affected with ſorrow in reflecting that they are no more to partake with us of the innocent delights this ſeaſon affords—but we diſſipate that ſorrow by the conſolation that we ſhall meet again in a ſtate of ſuperior perfection, where no fears of ſeparation ſhall daſh our joys.

It is, however, natural on this occaſion to think that what they once were, we now are, gay, lively, and perhaps thoughtleſs of futurity.—They foreſaw not that their hour was coming on, that the day we are now remembering was to be their laſt; and we, from the confidence which health and ſpirits inſpire, are as little regardful of the uncertainty of human life, even when examples confirm to us, that it is no leſs uncertain than ſhort. Reflections like theſe, if dwelt upon, become inſupportable, and we ſhake them off to lighten our hearts, and prepare us for the part we have to act in the feſtivities of the ſeaſon.

The pain which the conſideration of the ſhortneſs of life gives, is commenſurate to our virtue.—To the bad man, it is indeed inſupportable, for he knows of no change but what excites his apprehenſion.—The good man can indulge the reflection, becauſe by a courſe of well doing he has habituated his mind to the fears of death, and the hopes of everlaſting happineſs.—In him ſuch reflections damp no joys. He is not of thoſe who ſorrow without hope; and the innocent pleaſures of life are not damped, but exalted to a mind accuſtomed to think of their periſhable nature, and to partake of them with that moderation which wiſdom dictates.

It is not uncommon with many perſons, who mean well, to form reſolutions of amendment at the beginning of a year; and ſuch reſolutions are unqueſtionably at all times proper—but there are two objections to this practice, or rather to thoſe who uſe it; the one is, that ſuch reſolutions are ſoon forgotten, and when forgotten, the guilt of the party is aggravated by the record of his con-

conſciouſneſs of knowing what is right. The other is, that *once a year* in lives ſo ſhort as ours, is *too ſeldom* to reſolve to be good.—Reſolutions, in order to be carried into effect, muſt be often repeated; and ſurely no man can reſolve to be good oftener than he has cauſe to ſee the importance of goodneſs. The puniſhment of vice, the perverſion of talents, the uncertainty of riches, the errors of the wiſeſt, and the failings of the beſt, are ever before his eyes; each affording ſufficient cauſe for perpetual reſolution, for continued effort. It is not enough, in a moment of warmth and enthuſiaſm, ſuggeſted perhaps by the pride of having outlived another year, to reſolve that the next ſhall be ſpent more honourably, with more ſatisfaction, with more internal happineſs—ſuch reſolutions die with that which inſpired them, and the little hold they have on the mind is quickly looſened by our accuſtomed commerce with mankind. A man may at a particular criſis *reſolve*, but when his reſolution interferes with the object of his affection, his ambition, or his intereſt, he either forgets it, or miſtakes its meaning. Self-deceit darkens his judgment, and all beſides is ſanguine hope, and groundleſs illuſion.

A better uſe of the preſent ſeaſon is to reflect on the paſt, to take a full, a fair, and candid retroſpect of our whole conduct—to remember our chief actions, whether we would wiſh to perform the ſame again in like manner, or what improvements our enlarged experience has ſince ſuggeſted—to recollect our errors, the nature and tendency of them, and to trace them to their cauſes, whether external or internal, that thoſe cauſes may in future be obviated, and that weakneſs removed. We ought at the ſame time to attend to our progreſs in life, how far we have have advanced, and what the ſteps of that advancement have been.—And while we thus review our own actions and ſituation, we may at the ſame time look around us and recollect the events which have happened to our relatives, our friends, and our numerous connections. If this review were accurately taken, what a ſource of wiſdom, humility, patience and gratitude!

If any other inducement be wanting, than that which ariſes from the importance of wiſdom and experience, let it be drawn from the abſolute certainty that the year we are entering on may not be our own. Wicked and worldly men are ſo conſcious of this truth, that becauſe they cannot deny it, they wiſh to forget it—if it obtrudes, it is unwelcome; if ſuggeſted, it is impertinent. Eternal truth, however, is not affected by the unbelief of man. It is certain that many who read theſe reflections---who perhaps approve of their expediency, and who now ſeem to enjoy what is permanent in life—may have occaſion ſoon to recollect that they are adding confirmation to them. The heart that dictates them may ceaſe to beat ere another year returns—and when that event approaches, ſome feeling mind may reflect with tenderneſs that one of the laſt efforts of the author's pen was to prepare others for a ſuffering he has himſelf undergone—to ſuggeſt one of the greateſt duties of life—and to anticipate one of the moſt ſerious diſpenſations of Providence.

Chronicle of Home Occurrences.

(Concluded from page 665).

THE Head Court of Sept. 22. was very attentive to the reading of the paper (p. 664.) and in concluſion, it met with a cordial and univerſal plaudit.

Mr Baron and Mr Ewen each ſaid a few words reſpecting the requiſition of examining the Books, which the Magiſtrates readily acquieſced in, and the Court broke up with evident marks of the utmoſt good humour.

On Wedneſday the 23d of Sept the following were choſen Office Bearers

of

of the Narrow Wynd Society: Mr JOHN SMITH, yoſt. Merchant, PRESES. Mr WILLIAM LITTLEJOHN, Wright, Treaſurer.

Provoſt Cruden; Hugh Gordon, Eſq; Wm Rait, merchant; Patrick Duguid, merchant; John Cuſhnie, ſhipmaſter; Wm Duguid, merchant; James Jeſſiman, merchant; James Davidſon, merchant; Alexander Duthie, advocate; George Sim, merchant; James Hacket, ſhoemaker; Pat. Barron, yoſt. merchant, aſſeſſors.

John Walker, Clerk; John Laing, Officer.

At this meeting, a number of reſpectable citizens joined this ancient ſociety.

October 4. was married here, John Henderſon Eſq; late of Jamaica, to Miſs Helen Leſlie, daughter of the late Mr George Leſlie, Merchant in Aberdeen.

October 5. The town has been uncommonly gay, and the concourſe of Nobility and Gentry, from all parts of the country, far exceeded any thing ever known here. The NORTHERN SHOOTING CLUB held their October Meeting, and devoted the week to ſocial amuſement and agreeable intercourſe. On Monday they gave a Ball, in the Maſon Hall, to the moſt brilliant company that ever aſſembled in Aberdeen.——There were preſent, the Duke and Ducheſs of Gordon, Marquis of Huntly, Lady Magdalene and Sir Robert Sinclair, Lady Charlotte and Colonel Lenox—the Counteſs of Kintore, Lord Inverury, Lady Mary Keith, Lady Catharine Keith—Lord and Lady Saltoun—Lord Banff—Lady Suſan Gordon—Lord and Lady Haddo—Lord Strathaven. But as it would far exceed the bounds of a limited miſcellany to mention all the Ladies and Gentlemen who were preſent on this occaſion, we muſt content ourſelves with ſaying, that the Hall that night exhibited an aſſemblage of beauty, youth, and elegance. Of the illuſtrious compan who graced this Meeting, the follow ing were paired in the dance:

The Ducheſs of Gordon—Lord Haddo; Lady Charlotte Lenox—Lord Strathaven: Lady Magdalene Sinclair—Hon. Captain Forbes; Lady Suſan Gordon—Sir Robert Sinclair; Lady Saltoun—Mr Skene of Skene; Lady Mary Keith—Sir William Forbes; Lady Catharine Keith—Mr Leith of Overhall; Lady Haddo—Marquis of Huntly; Miſs Dalrymple—Lord Inverury; Mrs Hay, Montblary—Lord Banff; Miſs Fraſer, Fraſerfield—Lord Saltoun.

The Ladies dreſſes were in general elegant——many of their ſaſhes had pretty devices in honour of the Shooting Club—and on the beautiful Lady Saltoun's Cap, were the letters N. S. C. neatly done on in pearl.

After the ball, the company ſupped in the Town Houſe.

On the other days of the week the company dined together, alternately at Wilkie's and Maſſon's, and ſpent the evenings with infinite chearfulneſs and good humour.

Thurſday Oct. 8. came on the election of Magiſtrates and Town Council for the City of Old Aberdeen, when were choſen:

RODERICK MACLEOD, Eſq; PROVOST.

Mr Thomas Gordon, Mr Robert Cruickſhank, Captain Alexander Mathieſon, Captain Alexander Garey, BAILLIES. James Smith, Treaſurer.

MERCHANT COUNSELLORS.

Hugh Leſlie, Eſq; John Smith, Eſq; James Jaffray, James Stronach, Alexander Smith, Wm Milne, Wm Catto, Robert Cruickſhank, junr.

TRADES COUNSELLORS.

Thomas Wilkin, Andrew Lawſon, Wm Linton, Robert Rannie, James Nicoll.

Died at Mounie, the 4th October, Mr Alexander Seton, in the 82d year of his age.

The

The 21ſt Oct. died here, Elizabeth Stevens, daughter of Robert Stevens, Eſq.

Died at Fraſerfield, on the 25th October, William Fraſer, Eſq; of Fraſerfield, in the 37th year of his age.

The following inſtance of extraordinary vegetation is worth mentioning: In 1788, Mr Irvine of Elgin planted in his garden a whole potatoe, which yielded 45 large ones, weighing 14lb. 9 oz. averdupois; theſe 45 were cut in ſets this year, and planted in the fields at 2 feet diſtance from each other; the produce was 503 lb. 2 oz. averdupois, which at 35 lb. for the peck, makes 14 pecks and 10lb.

On Saturday October 24, died at the Manſe of Inſch, the revd. Alexr Mearns.

On the 2d Nov. a moſt alarming fire broke out in a houſe in Inverneſs, which was entirely conſumed, together with all the furniture of ſeveral tenants; likewiſe a cow, which could not be got out from the flames. Among the number who were active in extinguiſhing the flames, was a remarkable perſonage, formerly a ſmith and a ſoldier, not famous for good conduct and diſcipline when in the latter capacity; but ſo much the reverſe, that he did not eſcape military diſcipline. He has ſince got a ſight of his ſins, and commenced preacher. And what makes the matter more ſingular, he is actually at this time building his kirk with his own hands; he acts as maſon, wright, plaiſterer, ſlater, and even painter; and his pulpit is almoſt finiſhed.

November 2. the election of the corporations in this place were finiſhed, when the following perſons were duly returned and elected;

ALEXANDER HUTCHEON continued Conveener.

Charles Cooper, Blackſmith, Maſter of Hoſpital.

William Simpſon, Deacon of the Hammermen; William Law, Bakers; Geo. Gibb, Wrights and Coopers; Jas Ramſay, Taylors; George Strachan, Shoemakers; William Couts, Weavers; Alexander Still, Fleſhers.

Saturday Nov. 7. died in a very advanced age, Mrs May Cruden, ſiſter to the late Mr Alexander Cruden, author of the celebrated Concordance to the Bible.

A correſpondent from Donſide informs us, that in the year 1774, which was the wetteſt ſeaſon moſt people remember, when it rained almoſt every day, and it was ſaid the clouds were grown old, and could no longer contain the rain—in that ſeaſon, tho' the river Don often filled the banks, it overflowed the haughs only eight times from the ſeed time to the end of harveſt;——but in this ſeaſon 1789, beſides filling the banks, the Don has eleven times overflowed the haughs, during the harveſt, between the 1ſt of September and the 9th of November. The laſt flood carried down a great quantity of corns.

Nov. 3. died at the Juſtice-port, an old woman, widow of a ſoldier, who had long lived in circumſtances ſeemingly indigent. On ſearching an old pair of drawers in her apartment, there was found fifty pounds in Aberdeen Bank Notes, and ſpecie to the amount of ſix or eight pounds.

The following occurrence conſtitutes an important æra in the hiſtory of the preſent times:

The Biſhops and Clergy of the Scotch Epiſcopal church, who had not met in general convention for a century before, aſſembled at Laurence-kirk, to the number of near fifty, on Wedneſday Nov. 11. The meeting for the purpoſes of deliberation was held in the elegant public library room built by Lord Gardenſton for the entertainment of travellers. There theſe venerable fathers, and worthy paſtors, had an opportunity of meeting each other, unmoleſted, after a long

long lapse of time, under the protection of that mild government, to which it is now well known, they are as strongly attached as any subjects in the British dominions. The gentlemen who attended this convention were from every district of the country, from Edinburgh to Inverness, including the west Highlands. At the head of 30,000 people, the business of the church engaged their attention for two days. Centrical, tranquil, and well accommodated, no place could be better chosen for a convocation of the clergy than this village; and it is certainly a circumstance, when it comes to his knowledge, which must be highly pleasing to that friend of mankind, the worthy founder of the village of Laurencekirk. The opinion these gentlemen have of this, cannot be better expressed than in the following extract from their minutes, recorded in the Library Album.

"The first general convention of "the Scotch Episcopal Church which "has been held since 1688, having "met at Laurencekirk on the 11th of "November 1789, and having "found their accommodation in "Cream's inn so entirely to their "satisfaction, that they doubt if "they could have had its equal any "where else in Scotland, unanimously voted their thanks to the "Lord of the manor, and desired "this extract to be inserted in the "Library Album, as a testimony of "the sense they entertain of his Lordship's public spirit, and patriotic "virtues."

Died at Skene, on Saturday the 28th November, Mrs. Sarah Skene, widow of George Skene of Skene, Esq; deceased.

On Monday Dec. 7th the following gentlemen were chosen additional Managers of the Infirmary for a year, viz.

The revd. Mr Abercrombie, Mr Robert Turner; Dr Robertson, and Dr Skene, physicians; Mr James Gibbon shipmaster, Mr Adam Watt, late Deacon, Dr William Thom, Baillie Burnett, Mr Alexander Ross, Mr James Thain, Mr Gilbert More, Baillie James Cruickshank, Provost Duncan, Dr Irvine.

The official directors are, the Provost of Aberdeen, president; the four baillies, dean of guild, treasurer, the provost who immediately preceded the present provost, town clerk, trades conveener, professor of medicine in the Marischal College, modetor of the synod of Aberdeen, and the following are managers for life, viz.

John Irvine, esq; George Strachan esq; Dr John Memis, Mr John Durno, George Wilson, esq; Dr Alexander Gordon, Alexander Callendar, esq; Mr T. Bannerman, secretary to The Club, or their secretary for the time being.

On December 15. died, at Fraserburgh, Miss Henrietta Gordon, daughter to the deceased John Gordon, Esq; Kinellar.

Poetry.

On the Earth being taken out of the Cathedral Church-yard of N——, for the purpose of making a Garden.

'TWAS at the solemn midnight hour,
That hour when ghosts return,
O'er the dark grave the joys of life
For ever lost to mourn.

In yon cathedral church-yard, where
Those hardy sons of toil
Bear, with unhallow'd hands, away
The consecrated soil.

Pale sprites with horror view'd the deep

Where late their bodies lay,
Where now, alas! they wiſh to ſleep,
Faſt by their kindred clay.

And thus a voice, in plaintive tone,
The ſolemn ſilence broke:
The D——heard not, or e'en the D—
Had trembled whilſt it ſpoke.

" Was it for this, with funeral dreſs
" Each lifeleſs corpſe was grac'd?
" Was it for this, with pious care
" Each in his grave was plac'd?

" Was it for this, the white rob'd prieſt
" The farewel bleſſing ſhed?
" And promis'd here unbroken reſt,
" Within earth's hallow'd bed?

" Was it, to be by ruthleſs hands
" Again dragg'd forth to day;
" To have the bones, yet unconſum'd,
" Beſtrew the public way?

" Be it his fate who tears them hence,
" With unrelenting mind,
" Ne'er in the ſilent womb of earth
" A peaceful grave to find!

" Let no proud marble tell his name
" In monumental praiſe,
" Boaſting that nnm'rous deeds of worth
" Adorn'd his happy days.

" But on ſome dunghill be he thrown,
" And near it be there read,
" Chalk'd on ſome wall—" See his reward
" Who dar'd diſturb the dead!"

A Countryman having deſired a Schoolmaſter to write a ſhort Deſcription of a Houſe, which he was commiſſioned to Let, received the following Verſes.

A HOUSE to let—'tis quite complete,
Freſh painted, paper'd, new and neat,
Eight handſome rooms upon a floor—
What mortal man can wiſh for more?
A hall, and porch, and God knows what,
And twenty things that I've forgot;
The kitchens too ſo neat and clean,
They're fine enough to lodge the Queen.
The parlours—bleſs my ſoul, the Muſe
So hard a taſk may well refuſe:
In vain upon the Nine I call,
To ſing the glories of the hall;
So let us leave the lower ſtory,
The upper rooms to ſet before ye:
Aſcending, you go round and round,
You think you are on fairy ground;
Chambers for beds, and rooms for dining;
But pray obſerve the beſt room's lining,
A French green paper, gilt all over,
'Twas of a ſmuggler bought, at Dover.
Behold the cieling painted round,
It coſt the owner ſixty pound.
A ſtory higher let's aſcend,
Pray ſee the ſtairs, how neat they bend:
Here are bedchambers in great plenty;
The man that built this houſe, what meant he,
To make his roof ſo *monſtrous* high?
The birds can't reach it as they fly.
Suppoſe we now the gardens ſee;
The Muſe muſt take a leap with me;
Four ſtories only to the ground——
Thank God,—we've done it,—ſafe and found.
Here Flora with Pomona reigns,
The trees all grow without much pains.
Behold the fruit, behold the flow'rs,
See, at the end, two ruin'd tow'rs,
Sacred to Jupiter or Juno,
For man and wife are all one, you know:
See there beyond yon verdant bed,
Venus and Cupid made of lead;
With grottoes, fountains, hermits cells,
Old ſtatues, vaſes, flow'ry dells——

ODE

ODE TO FUN,

By Mr. Butt.

Spoken at the Reading School Speeches, Oct. 19, 1789, by Mr. Sheldon.

WISDOM, hence! and ſeek thy crony,
Religion grave,
In ſome lone cave,
With Hermit-Virtue, lanthorn-jaw'd, and bony!
Or ſeek ſome parſonage mean,
Where yews, and ghaſtly graves, deform the ſcene;
Where the tythe-pigs ſeldom ſqueak,
But ſqualling brats moleſt the Vicar meek!
Nor let him read, nor let him pray,
Nor e'er know Pleaſure's holiday;
There, Wiſdom, there, with ſober Sadneſs ſtay!
Hither, Goddeſs blythe and boon,
Whom on earth we title FUN;
But the name in Heaven you bear,
Can I tell, who am not there?
Spread thy wing, and hither flee,
Since I ſolely worſhip thee!
Whom (as ſing the ſeers of yore)
Malice keen to Laughter bore.
Goddeſs, from thy jovial air,
We thy jocund ſire declare:
Goddeſs, in thy ſpirit keen,
All thy mother's force is ſeen.

Haſte then, Goddeſs, and to me
Bring thy whole artillery:
Squibs and crackers, ſalt and brandy,
Sheets for ghoſts, and bludgeons handy.
Batter down the Shrovetide cocks;
Batter down the borough's blocks,
Where, beſide the travel'd way,
Wont plebeian wights diſplay
Or Pomona's fruitage fair,
Or the potter's ſhining ware.—
Hark! I hear the thund'rous fall!
Polts out Goodman from his ſtall,
Up the ſtreet, and up the lane,
Some to ſcold, but more to cane.
Bring turnips ſcoop'd, and bladders blown;
Bring the ſling, and bring the ſtone,
This for window, that for door;
Inſtruments a thouſand more,
Thou ſhalt bring for urchin-play,
On the truant holyday!

O what bliſs, at dead of night
Village Theſtylis to fright,
From the market as ſhe ſteals
Homeward by the church, and feels
All the fears her childhood brought
From the tales her Grandam taught.
Wintry night, and wintry wind,
Dart their horrors o'er her mind.
Candle plac'd on bladder blown,
Glares a ſkull upon the ſtone.
Phrenſied at the ghaſtly ſight,
Screams the nymph, and faints with fright.
Scours away the raptur'd boy.—
Fun, O Fun, how vaſt thy joy!

Flooding fount of my delight!
Fount of my ſupremeſt might!
When thy tide ſupplies my courſe,
Countleſs wrecks proclaim its force.
Thy puiſſance to reſtrain,
Wiſdom lifts an ægis vain.
Virtue's ſelf, beneath thy ray,
Throws her robe of ſtate away.
Wit, that puny ape of thee,
Dares not wear thy armoury:
Feeble flies his ſilver dart;
Thine of ſteel divides the heart.

What would hypercritics do,
Were the beaſts not quell'd by you?
Stripp'd of your offenſive geer,
Tiny bodies they appear;
Nor to battle dare advance,
Till you arm their ignorance.

Bear me hence, from ruſtic ſport,
To my Queen's majeſtic court,
Where in tower'd Auguſta ſhe
Shines with crown'd authority.

There, 'mid pomp of tragic rage,

Oft will I frequent the ſtage,
And will urge the damning groan,
When ſome novel buſkin's on:
Or the ſhrill-ton'd cat-call uſe,
Fatal to the ſtrutting Muſe.

Sometimes at the dead of night
Let me riſe, with zeal to write
Tales tremendous, murders dire,
Here a plague, and there a fire;
Or by fictions of my pen,
Diſcord pour on peaceful men;
And in covert veil'd from view,
Pierce the grave ones thro' and thro'.

Virtue, genius, erudition,
Make unequal men's condition;
But that you your level lay,
To reduce their ſwelling ſway,
Or by laughable confuſion,
Check at times their proud intruſion.
Thus the comic wag with eaſe
Tumbles down ſage Socrates;
And with bellows arm'd, and pokers,
Rochester, the cream of jokers,
With the ſun of Buckingham
Hyde's puiſſant torrents dam.

When to imps of younger ſort
I reſign robuſter ſport,
All the tricks in taverns known,
Tricks that once were all my own,
Let me then repair my race
In ſome water-drinking place.
Virtue ſays—but then we know
Virtue ever was thy foe—
Wiſdom ſays—that pedant prig,
Or by ſome yclept a gig—
That where eaſe ſhould moſt abound,
Fun the worſt diſeaſe is found.

Bear me then to Bladud's town,
Where you reign with moſt renown;
And, though Anſtey ſhould be there,
Arm'd by you, I need not fear,
Fear his humour's Attic kind,
Fear his wit with truth combin'd;
Virtue, learning, wit, and taſte,
Baniſh'd thence with Anſtey haſte.
Fun my Empreſs, bids you flee,
Folly, Bath, and her, and me.

Now, dear Goddeſs, what remains,
Meed of all my loyal pains?
Thro' thy warfare I am ſure,
Thou thy champion wilt ſecure
From reſentment's fatal blow,
Want, and pain's extremeſt woe!
That I may in hope behold
Life in gather'd honours old,
Wanting ſtrength, yet bleſt with eaſe,
And departing by degrees.
Wilt thou then the pillow lend
Of the lov'd conſoling friend?
Conſcious then of actions kind,
Shall I ſoothe my mourning mind?
See, with Loveday, roſes blow
'Mid my honour'd age's ſnow,
And arriv'd at life's laſt beach,
Heaven in hope with Loveday reach?
Shall I ſhew indeed, when age
Pours on me his wintry rage,
All within ſecure and calm,
Friendſhip's warmth, and virtue's balm?
From without, while well-earn'd praiſe
Decks my dome with ſun-bright rays,
Shall I, Loveday-like, perceive
Finer forms in life's cool eve,
Than in manhood's buſy noon,
Met its warm meridian ſun?
Heaven in proſpect, and a tomb
Deck'd with wreaths that ever bloom?
Tears of tender mem'ry, ſhed,
Not to weep, but praiſe the dead;
And a laſting meed to grace
Conqueſt in the nobleſt race?

Fun! I do but jeſt with thee;
Thou ſhalt never govern me!
Taught by Truth, and forc'd to think
Thee more dev'liſh than divine,
Cheating ſtill thy fools with chink;—
While Wiſdom pays with weighty coin!

THE

On the Month of

NOVEMBER.

[From 'The VILLAGE CURATE.]

AH me! the golden year is done. Behold,
Gloomy and ſad November comes, with brow
Severe and clouded. Scarce a leaf ſuſtains
His peſtilential blaſt. The woods are ſtript,
And all their honours ſhatter'd in the vale.
The meſſenger of ſurly Winter he,
And in his hand he bears the nipping froſt.
Before his tyrant lord he ſcatters fleet,
And with a hideous frown bids Autumn ſpeed,
And after her runs howling thro' the land.
The field has loſt its verdure. All the pride
Of the ſweet garden fades. Where now the roſe,
The pink, the ſtock, the lupin, or the pea,
Or gay chryſanthemum? Where now the comb,
The aſter, larkſpur, balſam, or carnation?
Or where the lily with her ſnowy bells?
Where the gay jaſmin, odorous ſyringa,
Graceful laburnum, or bloom-clad arbute?
Or if we ſtray, where now the Summer's walk
So ſtill and peaceable, at early eve
Along the ſhady lane, or thro' the wood,
To pluck the ruddy ſtrawberry, or ſmell
The perfum'd breeze that all the fragrance ſtole
Of honey-ſuckle, bloſſom'd beans, or clover?
Where now the bluſh of Spring, and the long day
Beloiter'd? chearful May that fill'd the woods
With muſic, ſcatter'd the green vale with flow'rs,
And hung a ſmile of univerſal joy
Upon the cheek of Nature? Where blooms now
The king-cup and the daiſy? Where inclines
The harebell or the cowſlip? Where look gay
The vernal furze with golden baſkets hung?
Where captivates the ſky-blue periwinkle
Under the cottage eaves? Where waves the wood,
Or rings with harmony the merry vale?
Day's harbinger no ſong attunes; no ſong
Or ſolo anthem deigns ſweet Philomel.
The golden wood-pecker laughs loud no more.
The pye no longer prates; no longer ſcolds
The ſaucy jay. Who ſees the goldfinch now
The feather'd groundſel pluck, or hears him ſing
In bow'r of apple bloſſoms perch'd? Who ſees
The chimney-haunting ſwallow ſkim the pool,
And quaintly dip, or hears his early ſong
Twitter'd to young-eyed Day? All, all are huſh'd.
The very bee her merry toil foregoes,
Nor ſeeks her nectar, to be ſought in vain.
Only the ſolitary robin ſings,
And perch'd aloft with melancholy note
Chants out the dirge of Autumn; cheerleſs bird,
That loves the brown and deſolated ſcene,

And

And ſcanty fare of Winter. Let me weep
With you, ye Muſes, and with you, ye fair,
Chief mourner at the grave of her we love,
Expiring Nature. For ye ſought with me
The ſober twilight of the ſhelving wood,
With me forſook the glare of ſultry day,
To tread the ſerious gloom Religion loves,
And where ſhe ſmiles and wipes her dewy eye,
With Meditation walking hand in hand.
Ye too have lov'd and heartily approv'd
The winding foot path and the ſudden turn,
The green-ſward waggon-way and gothic aiſle;
And heard me comment on the leaf, the branch,
The arm, the girth of the paternal oak.
Ye too, have lov'd the long-accuſtom'd gap,
That all ſo unexpectedly preſents
The clear cerulean proſpect down the vale. (brow
Oft have ye ſtood upon the ſhaggy
Of yonder wood clad hill, to gaze with me
Athwart the wide and far extended view,
That ocean ſkirts, or blue downs indiſtinct.
Oft have ye look'd with tranſport pure as mine
Into the flow'ry dell. But ah! no more
We wander heedleſs; Winter's wind forbids.
The piercing cold commands us ſhut the door,
And rouſe the cheerful hearth; for at the heels
Of dark November, comes with arrowy ſcourge
The tyrannous December. Joyleſs now
The morning ſun ſcarce ſeen, and clouded eye,
No genial influence ſheds noon eclips'd.
Sad ſcenes enſue; brief days, and bluſt'ring nights,
And ſnows, ſuch as the winter-loving Muſe
Of Cowper paints well pleas'd, and ſuch as mine
Views not unſatisfied. For tho' without
Bleak winds and pinching froſts, within is joy,
And harmony, and peace.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

On Chriſtmas Day.

I.

ALL hail, thou dear delightful day,
On which the Lord was born!
Who would not echo back the lay
Of that auſpicious morn?
Rejoicing ſhould not chriſtians cry,
All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace,
Good will to men thro' David's ſon,
The glad Hoſanna then begun;
From henceforth ſhall not ceaſe.

II.

O ſhall we ſpend in ſportive mirth
All heedleſs light and gay,

* This is only ſuppoſing the 25th December, to be the birth day of the Saviour, for I am aware of the difficulty of determining with preciſion the very day; but as a conſiderable number of Chriſtians believe this to be the day—I, tho' I am no Church of England man, would chooſe rather to be at Church than CARDS, and would prefer a SERMON before a SONNET.

That

That day which gave the Saviour birth;
Shall it be ſpent in play?
Ah! no—let all that love his name,
Combine to ſpread abroad his fame,
And ſhew his matchleſs love;
Let them with heaven's hoſt rejoice,
And thoſe below attune their voice,
With thoſe that ſing above.

III.

Since all have felt the woeful fruit
Of our firſt father's fall,
The ſecond Adam, Davids root,
Is offer'd free to all.
Thus ſaid the meſſenger from heaven,
A Saviour unto you is given,
Yet not to you alone,
But people all in every place,
May come and taſte the Saviour's grace,
For he excludeth none.

IV.

Be this my theme, O Lord, I pray,
"When ſhines the morning light,"
My meditation thro' the day,
My ſweet ſolace at night.
Hoſanna unto David's ſon!
Should be exclaim'd while time ſhall run,
Should be my daily cry,
'Twill be the burden of the ſong
Of all the white redeemed throng,
Thro' all eternity.

V.

O happy they that here begin,
And try to liſp a note;
But ſuch as ſing and do not ſin,
Unmingled bliſs have got.
O Jeſus, tune my worthleſs heart!
And let me bear a humble part
In that great ſong above,
And here I'll try to touch a ſtring,
If thou wilt only bid me ſing;
And warm my heart with love.

Aberdeen 15*th* *December* 1789. G. M.

SONG.

O SING unto my roundelay,
O drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more on holiday!
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow tree!

Black his hair as winter night;
White his ſkin as ſummer ſnow;
Red his face as morning light;—
Cold he lies in the grave below
My love is dead, &c.

Sweet his tongue as throſtle's note;
Quick in dance as thought can be;
Deft his tabour, cudgel ſtout;—
O he lies by the willow tree!
My love is dead, &c.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the brier'd dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth ſing
To the night-mares as they go.
My love is dead, &c.

See the white morn ſhines on high;
Winter is my true love's ſhroud!
Whiter than the morning ſky!
Whiter than the evening cloud!
My love is dead, &c.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
Shall the barren flowers be laid;—
Not one holy ſaint to ſave
All the ſorrows of a maid?
My love is dead, &c.

Come with acorn cups and thorn,
Drain my heart its blood away;
Life and all its goods I ſcorn,
Dance by night, or feaſt by day.
My love is dead, &c.

Water-witches, crown'd with reeds,
Bear me to your deadly tide;
I die—I come—my true love waits—
Thus the damſel ſpoke, and died.

THE WELCOME,

From two Red Breaſts, to Dr and Mrs Fordyce, the Morning after their arrival in the Country.

WELCOME, kind friends, we fain would ſay,

Thrice

Thrice welcome to this calm retreat,
Where Peace unruffled loves to ſtay;
Of health and eaſe the fav'rite ſeat!

Peace to the Man of gentle heart,
That ſent you here the Birds among;
His joy to us will joy impart,
His lot be bleſt, his life be long.

When we with you ſhall frequent join,
In ſweet ſymphonious circles gay,
Our ſweeteſt notes ſhall ſtill combine,
To crown the mirth, and ſwell the lay.

THE ANSWER,

AN ODE.

YE little Warblers, lovely pair!
Well pleas'd, we hear your ſoothing ſtrain;
No, no, it is not loſt in air:
Of us ye never ſhall complain.

Our hearts were form'd to love your race,
Of all the tribes that wing the ſky,
Moſt ſure to find a ſhelt'ring place,
While pinch'd by cold to man ye fly!

Our friendly hearth ſhall you receive,
Your annual viſit when ye pay;
Rich crumbs our ready hands ſhall give,
And you'll reward us with your lay.

Lines written in a midnight Thunder-ſtorm.

LET coward Guilt with pallid fear,
To ſhelt'ring caverns fly,
And juſtly dread the vengeful fate,
That thunders thro' the ſky.

Protected by that Hand, whoſe law
The threat'ning ſtorms obey,
Intrepid Virtue ſmiles ſecure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The Light'nings lurid glare,
It views the ſame All-gracious Pow'r,
That breathes the vernal air.

Thro' Nature's ever varying ſcene,
By diff'rent ways purſu'd,
The one eternal end of Heav'n
Is univerſal good.

The ſame unchanging Mercy rules
When flaming æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or bluſhes in the roſe.

By Reaſon taught to ſcorn thoſe fears
That vulgar minds moleſt;
Let no fantaſtic terrors break
My dear Narciſſa's reſt.

Thy life may all the tend'reſt care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend.

When, thro' creation's vaſt expanſe,
The laſt dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the ſpheres,
And ſhake the riſing ſoul;

Unmov'd mayſt thou the final ſtorm
Of jarring worlds ſurvey,
That uſhers in the glad ſerene
Of everlaſting day.

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